

# Canyon City News.

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## The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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### CHAPTER XXXIII.

**W**HAT IS IT? "What is the matter?" "What the —'s up?" "What's happened?" burst on Wallace in a volley.

"It's Dyer!" gasped the young man. "I found him on the boom! He held me up with a gun while he filed the boom chains between the center piers. They're just ready to go. I got away by diving. Hurry and put in a new chain. You haven't got much time!"

"He's a goner now," interjected Solly grimly. "Charley is on his trail—and he is hit."

Thorpe's intelligence leaped promptly to the practical question.

"Injun Charley—where'd he come from? I sent him up to Satter & Smith's. It's twenty miles, even through the woods."

As though by way of colossal answer the whole surface of the jam moved inward and upward, thrusting the logs bristling against the horizon.

"She's going to break!" shouted Thorpe, starting on a run toward the river. "A chain, quick!"

The men followed, strung high with excitement. Hamilton, the journalist, paused long enough to glance up stream. Then he, too, ran after them, screaming that the river above was full of logs. By that they all knew that Injun Charley's mission had failed and that something under 10,000,000 feet of logs were racing down the river like so many battering rams.

At the boom the great jam was already a-tremble, with eagerness to spring. Indeed a miracle alone seemed to hold the timbers in their place.

"It's death, certain death, to go out on that boom," muttered Billy Mason. Tim Shearer stepped forward coolly, ready as always to assume the perilous duty. He was thrust back by Thorpe, who seized the chain, cold-shut and hammer which Scotty Parsons brought and ran lightly out over the booms, shouting:

"Back! Back! Don't follow me, on your lives! Keep 'em back, Tim!"

The swift water boiled from under the booms. Bang! smash! bang! crashed the logs a mile up stream, but plainly audible above the waters and the wind. Thorpe knelt, dropped the cold-shut through on either side of the weakened link and prepared to close it with his hammer. He intended further to strengthen the connection with the other chain.

"Lemme hold her for you. You can't close her alone," said an unexpected voice next his elbow.

Thorpe looked up in surprise and anger. Over him leaned Big Junko. The men had been unable to prevent his following. Animated by the blind devotion of the animal for its master and further stung to action by that master's doubt of his fidelity, the giant had followed to assist as he might.

"You fool," cried Thorpe, exasperated, then held the hammer to him. "Strike while I keep the chain underneath!" he commanded.

Big Junko leaned forward to obey, kicking strongly his corks into the barked surface of the boom log. The spikes, worn blunt by the river work already accomplished, failed to grip. Big Junko slipped, caught himself by an effort, overbalanced in the other direction, and fell into the stream. The current at once swept him away, but fortunately in such a direction that he was enabled to catch the slanting end of a "dead head" log whose lower end was jammed in the crib. The dead head was slippery, the current strong. Big Junko had no crevice by which to assure his hold. In another moment he would be torn away.

"Let go and swim!" shouted Thorpe. "I can't swim," replied Junko in so low a voice as to be scarcely audible.

For a moment Thorpe stared at him. "Tell Carrie," said Big Junko.

Then there beneath the swirling gray sky, under the frowning jam, in the midst of flood waters, Thorpe had his second great moment of decision. He did not pause to weigh reasons or chances, to discuss with himself expediency or the moralities of failure. His actions were forordained, mechanical. At once the great forces which the winter had been bringing to power crystallized into something bigger than himself or his ideas. The trail lay before him; there was no choice.

Now clearly, with no shadow of doubt, he took the other view: There could be nothing better than love. Men, for works, their deeds, were little

things. Success was a little thing, the opinion of men a little thing. Instantly he felt the truth of it.

And here was love in danger. That it held its moment's habitation in clay of the coarser mold had nothing to do with the great elemental truth of it. For the first time in his life Thorpe felt the full crushing power of an abstraction. Without thought, instinctively, he threw before the necessity of the moment all that was lesser. It was the triumph of what was real in the man over that which environment, alienation, difficulties, had raised up within him.

At Big Junko's words Thorpe raised his hammer and with one mighty blow severed the chains which bound the ends of the booms across the opening. The free end of one of the poles immediately swung down with the current in the direction of Big Junko. Thorpe, like a cat, ran to the end of



"Run!" he shouted.

the boom, seized the giant by the collar and dragged him through the water to safety.

"Run!" he shouted. "Run for your life!"

The two started desperately back, skirting the edge of the logs which now the very seconds alone seemed to hold back. They were drenched and blinded with spray, deafened with the crash of timbers settling to the leap. The men on shore could no longer see them for the smother. The great crush of logs had actually begun its first majestic sliding motion when at last they emerged to safety.

At first a few of the loose timbers found the opening, slipping quietly through with the current, then more. Finally the front of the jam dove forward, and an instant later the smooth, swift motion had gained its impetus and was sweeping the entire drive down through the gap.

Rank after rank, like soldiers charging, they ran. The great force would catch them up ahead of the current. In a moment, the open river was full of logs jostling eagerly onward. Then suddenly far out above, the uneven tossing sky line of Superior the strange northern "boom" or mirage, threw the specters of thousands of restless timbers rising and falling on the bosom of the lake.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

**T**HEY stood and watched them go.

"Oh the great man! Oh the great man!" murmured the writer, fascinated.

The grandeur of the sacrifice had struck them dumb. They did not understand the motives beneath it all, but the fact was patent. Big Junko broke down and sobbed.

After a time the stream of logs through the gap slackened. In a moment more, save for the inevitably stranded few, the booms were empty. A deep sigh went up from the attentive multitude.

"She's gone!" said one man, with the emphasis of a novel discovery, and groaned.

Then the awe broke from about their minds, and they spoke many opinions and speculations. Thorpe had disappeared. They respected his emotion

and did not follow him.

"It was just plain foolishness, but it was great," said Shearer. "That no account jackass of a Big Junko ain't worth as much per thousand feet as good white pine."

Then they noticed a group of men gathering about the office steps, and on it some one talking. Collins, the bookkeeper, was making a speech.

Collins was a little hatchet faced man, with straight, lank hair, near-sighted eyes, a timid, order loving disposition and a great suitability for his profession. He was accurate, unemotional and valuable. All his actions were as dry as the sawdust in the burner. No one had ever seen him excited. But he was human, and now his knowledge of the company's affairs showed him the dramatic contrast. He knew. He knew that the property of the firm had been mortgaged to the last dollar in order to assist expansion, so that not another cent could be borrowed to tide over present difficulty. He knew that the notes for \$300,000 covering the loan to Wallace Carpenter came due in three months. He knew from the long table of statistics which he was eternally preparing and comparing that the season's cut should have netted a profit of \$200,000, enough to pay the interest on the mortgages, to take up the notes and to furnish a working capital for the ensuing year. These things he knew in the strange concrete arithmetical manner of the routine bookkeeper. Other men saw a desperate phase of firm rivalry. He saw a struggle to the uttermost. Other men cheered a rescue. He thrilled over the magnificent gesture of the gambler scattering his stake in largesse to death.

It was the simple turning of the hand from full breathed prosperity to lifeless failure.

His view was the inverse of his master's. To Thorpe it had suddenly become a very little thing in contrast to the great, sweet, elemental truth that the dream girl had enunciated. To Collins the affair was miles vaster than the widest scope of his own narrow life.

The firm could not take up its notes when they came due; it could not pay the interest on the mortgages, which would now be foreclosed; it could not even pay in full the men who had worked for it—that would come under a court's adjudication.

He had therefore watched Thorpe's desperate rally to mend the weakened chain in all the suspense of a man whose entire universe is in the keeping of the chance moment. It must be remembered that at bottom, below the outer-consciousness, Thorpe's final decision had already grown to maturity. On the other hand, no other thought than that of accomplishment had even entered the little bookkeeper's head. The rescue and all that it had meant had hit him like a stroke of apoplexy, and his thin emotions had curdled to hysteria. Full of the idea he appeared before the men.

With rapid, almost incoherent speech he poured it out to them. Professional caution and secrecy were forgotten. Wallace Carpenter attempted to push through the ring for the purpose of stopping him. A gigantic river man kindly but firmly held him back.

"I guess it's just as well we hear this," said the latter.

## 1905 CANYON CITY NEWS

FOR

## 1905

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It all came out—the loan to Carpenter, with a hint at the motive—the machinations of the rival firm on the board of trade; the notes, the mortgages, the necessity of a big season's cut; the reasons the rival firm had for wishing to prevent that cut from arriving at the market; the desperate and varied means they had employed. The men listened, silent. Hamilton, his eyes glowing like coals, drank in every word. Here was the master motive he had sought; here was the story great to his hand.

"That's what we ought to get!" cried Collins, almost weeping. "And now we're gone and bust just because that infernal river hog had to fall off a boom! It's a shame! Those sealwags have done us after all!"

Out from the shadows of the woods stole Injun Charley. The whole bending and aspect of the man had changed. His eye gleamed with a distant, farseeing fire of its own, which took no account of anything but some remote vision. He stole along almost furtively, but with a proud, upright carriage of his neck, a backward tilt of his fine head, a distension of his nostrils, that lent to his appearance a panther-like pride and stealthiness. No one saw him. Suddenly he broke through the group and mounted the steps beside Collins.

"The enemy of my brother is gone," said he simply in his native tongue, and with a sudden gesture held out before them a scalp.

The medieval barbarity of the thing appalled them for a moment. The days of scalpings were long since past, and had been closed away between the pages of forgotten histories, and yet here again before them was the thing in all its living horror. Then a groan arose. The human animal had tasted blood.

All at once, like wine, their wrongs poured to their head. They remembered their dead comrades. They remembered the heart breaking days and nights of toil they had endured on account of this man and his associates. They remembered the words of Collins, the little bookkeeper. They hated. They shook their fists across the skies.

They turned and with one accord struck back for the railroad right of way which led to Shingleville, the town controlled by Morrison & Daly.

The railroads lay for a mile straight through a thick tamarack swamp, then over a nearly treeless cranberry plain. The tamarack was a screen between the two towns. When half way through the swamp Red Jacket stopped, removed his coat, ripped the lining from it and began to fashion a rude mask.

"Just as well they don't recognize us," said he.

"Somebody in town will give us away," suggested Shorty, the chore boy.

"No, they won't; they're all here," assured Kerlie.

It was true. Except for the women and children, who were not yet about, the entire village had assembled. Even old Vanderhoof, the fire catcher of the yard, hobbled along breathlessly on his rheumatic legs. In a moment more the little band had emerged from the shelter of the swamp and so came into full view of its objective point.

Shingleville consisted of a big mill, the yards, now nearly empty of lumber, the large frame boarding house,

the office, the stable, a store, two saloons and a dozen dwellings. The party at once fixed its eyes on this collection of buildings and trudged on down the right-of-way with unobscured grimness.

Their approach was not unobserved. Daly saw them, and Baker, his foreman, saw them. The two at once went forth to organize opposition. When the attacking party reached the mill yard it found the boss and the foreman standing alone on the sawdust, revolvers drawn.

Daly traced a line with his toe. "The first man that crosses that line gets it," said he.

They knew he meant what he said. An instant's pause ensued, while the big man and the little faced a mob. Daly's river men were still on drive. He knew the mill men too well to depend on them. Truth to tell, the possibility of such a raid as this had not occurred to him for the simple reason that he did not anticipate the discovery of his complicity with the forces of nature. Skillfully carried out, the plan was a good one. No one need know of the weakened link, and it was the most natural thing in the world that Satter & Smith's drive should go out with the increase of water.

The men grouped swiftly and silently on the other side of the sawdust line. The pause did not mean that Daly's defense was good.

"Do you know what's going to happen to you?" said a voice from the group. The speaker was Radway, but the contractor kept himself well in the background. "We're going to burn your mill; we're going to burn your yards; we're going to burn your whole shooting match, you low lived whelp!"

"Dyer," said Injun Charley simply, shaking the wet scalp arm's length toward the lumbermen.

At this grim interruption a silence fell. "The owner paled slightly; his foreman chewed a nonchalant straw. Down the still deserted street crossed and recrossed the subtle occult influences of a half hundred concealed watchers. Daly and his subordinate were very much alone and very much in danger. Their last hour had come, and they knew it.

With the recognition of the fact they immediately raised their weapons in the resolve to do as much damage as possible before being overpowered.

Then suddenly, full in the back, a heavy stream of water knocked them completely off their feet, rolled them over on the wet sawdust and finally jammed them both against the trestle, where it held them, kicking and gasping for breath, in a choking catarget of water. The pistols flew harmlessly into the air. For an instant the Fighting Forty stared in paralyzed astonishment. Then a tremendous roar of laughter saluted this easy vanquishment of a formidable enemy.

Daly and Baker were pounced upon and captured. There was no resistance. They were too nearly strangled for that. Little Solly and old Vanderhoof turned off the water in the fire hydrant and disconnected the hose they had so effectively employed.

"There, blast you!" said Rollway Charley, jerking the mill man to his feet. "How do you like too much water, hey?"

(Continued on 4th page.)



## CANYON CITY NEWS.

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

### SUBSCRIPTION.

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

### ANTI-FREE PASS.

The Senate "anti-free pass" bill, now up to the House for action, is burdened with too many imperfections, the constitution of the State considered, to stand before any court of competent jurisdiction. It makes a farce of the public demand, and the mere passage of such a measure should be beneath the good sense and dignity of a Texas law making body and its highest of that class—the Senate.

It has been the practice of the railroads to issue free passes to certain officers who, may at times, come in contact with their interests. Judges of courts, high and low, certain high executive officers, and members of legislative bodies state, county and municipal, all come within this class. The most favored of any are the members of the Legislature. These gentlemen have not only been able to command free passes anywhere they want to go for themselves, but for relatives and even for friends and constituents. In fact the railroads do not dare to refuse them anything "on this line requested." "Good policy," is what the railroads term it, but the general public don't approve it and say it must stop; that it savors too much of bribery and—may lead to corruption among "public servants."

The sensible practical way to carry out this public demand—the Democratic pledge—is to prohibit the acceptance by any officer who is vested with executive, legislative or judicial powers, of any free pass, either for himself, relatives or anybody else. And when, as in the Senate bill, it is attempted to abrogate certain constitutional privileges of the railroads themselves as well as interfering with the general progress and welfare of the entire State—all foreign to the public desire or needs—and then claim this measure as a party pledge redeemed, it is too ridiculous even for argument.

An anti-free pass law Texas needs, the railroads are anxious for it as well as the mass of the people, but the Senate bill? No, we don't want it—neither does its daddy.

### PLAINVIEWS TO DO.

Citizens of Plainview and vicinity to the number of 119, have published a call for a mass meeting to be held at Plainview, Friday and Saturday, February 24-25, beginning at 11 a. m. Friday, to discuss the agricultural situation of the South Plains generally. The program is full of live subjects and on getting to the bottom of it the mass meeting ought to organize itself into a Farmers' Institute and then it will be in a better shape for business.

There is nothing equal to a well attended live Farmers Institute for getting a country to the front, and not only in agriculture, but in all other things that tend to make life worth living for.

The practice of cigarette smoking unfits a boy for any of the higher business callings of life—strong mental calibre is wanted these days.

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.

### The Weather.

Since our last issue we have experienced another blizzard, the worst, so far this winter. It came up Saturday and by Sunday morning the mercury stood at 8 below zero. Monday morning the mercury fell to the lowest point so far for us—12 below zero. Since then it has been getting warmer and it is believed that we have passed through the worst part of the winter.

It has been fearfully hard on all stock that were not well provided with both feed and shelter. The losses, however, for this county will be small as most of the stockmen had plenty of feed. Indeed, we may safely say, that the only losers to amount to anything are those having cattle in the "Block" pastures, where little if any preparations were made for feeding. Outside of this county, from all reports, the losses among cattle all over the range country are already considerable, but it is too early yet to get anything like exact figures. One thing however, is sure, what one man loses another gains, for those that are left are worth that much the more. This, of course, is mighty poor consolation for the losers—but such is life.

"Tis an ill wind that brings nobody good." This is as true today as when first uttered, for although the past blizzard conditions have been extremely trying on the range people, they have been ideal for the farmer and to the decided advantage of the stock-farmer. Nothing does mother earth more good than a good freezing, unless it be a thorough soaking, and when these two things combine as in the present instance—lots of snow to melt and run in and good freezes to kill injurious bugs and make the soil friable—the conditions could hardly be improved upon. The Plains ought to make a bumper crop this year and no doubt will. The advantage to the stock-farmer lays in the fact that better prices will prevail for his products. This old world of ours demands so much meat and when the ranges fail to furnish it, it must fall back for its supply upon the barnyards of the stock-farmer and pay his price.

Argue as we may it is now generally acknowledged as a fact that the very conditions which favor the range men are within themselves antagonistic to the stock-farmer. The future of the Plains is for the stock-farmer good and strong.

A loving couple drove through the streets of Marshall (Mo.) in blissful ignorance that a "contagious disease" card was fastened to the back of their automobile.

### N. W. T. P. A., Attention.

Dear Boys: Your secretary wishes to commence in the near future his work of preparing for the 1905 convention and the pleasures incidental thereto. To this end, he asks that every member drop him a word right away, offering suggestions as to what excursion we should to arrange for, etc. From these suggestions he will formulate plans for the "greatest good for the greatest number," and will commence the campaign for a repetition of the successful convention of last year. Please do not neglect this matter, and also kindly publish this communication in your papers, that it may reach every newspaper man in Northwest Texas. Suggestions are solicited not only from members, but from bona fide newspaper men who intend joining us this year at Hereford. Fraternally,  
ORION PROCTOR, Sec.  
Bridgeport, Texas.

The doctors are all busy, and about half of the people of the city are suffering with grip, bad colds, influenza or threatened with pneumonia. It is a good time to stay in doors and take care of the health.—Lampasas Leader.

Sound advice Bro. Vernor, although more applicable at Lampasas than here and if you can only follow it up by telling us how to continue our business so as to keep up the fuel and other supplies and follow it we shall be under everlasting obligations to you.

### For the Soot Nuisance.

Don't throw potato parings into the garbage box, but into the stove, and thereby save yourself from the annoyance of having to call the fire department to put out a chimney fire. Such is the advice of Chief Meninger, says the Milwaukee Sentinel.

From personal experience I know that the burning of potato parings prevents the gathering of soot. I know of a family that is keeping up a strong soot coal fire in its kitchen range every day during the winter, but you can never find any trace of soot on the lids, the bottom of kettles or in any part of the stove.

"Potato parings are burned in the stove daily. Another effective method is the burning of pieces of zinc. I am not chemist enough to know, but it seems to me that the fumes generated during the combustion of the zinc prevent the gathering of

H. C. Williams

## NEW BARBER SHOP

SHAVE, HAIR TRIM AND SHAMPOOING.

Razors and Scissors always Sharp  
Represent Fort Worth Aeme Laundry. Give me a part of your patronage.—In Crawford building south side street.

## 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.

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## T. H. ROWAN,

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

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

## THE NEWS \$1.00 PER YEAR.

soot, and it is this soot that is the cause of most chimney fires."

Witherspoon & Gough.  
"What are you crying about?" asked a stranger of a lad standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break. "Oh, pa's gone up stairs to whip the editor." "Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the good Samaritan. "Pieces of him have" said the boy, with a fresh burst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."—Ex.

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

### Nothing to Fear.

The question of injurious substances in medicines which has been agitating the minds of many people, does not concern those who use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mothers need have no hesitancy in continuing to give it to their little ones, as it contains absolutely nothing injurious. This remedy is not only perfectly safe to give small children, but is a medicine of great worth and merit. It has a wide reputation for its curing cough, colds and croup and always be relied upon. Followed by S. V. Wirt, druggist.



## Local.

### His Blizzard Hymn.

Don't you let de blizzard  
Keep you feelin' blue.  
Some day you'll reach a summer  
Will be hot enough for you!

Len' yo' ear ter reason:  
W'en de blizzard make you fly;  
Ef you freeze up in de winter,  
Never melt up in July!

Ef you keep on lak' you gwine  
In dis wilderness below,  
Some day you'll reach a climate  
Whar dar's never any snow!

—Atlanta Constitution.

### ORIGINAL.

On Canyon when the sun was low  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
As cold as a blizzard was the flow  
And people shivering badly—  
SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

—W. J. R.

The 22nd is Arbor Day—try the novelty of planting one tree.

Notice the change in the Canyon City Hardware & Grain Co. Ad.

L. S. Kinder is now Judge, and D. C. Glasgow District Atty., of the new South Plains district.

### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

No eastern mail from Saturday until Tuesday—the cuts on "The Denver" near Clarendon were full of snow.

### Witherspoon & Gough.

It is reported that at Roswell on Monday morning the mercury was 29 below zero.

If it's candy you want see Wilson or the best kind, 10 ff

Walter R. Brandon has sold his residence to A. S. Rollins, for \$375, and expects to leave here about March 1st.

Just received a car of choicest Texas red rust proof seed oats at Canyon City Hardware & Grain Co. Come and get your seed oats before they are all gone.

### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

On the way to visit a patient, Mrs. Andy Costly, Sunday, Dr. Stewart had one of his ears frozen. He says he will try to keep it from falling off.

Misses Willda and Jeanette Blackburn, of Amarillo, came down Sunday and were the guests of Mrs. L. M. Faulkner for several days.

Still a good collection of cotton down at the lower yard—200 bales.

There is going to be quite a stir in the farm implement line before long. There is a good supply here.

Mrs. Fred Reese of Amarillo has been here several days visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Reid.

Some of the interior towns are short on coal and other necessities and the present condition of the roads forbids much hauling.

Rev. T. W. Sharp of Clarendon, passed through Canyon City Wednesday en route to Lubbock.

At school last Friday, Willie Kenyon, while playing during recess, fell and broke his leg between the knee and thigh. He is getting along nicely and will soon be on foot again.

Still dull times about town. The people from a distance, on account of weather and road conditions are not coming in much.

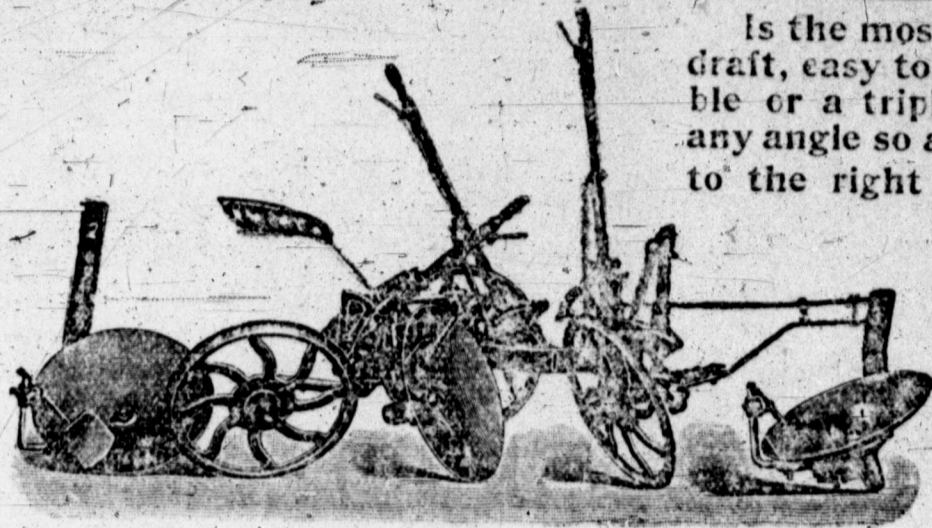
Several houses for rent or sale.  
B. Frank Buie.

Rev. J. D. Ballard as soon as weather permits will move into his new home, and E. E. Lee will then occupy the Odell property.

### Witherspoon & Gough.

**For Sale**—All of the household effects belonging to W. R. Brandon, consisting of dresser, wash-stand, stoves, tables, chairs, bedsteads, carpet, matting, sewing machine, etc. Most all of these articles are practically new and will sell at a great reduction from original cost. Apply at the News office—at once.

# THE EMERSON DISC PLOWS



Is the most successful Disc Plow on the market, for light draft, easy to adjust and operate, can be made a single, double or a triple disc all in the same plow, discs can be set at any angle so as to take the land in any condition. Can turn to the right as well as to the left. All bearings dust proof, Spring lift levers. These are only a few of the many merits of this wonderful Disc Plow. Come in and let us show it to you.

We Handle 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.



### No District Court.

Owing to the cutting off of the lower counties it became necessary to re-arrange the time of holding court in our Webster's district, and this was accomplished by a separate act of the Legislature. Under the law as it now stands, our next term of district court will begin on Monday, the 31st day of the coming July. The term we were to have, is thus skipped over—no court now until July.

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

The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good. 19t

Our district attorney, H. S. Bishop, was on Tuesday of last week, at Amarillo, wedded to Miss Mabel C. Gordon, a daughter of Major Gordon.

### 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 & CRESSER.

Pneumonia, grip and kindred ailments are the rule all over the state and we are not altogether exempt from them here.

The four Illinois men who came in last Thursday, and taken in hand by Garrison & Harrison, all purchased land here, or are in a fair way to. Their names were H. E. Quisenberry, of Atlanta, John Patterson of Armington, Otto Leader of Minier, and James Barker of Green Valley. One of them submitted an offer for the T. P. Service 300 acres west of town, which it is thought will be accepted; the others purchased quarter sections each, south and southwest of town. They all left for home Monday evening well pleased with the country and this notwithstanding the fact that we are still all covered with snow.

**Married**—Monday at the residence of Col. Rusk, Sam F. Wiggins and Miss Mabel Uphold, Squire Parks officiated. After the conclusion of the ceremony they left for Mr. Wiggins' home in the south part of the county.



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.

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J. C. Pipkin of the Canyon Mercantile Co., and Miss Delia Wilkinson, the milliner, will leave tomorrow for St. Louis and other northern markets, to purchase the spring stock. This house expects to do a big business this year and it is going to be ready with the newest and best the great markets afford by the rising of grass. Later on this enterprising firm will have something of interest to tell The News readers about it.

**Died**—Monday night, Mrs. J. D. Weller. Deceased had consumption from which she has suffered for several years. After services at the Methodist church Tuesday, the body was laid to rest in the cemetery. A husband and four children survive her and have the sympathy of the entire town.

The Northwest Texas Telephone Co. has purchased the M. T. Jones Lumber Co. office and will move it back of the Bank for use as a Central office. B. F. Oliver, an electrician from Dallas, has been employed by the company and is now here assisting in the selection of material. Work on all lines contemplated is to be pushed as soon as the arrival of material and weather will permit.

Plenty of mountain cedar posts at Burton-Lingo Co.

Elder J. B. Haston will conduct services at the Christian church Sunday morning at 11 a. m. and at night.

Wednesday, C. N. Harrison left on business for Dallas and other points East.

Geo. G. Long returned home from Mineral Wells Tuesday. He says that if benefited by the water there he can't discover it. Mrs. Long went to see her daughter, Miss Jessie, at Whitewright.

### Afraid of Strong Medicines.

Many people suffer for years from rheumatic pains, and prefer to do so rather than take the strong medicines usually given for rheumatism, not knowing that quick relief from pain may be had simply by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm and without taking any medicine internally. Rev. Amos Parker of Magnolia, North Carolina, suffered for eight years with a lame hip, due to severe rheumatic pains. He has been permanently cured by the free application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

The Memphis Herald reports 382 polls paid in Hall county and considers it rather a bad showing. It is.

### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

### THE HEREFORD SALE.

The attendance at the Hereford sale yesterday was fair but the disposition to purchase, judging from the bidding, was away below par. Some thirty registered bulls from calves to coming 2's were in the pens and all of good families, but after the sale of five, Col. Campbell, the auctioneer, stated that he must decline to give any more away and he declared the auction part of it closed.

The purchasers of the five sold beginning in the order put up, and prices paid were as follows:

First bull, Dr. Howell	\$125
2nd " Lewis Bradley	65
3rd " J. A. Grundy	55
4th " J. A. Grundy	50
5th " Charley Long	45

All of these were coming 2's and good individuals and some idea of their size can be had from the weight of the first bull purchased by Dr. Howell, which was 1250 lbs. The average weight of the other four was perhaps 200 lbs under this.

It was a sacrifice, pure and simple and the auctioneer did right in calling off where he did.

Yesterday it was warm and mud and water took the place of snow, but last night the wind shifted to the North again and this morning 'tis snowing again.

"Thoroughness," as Prof. Ernsberger says, is the correct thing in preparing for the stern battle of life, and nowhere should it cut a greater figure than in the school room. One of the best educators we ever knew would not pass a student on to a higher grade unless he or she had completely mastered all prior studies, and he was right.

### 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 P Service	\$1 00
Mrs. A H Thompson	1 00
I L North	25
M S Lusby	1 00
Mrs. H W Miller	50
E A Uphold	50
H E Quisenberry	1 00
J M Craig	1 00
J D Weller	50
I N Hix	1 00
J W Ballard	1 00



## "The Blazed Trail"

[Continued from 1st page]

The unexpected comedy changed the party's mood. It was no longer a question of killing. A number broke into the store and shortly emerged bearing pairs of horseshoes, with which they deluged the slabs on the windward side of the mill. The flames caught the structure instantly. A thousand sparks, borne by the offshore breeze, fastened like so many stinging insects on the lumber in the yard.

It burned as dried balsam thrown on a camp fire. The heat of it drove the onlookers far back in the village, where in silence they watched the destruction.

Daly and his men were slapped and cuffed hither and thither at the men's will. Their faces bled, their bodies ached as one bruise.

"That squares us," said the men. "If we can't cut this year, neither kin you. It's up to you now!"

Then, like a destroying horde of locusts, they gutted the office and the store, smashing what they could not carry to the fire. The dwellings and saloons they did not disturb. Finally, about noon, they kicked their two prisoners into the river and straggled back along the right of way.

"I surmise we took that town apart some," said Shorty with satisfaction.

"I should rise to remark," replied Kerlie.

At the boarding house they found Wallace Carpenter and Hamilton seated on the veranda. It was now afternoon. The wind had abated somewhat, and the sun was struggling with the still flying sands.

"Hello, boys," said Wallace, "been for a little walk in the woods?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hyland, "we—"

"I'd rather not hear," interrupted Wallace.

"There's quite a fire over east. I suppose you haven't noticed it."

Hyland looked gravely eastward.

"Sure 'nough," said he.

"Better get some grub," suggested Wallace.

After the men had gone in he turned to the Journalist.

"Hamilton," he began, "write all you know about the drive and the break and the rescue, but as to the burning of the mill—"

The other held out his hand.

"Good," said Wallace, offering his own.

And that was as far as the famous Shingleville raid ever got. Daly did his best to collect even circumstantial evidence against the participants, but in vain. He could not even get any one to say that a single member of the village of Carpenter had absented himself from town that morning.

This might have been from loyalty or it might have been from fear of the vengeance the Fighting Forty would surely visit on a traitor. Probably it was a combination of both. The fact remains, however, that Daly never knew surely of but one man implicated in the destruction of his plant. That man was Injun Charley; but Injun Charley promptly disappeared.

After an interval Tim Shearer, Radway and Kerlie came out again.

"Where's the boss?" asked Shearer.

"I don't know, Tim," replied Wallace seriously. "I've looked everywhere. He's gone. He must have been all cut up. I think he went out in the woods to get over it. I am not worrying. Harry has lots of sense. He'll come in about dark."

"Sure!" said Tim.

"How about the boys' stakes?" queried Radway. "I hear this is a bad smash for the firm."

"We'll see that the men get their wages all right," replied Carpenter, a little disappointed that such a question should be asked at such a time.

"All right," rejoined the contractor. "We're all going to need our money this summer."

### CHAPTER XXXV.

THORPE walked through the silent group of men without seeing them. He had no thought for what he had done, but for the triumphant discovery he had made in spite of himself.

It was then about 6 o'clock in the morning. Thorpe passed the boarding house, the store and the office, to take himself as far as the little open shed that served as a railway station. There he set the semaphore to flag the east bound train from Duluth.

At 6:25, the train happening on time, he climbed aboard. He dropped heavily into a seat and stared straight in front of him until the conductor had spoken to him twice.

"Where to, Mr. Thorpe?" he asked.

"Oh! Mackinaw City."

Thorpe descended at Mackinaw City to find that the noon train had gone. He ate lunch at the hotel, borrowed \$100 from the agent of Louis Sands, a lumberman of his acquaintance, and seated himself rigidly in the little waiting room, there to remain until the 9:20 that night. When the cars were backed down from the siding he boarded the sleeper. In the doorway stood a disappearing colored porter.

"You'll fit the smokin' cab up fo' w'nd, sah," said the latter, firmly barring the way.

"It's generally forward," answered Thorpe.

"This year's the sleepin'," protested the functionary. "Yo' pays extra."

"I am aware of it," replied Thorpe curtly. "Give me a lower."

"Yes, sah," acquiesced the darky, giving way, but still in doubt. He fol-

lowed Thorpe cautiously, peering into the smoking room on him from time to time. A little after 12 his patience gave out. The stolid, gloomy man of lower 6 seemed to intend sitting up all night.

"Yo' berth is ready, sah," he delicately suggested.

Thorpe arose obediently, walked to lower 6 and without undressing threw himself on the bed. Afterward the porter in conscientious discharge of his duty looked diligently beneath the seat for boots to polish. Happening to glance up after fruitless search he discovered the boots still adorning the feet of their owner.

"Well, for the land's sake!" ejaculated the scandalized negro, beating a hasty retreat.

Thorpe descended at Twelfth street in Chicago without any clear notion of where he was going. For a moment he faced the long, parklike expanse of the lake front, then turned sharp to his left and picked his way south up the interminable reaches of Michigan avenue. Block after block he clicked along, the calks of his boots striking fire from the pavement.

After an interval he seemed to have left the smoke and dirt behind. The street became quieter; boarding houses and tailors' shops ceased; here and there appeared a bit of lawn, shrubbery and flowers. By and by he came to himself to find that he was staring at the deep carved lettering in a stone horse block before a large dwelling.

His mind took the letters in one after the other, perceiving them plainly before it accorded them recognition. Finally he had completed the word "Farrand." He whirled sharp on his heel, mounted the broad white stone steps and rang the bell.

It was answered almost immediately by a clean shaved, portly and dignified man with the most impassive countenance in the world. This man looked upon Thorpe with lofty disapproval.

"Is Miss Hilda Farrand at home?" he asked.

"I cannot say," replied the man. "If you will step to the back door I will ascertain."

"The flowers will do. Now see that the south room is ready, Annie," shouted a voice from within.

Without a word, but with a deadly earnestness, Thorpe reached forward, seized the astonished servant by the collar, yanked him bodily outside the door, stepped inside and strode across the hall toward a closed portiere whence had come the voice. The river man's long spikes cut little triangular pieces from the hardwood floor. Thorpe did not notice that. He thrust aside the portiere.

Before him he saw a young and beautiful girl. She was seated, and her lap was filled with flowers. At his sudden apparition her hands flew to her heart, and her lips slightly parted. For a second the two stood looking at each other, just as nearly a year before their eyes had crossed over the old pole trail.

To Thorpe the girl seemed more beautiful than ever. The red of this violent unexpected encounter rushed to her face, her bosom rose and fell in a fluttering catch for breath, but her eyes were steady and inquiring.

Then the butler pounced on Thorpe from behind with the intent to do great bodily harm.

"Morris!" commanded Hilda sharply. "what are you doing?"

"The man cut short his heroism in confusion."

"You may go," concluded Hilda.

Thorpe stood straight and unwinking by the portiere. After a moment he spoke.

"I have come to tell you that you were right and I was wrong," said he steadily. "You told me there could be nothing better than love. In the pride of my strength I told you this was not so. I was wrong."

He stood for another instant looking directly at her, then turned sharply and, head erect, walked from the room. Before he had reached the outer door the girl was at his side.

"Why are you going?" she asked.

"I have nothing more to say."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing at all."

She laughed happily to herself.

"But I have—much. Come back."

They returned to the little morning room; Thorpe's caked boots gouging out the little triangular furrows in the hardwood floor. Neither noticed that.

"What are you going to do now?" she entreated, facing him in the middle of the room. A long tendril of her beautiful corn silk hair fell across her eyes; her red lips parted in a faint, wistful smile; beneath the draperies of her loose gown the pure slender lines of her figure leaned toward him.

"I am going back," he replied, patiently.

"I knew you would come," said she. "I have been expecting you. Oh, Harry," she breathed, with a sudden flash of insight, "you are a man born to be much misunderstood."

He held himself rigid, but in his veins was creeping a molten fire, and the fire was beginning to glow dully in his eye. Her whole being called him. And still she stood there before him, saying nothing, leaning slightly toward him, her red lips half parted, her eyes fixed almost wistfully on his face.

"Go away!" he whispered hoarsely at last. The voice was not his own. "Go away! Go away!"

Suddenly she swayed to him.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," she whispered. "must I tell you? Don't you see?"

The food broke through him. He seized her hungrily. He crushed her to him until she gasped; he pressed his lips against hers until she all but cried out with pain of it; he ran his great brown hands blindly through her hair

until it came down about them both in a cloud of spun light.

"Tell me," he whispered. "Tell me!"

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "Please! What is it?"

"I do not believe it," he murmured savagely.

She drew herself from him with gentle dignity.

"I am not worthy to say it," she said soberly. "but I love you with all my heart and soul."

Then for the first and only time in his life Thorpe fell to weeping, while she, understanding, stood by and comforted him.

The few moments of Thorpe's tears eased the emotional strain under which perhaps unconsciously he had been laboring for nearly a year past. The tenseness of his nerves relaxed. He savored deliberately the joy of a luxurious couch, rich hangings, polished floor, subdued light, warmed atmosphere. He watched with soul deep gratitude the soft girlish curves of Hilda's body, the poise of her flower head, the pliant, half wistful, half childish set of her red lips, the clear starlike glimmer of her dusky eyes. It was all near to him.

"Kiss me, dear," she said.

She leant her cheeks against her hand and her hand against his shoulder.

"I have been reading a story lately," said she, "that has interested me very much. It was about a man who renounced all he held most dear to shield a friend."

"Yes," said Thorpe.

"Then he renounced all his most valuable possessions because a poor common man needed the sacrifice."

"Sounds like a medieval story," said he, with unconscious humor.

"It happened recently," rejoined Hilda. "I read it in the papers."

"Well, he blazed a good trail," was Thorpe's sighing comment. "Probably



"Go away!" he whispered.

he had his chance. We don't all of us get that. Things go crooked and get tangled up, so we have to do the best we can. I don't believe I'd have done it."

"Oh, you are delicious!" she cried.

After a time she said very humbly: "I want to beg your pardon for misunderstanding you and causing you so much suffering. I was very stupid and didn't see why you could not do as I wanted you to."

"That is nothing to forgive. I acted like a fool."

"I have known about you," she went on. "It has all come out in the papers. It has been very exciting. Poor boy, you look tired."

He straightened himself suddenly.

"I have forgotten—actually forgotten," he cried, a little bitterly. "Why, I am a pauper, a bankrupt, I—"

"Harry," she interrupted gently, but very firmly, "you must not say what you were going to say. I cannot allow it. Money came between us before. It must not do so again. Am I not right, dear?"

She smiled at him with the lips of a child and the eyes of a woman.

"Yes," he agreed after a struggle, "you are right. But now I must begin all over again. It will be a long time before I shall be able to claim you. I have my way to make."

[To Be Continued]

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