

Canyon City News.

VOL VIII.

CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1905.

NO. 45.

NO COST SALE MOONSHINE!

WE MEET ALL PRICES FOR CASH!!

And Will Not Be Undersold!!!

Highest Patent Soft Wheat Flour per cwt. . . \$3.25
Good Patent Soft Wheat Flour per cwt. . . \$3.00

Sample PRICES
Changed
EVERY WEEK.

Standard 3-lb Can Tomatoes per doz. 90c

We mean what we say--we will not be undersold--one trial is all we ask.
THOMAS & ORR. Canyon City, Texas.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White

CHAPTER XXI.

THE moment had struck for the woman. Thorpe did not know it, but it was true. A solitary, brooding life in the midst of grand surroundings; an active, strenuous life among great responsibilities; a starved, hungry life of the affections whence even the sister had withdrawn her love—all these had worked unobtrusively toward the formation of a single psychological condition. Such a moment comes to every man. Then are happiness and misery beside which the mere struggle to dominate men becomes trivial, the petty striving with the forces of nature a little thing, and the woman he at that time meets is more than a woman; she is the best of that man made visible.

Thorpe found himself for the first time filled with the spirit of restlessness. His customary iron evenness of temper was gone, so that he wandered quickly from one detail of his work to another without seeking to penetrate below the surface need of any one task. But a week before he had felt himself absorbed in the component parts of his enterprise. Now he was outside of it. Thorpe took this state of mind much to heart and combated it. Invariably he held himself to his task. By an effort, a tremendous effort, he succeeded in doing so. The effort left him limp. He found himself often standing or moving gently, his eyes staring sightless, his will chained so softly and yet so firmly that he felt no strength and hardly the desire to break from the dream that lulled him. Then he was conscious of the physical warmth of the sun, the faint sweet wood smells, the soothing caress of the breeze, the sleepy cecilia-like note of the pine creeper. He wanted nothing so much as to sit on the pine needles there in the golden flood of radiance and dream—dream on—vaguely, comfortably, sweetly.

"Lord, Lord!" he cried impatiently. "What's coming to me? I must be a little off my feed!"

And he hurried rapidly to his duties. After an hour of the hardest concentration he had ever been required to bestow on a trivial subject he again unconsciously sank by degrees into the old apathy.

"Glad it isn't the busy season!" he commented to himself. "Here, I must quit this! Guess it's the warm weather. I'll get down to the mill for a day or two."

There he found himself incapable of even the most petty routine work. He sat at his desk at 8 o'clock and began the perusal of a sheaf of letters. The first three he read carefully, the following two rather hurriedly, of the next one he seized only the salient and essential points, the seventh and eighth he skimmed, the remainder of the bundle he thrust aside in uncontrollable impatience. Next day he returned to the woods.

The accident of the letters had aroused to the full his old fighting spirit, before which no mere instincts could stand.

Once more his mental process became clear and incisive, his commands direct and to the point. To all outward appearance Thorpe was as before.

He opened Camp One, and the Fighting Forty came back from distant drinking joints. This was in early September. That abhorred and devoted band of men was on hand when needed. Shearer in some subtle manner of his own had let them feel that this year meant 30,000,000 or "bust." They tightened their leather belts and stood ready for command. After much discussion with Shearer the young man decided to take out the logs from "eleven" by driving them down French creek.

To this end a gang was put to clearing the creek bed. It was a tremendous job. Centuries of forest life had choked the little stream nearly to the level of its banks. Old snags and stumps lay imbedded in the ooze; decayed trunks, moss grown, blocked the current; leaning tamaracs, fallen timber, tangled vines, dense thickets, gave to its course more the appearance of a tropical jungle than of a north country brook bed. All these things had to be removed one by one and either piled to one side or burned. In the end, however, it would pay. French creek was not a large stream, but it could be driven during the time of the spring freshets.

Each night the men returned in the beautiful dreamlike twilight to the camp. There they sat after eating, smoking their pipes in the open air. Much of the time they sang, while Phil, crouching wolf-like over his violin, rasped out an accompaniment of dissonances. The men's voices lent themselves well to the weird minor strains of the chanteys. These times, when the men sang and the night wind rose and the stars shone down, were Thorpe's worst moments. His soul, tired with the day's iron struggle, fell to brooding. He wanted something, he knew not what.

The men were singing in a mighty chorus, swaying their heads in unison and bringing out with a roar the emphatic words of the crude ditties written by some genius from their own ranks.

"Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan,
Come all ye gallant lumbermen, fist to a shanty man.
On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow,
Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumberin' we go!"

Here was the bold unabashed front of the pioneer, here was absolute certainty in the superiority of his calling, absolute scorn of all others. Thorpe passed his hand across his brow. The same spirit was once fully and freely his.

"The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground.
At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow,
Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumberin' we go!"

That was what he was here for. Things were going right. It would be pitiful to fall merely on account of this idiotic lassitude, this unmanly weakness, this boyish impatience and desire for play. He a woodsman! He a fellow with these big strong men!

A single voice, clear and high, struck into a quick measure:

"I am a jolly shanty boy,
As you will soon discover."

To all the dodges I am fly,
A hustling pine wood rover,
A peevy hook it is my pride;
An ax I well can handle;
To fell a tree or punch a bull
Get fattling Danny Randall!"

And then, with a rattle and crash, the whole Fighting Forty shrieked out the chorus:

"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"
Active, alert, prepared for any emergency that might arise; hearty, ready for everything, from punching bulls to felling trees—that was something like! Thorpe despised himself. The song went on:

"I love a girl in Saginaw,
She lives with her mother,
I defy all Michigan
To find such another.
She's tall and slim, her hair is red;
Her face is plump and pretty,
She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl,
And her front name stands for Kitty."
And again, as before, the Fighting Forty howled truculently:

"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"
The words were vulgar, the air a mere minor chant. Yet Thorpe's mind was stilled. His aroused subconsciousness had been engaged in reconstructing these men entire as their songs voiced rudely the inner characteristics of their beings. Now his spirit halted. Their bravery, pride of caste, resource, bravado, boastfulness—all these he had checked off approvingly. Here now was the idea of the mate. Somewhere for each of them was a "Kitty," a "daisy Sunday best-day girl." At the present or in the past these woods roisters; this Fighting Forty, had known love. Thorpe rose abruptly and turned at random into the forest. The song pursued him as he went.

"I took her to a dance one night,
A mossback gave the bidding;
Silver Jack bossed the shebang,
And Big Dan played the fiddle.
We danced and drank the livelong night,
With fights between the dancing,
Till Silver Jack creased out the ranch
And sent the mossbacks prancing."

And with the increasing war and turmoil of the quick water the last shout of the Fighting Forty mingled faintly and was lost.

"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"

Thorpe found himself at the edge of the woods facing a little glade into which streamed the radiance of a full moon.

There he stood and looked silently, not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throat was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood listening.

Her small, fair head was inclined ever so little sideways, and her finger was on her lips as though she wished to still the very hush of night, to which impression the inclination of her supple body lent its grace. The moonlight shone full upon her countenance. A little white face it was, with wide, clear eyes and a sensitive, pouted mouth that now half parted like a child's. Her eyebrows arched from her straight nose in the peculiarly graceful curve that falls just short of pride on the one side and of power on the other to fill the eyes with a pathos of trust and innocence. The man watching could catch the poise of her long white neck and the molten moon fire from her tumbled hair—the color of corn silk, but finer.

Behind her lurked the low, even shadow of the forest where the moon was not a band of velvet against which the girl and the light-touched twigs and bushes and grass blades were etched like frost against a black window pane. There was something, too, of the frostwork's evanescent spiritual quality in the scene, as though at any moment, with a buff of the balmy summer wind, the radiant glade, the hovering figure, the flitged silver of the entire setting would melt into the accustomed stern and menacing forest of the northland, with its wolves and its wild deer and the voices of its sterner calling.

Thorpe held his breath and waited.



The girl stood listening.

Again the white-throat lifted his clear, spiritual note across the brightness, slow, trembling with ecstasy. The girl never moved. She stood in the moonlight like a beautiful emblem of silence, half real, half fancy, part woman, wholly divine, listening to the little bird's message.

For the third time the song shivered across the night, then Thorpe, with a soft sob, dropped his face in his hands and looked no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. Curiosity, speculation, longing—all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the needs of the Fighting Forty at Camp One. He was vaguely conscious of a great peace within him, a great stillness of the spirit.

Little by little the condition changed. The man felt vague stirrings of curiosity. He speculated aimlessly as to whether or not the glade, the moonlight, the girl, had been real or merely the figments of imagination. Almost immediately the answer leaped at him from his heart. Since she was so certainly flesh and blood, whence did she come? What was she doing there in the wilderness? His mind pushed the query aside as unimportant, rushing eagerly to the essential point. When could he see her again? His placidity had gone. That morning he made some vague excuse to Shearer and set out blindly down the river. And so, without thought, without clear intentions even, he saw her again. It was near the "pole trail" which was less like a trail than a rail fence.

When the snows are deep and snowshoes not the property of every man who cares to journey, the old fashioned "pole trail" comes into use. It is merely a series of horses built of timber, across which thick Norway logs are laid about four feet from the ground to form a continuous pathway. In summer it resembles nothing so much as a thick one rail fence of considerable height, around which a fringe of light brush has grown.

Thorpe reached the fringe of bushes and was about to dodge under the fence when he saw her. So he stopped short, concealed by the leaves and the timber horse.

She stood on a knoll in the middle of

a grove of monster pines. There was something of the cathedral in the spot. The girl stood tall and straight among the tall, straight pines like a figure of an ancient tapestry. She was doing nothing—just standing there—but the awe of the forest was in her wide, clear eyes.

In a moment she stirred slightly and turned. Drawing herself to her full height, she extended her hands over her head, palm outward, and with an indescribably graceful gesture bowed a ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees. Then, with a little laugh, she moved away in the direction of the river.

At once Thorpe proved a great need of seeing her again. In his present mood there was nothing of the awestricken peace he had experienced after the moonlight adventure. He wanted the sight of her as he had never wanted anything before. The strong man desired it. And finding it impossible he raged inwardly and tore the tranquillities of his heart.

So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day and slept ill and discovered the greatest difficulty in preserving the outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.

And next day he saw her again, and the next, because the need of his heart demanded it and because, simply enough, she came every afternoon to the clump of pines by the old pole trail. But now curiosity awoke and a desire for something more. He must speak to her, touch her hand, look into her eyes. He resolved to approach her, and the mere thought choked him and sent him weak.

When he saw her again from the shelter of the pole trail he dared not, and so stood there prey to a novel sensation, that of being baffled in an intention. As he hesitated he saw that she was walking slowly in his direction. Perhaps a hundred paces separated the two. She took them deliberately. Her progression was a series of poses, the one which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable pause of transition.

In a moment she had reached the fringe of brush about the pole trail. They stood face to face.

She gave a little start of surprise, and her hand leaped to her breast; where it caught and stayed. Her childlike down-dropping mouth parted a little more, and the breath quickened through it. But her eyes, her wide, trusting, innocent eyes, sought his and rested.

He did not move. One on either side of the spike-marked old Norway log of the trail they stood, and for an appreciable interval the duel of their glances lasted—he masterful, passionate, exigent; she proud, cool, defensive in the aloofness of her beauty. Then at last his prevailed. A faint color rose from her neck, deepened and spread over her face and forehead. In a moment she drooped her eyes.

"Don't you think you stare a little rudely, Mr. Thorpe?" she asked. The vision was over.

"How did you know my name?" he asked.

She planted both elbows on the Norway and framed her little face delicately with her long pointed hands.

"If Mr. Harry Thorpe can ask that question," she replied, "he is not quite so impolite as I had thought him."

"How is that?" he inquired breathlessly.

"Don't you know who I am?" she asked in return.

"A goddess, a beautiful woman!" he answered ridiculously enough.

She looked straight at him. This time his gaze dropped.

"I am a friend of Elizabeth Carpenter, who is Wallace Carpenter's sister, who, I believe, is Mr. Harry Thorpe's partner."

(Continued on 4th page.)

SUBSCRIPTION.

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

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

Just why we don't have a Farmers' Institute for Randall county is a question that is rather hard to solve. It's a good thing for not only the farmers but the whole county and some of our progressive farmers should take hold of it, as they are doing elsewhere, and make a success of it. It can be done and should be done and The News at any and all times is more than willing to lend its aid.

Our neighbor, Hereford, has a fine organization of this kind and it is moving right along.

At the last meeting as recorded in the Brand, officers headed by Col. S. T. Howard as president, were elected for the present year. The truck question was also taken up and from the interest manifested, Hereford not merely intends to have, but has already, a live progressive farmers' institute that will do much towards keeping Hereford and Deaf Smith county to the front as a good place for the homeseeker to go to. They are going at it right at Hereford—all hands, business men included, and are bound to succeed. Randall county in the way of resources and possibilities has the same chance of success and why not take hold?

The News has jogged along these lines before and will keep jogging along until something is done. Speaking of the late Hereford meeting "The Brand" says:

"Those who failed to attend the Farmers' Institute at the court house last Saturday missed a treat. The work has been taken up with renewed energies and it is pleasing indeed to see the interest which is manifested. The question which is just now occupying the thoughts of the farmers is that pertaining to truck growing. Every member of the truck growers' association is thoroughly aware of the fact that truck of every possible description can be produced here in remarkably large quantities and of a decidedly superior quality, but it is the purpose of the association to raise only such products as will insure shipment in car load lots. The truck-farming move is on to stay and will figure quite prominently in the development of the Panhandle country. In this work the Deaf Smith and Castro county association expect to take the lead and pave the way for our neighboring counties."

Farm and Ranch announces the publication, in its issue of January 21, of a forceful article by Senator Chas. A. Culbertson on "American Farmers." In this article the distinguished statesman makes some telling comparisons of farming conditions in the United States and in other countries, and in reference to governmental affairs, says: "When the Republic is fast becoming rich and corrupt with the hope that it may not meet with the decay and overthrow which followed these conditions in like forms of government in other times turns largely to the farmers."

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.

Joe Simpson, representing the American Type Founders Co., was with us Tuesday. A very pleasant man to deal with and yet a hard fellow to get away from without a deal of some kind if in the market at all for any of the tools of the art preservative. He got this office fairly cornered and just would supply us anyway with a lot of new Job faces, a mailing machine, and a brand new power press. A practical newspaper man himself, Joe, "kens" the needs of the craft and will work to their interest when not in conflict with his duty to his employer. Joe is rather "new" in the Panhandle but The News takes pleasure in recommending him to those of the fraternity who are in need of his wares.

The weather of the past ten days has been very severe on range stock that had to go without feed. This is not so much on account of the snow, but rather because of the sheet of sleet-ice which formed on top of it. Most of the stock, however, in this county, have been provided for in the way of forage, and the losses, if any at all, will be light.

Heavy snows in Oklahoma, Indian Territory and north and northwest of there. Rain in eastern portions of the State and along down South with cold freezing weather clear to the gulf. It comes from Corpus Christi, by way of the Fort Worth Record, that so suddenly did the cold reach there that fish in the shallow waters were so benumbed, caught in the ice as it were, that men waded in and picked them up by wagon loads.

Bills are being introduced in great numbers at Austin. Those which have for their object the readjustment of the present system of taxation are perhaps, as a class, more numerous than any other kind and some of them look more like schemes from a madhouse than the output of men who claim to be Democrats.

There is no doubt but that our present system of taxation should be amended in some way so as to better equalize the burdens of government—all property should bear its just proportion and no more, and this without regard to whether it is corporation or private.

Now is the vamping stage among the Solons at Austin—the smoke tells this tale.

The lobby at Austin during the present legislature promises to be the biggest on record.

State Treasurer Robbins, believes in employing kinfolks in his department despite the declarations of the State Democratic platform. He is a good man but he's badly off in this.

One Rabbit Hunt.

John Crawford, Harry Miller, Geo. Reynolds and J. D. Gamble accompanied Sam Lofton in his sleigh on a Jack rabbit hunt Tuesday evening. They went out south about three miles adding to their party out there, J. L. Prichard and T. C. Jennings. The individual score for dead rabbits stood as follows:
J. D. Gamble..... 20
John Crawford..... 17
George Reynolds..... 16
Harry Miller..... 16
Sam Lofton..... 10
T. C. Jennings..... 7
J. L. Prichard..... 6

The partnership record added four more dead ones to the list, and the number crippled so that they will "knock under" is estimated by Gamble as about fifty.

This is only one of several rabbit hunts during the present snow and it is safe to say that the total record will reach 500 dead "mule-ears."

Geo. C. Long is at Mineral Wells trying the virtues of its waters for neuralgia, which he has suffered from since returning home from Kansas City.

1905 CANYON CITY NEWS FOR 1905

Subscribe for it and also send it to a relative or friend "Back Yonder." \$1 PER YEAR.

FARM LANDS ALONG "THE DENVER ROAD" IN NORTHWEST TEXAS (THE PANHANDLE) Are advancing in value at rate of 20 per cent. per annum. DO YOU KNOW OF ANY EQUAL INVESTMENT? As our assistance may be of great value toward securing what you need or wish, as regards either Agricultural Properties or Business Opportunities, and will cost nothing, why not use us? Drop us a postal. A. A. GLISSON, GEN'L. PASSGR. AGENT FORT WORTH TEXAS.

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.

J. G. Cruikshank.....	\$1 00
John Rowan.....	1 00
Mrs. S. L. Waller.....	1 00
M. H. Waller.....	1 00
E. E. Lee.....	1 00
W. F. Taylor.....	50
T. F. Reid.....	30
Mark Foster.....	\$1 00
G. C. Braum.....	1 00
N. L. Bridges.....	50
M. F. Slover.....	1 00
L. N. Lochridge.....	100

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

Local.

A Canyon City man can convert a buggy into a pretty fair cutter in about twenty minutes.

Little business has been done in town the past week except by the lumber and coal firms.

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

Rev. T. F. Robeson has moved into his new house. Mrs. Robeson, who has been visiting her son, Raymond, at Canadian, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Bomier, of Brenham is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. W. Cummings.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Scott & Roland are making the seats for the Christian church.

Judge L. C. Lair and his carbuncle are still close companions.

See the new Ad of Thomas & Orr on first page. They inform The News that they mean what they say or will pay big for lying.

H. H. Gourley and family of Cherokee county, Texas, arrived with his goods and chattels Monday and will move on Mrs. Jordan's ranch.

For Sale Cheap.

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

The weather bureau this morning recorded a temperature of 6 degrees below zero, the lowest of any January day in thirteen years of observation at this point.—Amarillo Herald, of last Friday.

Snow all over everything all last week and all manner of improvised cutters, bob-sleds and other Arctic contrivances for spinning over the ground have been in use. Some of the boys even hitched horses to goods boxes and judging from appearances had the jolliest kind of a time.

Members of the Canyon City O. E. S. Chapter No. 105, are requested to be present Saturday, Jan. 21st, 3 o'clock p. m. Special business and refreshments served. Worthy Matron.

Plenty of mountain cedar posts at Burton-Lingo Co.

Wanted, Calves or Yearlings—200 of them to feed this winter. Plenty of feed, grass and water.

R. E. Foster.

While here Monday, L. T. Lester said: "You can say to the public that the undersigned are going to put in a phone line from Amarillo south, covering all the South Plains points of trade, having applied for a \$10,000, charter, the name not yet decided. Head quarters will be at Canyon City. Signed, L. T. Lester, J. N. Donohoo, R. W. O'Keefe, J. A. Wallace."—Lockney Beacon.

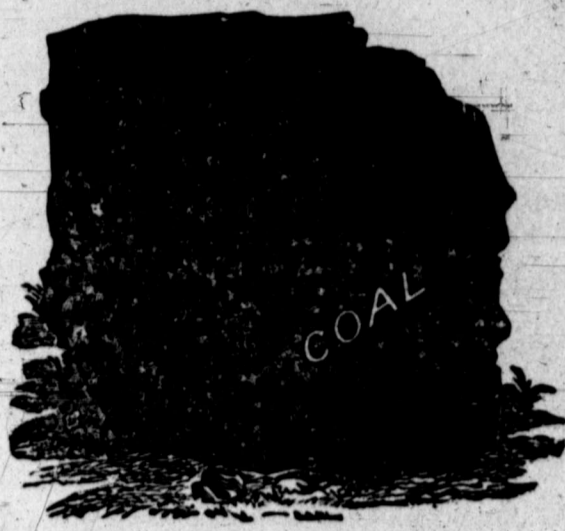
For Sale or Trade—1 Incubator, 1 cook stove, and 2 Sewing Machines. See

D. N. Redburn.

Last Thursday night was perhaps, the coldest of the recent storm. Two degrees below zero was the record here just before sun up. At Amarillo it was six below. The writer has seen and felt far more disagreeable weather in south Texas and only a little below freezing.

Sleigh riding is common in Canyon City now. The most comfortable looking outfits consisted of top buggies, minus only the wheels, mounted on about 2x10 scantling. Brent Taylor and a few others made their rigs out and out barring only shafts or pole as though they expected to slide along the balance of the winter. Bells will be in order next week if the snow lasts.

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 for hides.

CANYON CITY HARDWARE AND GRAIN COMPANY.



MORE RAILROAD NEWS.

The Brownwood Daily Bulletin, a thoroughly reliable newspaper, in its issue of January 11, contains the following mention of the doings on "The Road South."

"The engineering corps of the Amarillo and Southern Construction company is in the city and until the weather clears is camped near the Santa Fe depot. The Amarillo and Southern is the company promoted by C. L. Tallmadge of Chicago, James E. Caldwell, president of the Southwestern Telephone Co., Major Stallman, of the Nashville Banner, and others. The engineers are running two lines from Canyon City. They have been in the field since July working on the northern end of the lines. Two surveys have been made, one runs from Canyon City almost south to the southwest corner of Borden county and thence through Borden, Scurry and Nolan to Roscoe on the Texas Pacific. The eastern survey runs from Canyon through Swisher, Floyd, Dickens, Kent, Stonewall, Fisher and Jones county to Abilene and thence through Taylor to a point in Callahan county about Dudley. The engineering corps will now make a survey up the Pecan Valley from Brownwood to Dudley to connect with the other work on the eastern line, and another survey will likely be made from Roscoe to Ballinger, Coleman or Brownwood before final reports are submitted. When this work is completed, then this section may look for some railroad propositions for these people are in earnest about their work and evidently have the promise of sufficient backing to successfully carry forward their work. A glance at the map and a look at the rich territory to be developed by such a road creates surprise that it has not been built long ago. Brownwood will await developments with much interest and at the proper time will no doubt be found ready to do its required part to aid in the enterprise."

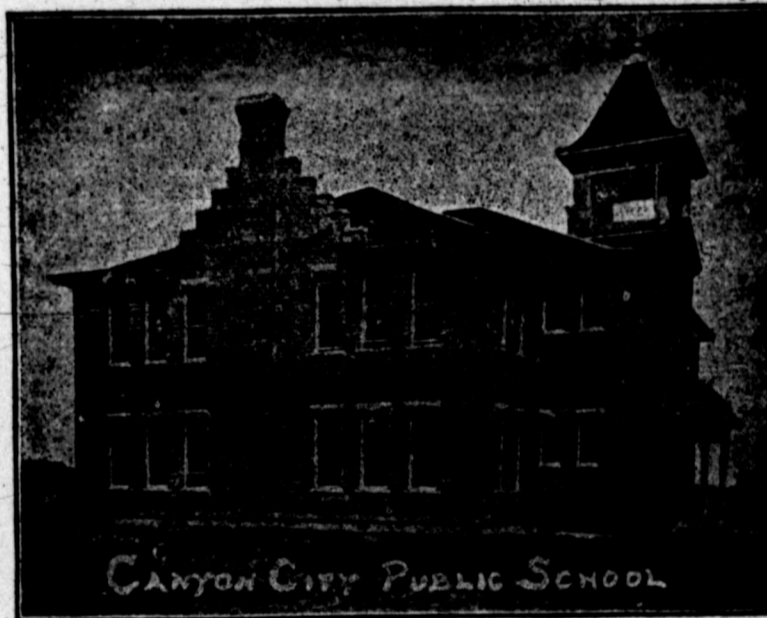
Otis McQuatter came down from Amarillo Monday and spent several days with his sister, Mrs. T. M. Laster. Otis says he is doing a good business at Amarillo.

THE RAILROAD IS COMING!

And so is our new stock of all kinds of Building Material. No one CAN undersell us and no one SHALL do it.

CANYON LUMBER CO.

C. R. BURROW, Manager.
CANYON CITY, TEXAS.



A student can become thorough in Grammar and Rhetoric, accurate in Arithmetic, master a principle in Algebra, demonstrate a proposition in Geometry, learn Latin, or become proficient in any study as well in the Canyon City school as elsewhere. A specialty of all grades from the primary to the college department.

A new brick building, convenient, comfortable and commodious.

A. ERNSBERGER, A. M., Supt.

B. F. HODGES, Prin.

BOARD OF EDUCATION:

L. T. LESTER, Pres.

B. FRANK BUIE, Sec. and Treas.

G. C. LONG,

W. C. BAIRD,

J. C. PIPKIN,

R. W. O'KEEFE,

E. A. UPFOLD.

Bank Election.

At the annual election held the 10th of this month the stockholders of the First National Bank elected directors as follows: L. T. Lester, John Hutson, J. N. Donohoo, J. L. Howell and F. M. Lester—the same board as last year. While no election for officers has been had yet it is not likely that any changes will be made.

This bank is in fine condition financially and every other way, has the confidence of the people and is doing a nice business.

Judge Henson has quit his job in the Clerk's office—nothing more to do there, he says.

Man wants but little here below,

He is not hard to please.

But woman—bless her little heart

Wants everything she sees.

And she won't be satisfied 'till

She gets a new house built of

Burton-Lingo Co's, Lumber.

To Our Friends.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of Iron and Wood work at the old Pioneer shop with promptness. We use the best of material and all work guaranteed. Horse Shoeing a specialty. Our best endeavors will be to please.

HARTER & CHESSER.

NOTICE.

We take this method of setting forth our intentions to do a one price, spot cash business with one and all alike. Please do not construe this to mean your account has not been perfectly satisfactory, but it means just what it says, that is, that on and after the 1st day of February, 1905, we expect to do a strictly CASH business.

We thank you for your patronage in the past, both cash and credit, and trust that you will look upon this as a purely business move on our part. We can sell goods for cash, cheaper, and it is, therefore, a move that will result to our mutual advantage.

We shall carry the very best and most up-to-date Dry Goods and Groceries in town, and will be glad to serve you when you want good Goods cheap for cash.

Yours very truly,

CANYON MERCANTILE CO.

Married—On Sunday at the residence of the brides parents near Fairview, Armstrong county, Fletcher Rogers and Miss Nellie Holland, Rev. J. E. Stephens officiating. The groom is telegraph operator at the depot, and the bride is one of the Plains' fairest daughters. Their home will of course be Canyon City. The News wishes them a pleasant journey down the stream of time.

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

Public Lecture.

On Saturday night January 21, inst., Chas. R. Gibson, Editor of the "Texas Odd Fellow" and one of the ablest exponents of the principles of the order in Texas will deliver a public lecture at the Court House in Canyon. Everybody cordially invited. Admission free. By the Committee.

Mr. Renshaw is painting T. F. Robeson's new residence this week.

Sterling Coffee is adding a new room to the front of his residence.

J. P. Laster, of Springville, Ala., arrived here Thursday for a visit to his son, T. M. Laster, and family.

A dentist reading an article in the Texas Real Estate Exchange about Canyon City, writes that he wants to come here and would like to exchange his property in Elk City, Kansas, for property in this town. Who desires to swap?

"The Blazed Trail"

[Continued from 1st page.]

She paused as though for comment. The young man opposite was occupied in many other more important directions.

"We wrote Mr. Harry Thorpe that we were about to descend on his district with wagons and tents and Indians and things, and asked him to come and see us."

"The girl looked at him for a moment steadily, then smiled. The change of countenance brought Thorpe to himself. "But I never received the letter. I'm so sorry," said he. "It must be at the mill. You see, I've been up in the woods for nearly a month."

"Then we'll have to forgive you." "But I should think they would have done something for you at the mill!"

"Oh, we didn't come by way of your mill. We drove from Marquette." "I see," cried Thorpe, enlightened. "But I'm sorry I didn't know. I'm sorry you didn't let me know. I suppose you thought I was still at the mill. How did you get along? Is Wallace with you?"

"No," she replied, dropping her hands and straightening her erect figure. "It's horrid. He was coming, and then some business came up, and he couldn't get away. We are having the loveliest time, though. I do adore the woods. Come," she cried impatiently, sweeping aside to leave a way clear. "You shall meet my friends."

Thorpe imagined she referred to the rest of the tenting party. He hesitated. "I am hardly in fit condition," he objected.

She laughed, parting her red lips. "You are extremely picturesque just as you are," she said, with rather embarrassing directness. "I wouldn't have you any different for the world. But my friends don't mind. They are used to it." She laughed again.

Thorpe crossed the pole trail and for the first time found himself by her side. The warm summer odors were in the air; a dozen lively little birds sang in the brush along the rail; the sunlight danced and flickered through the openings.

Then suddenly they were among the pines, and the air was cool, the vista dim and the birds' songs inconceivably far away.

He said little, and that lamely, for he dreaded to say too much. To her playful sallies he had no reposte, and in consequence he fell more silent with another lodging—that he was losing his cause outright for lack of a ready word.

And so the last spoken exchange between them meant nothing, but if each could have read the unsaid words that quivered on the other's heart Thorpe would have returned to the Fighting Forty more tranquilly, while she would probably not have returned to the camping party at all for a number of hours.

"I do not think you had better come with me," she said. "Make your call and be forgiven on your own account. I don't want to drag you in at my chariot wheels."

"All right. I'll come this afternoon," Thorpe had replied.

"I love her; I must have her. I must go—at once," his soul cried, "quick—now—before I kiss her!"

"How strong he is," she said to herself, "how brave looking, how honest! He is different from the other men. He is magnificent."

That afternoon Thorpe met the other members of the party, offered his apologies and explanations and was graciously forgiven. He found the personnel to consist of first of all Mrs. Cary, the chaperon, a very young married woman of twenty-two or thereabout; her husband, a youth of three years older, clean shaven, light haired, quiet mannered; Miss Elizabeth Carpenter, who resembled her brother in the characteristics of good looks, vivacious disposition and curly hair; an attendant satellite of the masculine persuasion called Morton, and last of all the girl whom Thorpe had already so variously encountered and whom he now met as Miss Hilda Farrand. Besides these were Ginger, a squat negro built to fit the galley of a yacht, and three Indian guides. They inhabited tents, which made quite a little encampment.

Thorpe was received with enthusiasm. Wallace Carpenter's stories of his woods partner, while never doing more than justice to the truth, had been warm. One and all owned a lively curiosity to see what a real woodsman might be like. When he proved to be handsome and well-mannered as well as picturesque his reception was no longer in doubt.

Nothing could exceed his solicitude as to their comfort and amusement. He inspected personally the arrangement of the tents and suggested one or two changes conducive to the latter comforts. Simple things enough they were—it was as though a city man were to direct a newcomer to Central park—yet Thorpe's new friends were profoundly impressed with his knowledge of occult things. The forest was to them, as to most, more or less of a mystery unfathomable except to the favored of genius. A man who could interpret it even a little into the speech of everyday comfort and expediency possessed a strong claim to their imaginations. When he had finished these practical affairs they wanted him to sit down and tell them more things—to dine with them, to smoke about their camp fire in the evening. But here they encountered a decided check. Thorpe became silent, almost morose. He talked in monosyl-

lables and soon went away. They did not know what to make of him and so were of course the more profoundly interested. The truth was his habitual reticence would not have permitted a great degree of expansion in any case, but now the presence of Hilda made any but an attitude of hushed waiting for her words utterly impossible to him.

However, when he discovered that Hilda had ceased visiting the clump of pines near the pole trail his desire forced him back among these people. He used to walk in swiftly at almost any time of day, casting quick glances here and there in search of his divinity.

"How do, Mrs. Cary," he would say. "Nice weather. Enjoying yourself?"

On receiving the reply he would answer heartily. "That's good," and lapse into silence. When Hilda was about he followed every movement of hers with his eyes, so that his strange conduct lacked no explanation or interpretation, in the minds of the women at least. Thrice he redeemed his reputation for being an interesting character by conducting the party on little expeditions here and there about the country. Then his woodcraft and resourcefulness spoke for him. They asked him about the lumbering operations, but he seemed indifferent.

"Nothing to interest you," he affirmed. "We're just cutting roads now. You ought to be here for the drive."

Once he took them over to see Camp One. They were immensely pleased and were correspondingly loud in exclamations. Thorpe's comments were brief and dry. On the way back for the first time Thorpe found that chance—and Mrs. Cary—had allotted Hilda to his care.

A hundred yards down the trail they encountered Phil. The dwarf stopped short, looked attentively at the girl and then softly approached. When quite near to her he again stopped, gazing at her with his soul in his liquid eyes.

"You are more beautiful than the sea at night," he said directly.

The others laughed. "There's sincerity for you, Miss Hilda," said young Mr. Morton.

"Who is he?" asked the girl after they had moved on.

"Our chore boy," answered Thorpe, with great brevity.

The rest of the party had gone ahead, leaving their sauntering more slowly down the trail.

"Why don't you come to the pine grove any more?" he asked bluntly.

"Why?" countered Hilda in the manner of women.

"I want to see you there. I want to



A ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees.

talk with you. I can't talk with all that crowd about."

"I'll come tomorrow," she said; then with a little mischievous laugh, "if that'll make you talk."

"You must think I'm awfully stupid," agreed Thorpe bitterly.

"Ah, no; ah, no!" she protested softly. "You must not say that."

She was looking at him very tenderly, if he had only known it, but he did not, for his face was set in discontented lines straight before him.

"It is true," he replied.

They walked on in silence, while gradually the dangerous fascination of the woods crept down on them. Just before sunset a hush falls on nature. The wind has died; the birds have not yet begun their evening songs; the light itself seems to have left off sparkling and to lie still across the landscape. Such a hush now lay on their spirits. Over the way a creeper was droning sleepily a little chant, the only voice in the wilderness. In the heart of the man, too, a little voice raised itself alone.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart!" it breathed over and over again. After awhile he said it gently in a half voice.

"No, no; hush!" said the girl. And she laid the soft, warm fingers of one hand across his lips and looked at him from a height of superior soft eyed tenderness as a woman might look at a child. "You must not. It is not right."

Then he kissed the fingers very gently before they were withdrawn, and she said nothing at all in rebuke, but looked straight before her with troubled eyes.

The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good. 1917

CHAPTER XXIII.

THORPE returned to Camp One shortly after dark. He found there a number of letters, among which was one from Wallace Carpenter.

After commending the camping party to his companion's care the young fellow went on to say that affairs were going badly on the board.

"Some interest that I haven't been able to make out yet has been hammering our stocks down day after day," he wrote. "I don't understand it, for the stocks are good and intrinsically are worth more than is bid for them right now. Some powerful concern is beating them down for a purpose of its own. Sooner or later they will let up, and then we'll get things back in good shape. I am amply protected now, thanks to you, and am not at all afraid of losing my holdings. The only difficulty is that I am unable to predict exactly when the other fellows will decide that they have accomplished whatever they are about and let up. It may not be before next year. In that case I couldn't help you out on those notes when they come due. So put in your best licks, old man. You may have to pony up for a little while, though of course sooner or later I can put it all back. Then, you bet your life, I keep out of it. Lumbering's good enough for yours truly."

"By the way, you might shine up to Hilda Farrand and join the rest of the fortune hunters. She's got it to throw to the birds and in her own right. Seriously, old fellow, don't put yourself into a false position through ignorance; not that there is any danger to a hardened old woodsman like you."

Thorpe went to the group of pines by the pole trail the following afternoon because he had said he would, but with a new attitude of mind. He had come into contact with the artificiality of conventional relations, and it stiffened him.

They sat down on a log. Hilda turned to him with her graceful air of confidence.

"Now talk to me," said she.

"Certainly," replied Thorpe in a practical tone of voice. "What do you want me to talk about?"

She shot a swift, troubled glance at him, concluded herself mistaken and said:

"Tell me about what you do up here—your life—all about it."

"Well," replied Thorpe formally, "we haven't much to interest a girl like you. It is a question of saw logs with us. And he went on in his driest, most technical manner to detail the process of manufacture. It might as well have been bricks."

The girl did not understand. She was hurt. As surely as the sun tugged in the distant pine front, she had seen in his eyes a great passion. Now it was coldly withdrawn.

"What has happened to you?" she asked finally out of her great sincerity.

"Me? Nothing," replied Thorpe.

A forced silence fell upon him. Hilda seemed gradually to lose herself in reverie. After a time she said softly:

"Don't you love this woods?"

"It's an excellent bunch of pine," replied Thorpe bluntly. "It'll cut 3,000,000 at least."

"Oh!" she cried, drawing back, her hands pressed against the log either side of her, her eyes wide.

After a moment she caught her breath convulsively, and Thorpe became conscious that she was studying him furtively with a quickening doubt.

[To Be Continued]

NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Randall;

By virtue of an execution, issued out of the Honorable Justice Court of Prec. No 1 Randall Co. on 11 day of January, A. D. 1905, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of J. A. Wansley & Co., a firm composed of J. A. Wansley and J. E. Wansley versus P. C. Davidson No. 172, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in February A. D. 1905; it being the Seventh day of said month, before the Court House door of said Randall county, in the city of Canyon the following described property, to wit:

An undivided $\frac{1}{2}$ interest to W $\frac{1}{2}$ of Abs. 1390, Cer. 15-3573, Survey 68, Randall county, Texas, levied on as the property of P. C. Davidson to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$45.90 in favor of J. A. Wansley & Co., a firm composed of J. A. Wansley and J. E. Wansley and costs of suit.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January A. D. 1905.

M. F. SLOVER, Sheriff.

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.

THE FIRST NAT'L BANK

(Successor to Stockmens National Bank.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$85,000.00

OFFICERS.

L. T. LESTER PRESIDENT.
JOHN HUTSON VICE-PRES.

D. A. PARK CASHIER.
TRAVIS SHAW ASS'T. Cas.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN HUTSON,
J. N. DONOHOO,

J. L. HOWELL,
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.

T. H. ROWAN, LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE

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

DRUMMER'S RIGS A SPECIALTY.



"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

Amarillo, Texas,

Traffic Manager.

SOME LAND BARGAINS.

1—An improved section one mile from Ceta, \$2500.

2—640 acres patented land 8 miles S. E. of town, fenced, fine well of water, windmill and tank, \$4 per acre.

—200 acres patented land under fence and on public road 6 miles South of town, 90 per cent tillable, 60 acres already in cultivation, house of 2 rooms, outhouses, two good wells of fine water and over one of them, a 2-inch pump outfit and 12-foot Red Cross Windmill—640 acres adjoining lease goes with it—all for \$1250.

Each of above tracts of land is choice—all fit for cultivation—we have others.

—The Dr. Odell residence: An almost new, and substantial 7 room frame house; desirable location; large lot, fine well and new windmill, garden, outhouses etc. Will sell at much less than real value or exchange for land near town.

3—Seven-room frame house, east front, good outhouses, fine well water. A very desirable location.

5—Two 2-room residences, close in at low prices.

GEO. A. BRANDON, News Office.

Home and Farm, one of the best agricultural papers in the world and the Canyon City News one year for \$1.35.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. M. STEWART,

Physician and Surgeon, Office with Thompson Drug Co. Calls promptly answered night or day

GEO. A. BRANDON,

LAWYER. Office—Canyon City News Building.

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

TRY US

Before sending off for Letter Heads, Note Heads, Envelopes, Type writer paper, Bill Heads, or any other class of printing, try the News office on quality and price.

We need the work and will do our very best to meet competition. Only give us the same order you give the foreign house and ten to one we can meet the price.

We carry a full stock of material. Give us the same chance we propose to give you—This is all we ask.

The Dallas Semi-weekly News and this paper one year for \$1.80.