

# Canyon City News.

VOL X.

CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1907.

NO. 47

## The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON  
Author of "The Holladay Case"

Copyright, 1904, by Henry Holt and Company

### SYNOPSIS PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Godfrey, a newspaper reporter, is talking with his friend Simmonds, a detective, when the janitor of the Marathon, an apartment house, comes in with the story that a murder has been committed. At the Marathon, Miss Croydon, an acquaintance of Godfrey, is found with a pistol in her hand in a room with a dead man. She denies being responsible for his death and claims that she came to his room to secure family papers which he claimed to possess. She alleges that the murder was committed by a stranger who came into the room, but states that she fired a shot at the assailant of the deceased. The bullet from her pistol was found imbedded in the wall.

Later, Jimmy, a well-known crook, is arrested for the murder, but he insists on his innocence until told that Miss Croydon will appear as a witness against him. Then he suddenly asks to be locked up.

Drysdale, fiancé of Miss Croydon, calls on Godfrey, who tells him the story of the murder. Drysdale explains that he called at the Delroy residence on the night of the crime and found Miss Croydon absent and her sister, Mrs. Delroy, greatly agitated. Miss Croydon returned suddenly and declined to explain her absence. Drysdale expresses faith in the innocence of Miss Croydon.

At the coroner's inquest Miss Croydon states positively that Jimmy, the Duke, is not the guilty man, and he is released.

Godfrey secures the record of the Croydon family, who formerly lived in France, but removed to England. Edith Croydon, eldest daughter, was educated in France; left school suddenly on account of ill health; subsequently married Richard Delroy of New York. Croydon and wife died in England, leaving fortune to daughter Grace.

Lester, an attorney, interested in the murderer, secures suite 14 in the Marathon as lodgings. He searches the rooms carefully and finds a diamond.

Tremaine, a promoter of a railway in Martinique, and his wife, Cecily, are lodgers at the Marathon. Lester meets them and suspects that they were acquaintances of Thompson, the murdered man. Godfrey observes Tremaine making a search for something in Lester's rooms.

The mate of a Martinique steamer recognizes a picture of the murdered as that of a common sailor who came to New York on his vessel.

Tremaine is invited to a house party of the Delroys and attempts to make love to Miss Croydon. Drysdale overhears a part of his conversation and a quarrel between the two men follows. The gems of Mrs. Delroy's pearl necklace are found to have lost their brilliance and a search to restore their lustre is decided on.

Graham, a gardener of Delroy's, and his son are set to guard the necklace which is suspended from a pier. Later, Graham is discovered dead, his skull crushed from a blow, and the necklace gone.

A button from Drysdale's raincoat is clasped in the fingers of the dead man, and other circumstances point to Drysdale as the murderer. He is arrested and refuses to talk about Graham's death. Lester finds that the diamond discovered in suite 14 is not the one missing from Cecily's brooch. He finds the clippings, hidden by Miss Croydon when Thompson was murdered the Marathon.

Godfrey studies them and evolves a theory that they form an account of the misdeeds of Tremaine and Thompson, who had been partners in crime and who were ex-convicts. Tremaine, he believes, married Mrs. Delroy in France, and finally came to New York to extort money from her; Miss Croydon met Tremaine at the Marathon to discuss his demands; Thompson interfered and Tremaine killed him.

### CHAPTER XXIII

THE cold light of the morning brought with it a profound skepticism. Godfrey's theory no longer seemed so convincing. In fact, it did not seem convincing at all. Many objections occurred to him. He saw that the whole elaborate structure was built upon quicksand. There was no proof that any of the clippings referred to Tremaine or Thompson. There was no proof that Thompson had gathered them with elaborate care and of set purpose. There was no proof—

Yes, there was one point susceptible of proof. By it the whole structure would stand or fall.

"Mr. Royce," I said to our junior, in the course of the morning. "I wonder if I could be spared this afternoon? I've some business of my own which I'd very much like to attend to."

"Why, certainly," he answered instantly. So when I left the office at noon, I took the elevator to the Grand Central station and bought a ticket to Ossining. Once there, I went direct to the gray old prison and stated my errand to Mr. Jones, the subwarden, whom I found in charge.

"I've come up from New York," I began, after giving him my card, "to see if you can identify this man," and I handed him the photograph of Thompson.

He looked at it long and searchingly, seemingly for a time in doubt, but at last he shook his head.

"No, I don't believe I can," he said. "There's something familiar about the face, but I can't place it."

"How long have you been connected with the prison, Mr. Jones?" I asked. "I began thirty years ago as guard. But what made you think I could identify this fellow?"

"We've rather imagined," I answered, "that his real name was Johnson and that he served a term here for robbery, beginning in 1885."

He looked at the photograph again, with a sudden flush of excitement in his face.

"I believe you're right," he said. "Let's look at Johnson's photo."

He consulted the index, then turned to one of the wall cases.

"Here he is," he said, opening a compartment and pointing to a photograph. "It's the same man sure, only changed a lot. It would be easy to prove it. I suppose they took his Bertillon measurements at the morgue, and we've only to compare them with ours. They'd be the same, no matter how much he'd changed."

And he had changed, indeed! The Johnson of the prison photograph was, of course, smooth shaven; his face was alert, intelligent; there was no scar upon the temple, nor did the features show that subtle bloating of long continued dissipation. But it was the same—undoubtedly it was the same. There was no need to apply any finer tests.

"I remember him now," said Jones, looking from one photograph to the other, "very well. He was a quiet, well behaved chap; had been captain of a little tramp steamer, I believe. He had a perfect mania for putting pieces out of newspapers and pasting them in a scrapbook. He spent all his leisure time that way. Oh, yes; I remember, too, he tried to escape, but his pal went back on him and left him layin' out yonder by the wall. His pal was a bad one, he was; he got away and I've often wondered what become of him. Here he is."

He swung open another compartment, and I found myself staring at Tremaine!

Not until I was quite near New York did I recover sufficiently from the effects of this discovery to heed the cry of the train boy as he went through the coaches with the evening papers.

"All about the Edgemere murder?" he was crying, and the name caught my ear.

"Edgemere," I repeated to myself. "Edgemere. I've heard that name somewhere."

Then in a flash I remembered, and in a moment more the whole story of the tragedy of the night before—the murder of Graham and the theft of Mrs. Delroy's necklace—lay before me. With what intensity of interest I read it can be easily imagined. I was shaken, nervous, horror stricken. That there was some connection between this second tragedy and the one in suit fourteen I did not doubt, and I read and reread the details with the greatest care, in the effort to find where that connection lay.

But it was impossible to see how Tremaine could be implicated in the Edgemere mystery even in the least degree—his alibi was perfect. On the other hand, the evidence against young Drysdale seemed complete in every link. Certainly none of the papers denied his guilt, and they handled his past career and his family history with a minuteness and freedom which must have been most trying to his friends. Coroner Hoeffelbover came in for the lion's share of praise—every one agreed that he had conducted the case with rare skill and acumen. Of course the Record had his photograph, as well as those of his wife and six children, and as I looked at his round face I fancied him strutting back and forth in his saloon, inflated with pride and listening approvingly to the constant ringing of the cash register. It's an ill wind

## Canyon City Supply Co.

OUR SPRING GOODS are arriving daily and we have a line that surpasses any that we have ever shown. We have put forth every effort to get the cream of the market and we believe we have succeeded. You will find a few of the things that are especially good for early spring in the following:

A nice line of BARNABY Zephyr Gingham just received, absolutely fast color, just the thing for early spring.

Elegant line of SILK WAIST PATTERNS, the very newest designs and prices the lowest.  
65c to \$1 per yard.

Our line of WOOL DRESS GOODS for spring was never more complete than it is now—Panama, Serge, Crepe de Chine and Fancy Plaids and Checks:  
35c to \$1.25 per yard.

We are agents for the celebrated "WORTH" HATS and can assure you that when you have seen the line that you will agree with us in saying that it is the SWELLES I ever seen in Canyon City.

Nearly all of our Spring Line of SHOES have come in and we are in a position to fit every kind of a foot.

SHIRTS—Well we have them in all the new patterns, both in negligee and soft collars—Perfect in Fit, Honest in Price.

To show our appreciation of your liberal patronage during the past year we have decided to give a high grade talking machine to every family that spends \$25.00 for dry goods with us, and for every \$5.00 additional we will give a 7-inch record. This is no cheap machine but one that you will be proud to place in your home.

## CANYON CITY SUPPLY COMPANY

INCORPORATED

## THE "OUTDOOR"

Registered Hereford Herd

BULLS IN SERVICE:  
Ten Strike 80169      Majestic Chief 156063  
Armour Dale 156843

Stock located in Pasture 1 mile north Canyon City Depot—Texas

## STOCK FOR SALE

Apply to JOHN HUTSON, Canyon, Texas.

## The Bates Addition

Desirably located in best residence portion of Canyon City and just outside of corporate limits. Near College and depot and about one mile from court house. Will sell in blocks from 3 1/8 to 100 acres.

## W. E. Bates, Canyon City, Tex.

WHEN YOU HAVE  
**Eggs and Poultry to Sell**  
SHIP TO  
S. N. GREEN & CO., AMARILLO, TEXAS.

But certainly there was no denying that he had handled the case adroitly. Drysdale, it appeared, had been lodged in the jail at Babylon and steadfastly refused to make any statement or to explain his absence from the house. No reporters had been admitted to Edgemere, though that fact did not prevent two or three of them from verbatim minute descriptions of the condition of affairs there and publishing interviews with the members of the family. Marvellous accounts were given of the exquisite beauty and immense value of the missing necklace, and the Record published a drawing of it "from a description by Tiffany."

We pulled into the station, and I took a car down to my room, finding this latest enigma over and over in my mind, looking at it from every angle, trying in vain to discover some fact that would implicate Tremaine. At my door I paused a moment. Then I crossed the hall and knocked at Tremaine's door. Perhaps Cecily had for-

with three places.

"Come in," he said. "Dinner will be here directly. I thought it safer to have the celebration here because—well," and he nodded significantly toward the inner room.

"Cecily?" I questioned.

"Yes, she takes it to heart more than you'd believe, but she'll get over it in a day or two."

"When does she leave?"

"In the morning early, by the fruit boat. And, by the way, I want you to go down with me to see her off. She'll appreciate it."

"Why, certainly—but isn't it rather sudden?"

"In a way, yes. You see, I've arranged for a committee from New York to go down to Martinique and look over the ground, and I want to take them before they have a chance to cool off. I've got to get my house there in order and engage some servants, for that will be our headquarters; and if Cecily doesn't leave by the boat tomorrow she can't go for ten days. Ten days from now I'm going to have the committee ready to sail, and when I get them to Martinique I'm going to give them a sample of creole hospitality. I wish you could come," he added warily. "I'd like to have you."

"There's nothing I'd like better," I said, suddenly conscious of how I had shandered him in my thoughts, "but I fear it isn't possible just now."

"Well, some day I shall have you there, and I warn you I shan't let you go in a hurry. Come in," he added, in response to a knock at the door.

Two waiters entered, and in a moment the dinner was served.

"That will do," said Tremaine, pressing them into the hands of each of them. "We'll attend to ourselves. Send up in an hour for the dishes. I thought that was best," he added as he closed the door after them. "We can talk freely now."

He stepped to the inner door.

"Cecily!" he called.

She appeared in a moment, with eye-lids a little puffed and red, but on the whole in much better spirits than I had expected. She was arrayed in all her finery—she had put on every piece of jewelry, I think—and she paused in the doorway to throw me a courtesy. Tremaine took her hand and led her to a seat with a grace worthy of the grand monarch.

"See the spoiled child!" he said, laughing across the table at her, a moment later. "She's been making her self miserable for nothing. In two weeks we shall be together again at Fond-Comre."

She answered his laugh with a thin smile and shot me a glance pregnant with meaning. I knew she meant that her prophecy had come true.

He brimmed her glass with wine.

"Drink that," he said, "to our meeting in two weeks!" she repeated ironically and drained the glass.

But in a few moments the mood



She was arrayed in all her finery.

passed and she became quite gay. Not till then did it occur to me that Tremaine had made no reference to the tragedy at Edgemere. Then I caught myself just in time, for I remembered suddenly that I was not supposed to know he had been there.

"So you have been successful?" I asked finally.

"Yes, I believe so. I've succeeded in interesting some capitalists. Richard Delroy—perhaps you know him?"

"No; only by reputation."

"He has helped me greatly."

"You got through, then, sooner than you expected?"

"Yes; I thought it would take a week at least. Mr. Delroy had arranged that the conference should take place at his country house near Babylon. We finished the details yesterday, and," he added after the faintest hesitation, "an extremely unfortunate event occurred there last night which made any further stay impossible—I dare say you saw an account of it in the evening papers?"

"Oh, yes; that murder and robbery. The evidence seems to point very strongly toward a young fellow named Drysdale."

"Very strongly," he agreed, nodding with just the right degree of concern. "Although I'm hoping that he may be able to prove himself not guilty. An amiable young fellow—somewhat impulsive and headstrong—but let us not talk about it. It's too unpleasant. This evening we must be gay."

There is no need for me to detail what we did talk about, since it in no way concerns this story, but I had never seen Tremaine to better advantage. He was the unexceptionable gentleman, the man of the world, who had traveled far and tasted many things, a brilliant and witty talker—a personality, in a word, on the whole so fascinating and impressive that long before the evening was over I had dismissed as ridiculous my vague suspicions of an hour before. The story that Godfrey had built up was, I reflected, wholly hypothetical, flimsy with the flimsiness which always attaches to circumstantial evidence. I knew how a jury, looking at Tremaine, would laugh at it. No lawyer would risk his reputation with such a case, no magistrate would allow it to proceed before him. Why, or all I knew, Tremaine could prove an alibi for the tragedy in suit fourteen as complete as that which Delroy had offered for him in the Edgemere mystery; Godfrey and I had been forging a chain of sand, imagining it steel. As for that prison photograph, I had been deceived by a chance resemblance.

"The boat starts from pier 57, North river, at the foot of West Twenty-seventh street, at 8 o'clock," were Tremaine's last words to me. "We shall look for you there."

Is there any virtue in dreams, I wonder? That night, while I slept, the tragedy in suit fourteen was reenacted before me. I witnessed its every detail. I saw Tremaine snatch up the pipe and strike a heavy blow—then, suddenly, behind him, appeared a face dark with passion, a hand shot out, a pistol flashed, even as Tremaine tried to knock it aside, and Cecily looked down upon her victim with eyes of blazing hatred!

I was at the pier in good time, for let me confess it, I was curious to see the details of this leave-taking. Cecily and Tremaine were there before me, the former leaning sadly against the rail while the latter directed the checking of some baggage.

I went directly to her.

"So here you are?" I said, "ready to go back to that St. Pierre you love so much. Aren't you glad?"

"Oh, very glad," she answered, with a single listless glance at me. "I shall never come back to this horrible place."

"And Tremaine will join you in two weeks," I added.

This time she looked at me—a lightning flash—a glance that brought back

(Continued on fourth page)

Be a News subscriber.

**CANYON CITY NEWS**

Published Every Friday.  
By GEO. A. BRANDON,  
Entered at Postoffice at Canyon City as  
Second-Class Matter. Office of Publication  
West Evelyn Street  
Papers sent out of the county  
promptly discontinued at expiration  
of time paid for.

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

**AMARILLO LOBBYISTS.**

According to the Fort Worth Record there passed through the Panther City on Sunday, en route for Austin, the following citizens of Amarillo: W. H. Fuqua, J. L. Smith, A. G. Boyce, M. C. Nobles, Judge Will Jeter, Judge Sam R. Merrell, A. A. Lampkin, Judge J. L. Penry, H. Mitchell, George S. Williams, Dr. N. W. Cunningham, E. L. Stringfellow, J. E. Hughes, Judge O. H. Nelson, H. B. Sanborn, Judge Gustavus, Mayor Will A. Miller and John K. Shireman. Going to appear before the committee which has in charge the Bowman bill, says the Record, and seeming further inspired by them it says:

The Amarillo people are urging the passage of the bill because, should it be defeated, they claim the Santa Fe would probably build a line connecting the Southern Kansas with its main line, tapping the main line at a point ten miles south of Amarillo, and with this the Amarillo folks see a possibility of having Amarillo at the end of a spur road, over which all traffic from Kansas City and the northeastern points from Amarillo would pass, and which would increase the distance over twenty miles.

This evidently means, although not expressly stated, that Amarillo is afraid of the "Washburn cut-off" which, while shortening the main line, in which all Panhandle people are concerned, several miles, might leave Amarillo "out in the cold," so to speak. "It is hard to say where it would increase the distance twenty miles," unless upon failure of this bill to pass and the consequent adoption of the straight through Washburn cut-off. Amarillo intends getting all her supplies from Northern markets billed via Canyon City. The increased distance referred to here cannot be explained in any other way. A little hard on Amarillo, to be sure, but what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

It would appear from the Record that Judge Penry was chief spokesman of this party and so we clip from that excellent paper a few of that gentleman's statements and add a little comment by way of explanation which the honorable judge may profit by, if he will.

The Panhandle country needs a strong, acknowledged railway center as a local market and distributing center. With this kind of a city in the Panhandle it would inevitably follow that the country would get better rates than would be possible without such a railroad center. Amarillo has not been asleep these years that have past, and now we have the Santa Fe, Fort Worth & Denver, the Pecos and North Texas, the Plainview and Amarillo line of the Pecos road, the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf road, and we are going to have the main line of the Santa Fe from Amarillo to Panhandle City, for we are loaded to the guards with arguments and statistics that will convince most any old committee that it will be to the best interests of the greatest number of people to permit the Santa Fe to make the desired change.—Judge Penry.

The greatest number of people, Judge, are served best by straight lines—such as from Washburn to Canyon City, and not by triangle service, as the Bowman bill provides for. And as to better freight rates, it's not the number of roads reaching a town that secure them—there are other reasons. Take San Angelo and other towns along the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe and Big Springs and other points with only one road on the T. & P.—all interstate common points.

Could Amarillo hope to get anything better? The answer is plain. No.

Every cattle shipper that is anywhere tributary to the Santa Fe road is clamoring for the change, on account of the delays occasioned by having to use the Washburn tap, and all over that representative district the people have petitioned the Legislature right and left to have this bill passed.—Judge Penry.

Because cattle shippers residing in Amarillo want it Judge Penry rushes to the conclusion that all others do. Too violent a presumption, Judge; but then he don't know that President Bugby of the Cattlemen's Association, has been down at Austin working against this very bill for himself and in the interest of the Panhandle cattlemen.

Another proposition which should make it easier for us down at Austin is that this matter was made an issue in the last Democratic campaign in the race for the Legislature. Hon. J. R. Bowman was nominated over his opponents, and he received this nomination on a platform which called for the passage of this bill, while those who opposed him in the race ran upon a platform which called for the defeat of such a bill. He was practically the only man in the race.—Judge Penry.

It is conceded, Judge, that this was the Amarillo proposition or platform upon which Mr. Bowman was brought out, but it is specifically here and now denied that he was elected on such for the issue upon this question was not even raised outside of the counties of Potter, Randall and Armstrong. And as to Bowman being "practically the only man in the race." How can you, how can you say this Judge, when his majority over his opponents was less than ONE convention vote?

**THE PASS EVIL.**

There is a "free pass" and a pass which is supposed to be paid for. In the first-class—free passes—come those issued to members of the Legislature, district officers, particularly judges; county officers, including commissioners, and city officers. These are given by the railroads absolutely "free" and in many instances the bearer's family is included and sometimes "influential friends."

Now, it will not be seriously contended that these "tokens of appreciation"—free passes—are based on "love and affection," termed valuable in-law, for such is admittedly and confessedly, not the case. What then is the motive back of the issuance of these "favors?" Some years back the head of a Texas railway system informed The News editor that it was "to obtain justice"—to buy it, so to speak. To strip the question of all its frills and furbelows the purpose of the free pass is self-evident—to influence legislation in state, county and city matters, and in judicial decisions whenever and wherever the railroads are concerned.

Within the other class—those supposed to be paid for—comes the transportation issued to newspapers. In this instance, where the contract is lived up to—value in advertising for value in transportation given—less harm, if any, is done. But right here, oftener than otherwise, the newspapers overdraw and then it too becomes free riding and as such is open to the same objections. The newspapers don't legislate nor render court decisions, but they can, if they will, keep the true condition of affairs from the public eye. All this the railroads are well aware of and so the overdraw is suffered—as a matter of good policy—for the railroads.

The truth of the whole matter is, that this railroad pass business, in all of its forms, has done much toward blinding public men to a true sense of their public duties; it is an evil for which there is neither palliation or excuse—save by the corporations—

and it ought to be wiped out of existence entirely.

The News editor for years has favored the doing away with this pass business, doubtfully allowing but one exception—sheriffs and such like officers; the State Democratic platform now demands it; Gov. Campbell in his message to the present Legislature, insists upon it, and the common people—those who pay the freight—should see that is done, or know the reason why.

**REVENGE ON THE NEWSPAPERS.**

On Friday our House of Lords—the Senate—considered the Looney anti-pass bill. In discussing the committee amendment to this bill, which prohibits the issuance of transportation to newspapers for advertising, Senator Looney aptly styled it, "An attempt to get revenge upon the newspapers that have whipped the Legislature into performing its duty." He, Looney, and also Senator Senter contended that it would be a great injustice to prevent the state press from making such contracts with the railroads and declared that it was an evidence not only of spite, but of foolishness. After a wrangle on this one proposition which lasted almost the entire day, the Senate by a vote of 25 to 4 decided against the newspapers. Senators Looney, Senter, Stokes and Harbison stood for the newspaper's right of contract.

Senator Looney was right. The action of the Senate in this instance was largely for revenge—the conduct of most of them persistently riding on free passes, abundantly shows it. And if additional evidence be desired, the favorable reporting of a bill to compel, mind you, to COMPEL the railroads to carry all members of the Legislature anywhere in the state FREE during their term of office ought to furnish complete proof.

As heretofore emphatically stated the public weal demands that this free pass business be done away with, not in one form, but in all forms, and the member of the Legislature, either Senate or House, who shirks his responsibility on this question, save where the Democratic platform excuses, or seeks exemption for himself that is denied to others, ought to be retired forever from public favor.

**Will Be Interesting.**


Worth S. Ray, member of the Legislature from Denton, writing to the Banner-Stockman of Clarendon under date of February 4, referring to the Bowman bill, says:

"The citizens of Amarillo are entertaining a committee sent there to investigate the matter of taking up a line of railroad between Panhandle City and Washburn. The writer was appointed on this committee but declined to go. It will be interesting to note the attitude of those members who have been wined and dined on this matter when they return to Austin. Representative Bowman has been working manfully on the proposition and has had a strong lobby to assist him in the work."

**Dead Easy to "Run" a Newspaper.**

People think it is easy to "run" a newspaper. One week's experience would change the opinion of most people on this subject. Did you ever count the words in a column of ordinary newspaper print? Well, there are about a thousand words in a Record column. Suppose you sit down and write a thousand words on some subject, and then another thousand, and another, until you have written eight or ten thousand. Try it and see if it is right easy. Keep that gait up for a month, a year, and see if it is easy. Then

## SUCCESS SULKY PLOWS GANG PLOWS



**Leading, our stock of Farm Implements is not surpassed in the Panhandle Country.**

**SPECIAL**--Some old stock implements still on hand at moving prices. For instance, 50-tooth harrows at \$10.

**BUGGIES, SURREYS, ETC.**--In this line we know we can please you both as to quality, style and price, and want to show you through-out only this, but our Harness and Saddle departments.

Remember we don't want you to buy of us unless we can please you. Call in and figure with us--our goods will do the rest.

### JOHNSON, GARY HARDWARE CO.

**Successors to Stringfellow-Hume.**

chase a single local item all over town, and after you have gotten the facts all right, condense them into a few lines—an hour's work that can be said in a few seconds. Do this for a dozen items that seem insignificant after they are printed, but which you know are important; then have the items criticised and inaccuracies pointed out to you when it is too late to correct them. Oh, yes,—it is easy to run a newspaper.—Colorado Exchange.

**Neglected Colds Threaten Life.**

(From the Chicago-Tribune.)  
"Don't trifle with a cold," is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in the case of a child. Proper food, good ventilation, and dry, warm clothing are the proper safeguards against colds. If they are maintained through the changeable weather of autumn, winter and spring, the chances of a surprise from ordinary colds will be slight. But the ordinary light cold will become severe if neglected, and a well established ripe cold is to the germs of diphtheria what honey is to the bee. The greatest menace to child life at this season of the year is the neglected cold. Whether it is a child or adult, the cold slight or severe, the very best remedy that can be adopted is to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is safe and sure. The great popularity and immense sale of this preparation has been attained by its remarkable cures of this ailment. A cold never results in pneumonia when it is given. For sale by S. V. Wirt.

**Hogs Have Temperament.**

An exchange philosophises thusly at the expense of the gentle young rooster:  
Strange as it may seem, hogs, like people, are endowed with temperament. That hog which is always nosing and sniffing about and alert at the sound of every approaching footstep possesses a nervous temperament, and you want to feed him with special reference to furnishing your bacon supply, while that old fellow over there in the corner, that never stirs unless it is to eat, you want to consign him to the pork barrel. He has what is called a phlegmatic temperament. The reasons for the dis-

tinctions made is obvious. For the bacon you want a streak of fat and a streak of lean, and you get that in the first because the fat is all worked off running around, but the second snoozes contentedly all the day long and does nothing but lay on the fat, which is just what is wanted for the pork. Perhaps you have noticed that some hogs lay on more fat than others and have wondered why.

**Hustle and Grin.**

Smile and the world smiles with you.  
"Knock," and you go alone.  
For the cheerful grin.  
Will let you in  
Where the kicker is never known.  
Growl, and the way looks dreary.  
Laugh, and the path is bright.  
For a welcome smile.  
Brings sunshine, while  
A frown shuts out the light.  
Sigh, and you attain nothing.  
Work, and the prize is won.  
For the nifty man  
With backbone can  
By nothing be outdone.  
Hustle, and fortune awaits you.  
Shirk, and defeat is sure.  
For there's no chance  
Of deliverance  
For the chap who can't endure.  
Sing, and the world's harmonious.  
Grumble, and things go wrong.  
And all the time  
You are out of rhyme  
With the busy, bustling throng.  
—Unknown.

**Local Weather Record.**

Bright, sunny, spring days with nights somewhat cooler for the past week—just what the "doctor ordered," and the right thing for farmers and stockmen. Oat sowing and land breaking for other crops is going on all over the county. Thousands of acres of virgin sod are also being turned over with steam and other plows.

Jerome Baird, formerly of this county, but now of Lampasas county, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday. He says that so far there has been no winter where he lives and that grass is green down there.  
Oat sowing has commenced and a large acreage is talked of.  
All kinds of Racket Goods School supplies and Confectionery at Wilson's. Try us.  
Rev. Robeson will preach at the M. E. church Sunday morning and evening.

**HOFFMAN PARAGRAPHS.**

Mrs. C. H. Hitchcock went to Goodnight Tuesday.  
Several from our midst attended church at Umbarger Sunday last.  
Rev. Robeson and wife of Canyon, were visiting in our neighborhood this week.  
A. B. Cage is seriously ill at this writing.  
Mr. Clyde Allred and Miss Delia McClain were quietly married last Sunday at the home of the bride's father, W. R. McClain, near Umbarger, Rev. Morgan of Hereford, officiating. Tassie joins their many friends in wishing them much happiness and prosperity. May their lives be as bright and sunny as the day on which they were married.  
Willie McClain and wife, Russell Daniel and wife of Canyon, attended the Allred-McClain nuptials last Sunday, returning home Monday.  
So many have such a "grip" on this bad cold that is going around they don't know how to turn it loose.  
L. A. Pierce and wife spent last Sunday with Mrs. B. T. Johnson, who had been very sick with the grip.  
Our bachelor nabor, Mr. Jesse Pierce, has decided to take a lay-off and rest up. He is going to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to be treated and spend several months and will also make a visit to his old home in Tennessee.  
TASSIE.

**News Roll of Honor**

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

T. H. Wansley	.....	\$1 00
J. T. Morrow	.....	50
J. M. E. Morrow	.....	50
G. R. Stratton	.....	1 00
J. H. Pipkin	.....	1 00
E. D. Harrell	.....	1 00
S. B. Lofton	.....	1 00
Roy H. Pepper	.....	50
L. E. Crowling	.....	25
O. H. Roberts	.....	50
Chas. E. Harding	.....	1 00
T. J. Lewis	.....	25
Howard Stevenson	.....	25
G. P. Bryan	.....	1 00
M. A. Bryan	.....	1 00
R. Chinn	.....	1 00

## Party of Distinguished Visitors

### Locate Here Permanently

The personnel of the party as given to The News is as follows:

Kuppenheimer, clothing  
 Hercules, clothing  
 Edwin Clapp shoes  
 Crawford, shoes  
 Friedman-Shelby, shoes  
 Queen Quality, shoes  
 John B. Stetson, hats  
 Thoroughbred, hats  
 Cluett-Peabody, shirts  
 Corliss-Coon, collars  
 Topsy, hosiery  
 Great Western, gloves

The above is a list of WORTHIES of which no town, no matter what its size, need be ashamed. There are some people who may feel disposed to say that they cannot get the world's standard dress goods in a town of our size, but the people who have tried the best and know the best when they see it will at once say that the above lines of wearables are only seen in stores who cater to the trade of people who will only have "the best in the land."

## Our Kuppenheimer Line of Clothing

Is well on its way to our store and when the first note of glad some spring is sounded we will have on display one of the most attractive lines of men's clothing ever brought to Canyon City. One of the distinctive virtues of this celebrated brand of clothing is that the quality is not only in them but coupled with this is the fact that the leans, stouts and everybody else can be fitted in a manner only known to the real tailor-artist. We especially appeal to those who have been accustomed to buying their clothes made-to-order and request that they wait and be convinced that at last a suit usually termed "hand-me-downs" can be bought at our store which, for quality, perfect fit and price, will outdistance anything you have ever seen.

THE SHOES we have mentioned talk for themselves. All we ask is that you investigate the merits of these shoes and if you do not find them to be the very cream of all that is good in footwear we will draw in our horn and let the fellow toot it who has something better in the shoe line.

Come in and see our new spring goods. They are not all here but we may have something that will interest you.

# Canyon Mercantile Company

## TOWN & COUNTY

PERSONAL AND OTHER MATTERS THAT CONCERN OUR CITIZENS.

St. Valentine's day yesterday. Fine Candies—Best in town at Wilson's.

Mrs. McIlroy has started a residence in the west end.

A. A. Hatchell and family moved to Plainview Tuesday.

"Farmer" Coleman has a big incubator coming.

Dull week for business all the way through.

Several land deals made this time.

Mrs. J. N. Browning, wife of our district judge, died at her home in Amarillo Saturday.

Something new in our ad this week. Read it on third page. CANYON MERCANTILE CO.

C. R. Burrow went to Elida Wednesday on business. He returned Thursday.

Miss Clara Eakman is now behind the counter at the Seydler Mercantile Co's.

Dr. Black and Frank Ames went to Cordell on a visit Tuesday.

M. S. Lusby left Monday evening on a visit to relatives in south Texas. He expects to be gone about a month.

Miss Jessie Long accompanied J. M. Pyatt on his return home to Claude on Monday and expects to visit there for a week.

Howard Stevenson spent Sunday in town, returning to Plainview Monday morning.

Coffee Bros. started on a three room residence near the school building for Mr. Myers last week.

D. N. Redburn returned the first of the week from his trip on the Southern Pacific about Alpine.

Land For Sale—One-half section near the station Happy in Randall county. Address John A. Benson, New Windsor, Ill. 444

Wolf Pelts—Will pay highest market price for a number of grey wolf pelts—winter's killing. See John Hibdon at News office.

Three hundred and ninety-eight is the record of poll taxes paid in Deaf Smith up to Feb. 1st, 1907.

Mr. Roberts, a brother-in-law of our townsman, John Knight, and family arrived here from Missouri on the 7th inst. They occupy the Edgar Money residence.

T. J. Lewis of Rowan, Indiana, was among the excursionists who remained over to this week. He bought land through Hall & Abbott and talks some of moving here and putting up an elevator and planing mill.

J. E. Rogers expects to move into his new residence in the west end this week. It contains some seven rooms, is modern in style and was finished during the present month.

Chas. E. Harding of Chicago, in renewing his subscription, says: "Your paper has just the news about the country that I like and really interests me more than the other papers." Thank you, Mr. Harding.

Three buyers of land from Keiser Bros. brought their families and household goods in last week. Two of them are for the Cooper place and a portion of the Jennings land and the other was Pete Myers, purchaser of the L. S. Carter home section.

Senator Veale has secured favorable action on two bills for Swisher county. One permits Tulsa to incorporate as an independent school district "for free school purposes only," and the other places Swisher county within the pale of the stock inspection law.

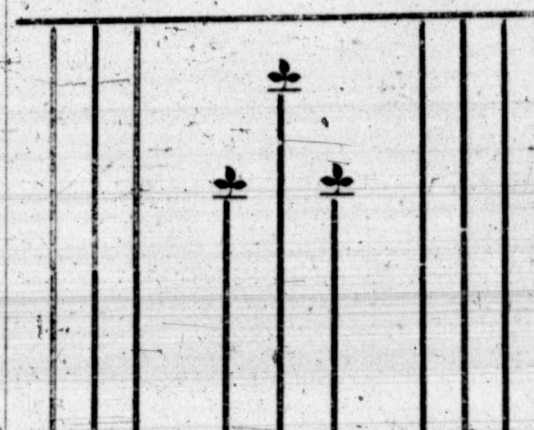
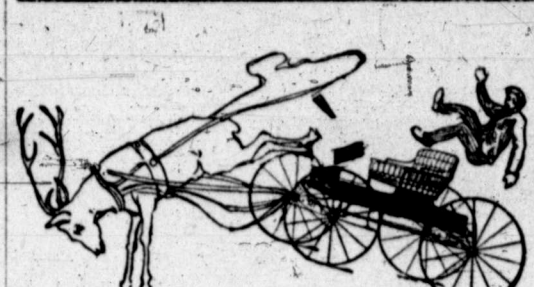
# Canyon Hardware Co.

J. C. PIPKIN

R. G. OLDHAM

## INVITATION!

WE invite you to call and inspect our extensive line of VELIE VEHICLES, a full car of which we have just received, and now have on the floor for your inspection and AD-MI-RA-TION. The accompanying cut will bring before the mind of the reader this celebrated line manufactured by the John Deere Plow Co., and embracing all the latest and most up-to-date styles that time, talent, money and skill can offer. Every job is sold under a strict guarantee as to SUPERIORITY of quality and workmanship, thus relieving the purchaser of the possibility of getting inferior goods.



# Canyon Hardware Co.

### District Court

Judge Kinder of Plainview, still on the bench.

In the case of August Lehm vs. F. Hoffman, to recover land or its value, on trial last Friday, the plaintiff got a verdict for \$3775.

This week has been taken up with the Cummings divorce case and that of the State vs. T. I. Logan. This was given to the jury yesterday evening and a verdict of acquittal returned.

Hearing on the Cummings case, tried before the court without a jury, was resumed late yesterday evening.

### Assignee's Notice of Appointment.

The creditors of D. N. Redburn & Co. of Canyon, Randall county, Texas, will take notice that the undersigned has been named and appointed as assignee of the estate of D. N. Redburn & Co. in the deed of assignment for the benefit of creditors, executed by the said D. N. Redburn & Co. on the 8th day of January, 1907; that he has accepted said trust in the manner prescribed by law.

S. B. LOFTON.

Last Friday evening the following young people had a very pleasant social gathering at the beautiful new home of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Rowan: Misses Clara and Willie Jay Eakman, Sevall, Hatchel, Rowan, Alice and Leta Bernecker, Dunbar, Donald, Garrison, Gober; Messrs. Bratton, Jarman, Burrow, Holman, Peeler, Rowan, Bucie, Bates, Reeves, Wilson, Kilgore and Reynolds.

L. N. Lochridge returned one day last week from an extensive trip south. He visited the Brady country, went along the Concho, made a stay of a few days at Ballinger on the Colorado; looked at the farms about Abilene, where \$75 an acre is asked, and then on the way home bought a farm of 789 acres on the Wichita river 14 miles from Wichita Falls at \$21 per acre. He won't leave us for some time, he says.

### For Rheumatic Sufferers.

The quick relief from pain afforded by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm makes it a favorite with sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lame back, lumbago, and deep seated muscular pains. For sale by S. V. Wirt. Be a News subscriber.

### Masonic Notice.

Our next regular meeting, on the night of February 23rd, will be in our new hall over the Canyon National Bank. District Deputy Spencer has promised to be with us. We have important business and all members are earnestly requested to attend. Visiting brethren will receive a cordial welcome.

R. A. CAMPBELL, W. M.

### Club Notes.

The Woman's Book Club will meet tomorrow, Feb. 16th, with Mrs. S. L. Ingham. A Longfellow program has been arranged for and it is hoped that as many as can will be present at the regular hour of meeting, 3 o'clock.

The above club, with Mrs. C. R. Burrow as president, was organized early in December and since that time has spent several pleasant and instructive meetings with the new books. The present membership is about 36.

To Land Owners.—If you have lands for sale see Crider Land Co. We have not the money to buy it but will find men who have. Our Mr. Crider is now up North and will spend most of his time there talking up our country and soliciting buyers.

### CRIDER LAND CO.

### To Our Friends.

We desire to thank you for your loving help, comfort and sympathy in our bereavement.

MR. AND MRS. L. G. CONNOR.

### To Assist Washburn.

At Austin this week and ranged against the Amarillo proposition to take up the railroad between Washburn and Panhandle were: Messrs. T. S. Bugby of Clarendon, L. L. Sellers of Panhandle, W. R. Gibson of Claude, James Logan of Washburn, and Cyrus Eakman, J. C. Hunt, R. A. Sowder, John Knight, C. N. Harrison, C. P. Hutchins, T. H. Bowen, Joel Preslar, L. T. Lester, R. W. O'Keefe, J. W. Howell, Brent Taylor, C. M. Thomas, R. M. Peeler and W. E. Bates of Canyon City.

The News does not wish to put itself in the attitude of complaining, but unless the city council sees that better scavenger work be done, we had as well go back to the "pits."

The Panhandle Realty Co. sold some 334 sections about Happy last week.

Geo. C. Long's family are packing up ready to move next week to Cordell, Oklahoma.

The Home Mission of the M. E. church now have their meetings on Wednesday after the third Sunday, at 3 o'clock.

Rev. M. E. Hawkins is still sick and will not be able to hold services at the Methodist church Sunday.

Invitations have been out several days to a "Lad and Lassie Party," in honor of friend Valentine, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Howell tonight.

Married—At the home of the bride at Ceta, Wednesday, Olin Dalton of Princeton, Collin county, to Miss Freddie Currie. With the best wishes of numerous friends they left for their future home, Princeton, the same evening.

Miss Della Hull, who spent the winter with her uncle, W. C. Baird, and family, left here Monday for Memphis where she intends to make a short visit before returning to her home in Grayson county. She was accompanied as far as Amarillo by Misses Sallie and Avis Baird who returned home Wednesday.

I Am Not Dead—Only been slumbering. I still have all kinds of house and lot bargains, ranging from \$600 to \$2500, on all kinds of terms from monthly payments to all cash. If you have anything to sell, or want to buy, it will pay you to see or phone me. Phone 76. J. E. COLEMAN.

Mrs. J. Frank Smith has been sick last week and this with "grip" and J. Frank has had to remain at home. Geo. L. Abbott's mother also has pneumonia and one or two more are down with grip. Of this last complaint it seems we have quite a number of cases in town and several of them serious enough to require the services of our physicians.

### Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Favorite.

"We prefer Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to any other for our children," says Mr. L. J. Woodbury of Twinning, Mich. "It has also done the work for us in bad colds and croup, and we take pleasure in recommending it." For sale by S. V. Wirt.

Amarillo Business College.

A discount of twenty-five per cent is offered any young lady or gentleman who registers from Randall county before Mar. 1, '07.

G. J. Nunn, Pres., Amarillo, Texas.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. M. STEWART, Physician and Surgeon.

GEO. J. PARSONS, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

DR. S. L. INGHAM -DENTIST-

Canyon National Bank Building ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Rollins & Cranford LAWYERS.

JASPER N. HANEY -LAWYER-

Have had years of experience in Texas Courts and will practice in all the higher courts of the Panhandle. Land titles examined.

R. A. SOWDER, LAWYER.

PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS. Abstracts of Canyon City and Randall County.

B. FRANK BUIE LAWYER

Will practice in all the State Courts. Examining Titles to Texas Lands for all Purchasers who desire such work.

Rollins-Cranford Abstract Co. Abstracts of Title to Randall County Lands and Canyon City Lots accurately gotten out and business in this line solicited.

JAS. URY CRANFORD, MGR.

Fire Insurance! STROUD & WILSON

Only the best Old Line Companies represented. For rates and other particulars see F. P. WILSON.

To the Stockholders of the Pecos & Northern Texas Railway Co.

You are hereby advised that the Board of Directors have called a meeting of the stockholders, to be held in the city of Amarillo, county of Potter, State of Texas, at the principal office of the Company, on the 16th day of March, 1907, to consider and act on a proposition to authorize the execution by the Company of a mortgage on all of its railroad properties now owned and hereafter acquired, to secure bonds in the sum of \$15,000,000.00, such bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, and to be payable thirty years from date thereof, so much of said bonds as may be required therefor to be used in retiring the bonds of the Company now outstanding, the balance of said bonds to be used for construction and extensions and such other purposes as may be determined by the Board of Directors, and that this notice is given to you by order of the Board of Directors. DON A. SWEET, Secretary.

All kinds of Racket, Goods School supplies and Confectionery, at Wilson's. Try us.

The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON Author of "The Holiday Case"

Copyright, 1904, by Henry Holt and Company

[CONTINUED.]

vividly my dream. "Will he?" she asked between her teeth.

"Why, I questioned, in affected surprise, 'don't you think he will?'"

"What does it matter? I'm only a fille-de-colour. I shall laugh and forget like all the others," and, indeed, a strange unnatural excitement had come into her face.

"Everything is arranged," he said cheerily, shaking hands with me. "Here are the checks, Cecily. Now take us down to your stateroom and do the honors."

"As you please, doudoux," she answered quietly, and led the way.

"It was a very pleasant cabin, one of the best on board, and I saw that some of her personal belongings were already scattered about it. Against the hot water pipe in one corner was hanging Fe Fe's cage. A curtain had been tied about it to protect its tender occupant from the cold.

"I see you're taking Fe Fe with you," I remarked.

"To be sure she is," said Tremaine. "She knows the snake would starve to death if she left it with me. But we must drink to a good voyage."

He rose and touched the electric button. Cecily followed him with eyes gleaming like two coals of fire. Looking at her, I felt a vague uneasiness—did she have concealed in the bosom of her gown that same revolver—was she only waiting a favorable moment?

"The first toast is yours, Mr. Lester," said Tremaine, as he filled the glasses.

"To Cecily," I cried. "Her health, long life and happiness!"

"Thank you, che," she said simply, and very gravely, and we drank it.

Just then a bell sounded loudly from the deck and a voice shouting commands.

"Come, we must be going," said Tremaine, rising hastily. "That's the shore bell!"

I passed out first, and for an instant held my breath, expecting to know not what a dull report—a scream. But in a moment they came out together, Tremaine and I made a rush for the gang plank, while Cecily again took up her station against the rail. We waved to her and waved again, shouting

goodbyes as the last rope was cast loose and the steamer began to move away from the dock.

She waved back at us and kissed her hands, looking very beautiful.

Then suddenly her face changed. She swayed and caught at the rail for support.

"She's going to faint, pardieu!" said Tremaine.

But she did not faint. Instead she made a tunnel of her hands and shouted a last message back at us.

Tremaine nodded as though he understood and waved his hand.

"Did you catch what she said?" he asked.

"No, not a word of it. That tug over there whistled just then."

"I caught the word 'lit.' She probably wants to know how many shells she has to get ready, but no matter," and he turned to me with an expressive little shrug.

"Why? Isn't the committee really going to Martinique?"

"Oh, a couple of engineers are going to look over the ground and report."

"And you?"

"I shall stay here." He waved his handkerchief again at the receding boat, then passed it across his forehead. "That takes a big load off my mind. Mr. Lester, I tell you, to get her safely off and be alive to tell the tale. I rather expected her to stick a knife into me last night. I made a great mistake in bringing her with me."

"Oh, they do laugh and forget in time, but just at first they naturally feel bad. Now, before the voyage is over I dare say Cecily will have another doudoux—some handsome creole returning home, perhaps. She's a magnificent woman, just the same," he added.

"That she is," I agreed, and threw a last look down the river.

The boat was almost hidden by the morning mist. In a moment more it had quite disappeared, bearing Cecily to death, a fortnight later, in the shadow of Peloe. And I doubt if I shall ever know another woman like her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN I opened the office door, twenty minutes later, I was surprised to find Godfrey just within, in close conference with Mr. Royce.

"Here he is," he cried. "No, no; don't take off your coat; don't even take off your hat. Come along; it's a mighty close thing now, and he caught me by the arm."

"It's all right, Lester," said our junior, seeing my astonished countenance. "Mr. Godfrey will explain on the way out."

That was enough. I needed no second bidding and ran after Godfrey (of the elevator. At the curb a cab was waiting and we jumped into it.)

"James slip," called Godfrey, and in an instant we were off.

The driver seemed to realize the need of haste, for we bumped over the paving stones at a prodigious rate, threading the dirty streets and finally pulling up with a whirl in the shadow of Brooklyn bridge.

"Come on!" cried Godfrey, and we crossed the ferry house at a jump, slammed our tickets into the chopper and sprang aboard the boat just as it was casting loose.

"That was a close shave," said Godfrey, sinking into the nearest seat and taking off his hat.

I sat down beside him and mopped away the perspiration. I had need of all my breath for a moment, but at last I managed to blurt out a question.

"What's it all about?"

"Well," began Godfrey, putting on his hat again and looking at me with a quizzical smile. "In the first place the eminent and widely known firm of Graham & Royce has been engaged to defend one John Tolbert Drysdale, now under arrest charged with murder and robbery. You are on your way to Babylon, Long Island, to look over the ground, have a talk with your client and get the case ready."

"So," I nodded. "Yes, I read of the case in last night's papers. But Mr. Drysdale has never, I think, been a client of ours. How did he happen to choose us?"

"He didn't; I chose you. I wanted him to have the best in the market."

"Thanks," I said, coloring a little. "But how did the offer come to take the case? We're always rather shy of criminal cases, you know."

"Yes, I know you are. But I chinned your junior a bit."

"That explains it," I said, laughing. "Of course we'll do our best for him."

"You'll acquit him," said Godfrey, with conviction. "I was at Boston yesterday, or I'd have gone down to Babylon at once and taken you with me."

"Then I shouldn't have got to say goodby to Cecily?"

"To whom?"

"To Cecily—Tremaine's sweetheart, you know. He shipped her back to Martinique this morning."

"Oh, did he?" and my companion's eyes narrowed suddenly. "Why was that?"

I related briefly the incidents of the preceding evening and of the morning.

"Godfrey," I added impulsively, "if you knew Tremaine personally I think you'd realize what a poor case we've got against him. Why, it's no case at all. Theorizing's all very well, but what a jury wants is evidence—plain, straight-out, direct evidence—and we haven't enough of that to build a cobweb. I thought I'd found some yesterday afternoon, but it was all the effect of self-induced hypnosis, and I told him of my visit to Sing Sing."

He listened with intent face.

"I'm not so sure it was hypnosis," he said, when I had finished. "At least, I'll have a look at those photographs myself before I accept that theory. In fact, I rather think it's Tremaine who has hypnotized you, not I."

"I don't believe he's guilty," I repeated.

"Then, who is?"

"Cecily," I said bluntly. "I believe she's the one who killed Thompson, anyway."

"Against Drysdale," I answered. "The evidence seems to be unusually complete."

"You might have used a stronger phrase. It's not only complete; it's consummately perfect. Not a link is missing. He was on the spot; his revolver is found near by with blood on it; a button from his coat is in the dead man's hand; when he returns to the house he is visibly disturbed; at the moment of his arrest he was preparing to escape; he refuses to explain where he was at the time the crime was committed; he's involved in steel speculation and presumably needs ready money."

"Well?"

"Well," said Godfrey earnestly, "that very perfection is its greatest weakness. It's too perfect. Any one of those things might have happened; perhaps any two of them; but that they should all have happened outrages the law of probabilities. That every link of the chain is complete means that it has been artificially produced. Like a stage-storm, where the lightning flashes at just the right instant. The fellow who arranged it wanted to be too sure. He overleaped himself."

"That may all be true," I said slowly, after a moment, "but it would be worse than folly to use that argument with a jury. To say that a man isn't guilty because the evidence against him appears to be conclusive?"

"We're not going to use it to a jury. We're using it between ourselves, in an effort to find a working hypothesis. And here's another argument which would carry no weight with a jury, yet which with me, personally, is conclusive: I know Jack Drysdale. I've known him for a long time, and I know that it's utterly impossible that he should have committed such a crime. He's not a very original fellow, not at all a genius. He's never done anything, perhaps, which either of us would think really worth doing; but he's kind and honest and gentle and honorable. I repeat that a crime like this is as far beyond his horizon as it is beyond yours; farther, I'm sure, than it is beyond mine, and yet I don't believe you'd think me guilty, no matter what the evidence against me seemed to be."

"I shouldn't," I said, "but if Drysdale isn't guilty who is?"

"If Drysdale isn't, there's only one other person who can be—that's Tremaine. As I'm sure Drysdale's not guilty, I'm correspondingly sure that Tremaine is."

"But then," I objected, "you've just said that there's no evidence against him."

"I said apparently there wasn't."

"And Delroy says he didn't leave the house?"

"Delroy must be mistaken—must be, mind you! And while there isn't any direct evidence, there's some pretty good indirect. We know that Tremaine is a criminal, and, therefore, capable of this crime. We suspect that he needs money, and the necklace would place him out of need for a long time to come. We know that he was within reach of the spot where the murder was committed, if he could get away from Delroy for an hour or so. In other words, we have a motive and the physical possibility of guilt. I may add that I think we shall find he had some reason to injure Drysdale—I'm sure we shall, in fact."

"But the button—the pistol—Drysdale's unexplained absence?"

"Those points can only be cleared up by a personal investigation of the premises. That's why we're going to Edgemere."

"Godfrey," I said, "there seems to me to be one great objection to your theory that Tremaine killed Thompson. If Miss Croydon gave him do it, would she consent to associate with him? Wouldn't her very knowledge of his crime give her a greater hold on him than he has on her sister?"

He paused to turn this over.

"Yes," he admitted at last. "It would; but a woman might not think of that."

"A desperate woman would think of everything," I said, "and if your theory is right, both she and her sister must be very desperate."

He nodded without answering, and sat staring before him, his brows knitted in perplexity.

There was one conclusive objection I might have urged, had I known of it—but I was not yet possessed of the story of the house party. If Tremaine was the husband of Mrs. Delroy, how could he propose marriage to her sister? That was a rock, as yet unseen by us, which loomed ahead—whichever we could not avoid—upon which our theory must inevitably be dashed to pieces.

The train flashed past two or three big hotels, then the brakes were applied.

(To be Continued.)

FIVE CENTS PER LINE WILL BE CHARGED FOR CARDS OF THANKS, OBITUARY NOTICES, TRIBUTES OF RESPECT, POETRY, AND CHURCH FESTIVALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS WHERE ADMISSION FEE IS CHARGED. ONE PRICE TO ALL TO ASCERTAIN COST COUNT 5 WORDS TO THE LINE. ORDINARY CHURCH NOTICES FREE.

This office will pay 3 cents per pound for a limited quantity of clean, white cotton rags.

Equip Your Home WITH WELL MADE FURNITURE AT REASONABLE PRICES. Our chief thought in buying is to select goods we know to be honestly made at fair prices. We do not seek for the product of factories that make prices so low that quality must suffer accordingly. We buy standard made goods produced by factories that have reputation and are able to guarantee their product. It's economy to buy this class of furniture. THOMAS BROS., THE QUALITY HOUSE

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK CANYON, TEXAS. At Close of Business, January 26th., 1907. STATEMENT CONDENSED FROM REPORT TO COMPTROLLER. RESOURCES: Loans and Discounts \$299,253.04, U. S. Bonds and Premiums 104,746.65, Banking House and Fixtures 9,838.50, Due from U. S. Treasurer 7,650.00, Demand Loans \$ 25,500.00, Cash 156,272.10. LIABILITIES: Capital Stock \$100,000.00, Surplus and Profits 27,323.67, Circulation 100,000.00, Deposits 475,936.62. Total \$783,200.29. I certify that the above is correct. D. A. PARK, Cashier.

The Canyon National Bank CANYON, TEXAS. PAID-IN CAPITAL, - - - \$50,000.00. If you are a stranger in this community, we ask you to investigate the standing of The Canyon National Bank. Almost anybody can tell you about the institution. R. W. O'KEEFE, President. I. L. HUNT, Cashier. J. M. BLACK, Vice President. R. H. WRIGHT, Ass't Cash.

JOHN BEGRIN CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED ON BRICK AND CEMENT WORK. 25 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN THE BUSINESS.

A. B. AXTELL & CO. CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS. Specialty—Cement Blocks, Concrete Tanks, Dipping Vats, and anything else in Concrete or cement Work. Plans and estimates furnished on application.

L. G. CONNER, FARMS, RANCH LAND, CITY PROPERTY, STEERS & STOCK CATTLE. Loans on Real Estate—Abstracter and Notary in Office. Canyon City—the place for a great city. Abundance of running water; natural drainage; located on the Santa Fe, now being made the trans-continental line from Chicago to California. The Santa Fe (Gulf line), is now building South from Canyon City. Randall, is the best county in the Panhandle. The general price of land is from \$7 to \$10 per acre. Property in town a specialty. Don't fail to see me.

WILL BUY MORE LAND Owners of land desiring to sell it should apply to KEISER BROS. & PHILLIPS, Canyon City, Texas.

FULTON LUMBER Co., (Successors to Burton-Lingo Co.) LUMBER. Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Doors, Sash, Mouldings Posts, Cedar Blocks, Lint, Fence Stays, Pickets Canyon City Texas.