

## URGENT NEED OF PANHANDLE FAIR

AMARILLO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BEHIND PROPOSITION.

Explains Fully Object of the Proposition and how it will work to Benefit of all Concerned.

The following is a communication from Seth B. Holeman, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Amarillo regarding the Panhandle Fair:

You have doubtless noticed in the Panhandle press accounts of the proposed organization of the Panhandle State Fair, to be located at Amarillo.

I now take pleasure in advising you that the Fair is practically assured for the coming fall. A large percentage of the stock has already been disposed of in Amarillo, and it doubtless could all be placed here; but the Fair was not designed as a local proposition solely, but for the benefit of the entire Panhandle country, and for that reason small allotments of stock will be offered each Panhandle county. Naturally, the chief object in this is to enlist the hearty support and cooperation of each county in the district. Where a man's money is invested, there will his heart naturally be. Amarillo has no selfish motives in this move beyond a natural pride in leadership. The citizens of Amarillo feel that a Panhandle Fair is an absolute necessity, and that as the largest city in this section, the Gateway to the entire Panhandle, the distributing center of the Fryer Pan, it is not only her pleasure, but her duty as well, to take the lead in this vital step upward and forward.

As to the necessity for a Panhandle Fair, I do not believe there can be any argument. Nothing under the sun more quickly silences the knocker, entuses the local people, convinces the prospective investor and starts a section on the upward trend than a modern, up-to-date, carefully arranged display of its agricultural, natural, stock and textile industries. And it is a fact that the Panhandle sorely needs this presentation to the world. Go down in South Texas, to Oklahoma, Kansas, and into the northern and eastern states, and you will hear that the staple output of the Panhandle is cattle, snow storms in winter and dust storms in the summer. It is time we were showing the world what the Panhandle really is, and I know of no better or more effective way of presenting its claims than through the medium of a cracking good Panhandle State Fair.

This fair is to be chartered under the laws of the State of Texas for a period of fifty years, with a paid-up capital stock of fifty thousand dollars, non-assessable. It is to be organized along the lines of the Dallas State Fair, its officers being President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer, and five to seven Directors. The stockholders are to receive eight per cent interest, payable annually. The fair association will take over Glenwood Park, now leased for a period of five years, for a sum assuring eight per cent on the total investment of Fifty Thousand dollars, which assures the stockholders interest on their money up to and including 1917, provided the fair is organized and in operation during this time. This lease runs from April 1st to September 1st, of each year, allowing ample time

## GOOD RAINS THIS WEEK.

Rain Fell Nearly All of Last Night With Other Good Rains During the Week.

Five-eighths of an inch of rain fell Wednesday (last night) from midnight to daylight and the steady down pour continues as we go to press.

Good rains fell over practically all of Randall county during the past week. Friday afternoon, the southeastern portion of the country was fairly flooded by heavy rains which extended from near Canyon on to the eastern border of the country.

The southern part of the country received the most rain. Farmers have not been able to work in the fields since a week ago Tuesday.

The sun has not shown since Friday afternoon, when the first of the series of rains began. Since then the days have been cold and misty and the clouds very heavy. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday the mist fell almost as heavy as rain.

The latest reports show that all the county is getting a good rain.

The farmers are greatly pleased at these fine rains, as the crops were needing rain.

for holding the annual fair.

All profits over and above the eight per cent interest and an additional six percent in dividends, which may be voted by the Directors each year on the capital stock, shall go into the accounts of the Fair as a surplus and be used for permanent improvements, for paying premiums, and defraying other expenses necessary to make the Fair a success as an annual "event."

With this organization, it is possible to make this Fair equal to the "Texas State Fair" in less time than the "Dallas Fair" has required to assume its present proportions.

Believing as I do that this is a matter of vital importance to the whole "Panhandle Country" as offering in an attractive proposition the ONE THING most seriously lacking—the opportunity of exhibiting to the world the great resources of our country and the advertising it most effectively—I ask you to place this proposition before your people as an investment and that you take it up at a meeting of your executive officers at an early date, with the view of giving it official endorsement, advising me as soon as possible as to the sentiment in your organization and community generally.

## Rev. Campbell Buys Press.

Rev. J. A. Campbell has bought a new Diamond press to print his magazine The Antidote. D. K. Usery, of the News force, was out Monday to help adjust the press. Mr. Campbell is making a great success of his paper. He started over a year ago and now has 10,000 subscribers. The paper goes all over the United States. Mr. Campbell is enlarging his printing plant very greatly and will continue to do so as the business increases.

## Extension Department Lectures.

Misses Rich and Staltztes, of the extension department of the state university, lectured Monday evening at the Normal. Miss Rich spoke on foods while Miss Staltztes discussed the rural schools. The lectures were well attended.

J. A. Hill, Miss Mary Hill and Davis were Amarillo callers Wednesday.

## 626 STUDENTS ARE IN SUMMER NORMAL

114 REGISTERED THIS WEEK AND MORE COMING.

Attendance Record Greater Than Was Expected by the Most Hopeful—Training School Monday.

The attendance at the Normal has reached the 626 mark. The faculty had considered that if the attendance went to 600 this year, the record would be exceptional, but it looks now as if even the 675 mark would be passed, considering the records of the past two years when large numbers came in during the third week.

There were 114 students registered this week. The same week last year there 70 enrolled. There are a number in town who have not yet registered and quite a few will reach the city during the later part of the week. The faculty is highly pleased with the large attendance.

## TRAINING SCHOOL.

President R. B. Cousins announces that the Training School will begin next Tuesday. All classes through the eighth grade will be provided for. Only fifteen pupils are wanted for each grade. Those pupils who have been attending the Training school will be given preference. After those are accommodated the other children who apply for admission will be taken. The school will run for eight weeks. Proper credit will be given those who attend and it will not be necessary for them to be held back for the pupils who do not attend the summer school.

## Umbarger Notes.

Mr. Webb and daughter, Mrs. Candle of Kress visited over Sunday with their cousin Miss Mary Perkins.

R. E. Pickens went to Amarillo Thursday for treatment at the Amarillo hospital. He was accompanied by H. G. Breckenridge.

Several of the young folks of Umbarger attended the program at the Fairview school house, taught by Miss Ethel Bader.

C. F. Hamilton returned from Amarillo Sunday where he had been taking treatment for his eye on the account of the whip striking him while listing. The chances are very much against the recovery of the sight.

Regular preaching services at the Umbarger school house Saturday eve and Sunday a. m. at 11 o'clock.

Nice rain Friday night which will do much good.

## Wayside Items.

On account of threatening rain only a small crowd out at Wayside Sunday to hear Rev. B. T. Sharp. No services at night.

Having lots of cloudy weather of late, pretty good showers have fallen in places, but more is needed. Small grain crops will necessarily be light. Row stuff of maize and kaffir are growing nicely, quite a lot yet to be planted.

John Elkins of Happy, sold his short order restaurant Friday. He will move out to the country as soon as possible.

Mr. Crawford Evans again confined to his bed and his daughters, Misses Lizzie and Texie are again at home, their schools closing last week.

## COMMISSIONERS COURT CUTS THE VALUATIONS

PRACTICALLY 20 PER. CENT REDUCTIONS ARE MADE.

Nearly all Real Estate in the County Affected by the Change—Running on Smaller Expense.

The Commissioners Court is in session this week sitting as a board of equalization and are making big reductions of the real estate of the county. It was stated by the members of the court Tuesday that a general reduction of 20 per cent would be made on practically all the lands of the county. This reduction, of course, will not affect some lands where the rendition was placed at too small a figure, but the 20 per cent reduction is quite general. In fact there is some lands which will be reduced more than 20 per cent, but some will be raised in value.

The finances of the county are in splendid condition. There is a fine surplus in the treasury and it is probable that the rate of taxes will be cut if the valuations after the reductions are made are found to justify the reduction. The commissioners are running the business of the county as cheaply as possible and will give the people as low a tax rate as possible.

The expenses of the county last year were \$16,000. The commissioners think that the expense this year will be even less. There are bonds outstanding against the county amounting to \$66,000, 5 per cent on which is levied each year to go into the sinking fund to meet these bonds when due. The county owns \$4300 worth of school funds which the commissioners are allowed to buy with the money in the sinking fund. There is now money on hand which they can lend to any school district at 5 per cent which can be used to build a new school house.

The commissioners will finish the work of equalizing some time this week.

## Ceta Items.

Fine rains we've been having. Just what we needed for the row crop and wheat, it soaked the ground about six or eight inches, the most rain we have had for nearly a year.

H. Miller made a trip to Canyon Friday.

A big row crop is being planted in this community.

Mr. Lawson has made hay from some of his wheat.

Miss Lizzie Evans closed a very successful term of school Thursday.

The farmers will have to get busy and kill the weeds while they are small.

## Watches Free.

We are going to give a dollar watch Guaranteed to keep good time for 12 months with each boys suit for \$5.00 or more, good for 30 days. The Leader.

## Fine Indian Corn.

Dave Hamblen has a fine field of Indian corn just across the road from the Wayside school house. The corn is nearly knee high and looks extra fine. Very few attempts are made to raise Indian corn in this country although many years it makes a splendid crop.

I. L. Hunt and family of Lubbock are visiting in the city.

## PUBLICITY LAW STANDS.

Supreme Court Holds That Newspapers Must Publish Names of Owners, Circulation, etc.

The supreme court of the United States has decided that the publicity law passed by the last session of congress regarding the publication of newspaper ownership is legal and the same will be enforced by the postmaster general.

The law provides that the names of all persons who own stock in the newspaper shall be published twice a year. That all the names of all mortgage holders against the newspaper shall be published, and in case of daily newspaper, the circulation shall be published.

The weekly newspapers have gladly furnished the information asked for, but practically every daily newspaper has ignored the law.

## Will Move in October.

H. A. Bohne, of Newton, Iowa, was in the city this week looking after his land south of the city. He wanted to see the condition of crops and study a number of things before moving here. He reports that he is well pleased with the country, says that the crops look mighty good to him and that he is confident that this will soon be one of the best of stock farming countries. Mr. Bohne has seven sons who will come with him in October. Three of them will visit the county after harvest and remain a few weeks to see the country. He says that he expects to buy a section for each son before long and give them a chance to do some good farming. He visited the irrigation wells at Hereford and is considering putting down a big well on his place.

## Society Notes.

The Constant Workers met with Miss Vineta Rose Friday afternoon. At the close of the business hour, the hostess, assisted by her mother served a salad course and punch. The girls are planning a public entertainment in the near future for the benefit of their piano fund. They have paid more than one hundred dollars in the past six months. Two weeks ago the following new officers were elected: Mrs. Dan K. Usery, president; Miss Loretta Wiggins, Vice president; Miss Tommie Foster, secretary; Miss Mate Hunt, treasurer. Several new members have enrolled for the summer's work.

Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Ingham entertained the Merry Maids and Matrons club at the usual game of 42. Strawberry ice cream, coconut cake, ice tea and mints were served at the close of the afternoon. The guests of the club were Mesdames Terrill, Hanna, Griffin, Allen, Williamson, Hill, Stafford and Misses Nichols, McNealey, Saunders, Stafford and Brandon.

## Building Addition to Home.

Joe Gamble is just completing a two room and two porch addition to his country home south of the city. The entire house is being papered and varnished and Mr. and Mrs. Gamble will soon have a very pretty and comfortable home.

## Normal Baseball.

The Normal boys have been practicing this week at baseball. A large squad answered the call for practice Tuesday night. The boys hope to have a game with the town team next week.

## GREAT RALLY AT WAYSIDE SCHOOL

TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE ENJOY SEVERAL FINE LECTURES.

Big Picnic Dinner Spread on Ground—Fourth Year for This Kind of Celebration.

The annual educational rally at Wayside is getting to be the biggest event of the year for the people of that prosperous community. Every man, woman, boy and girl attends the rally and enjoys one day of educational talks and a big picnic dinner. The rally this year was pronounced by all those in attendance to be the biggest and best held since the organization of the event four years ago.

Wayside is one of the best communities in the whole Panhandle country. It is quite thickly settled by sober industrious God-fearing and liberty loving people, who are building for the future by properly educating their sons and daughters in body, mind and soul. The spirit of cooperation is shown on all sides. A good church has been built by the people where a union Sunday school is conducted every Sunday and where the Baptist, Methodist and Holiness denominations share the Sundays of the month for preaching services.

The Wayside school building is a marvel to all visitors. The building sets on a large school grounds, is built of concrete block and has three large rooms and a hall. Two teachers are employed. The school is conducted in the two rooms on the east side, while the west half is devoted to a large auditorium for the use of public gatherings of which there are many in this neighborhood. The building has been well built and is being kept in splendid condition by an ever vigilant board of trustees and by a mothers' club. It is such a building as will be found in very few country communities.

A literary society has been organized for some time in this community which meets at stated intervals. This society devotes its time to the discussion of subjects which are nearest the hearts of the people of the neighborhood and which will be of most benefit to the people. Old and young participate in the discussion and great good to all is derived.

The educational program this year was begun on Thursday night when illustrated lectures were given. Misses Rich and Staltztes, of the extension department of the state university, presented lectures on the rural school problems, Miss Rich devoting her attention to domestic science while Miss Staltztes told the people of the work they could get from the extension department. Dewitt McMurry, of the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, addressed the people very entertainingly and interestingly along educational lines.

The program Friday morning started at 11 o'clock. J. W. McCrerey was presiding officer for the day. He introduced Prof. W. D. McGehee who in turn introduced the different speakers.

Prof. J. A. Hill told the people about the work being done at the Normal and what might be expected in the future. He praised the prosperity and energy of the Wayside people and commended them for the excellent work they are doing to make

(Continued on page 6)

VISIT TO CANYON

The following article appeared last week in the Texas Christian Advocate under the head of "Just One Thing After Another," written by Dr. J. W. Hill, of Wichita Falls, who preached the commencement sermon at the Normal and who writes by the name of "Gulliver".

While I am on the school question, it may be well to make a "few feeble remarks" concerning my recent visit to the State Normal at Canyon City. On May 18 I preached the commencement sermon for that institution, and I don't remember a more pleasant incident of its kind in my whole ministerial life. As everybody knows, Prof. R. B. Cousins is the president and Prof. B. A. Stafford is professor of Latin, Greek and just most anything else. Fact is, Ben is just about the best linguist I know any thing of. Especially in Latin and Greek, to use the language of an old German professor concerning his daughter's proficiency on the piano, he "just eats it up." Both of these men are oldtime friends of mine, and any man is richer who is able to make that statement.

The West Texas Normal is the best equipped of any of the schools of that class in the State. To a clod-hopper like I am, it seems indeed that there is nothing further to be desired. I heard but one complaint and that was that the students were worked to a finish. If it were not for the high altitude and the ideal climate I don't see how those young men and women could turn off the work they do. But if Texas had been raked with a fine-tooth comb, no better location could have been found for the establishment of a great normal school. The summer session, which commences in a few days will be even more largely attended, I was informed, than the regular term; for while in other sections of the State the weather is too warm during the summer months for students to do full work, at Canyon City it is pleasant all the time, and the summer students there can unite business with pleasure—they can take a vacation in the cool and do full work at the same time. I only felt one inconvenience—the velocity of the wind. In the more humid sections of the state a wind which travels as fast as it does out here would blow most houses off their blocks. But it is light and thin and cool in this

altitude; and while it sounds like it's going to tear up the country its real force is negligible. On Sunday night while trying to sleep upstairs at Prof. Stafford's it seemed as though the wind were going to blow us away every minute, but the next morning I noticed a little wooden boy wheelbarrow standing quietly on the pavement in front of the house where Brother Stafford's little boy had left it the evening before.

I wish I had space to say something concerning the canyon. It is certainly a wonderful thing. Motoring along the prairie at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour over a road that seems to have been created especially for the automobile, you come suddenly to a precipice that looks down into depths that makes your head swim. The flora and shrubbery growing in the bosom of this canyon—the pineapple cactus, the catclow and various sorts of evergreen, all within the hearing of gurgling springs and fanned by a glorious breeze that sweeps up and down the canyon—all this makes even a fat man grow sentimental and shake hands, with a wish that he might spend every July and August in the midst of such pleasant environments.

The prospect from the main building of the normal in every direction is picturesque in the extreme. A valley equalling in richness and verdure the delta of Egypt, covered with milo maize, kaffir corn and alfalfa, is not only pleasing to the eye, but carries also the suggestion of an abundance of substantial comfort when the dinner bell rings. And to a healthy man who has passed the fifty-year mark, this latter suggestion has weight. After a thirty or forty mile spin along those beautiful roads, fanned by that light, cool breeze,

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such things as half-grown Plymouth Rock chickens, fresh eggs rich Jersey milk, hot rolls, angel food cake, strawberries and whipped cream, in the language of one of our preachers, "is powerful encouraging."

**Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure**  
The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. (Advertisement)

Weather Summary for May.

Filled with interesting data, meteorological summary for the month of May has just been issued by Observer T. J. Considine of the Amarillo station of the United States Weather Bureau.

The highest temperature for the month was 94 degrees, recorded on May 29, the lowest 44 on May 15. The greatest daily range in temperature of 39 degrees occurred on May 12, the least daily range of 15 degrees on May 4. Normal temperature for the month is shown to have been 64.3; absolute maximum for May for the past twenty-one years 98, absolute minimum for the same period of time 25.

Total precipitation for the month 1.41, the greatest fall of .67 occurring May 4.

Prevailing direction of the wind during May was south. Total movement was 9355 miles, average hourly velocity 12.6, maximum velocity for five minutes, 34 miles per hour from the southwest on May 19.

During the month 26 clear days were recorded, 4 partly cloudy, one entirely so.

Of the miscellaneous phenomena recorded are thunder storms occurring May 2, 8, 9, 11, 25 and 27.

**For Weakness and Loss of Appetite**  
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c. (Advertisement)

Birth cards, printed or engraved, at the News office.

Free—Kodak films developed free, prints 5 cts each. Mail your films to Harris Studio, Amarillo, Texas. 6tf

Wedding invitations and announcements, printed or engraved, at the News office.



Treat Them to the treat of treats—always welcomed, by all, everywhere—

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We want to help you over the "rough places," that may confront you. Prepare now for the emergency that may come in the future, start a checking account TODAY. THE MAN who carries his money in his sock, doesn't expect accommodations from a bank.

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Has the best stock of home grown trees they have ever had. Propagated from trees that have been tested and do the best, are hardy and absolutely free from disease. We have no connection with any other nursery.

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If you want trees that will give satisfaction and good results send in order or see salesman.

STAY ON YOUR FEET.

Taking Calomel Means Staying Home for the Day—Take Dodson's Liver Tone and Save a Day's Work.

If an attack of constipation or biliousness hits you there's no need to take a dose of calomel and spend at least a day getting over the effects of it. The City Pharmacy sells the liver tonic, Dodson's Liver Tone, that takes the place of calomel and starts a lazy liver without any bad after-effects.

Dodson's Liver Tone does all the good that calomel ever did, yet it is absolutely harmless to young people and old. It is a pleasant-tasting vegetable liquid that will relieve constipation or sour stomach or other troubles that go along with a lazy liver, without restriction of habit or diet. You don't leave off any of the things you regularly do when you take Dodson's Liver Tone.

The City Pharmacy sells Dodson's Liver Tone and give it a strong personal guarantee. They say, "A large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone sells for 50c and we will hand any person back his 50c if he tries a bottle and doesn't say that it does all that calomel ever does and does it pleasantly. Get the genuine Dodson's Liver Tone and if you are not pleased with it we will give you your money back with a smile." (Advertisement)

THE

safest man is the man who has a bank account. When you establish yourself with a good bank, you feel secure and your mind is at peace. Banks have been the means of making more successful men than colleges. When you grow

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a snug sum in the bank is an insurance policy against hard times and hard work. Begin to save when you are young. Our Savings Department will help you start; then when you have accumulated \$50.00 or \$100.00 take a certificate of deposit drawing a little larger rate of interest. The time tried and most

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bank is the one to do business with. In judging a bank, always remember that capital and surplus gives security to the depositor, by forming a fund that stands between the depositor and the possible shrinkage in the securities of the bank. The Capital and Surplus of this bank form a margin of safety that assures absolute security to those who entrust their money to us.

The First National Bank of Canyon

Capital : : \$100,000  
Surplus and Profits : : \$ 30,000



**Has Fine Fruit Farm.**

One of the prettiest farms in Wayside community is that owned by Uncle Ruben Rogers. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have lived on this place for twelve years and have earnestly applied brains and brawn to building up a beautiful farm home. Mr. Rogers says he does not believe in trying to farm the whole country as some of his neighbors are doing, but simply farms what he can conveniently look after and spends much of his time in his garden and orchard.

Mr. Rogers is a native of Missouri but came to Texas in 1859. He has lived on the Plains for 14 years and on the same farm for 12 years.

Mrs. Rogers has the distinction of being the second white child born in Dallas county. She was born in 1846 at a Buffalo Camp just two miles north of where the court house now stands. A boy was born in the country just a few weeks before her. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were married in 1866, or 47 years ago. Both are hale and hearty and their many friends in the Wayside community are planning on a big golden wedding for this splendid old couple three years hence.

The farm of Mr. Rogers consists of three and one-half sections. The farm house is right on the cap rock, and the old headquarters of the J. A. ranch lays on their farm in the canyons right below the house. The canyons are on his land and they have many places of scenic beauty.

**MUCH FRUIT.**

Talk about your fruit raising sections of California! Well it isn't in it with the orchard of Uncle Ruben. And every fruit tree on his farm has been raised without irrigation. Uncle Ruben says that any kind of a tree will grow on the Plains when it is properly cultivated. There isn't a weed in the three acre orchard. There isn't a large lump of hard dirt. There isn't a dead branch on one of those fine trees. In fact, everything shows that good honest gray matter has directed good honest hard labor in taking care of those fruit trees as nature intended that they should be cared for.

In the small fruit lines, there are currants, gooseberries, grapes, blackberries, dewberries and strawberries. There are several kinds of apple trees well filled with good sized and rapidly growing apples, several different kinds of peaches every tree of

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**  
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c. (Advertisement)

**Do the Best That Can be Done and do it the Best Way.**

**This is Our Motto at All Times.**

**Bowen Bros.**

Repair Department Guthrie's Garage  
West Side of Square

which is loaded until the branches are hanging downward plums of the Burbank, yellow, red cluster varieties. In the main orchard the trees are ten years old and Uncle Ruben says that since they begun to bear they have had all the fruit they could use, excepting four years ago when the late frost got most of the fruit.

A young orchard has been set out which is growing nicely.

In addition to the fruit trees, Mr. Rogers has fine large shade trees. Around the watering tanks there are a large number of willows. These get water or they probably would not grow so well.

Another tree of interest is a number of good sized walnut, of which there are very few in this section of the Plains. These are loaded with nuts and have borne nuts for three years.

**FINE GARDEN.**

Uncle Ruben has one of the finest gardens ever seen in this section. He raises everything and everything is fine. Just think of all the good things that that you used to see in the gardens "back home" and then you will know just what Uncle Ruben is raising. And Uncle Ruben says that any one can do the same thing. All it takes is a little energy.

The fruit cave at the farm house attests the yield of the garden and orchard last year. There are tiers upon tiers of boxes filled with fine fruits and vegetables. In fact, there is everything good to eat.

And don't forget the mint bed. Being in a strict Rooseveltian party, we didn't look for any mint juleps and Uncle Ruben insists that the bed is not maintained for the julep purpose. Right beside this bed is another of the good old fashioned catnip variety.

Many kinds of flowers are seen on every hand.

**LIVE STOCK.**

This is not only a farm of garden, fruits and flowers, but it has some of the finest live stock in this section. Mr. Rogers breeds both Jersey and Hereford cattle and has some mighty fine registered stock.

He has a number of registered Duroc Jersey hogs. He says that stock raising on the Plains is a very profitable industry.

Poultry is seen on every hand. Turkeys, geese and chickens are abundant in numbers. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers are making big money out of their poultry with very little trouble and expense connected with the industry.

Mr. Rogers is raising some sweet clover and says that he likes it fine as a hay. He has been raising a little for some years.

This farm is an exemplification of what a real farmer can do on a good Panhandle farm. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have worked hard to build up their home but are enjoying very greatly the fruits of their labor. It would do the heart of any man good to go and visit this place. Uncle Ruben enjoys telling about his place. He invited our party out to see him when the fruit gets ripe and we intend accepting this hearty invitation.

**Take Plenty of Time to Eat.**

There is a saying that "rapid eating is slow suicide." If you have formed the habit of eating too rapidly you are most likely suffering from digestion or constipation, which will result eventually in serious illness unless corrected. Digestion begins in the mouth. Food should be thoroughly masticated and insalivated. Then when you have a fullness of the stomach or feel dull and stupid after eating, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Sold by all dealers. (Advertisement)

**IF NOT? WHY NOT?**

If you are not trading with the Leader, why not? If there is anything in quality and courteous treatment, you will find The Leader headquarters. We would certainly like to place your name on our customers list for just one month, if we can't DELIVER THE GOODS and THE QUALITY we will not solicit your business any farther. Our business, is your business, we are merely your agents, buying and selling for you on a per cent. If we can't handle your business in a satisfactory manner, tell us, and we will readily correct any mistakes we may be making, and will certainly appreciate your coming direct to us with any trouble you may have. Our stock is not the largest to be found, but the best assortment to be found, keep them coming, get the new ideas and the new goods is our aim. Any time that we haven't what you want, we will take pleasure in ordering it for you.

**GROCERIES**

The freshest stock of groceries in West Texas. We prefer paying more and giving you fresh goods all the time, than buying in large quantities and giving you something stale and out of date. We wish to thank the people of Canyon and Randall county for the nice business they have given us, and it is our aim to make you justly proud to tell your friends you are trading with The Leader.

Yours for Quality and Service.

**THE LEADER**

**Larger and Happier Families.**

The average size of a Texas family is 4.9 compared with 5.4 ten years ago. The average family in Randall county contains 4.6 persons and we have 712 families residing in this county according to a census report which has just been issued.

The families in Randall county are smaller than the state's average size and it is up to keep up our end. Let us have larger families and happier families.

The Texas stork has lost its reputation. Uncle Sam has given it the blue ribbon for the past quarter of a century and now places it third on the list of states. We have lost on an average of one person to two families during the past decade.

**Shake Off Your Rheumatism.**

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. Try a twenty-five cent bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and see how quickly your rheumatism pains disappear. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)

**Can't Keep it Secret.**

The splendid work of Chamberlain's Tablets is daily becoming more widely known. No such grand remedy for stomach and liver troubles has ever been known. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)

**Jackass Statistics.**

In the spring of 1910 the enumerators of the Federal Census Department visited every farm house in Randall county and made inquiries pertaining to the various phases of our agriculture. The result of the canvasses have just been published and has several some unique, as well as interesting, information. According to the reports there are 41 jackasses on the farms and ranches of this country and their total valuation is given at \$7,875.

The jackass population of Texas is 20,408 which have a total value of \$1,720,074. Only two farms out of one hundred reported jackasses at the last census and the total number of Texas farms reporting was 8151. The average value per head is \$84.28 or \$12.48 more than that of the Texas horse.

**Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.**

Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is worth many times its cost when needed and is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. It has no superior for the purposes for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)



**FREE DEMONSTRATION NORRIS' EXQUISITE CANDY**

You just must try some of NORRIS' Exquisite Candies, in order to appreciate how wonderfully good they are.

On next Monday afternoon, June 16, we will conduct a free demonstration and cordially invite you to visit our establishment and sample these delicious confections.

This candy for which we have the agency, is the product of America's Master candy-maker and in addition to being far beyond any candy produced in America, it is packed in boxes so beautiful that they offer a feast for the eyes not soon forgotten.

Your inspection is solicited without any obligation on your part to purchase.

**Holland Drug Company**  
Exclusive Agents

**The Randall County News.**

Incorporated under the laws of Texas  
**C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.**  
 C. O. Keiser, President  
 Oscar Hunt, Vice President  
 C. W. Warwick, Secretary  
 Directors: C. O. Keiser, Oscar Hunt, C. W. Warwick, J. E. Winkelman.

Entered at postoffice at Canyon, Texas, as second class matter. Office of publication West Houston street.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

One year, in country	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.35

Resolution Number 4, which was published in the News last month, will not be voted upon this year. The resolution stated that it would be voted upon July 19, with no year stated, which according to the attorney general, made it null and void. However, resolution 18 carried practically all involved in 4 and we should be carried.

The subscription terms of the News are strictly in advance. The paper stops the week your time expires unless you renew. We have been forced to make such a strict ruling since there are many people who will gladly take the paper for a year and then cuss if you expect any money for it.

New Jersey pays out \$50,000 a year for medical treatment for persons who have been dog-bitten. If New Jersey killed every stray dog, the state would save about ninety per cent of this money. Stray dogs as a menace to society. Few are allowed to live in Canyon and there hasn't been a mad dog for years.

Both Hamner, of the Claude News, evidently thinks about as much of a suffragette as he does of an anti-prohibitionist. Here is what he said last week when stating that Arizona went wet: "Women vote in Arizona, so we are not surprised at the result."

Tom Balland Dr. Brooks are the two men most spoken of as prohibition candidates for governor. Both are good men and either could be elected if given the prohibition field to himself, but there is where W. P. Lane and Cyclone Davis comes in.

A German scientist has discovered that butter milk is the most "youth producing" food known. Roosevelt discovered that long ago. Pass the butter milk.

With the boss' and editor of the Commoner both doing government work, the devil will have a h— of a time getting out the old rag.

A merchant who don't advertise has no room to talk about hard times. He is getting all the trade he asks for.

Grape juice and butter milk manufacturers ought to get some good advertising material from the Colonels.

The Panhandle row crop may

**Santa Fe EXCURSIONS**

Texas Abstractors Association, Dallas, June 23-25. Fare and one-third round trip. Tickets on sale June 21-27, limit June 27.

Graduate Nurses association, Temple, Texas, June 17-19, fare and one-third round trip. Tickets on sale June 15-16, limit June 21.

National Electric Medical association, Dallas, fare and one-third round trip. Tickets on sale June 16-17, limit June 23.

Round trip Summer Tourist fares to all tourist destination in United States, Canada and Mexico.

**R. McGee, Agt.**

**EARN---SAVE**

**Reading Advertisements Will Help You Do Both**

By HOLLAND.  
**WHAT** you save is more important than what you earn. Spend all that you get, and you will never have a surplus. Save even a little, and you are making headway.

There are various ways of saving, but one of the most effective is to spend your money wisely. You can do this by reading the advertisements in this paper closely and by taking advantage of the offers made. You can thus save without denying yourself what you need.

Merchants regularly advertise everything that you eat, wear, need for the home or require in your business. The advertisements tell you where you can buy cheaply and at the same time get goods of quality.

**PRACTICE TRUE ECONOMY—BUY ADVERTISED GOODS.**

Even if you do not want to buy, it pays to read the advertisements and keep posted, so you will know where to buy when the time comes

hesitate on the start but get out of the Dan Patch on the home stretch.

Canyon has not entered the cleanest town contest, and the time will close July 1st. Will we or will we not?

The Texas pie commission has handed a few lemons to post-office aspirants.

President Wilson is showing them that he is on the job at all times.

Most people stare up the steps of success. A few step up the stairs.

**Good Man Visiting Here.**

W. B. Hicks, of Erath Co. Texas, is visiting his son W. H. Hicks and family of our city; also visiting the family of his old time neighbor and friend John A. Wallace. Mr. Hicks spent two weeks with another son Rev. J. T. Hicks of Plainview, the Presiding Elder of that District.

Mr. Hicks has reared a large family and his practice all along has been, to gather at night every member around the old time fire place; read a portion of The Good Book and all kneeling lead them to the throne of Grace, and as is the rule in such homes, every child early in life was lead to personally accept the Savior. Two of his sons are Methodist preachers, and one daughter married a Methodist preacher.

We learn from those who know Mr. Hicks best, that he is most universally loved and esteemed in his community, where he has lived these past 38 years, on the same tract of land where he located in 1874. He is a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church himself, though many of his children have gone the Methodist route, to which he has no objection.

Mr. Hicks has perhaps conducted more funeral services, in his and adjoining communities, than all the preachers who have ever preached there. He is especially endowed, it seems, for just such work and he never finishes such service without having more closely knitted together the tender heart strings of loved ones, and endeared himself to all.

Well can any community afford to rejoice in the blessing and benediction of such a man. Such homes are an in estimateable contribution to our citizen ship. Mr. Hicks leaves for his home tomorrow.

**The Cleanest Town.**

Dear Editor Warwick. Jumping Jehosaphat, lets do it. That's what I said when I first read your suggestion to capture the cleanest town in Texas, offered by Holland's Magazine.

After thinking the matter over awhile I decided the final report of the judges on Canyon would be something like this:

We find that after carefully examining the towns in the state competing for the prize, that Canyon stands first in possessing the best natural advantages for a clean town. Also that the homes and yards in the town are well kept, the streets and alleys are free from trash and weeds.

Altogether the town has won our unstinted admiration, therefore it gives us a pang of sadness to put Canyon the lowest on the list of towns competing for the prize.

And this is brought about by someone in authority bidding for filth to be brought to the very center of the town and deposited there by placing hitching racks all around the court house square.

Some one said that the country people insist on the racks being placed there. This sounds like a libelous slander on the people living in the country, who place the barnyard to the back of the home, and as far away as possible. We, the judges, find that on account of the plains breezes there has no large amount of filth accumulated around the square as yet, and the question naturally arises where does the filth go to. There is but one answer, and that is that the horses hitched there grind this filth under their feet to powder, and the first wind that blows carries it mixed with dust into the butcher shop and you eat it with your brown beef gravy. It goes into the bakery and you eat it with pies, bread and cakes. It drifts into hotels and restaurants and you need no pepper on your food there.

It is carried by the wind into the cream cones and candy the children eat, it sifts into the groceries, it is blown into your clothing and you carry it home with you.

We, the judges, contend that the man or men responsible for this condition of affairs do not have the slightest conception of a decent town, to say nothing of a clean and sanitary town.

Canyon, the cleanest town in Texas, jumping Jehosaphat.

Truly,  
 Canyonite.

**Ball Game Postponed.**

Owing to the rains Friday night, the Amarillo game was postponed until Saturday of this week. The Canyon boys expect to take the Monograms into camp good and strong this week.

**Rev. Kiker Here Sunday.**

Presiding Elder O. P. Kiker, of the Amarillo district, will preach Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Rev. Neal is at Post City this week holding revival meetings.

**New Silo.**

Parker Hanna has bought a new silo and will soon have it put up on his ranch southwest of the city.

F. P. Guenther was in Amarillo Wednesday.

J. R. Cullum was a business visitor in Amarillo Wednesday.

Miss Ada Redfearn left Wednesday for Clarendon where she will attend the Panhandle association of Odd fellows and Rebekahs.

Come to Canyon to live.

**A Word to the Borrower**

IF you are a borrower of this paper, don't you think it is an injustice to the man who is paying for it? He may be looking for it at this very moment. Make it a regular visitor to your home. The subscription price is an investment that will repay you well.

□ □ □ □ □ □

**HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.**

(Edited by Mrs. C. W. Warwick.)

c—cup  
 Ts—Tablespoonful  
 ts—teaspoonful

**CECILS**

**Mrs. Ackley**  
 1c cold roast beef or rare steak chopped fine, salt and pepper to taste.  
 1ts minced onion  
 1Ts bread crumbs  
 1Ts melted Crisco  
 1 egg beaten slightly  
 Shape like croquettes, roll in flour, dip in egg and roll in crumbs. Fry in deep Crisco hot enough to brown a crumb of bread. In 40 minutes drain and serve with tomato sauce.

**TOMATO SAUCE**

1c strained tomato juice  
 1-2 ts onion juice  
 1-4 ts salt  
 1-8 ts peper  
 Rub together 2Ts flour and 2 Ts crisco, add to tomato juice season and let simmer in double boiler for 5 minutes.

**CHESS CAKE**

**Mrs. Ackley**  
 1-2 c butter  
 2c sugar  
 1c sweet milk  
 1 heaping Ts flour  
 Line pie plate with rich crust put in and bake in moderate oven until brown.  
 Make a meringue of the whites of 3 eggs and 3 Ts sugar, brown in quick oven. This makes two pies.

**COFFEE CAKE**

**Mrs. Kleinschmidt**  
 1c light bread powder set at night. In the morning when this is light add  
 3-4c butter and lard  
 1c sugar  
 4 eggs beaten separately  
 1c grated cold boiled potatoes.  
 Enough flour to make a stiff batter.  
 Pinch of salt  
 Put in pans and when light bake in moderate oven.

Come to Canyon to live.

**Say, You!**



**HOW about that printing job you're in need of?**

Come in and see us about it at your first opportunity. Don't wait until the very last moment but give us a little time and we'll show you what high grade work we can turn out.

**When You Get a Letter**

written on tablet paper the envelope soiled and too small for the paper and no return card printed on it

even if that letter outlines the best proposition you ever heard of you hesitate to take up the offer

analyze your own thought about this

the other fellow is just as suspicious of you when you write him on the back of baking powder or axle grease advertisements.

**Job Printing at The NEWS**

# MOVING

Having moved my Produce and Vegetable business to the corner building known as the White Swan building southeast corner of the square, I will be able to give you more and better service, save you money on anything in my line. I will endeavor to keep everything in the market good to eat at a poor man's price. All dividends, salaries, margins, profits and extra expense cut out. Come and see me.

**D. N. REDBURN**

**LOCAL NEWS.**

Mrs. E. Edmonds was in Amarillo Friday.

Mrs. Jim Mangum left Thursday for Tiban where she will visit relatives.

Buy your O-Cedar mops from Thompson Hwd. Co. 1t

W. T. Gilliam and Miss Pearl Gilliam returned Thursday from Gandy where they have been since August. They will spend the summer here.

Mrs. G. C. Hutchison of Tulia spent Thursday night at the home of her sister Mrs. W. B. Anthony.

A. E. Leggett of Amarillo was in the city Thursday and Friday.

Phone your orders to the Normal grocery. 1t

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Abbott were Amarillo callers Tuesday.

M. P. Wilson was in Hereford Tuesday all business.

John Guthrie was in Amarillo Tuesday.

G. S. Bowen was in Amarillo Tuesday on business.

The best meats and groceries in town at the Normal Grocery. 1t

Miss Farr was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

Misses Nettie Cobb and Lola Word were Amarillo callers Saturday.

C. R. McAfee was in Amarillo Saturday on business.

Misses Nichols and Sanders were Amarillo callers Saturday.

W. T. Gilliam left Monday for Plainview for a few days visit.

Randolf Carter left Monday for Plainview on business.

The Normal Grocery believes in small profits and quick sales. We are making better prices on groceries than any other store in town. Phone your order to 27. 1t

Miss Rambo was in Hereford Tuesday addressing a meeting of the school board on domestic science.

Miss Winnie Davis, of Benone spent Tuesday night with Miss Ruth Stafford. They left together Wednesday for Chicago where they will attend the University this summer.

Mrs. Bob. Pipkin returned Thursday after a weeks visit with her mother in Hereford.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stephenson and son were Amarillo callers Monday.

C. J. Crawford left Sunday for Plemons on a ten days business trip.

Go to The City Pharmacy for all school and kodak supplies.

Mrs. W. D. Keliehor of Hereford and Mrs. Lark of Umbarger were visitors in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. D. S. Broadbooks of S. Dakota is making an extended visit at the home of her sister Mrs. H. Schramm.

Miss Louise Utesch returned Wednesday to her home in Hereford after a weeks visit with Miss Grant Belles.

A full line of mens and ladies tennis shoes. Also mens and ladies bathing suits, rain coats and umbrellas just recd. at The Leader.

Miss Minnie Pierce returned Monday from Plainview after a two weeks visit with friends.

John Leverton left Sunday for Hartley where he will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Prichard visited friends in Hereford Sunday.

Take a kodak with you on that next trip. If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a kodak. The City Pharmacy.

Mrs. Dr. Long and daughters, of Sweetwater, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Welton Winn.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady Holland were Amarillo callers Friday.

Mrs. L. G. Allen and daughter Hazel were Amarillo callers Friday.

Mrs. A. C. Thompson, of Hartley, returned Saturday after a few days visit with friends and relatives.

W. J. Rattikin returned Saturday from Austin where he has been attending the university for the past year.

The Woman's Book club has tickets for sale at \$1.50 per year, entitling holder to full privileges of the library. See Mrs. Oscar Hunt. 1t

Mrs. A. Whitley a trained nurse from Plainview, was in the city last week.

Miss Jannie Cleveland was in Amarillo Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Iweta Pittman visited her parents in Amarillo Sunday.

Miss Thelma McGee and brothers left Monday for Lexington Mo., to visit relatives. They were accompanied by Miss Carolyn Cass who goes on to Chicago to resume her studies throughout the summer in the Chicago University.

Mrs. J. E. Patterson was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

Parker Hanna bought a new Overland car of John Guthrie Monday.

Mrs. W. J. Smith, of Plainview is visiting at the home of her brother, W. B. Anthony.

C. H. Jarrett has bought the Ideal Restaurant on the eastside and took charge Monday morning.

Judge J. L. Penry and family of Amarillo, visited Mrs. V. Edna Henson one day this week.

Mrs. M. S. Gatewood left Thursday for San Angelo where she will visit her mother and sister.

J. Sams of Lockney spent Thursday night at the T. A. Ridgway home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Anthony of Roswell were in the city Sunday and Monday visiting their brother W. B. Anthony.

Mrs. M. C. Terrill who has been visiting her sister Mrs. A. B. McAfee returned Tuesday to her home in Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira M. Leigh of Johnston City, Ill., were in the city Tuesday and Wednesday prospecting.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake H. Harrison of Dallas, arrived this morning to visit at the C. N. Harrison home.

Wm. McCann, of near Happy, was in the city Monday and reports that it has been raining so much the past week that he has not been able to do any work in the fields since a week ago Tuesday. Everything is looking prosperous down his was, says Mr. McCann.

Advertising is a force or a farce, according to the way it is done. Some advertisers try to kill a fly with a cannon ball. Others try to drive an iron girder with a tack hammer. Advertising insures to you an established price that you can count on and a fixed profit that you can count up.

Miss Avis Baird left Wednesday for Chicago where she will attend the university this summer.

**Notice - Reward.**

I will pay \$25 reward for the apprehension and conviction of any person or persons representing themselves to be my authorized agents or solicitors. Arrest and wire at my expense. Dr. Claude Wolcott, Specialist, Amarillo, Texas. 2t

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c. (Advertisement)

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

Ads in this column are 1 cent per word for first insertion and 1-2 cent per word for succeeding issues. No ad taken for less than 15 cents.

**For Sale**—One house with 5 rooms, storeroom and pantry, also bookcase and wardrobe. Rev. J. S. Groves. 10t3

**For Sale**—Ice box, good as new, \$5.00. Mrs. V. Edna Henson. 1t

**For Sale or Rent**—Thirteen room lodging house near the depot. Good established transient trade. Will sell for one third cash or will give twelve month lease. Mrs. M. S. Gatewood. 11t4

**For Sale**—Gentle buggy horse Runabout and harness, saddle and bridle, a good two burner oil stove and oven and a Buck's cook stove. G. A. Brandon. 1t

**For Sale**—Two tennis rackets, practically new. Call at News office. 1t

**For Sale**—Raycle Bicycle. 1t  
Lee VanSant.

**Lost**—Saturday night near opera house, package containing white messaline princess slip partly made. Leave at News office. 1t



## The Saginaw Silo

The solid structure of special treated wood to prevent shrinkage and decaying of the wood. Has a patented angle iron brace on the inside at top and every 10 feet on the outside which is clipped to every other stay to prevent collapsing in storms. (This is not shown in above illustration.) This is a special feature for this territory of a high dry climate and is a winner.

We are in position to make you the right prices on both Silos and Cutters. Let us figure with you before you buy.

## Thompson Hardware Company

Miss Avis Baird was an Amarillo caller Thursday.

Miss Louis Sanders of Hillsboro is visiting at the home of her aunt Mrs. Holmes Nichols.

Mrs. Leslie Moreman was an Amarillo caller Thursday.

Miss Hudspeth left Thursday for Berkeley, California where she will attend the university. She will then visit other parts of California.

Kodak films developed free. Harris Studio 509 1-2 Polk St. Amarillo Texas.

Mrs. W. O. Bennett returned Thursday from Taylor where she has been spending the winter.

The Eastern Star lodge will have the regular installation ceremonies at the lodge rooms Saturday afternoon.

Rev. F. M. Neal went to Post City Wednesday where he will assist the pastor of the Methodist church in a revival meeting for a greater part of the two weeks.

Men's oxfords 1-2 price for 10 days. Every pair of mens oxfords except Steadfast and Biltrite to go at 1-2 price for 10 days. The Leader.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Furguson returned Saturday to their home in Salem Virginia after a three week visit with friends in the city.

Wm. P. Bright was in Amarillo Monday on business.

Miss Lillie Stephenson was an Amarillo caller Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McAfee visited relatives in Miami Saturday and Sunday.

The business of the Normal Grocery increased more than 20 per cent last month. Why? Because this store meets the demands in a strictly fresh line of the best meats and groceries on the market. 1t

John Claude Estes left Saturday for Hereford where he will visit his aunt, Mrs. Carl Gilliam.

Misses Frances Morgan and Mable Otto left Wednesday for Amarillo.

Mrs. J. H. Miller and son, of Hereford are visiting at the home of her mother Mrs. M. S. Gatewood.

Phone the Normal Grocery first. They have what you want. 1t

G. Middleton, of Waxahachie, visited Tuesday in the city with Joe Black and Will Word.

Dr. A. W. Thompson, of Mineral Wells, was a business caller in the city this week. He has property here and thinks that this is a great country.

Mrs. Travis Shaw left Wednesday for Detroit where she will make an extended visit at the home of her mother.

Miss Mary Jones left Wednesday for Baltimore where she will spend the summer visiting with relatives.

Come in and get a cool refreshing drink at our fountain, the best in town. City Pharmacy.

Mrs. S. R. Brimer of Missouri and Mrs. W. H. Muldrow of Amarillo spent Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Muldrow.

Ed Pipkin, of Amarillo, visited at the parental home over Sunday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Flesher Friday morning.

I will be at this Smith Hotel the week beginning June 16 and will be pleased to see all ladies who have hair combings. I will make your combings into switches, puffs, transformation, etc. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed on all work. Mrs. C. H. Carl, Hereford, Texas. 1t

W. J. Shipman and Miss Grace Carnhall were in Amarillo Tuesday.

Rev. A. B. Haynes left Monday for Judge Word's ranch where he will spend a few days on an outing trip.

Miss Kittie Wooldrige, of Mineral Wells has accepted a position as saleslady at the Leader. Miss Wooldrige has had several year's experience in dry goods lines and has always made a great success wherever she has been employed. She is becoming acquainted with the people of Canyon and likes the city fine.

**Remember.**

General repairing is our specialty. Bowen Bros. Repair Dept. Guthrie's Garage west side square. 1t

**Manager of a Railroad Cured of Eczema By Hunt's Cure.**

At one time I had a very bad case of Eczema. It troubled me for seven or eight years, and although I tried all kinds of medicine and several doctors, I got no relief until I used Hunt's Cure. I used several boxes and it finally cured me, and I have always kept a box with me for fear it will come back.

A. D. Goodenough, General Manager Lida Valley Railway Co., Goldfield, Nev. 50c per box at drug stores. (Advertisement)

**The Only and Best Itch Medicine.**

Says Dr. W. V. Brockingham, of Kingstree, S. C. He writes "please send me by mail at once one dozen Hunt's Cure, the only and best itch medicine to be found in the U. S." 50c per box and money promptly refunded if it fails in itch, eczema, ringworm, tetter, etc. All druggists. Manufactured by A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas. (Advertisement)

## Screen Doors

We have a full line of screen doors. Canyon is going to swat the fly this year on every hand. Put up a screen door today and join in the good work. We handle only the best.

Citizens Lumber Co.

## C. N. HARRISON & CO.

All Kinds of  
INSURANCE

Don't wait until you have had a fire before insuring. Only the very best companies are represented through our agency. Here they are.

Amazon	New York Underwriters
American Central	North River
Continental	National Union
Commercial Union	Northern Assurance
Detroit Fire and Marine	North British and Mercantile
Firemen's Fund	Providence of Washington
German American	Phoenix of Hartford
Hartford	Phoenix of Brooklyn
Home	Queen
Insurance Co. of North America	Royal
Liverpool, London & Globe	Springfield
Mechanics and Traders	St. Paul Fire and Marine
	Westchester

## J. E. Winkelman

Read the ads in this issue.

## TO THE STUDENT

If you are not doing good work find the cause. One of the most frequent causes of dullness is school work or other mental labor is eye strain. If your nerves give you trouble it is probably due to unconscious eye strain. Your eyes may be under strain without you realizing the fact. What is a good light for others may not be sufficient for you. Some people require twice as much light as others for comfortable study. If you are not doing good work try a better light. Do not use a hot oil lamp near your head. Get a cool electric.

## Canyon Power Company

Office in First National Bank

## S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail  
Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger  
Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

### GREAT RALLY AT WAYSIDE.

(Continued from page 1)

better schools, better homes and better farms.

Miss Staltz presented more information regarding the extension department and urged that the people make use of the suggestive literature which the university has for them.

Miss Rich took up the matter of foods and discussed the questions of the bodily demands, what foods supply these demands and how to prepare these foods. Her lecture was very interesting and much excellent information was obtained on the food question.

#### THE BIG DINNER

At noon one of the most sumptuous feasts ever spread before man was served to the two hundred people on the school lawn. A Methodist preacher would have been in second glory, for there was chicken. And in great abundance too. What else? Easier to say what what else wasn't there. A half dozen different kinds of meats fixed in every good kind of way. Salads extending an invitation from all sides. Pickles! Those kind that can only be made at the farm home. Pies, pies, pies, twenty different kinds and every one better than the first piece you tried. Cake of all kinds, shapes, sizes and colors. And everything else that goes to make up a grand celebration dinner.

After this sumptuous dinner Mr. and Mrs. Dan Adams and Mrs. McCreery invited the speakers of the day and the Canyon people to go down to the canyons on the Adams & McCreery ranch two miles east. One of the prettiest spots on the entire canyon is to be found at this place. McMurry, of the Dallas News, was so charmed that the rest of the company had a hard time keeping him from going swimming instead of returning to make his afternoon speech.

The afternoon session was devoted to more interesting discussion by the two ladies from the university and was closed by another fine talk by Dewitt McMurry, of the Dallas News. Mr. McMurry edits the Semi-Weekly Farm News and is very much interested in the problems of the country life both from an agricultural and educational standpoint. It was his first trip out to this particular section of the Plains and he was highly impressed with everything that he saw.

There is talk of trying to establish the rural life encampment at Wayside and if those people out there make up their minds to obtain the encampment they will certainly get it. At the close of the exercises they stated they were going to work with a greater zeal for a larger and better rally next year.

#### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

(Advertisement)

#### Put One Eye Out. Suffered 36 Years from Skin Disease.

I suffered from a skin disease for 36 years, and about six months ago it attacked me of my eyes and put it out. After it was to late, I got a box of Hunt's Cure and begun to use it and I must say that it is the best remedy I have used in 36 years, and I believe it will cure any skin eruption.

P. H. Chaney,  
Caney, La.

(Advertisement)

Get some V-AVA at the News office.



Improved and  
Unimproved Farms  
PRICES REASONABLE

Terms to Suit Purchaser

Location and Quality

of Farms Cannot

be Excelled

C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas

Keota, Iowa



Canyon Tannery

Moved from east side to Thompson building on south side. We are prepared to do all kinds of tanning with hair on or off. We invite investigation.

Canyon Tannery



Where There's a Farm There Should be a Bell Telephone

The progressive farmer surrounds himself with modern advantages.

He, too, appreciates that convenience ministers to health, happiness, progress and wealth.

What does he do? With other neighbors he starts a Rural Telephone line. Enough said.

Apply to our nearest Manager for information or write to

THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE CO. DALLAS, TEXAS

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

S. L. INGHAM, Dentist. First State Bank building. All work warranted.

DR. G. J. PARSONS. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office Phone 226. Residence Phone 195.

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MOLLY McDONALD A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By RANDALL PARRISH Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc. Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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Plunged Profanely into the Drift.

"Ye ain't a-goin' to leave me yere alone, are ye, Sergeant?" "No; there'll be two horses to keep you company. You've got a snap, man; plenty to eat, and a good fire—what more do you want—a nurse? Hughes, what, in the name of Heaven, are you standing there for? Perhaps you would like to have me stir you up. I will if those horses are not here in ten minutes."

The cowman, muffled to the ears in a buffalo coat, plunged profanely into the drift, slamming the door behind him. Hamlin hastily glanced over the few articles piled in readiness on the bench—ammunition, blankets, food—

saying no heed to Carroll's muttering of discontent. By the time Hughes returned, he had everything strapped for the saddles. He thrust the cowman's rifle under his own flap, but handed the latter a revolver, staring straight into his eyes as he did so.

"I reckon you and I have got enough in common in this chase to play square," he said grimly. "We're both out after Le Fevre, ain't we?"

"You bet."

"All right, then; here's your gun. If you try any trickery, Hughes, I'd advise that you get me the first shot, for if you miss you'll never have another."

The man drew the sleeve of his coat over his lips, his eyes shifting before the Sergeant's steady gaze. "I ain't that sort," he muttered unsmilingly. "Yer don't need to think that y' me."

"Maybe not," and Hamlin swung into the saddle carelessly. "Only I thought I'd tell you beforehand what would happen if you attempt any fool gun play. Take the lead, you know the trail."

Carroll, supporting himself by the table, crept across to the door and watched them, reckless as to the entering cold. The glare of the white snow revealed clearly the outlines of the disappearing horsemen, as they rode cautiously down the bank. The thin fringe of shore ice broke under the weight of the ponies' hoofs, as the riders forced them forward into the icy water. A moment later the two crept up the sharp incline of the opposite shore, appearing distinct against the sky as they attained the summit. Hamlin waved his hand, and then, on a lunge, the figures vanished into the gloom. Crying, and swearing at his helplessness, the deserted soldier closed the door, and crept back shivering into his blankets.

Hughes turned his horse's head to the southwest, and rode steadily forward, the buffalo overcoat giving him a shaggy, grotesque appearance in the spectral light reflected from the snow. Without a word Hamlin followed, a pace behind. Their route lay for the first few miles across a comparatively level plateau, over which the fierce wind of the late storm had swept with such violence as to leave the surface packed firm. The night shut them in silently, giving to their immediate surroundings a mournful loneliness most depressing. There were no shadows, only the dull snow-gleam across which they passed like spectres, the only sound the crunching of their horses' hoofs on the crust. The Sergeant, staring about, felt that he had never looked upon a more depressing spectacle than this gloomy landscape, desolate and wind-swept, still overarched with low-lying storm clouds, black and ominous.

They advanced thus for two hours, making no attempt to force their animals, and scarcely exchanging a word, both men watchful of the snow underfoot in search of a possible trail, when the character of the country began to change. The level plain broke into a series of ridges of irregular formation, all evidently heading toward some more southern valley. In the depressions the snow lay banked in deep drifts, and, after plunging desperately through two of these, unable to judge correctly in the dim light where to ride, Hughes turned more to the south, skirting along the bare slope of a ridge, trusting some turn lower down would yield them the necessary westerning.

"It's over the ponies' heads down that, Sergeant," he said, pointing sideways into the dark hollow, "an' we're bound to strike a cross-ridge afore we come to the bluffs."

"What bluffs? The Canadian?" "Yep; it's badly broken kentry a long ways west o' yere. Bad lands mostly, an' a hell o' a place for cattle to hide out."

"Hughes, do you know where Black Kettle's camp is?"

"Well, no, not exactly. Las' winter the Cheyennes was settled 'bout opposite the mouth o' Buffalo creek, an' thar 're down thar somewhar now. Thar's one thing sure—they ain't any east o' that. As we ain't hit no trail, I reckon as how Le Fevre's outfit must hev drifted further than I calculate."

"I thought so at the time," commented the other, quietly. "However, we will have to make the circle, and

the country out yonder is as you describe, they will be no better off. They'll have to follow the ridges to get through. We may get a glimpse when daylight comes."

They rode on steadily, keeping down below the crest of the hills, yet picking a passage where the snow had been swept clear. The slipperiness of the incline made their progress slow, as they dared not risk the breaking of a horse's leg in that wilderness, and the faint glimmer was most confusing.

The wind had ceased, the calm was impressive after the wild tumult, but the cold seemed to strengthen as the dawn advanced, viciously biting the exposed faces of the men. The straining ponies were white with frost. In the gray of a cheerless dawn they reached the first line of bluffs, and drew rein just below the summit, where they could look off across the lower ridges to the westward.

It was a wild, desolate scene, the dull gray sky overhead, the black and white shading below. Mile on mile the picture unrolled to the horizon, the vista widening slowly as the light increased, bringing forth the details of barren, wind-swept ridges and shallow valleys choked with snow. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a rock broke the dead monotony. All was loneliness and silence. The snow lay gleaming and untrampled, except as here and there a dull brown patch of dead grass darkened the side of a hill. Hamlin shadowed his eyes with gloved hands, studying intently inch by inch the wide domain. Suddenly he arose in his stirrups, bending eagerly forward.

"By heaven! There they are, Hughes," he exclaimed, feeling the hot blood course through his veins. "On the incline of that third ridge. There is a shadow there, and they are not moving. Here; draw in back of me; now you can see. It looks as though they had a horse down."

Hughes stared long in the direction indicated, his eyes narrowed into mere slits.

"Ah! that's it," he said at last. "Horse broke a leg; shot it jest then—I seen the flash. Now they're goin' on. See! One fellow climbin' up behind 'nother, an' the horse left lyin' thar on the snow."

"How many people do you make out?" and Hamlin's voice shook a little.

"There's four, ain't there?"

At that distance the fugitives looked like mere black dots. It could scarcely be determined that they moved, and yet their outlines were distinct against the background of white snow, while the two watchers possessed the trained vision of the plains. Hughes answered after a deliberate inspection, without so much as turning his head.

"Thar's four; leastwise that was four hosses, and two—the Injuns likely—are ridin' double. Thar animals are 'bout played, it looks ter me—just able ter crawl. Ain't had no fodder 'bout the size o' it. We ought to be able ter head that bunch off 'fore they get to the Canadian at 'ter rate o' travel—hey, Sergeant?"

Hamlin's eyes followed the long sweep of the cross-ridge, studying its trend, and the direction of the intervening valleys. Once down on the other slope all this extensive view would be hidden; they would have to ride blindly, guessing at the particular swale along which those others were advancing. To come to the summit again would surely expose them to those keen Indian eyes. They would be searching the trail ahead ceaselessly, noting every object along the crests of the ridges. However, if the passage around was not blocked with snow, they ought to attain the junction in ample time. With twice as far to travel, their ponies were strong and fit and should win out against Le Fevre's starved beasts. He waved his gloved hand.

"We'll try it," he said, shortly; "come on, Hughes."

He led off along the steep side of

the hill, and forcing his horse into a sharp trot, headed straight out into the white wilderness; Hughes, without uttering a word, brought down his quilt on his pony's flank and followed.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Fight in the Snow. The slope toward the south had not been swept clear by the wind, and the horses broke through the crust to their knees, occasionally stumbling into hollows where the drifts were deep. This made progress slow, although Hamlin pressed forward recklessly, fully aware of what it would mean should the fugitives emerge first, and thus achieve a clear passage to the river. What was going on there to the right, behind the fringe of low hills, could not be conjectured, but to the left the riders could see clearly for a great distance over the desolate, snow-draped land, down to the dark waters of the Canadian and the shore beyond. It was all a desolate waste, barren of movement, and no smoke bore evidence of any Indian encampment near by. A mile or more to the west the river took a sharp bend, disappearing behind the bluffs, and on the open plain, barely visible against the unsmiled mantle of snow, were dark specks, apparently moving, but in erratic fashion. The distance intervening was too great for either man to distinguish exactly what these might be, yet as they plunged onward their keen eyes searched the valley vigilantly through the cold clear air.

"Some of your long-horns, Hughes," asked the Sergeant finally, pointing as he turned and glanced back. "Quite a bunch of cattle, it looks to me."

"Them thar ain't cows," returned the other positively. "Thar's too close ly bunched up. I reckon it'll be Black Kettle's pony herd."

"Then his village will lie in beyond the big bend thar," and Hamlin rose in his stirrups, shading his eyes. "The herders haven't driven them far since the storm broke. You don't see any smoke, do you?"

Hughes shook his head.

"You wouldn't likely see none against the gray sky; them ponies is two or maybe three miles off, an' thar camp is likely a mile or so further. Thar's a big bend thar, as I remember; a sort o' level spot with bluff all 'round, 'cept on the side o' the river. We hed a cattle corral thar 'nct, durin' a round-up. Most likely 'hat's whar they are."

"And Le Fevre is heading straight 'or the spot. Well, he'll have to come out on this bench first."

"Yep, thar sure ain't no valleys ying between. How many o' these here gulch openings have we got past already?"

"Three; there's the fourth just ahead. Thar's the one they were trailing through. No doubt about that, is there?"

"Not less them Injuns took to the ridge. They was sure in the fourth valley when we fust sighted the outfit back thar. Whatchar got 'er do, Sergeant? Jump 'em a hoss-back, an' jest pump lead?"

Hamlin had thought this over as he rode and already had planned his attack. The opening to the valley along which Le Fevre's exhausted party were slowly advancing toward them, seemed favorable—it was narrow and badly choked with snow. It offered an ideal place for a surprise and was



"By Heavens! There They Are, Hughes."

far enough away from the Indian encampment—if the latter was situated as Hughes believed, in the great bend above—so that no echo of shots would carry that distance, even through the crisp atmosphere. There were two things the Sergeant had determined to accomplish if possible—the rescue of Miss Molly uninjured, and the capture of Le Fevre. No matter how deeply he despised the man he could not afford to have him killed. So far as the Indians were concerned there would be no mercy shown, for if either one escaped he would carry the news to the village. With all this in mind the Sergeant swung out of the saddle, dropping the rein to the ground, confident that the tired cowpony would remain quiet. His belt was buckled outside the army overcoat, and he drew his revolver, tested it, and slipped it back loosely into the holster. Then he pulled out the rifle from under the flap of the saddle, grimly handling it in his gloved fingers. Hughes, his head sunk into his fur collar, his hot breath steaming in the cold atmosphere, watched him curiously.

"Lookin' for a right smart fight, I reckon," he said, a trifle unsmiling. "Be lieve me, yer ain't goin' ter find the

feller no spring chicken. He's some on thar gaa play."

"I hope he knows enough to quit when he's cornered," returned the other pleasantly, sweeping his eyes to the opening in the hills, "for I'm aiming to take him back to Kansas alive."

"The hell ye are!" "That's the plan pardner, and I've got reason for it. I knew Le Fevre once, years ago, during the war, and I've been some anxious to get my hands on him ever since. He's worth far more to me alive than dead, jest now, Hughes," his voice hardening. "You'll bear that fact in mind when the fracas begins. From now on this is my affair, not yours. You understand? You get busy with the two bucks, and leave the white man to me: Come on now—dismount."

Hughes came to the ground with evident reluctance, swearing savagely. "What do yer think I'm yere for," he demanded roughly, "if it wa'n't to shoot that cuss?"

Hamlin strode swiftly over, and dropped a hand on the shaggy shoulder.

"You are here because I ordered you to come with me; because if you hadn't I would have killed you back there in the shack, you red-handed murderer. Now listen, Hughes. I know what you are—a cattle thief. You and Le Fevre belong to the same outfit, only he was the smarter of the two. I have spared your life for a purpose, and if you fall me now I'll shoot you down as I would a dog. Don't try to threaten me, you cur, for I am not that kind. I am not trusting you; I haven't from the first, but you are going into this fight on my side, and under my orders."

The two men glared into each other's eyes, silent, breathing hard, but there was a grim determination about the Sergeant's set jaw that left Hughes speechless. He grinned weakly, stamping down the snow under foot. Hamlin's continued silence brought a protest to his lips.

"Damn if I know why you say that," he began. "Haven't I been square?"

"Because I know your style, Hughes. You hate Le Fevre for the dirty trick he played on you, but you'd sell out to him again in five minutes if you thought there was any money in it. I don't propose giving you the chance. You'll go ahead, and you are in more danger from me than that outfit yonder. Now move, and we'll take a look up the valley."

They ploughed a way through the drifts to the mouth of the narrow opening between the hills, dropping to their knees in the snow, and cautiously creeping forward the last few yards. Hamlin, convinced that fear alone could control the ex-cowthief, kept slightly to the rear.

"Now wait, Hughes," he said, his voice lowered but still tense with command. "Be careful, man. Crawl up there in between those drifts, and look over. Keep down low, you fool!"

The two men wriggled slowly forward, smothered in the snow-drift, until Hughes' eyes barely topped the surface. Hamlin lay outstretched a foot below, watching for the slightest sign of treachery. The cowman stared up the depression, blinking his eyes in the snow glare. The impatient Sergeant gripped his arm.

"Well, what is it? Are they coming?"

"You bet, an' about dead, from the looks o' 'em. Them fellars ain't lookin' fer nuthin'. I reckon I could stand up straight yere an' they'd never see me. Take a look yerself; it's safe 'nough."

Hamlin drew himself up, and peered out over the snow, but still gripped the other's arm. With his first glance up the valley there swept over him a strange feeling of sympathy for those he was hunting. It was a dismal, depressing picture—the bare, snow-covered hillsides, and between, foundering weakly through the drifts, the little party of fugitives, the emaciated ponies staggering with weakness, the men on foot, reeling as they tramped forward, their heads lowered in utter weariness. The girl alone was in saddle, so wrapped about in blankets as to be formless, even her face concealed. The manner in which she swayed to the movement of the pony, urged on by one of the Indians, was evidence that she was bound fast, and helpless. At sight of her condition Hamlin felt his old relentless purpose return. He was plainsman enough to realize what suffering those men had passed through before reaching such extremity, and was quick to appreciate the full meaning of their exhaustion, and to sympathize with it. He had passed through a similar baptism, and remembered the desperate clutch of the storm-king.

But the sight of that poor girl swaying helplessly in the saddle, a bound prisoner in the midst of those ruffians, who had murdered her father before her eyes and who were bearing her to all the unspeakable horrors of Indian captivity, instantly stifled within him every plea of mercy. No matter what they had suffered, they were a ruthless, merciless gang of cutthroats, and thieves, feeling from justice, deserving of no consideration. Yet their distressed appearance, their lack of vigilance, rendered him careless. They seemed too weak to resist, too exhausted to fight; the cold pluck at their hearts had seemingly already conquered. It was this impression which caused him to act recklessly, rising to his feet, rifle in hand, directly in their track, halting their advance with stern command.

"Hands up! Quick now, the three of you! Don't wait, Dupont; I've got the drop!"

The white man was in front, a huge, shapeless figure in his furs, his black beard frosted oddly. He stood motionless, astounded at this strange attack.

(Continued on page 8)

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The state of Texas County of Randall.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain execution issued out of the honorable County Court of Randall County on the 10th day May 1913, by M. P. Garner Clerk of said Court for the sum of four hundred eighty two and 99/100 (\$482.99) dollars and costs of suit, under a Judgment, in favor of P. L. Swartzell in a certain cause in said Court, No. 445 and styled P. L. Swartzell vs. W. T. Bowen, and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings as Sheriff of Randall County, Texas, did, on the 13th day of May 1913, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Randall County, Texas, described as follows, to-wit:

All of Survey Number 36 Block M-9 Certificate number 0-163, Original Grantee, John H. Gibson, also the north west quarter of Survey number 143 in Block number 0, Certificate number 1692, Original Grantee, I. & G. N. R. R. Co. land, subject to a deed of trust against said tracts for Five Thousand (\$5000.00), dollars also on thirty acres of Survey number 62, Block B-5, H. & G. N. R. R. Co., land bounded thus: Beginning at a point where the N. B. line of said Survey crosses the W. line of the right of way of the P. & N. T. R. R., thence W. with N. line of said Sur. 875-4-10 ft. to a stake thence south 1320 ft. a stake, thence E. 1104-6-10 ft. W. line of said right of way, thence N. with said right of way to beginning, containing 30 A. and levied upon as the property of W. T. Bowen and that on the first Tuesday in July 1913, the same being the first day of said month, at the Court House door, of Randall County, in the town of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said Execution I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said W. T. Bowen.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Randall County News, a paper published in Randall County.

Witness my hand, this 31st day of May 1913 Worth A. Jennings Sheriff Randall County, Texas. 1113

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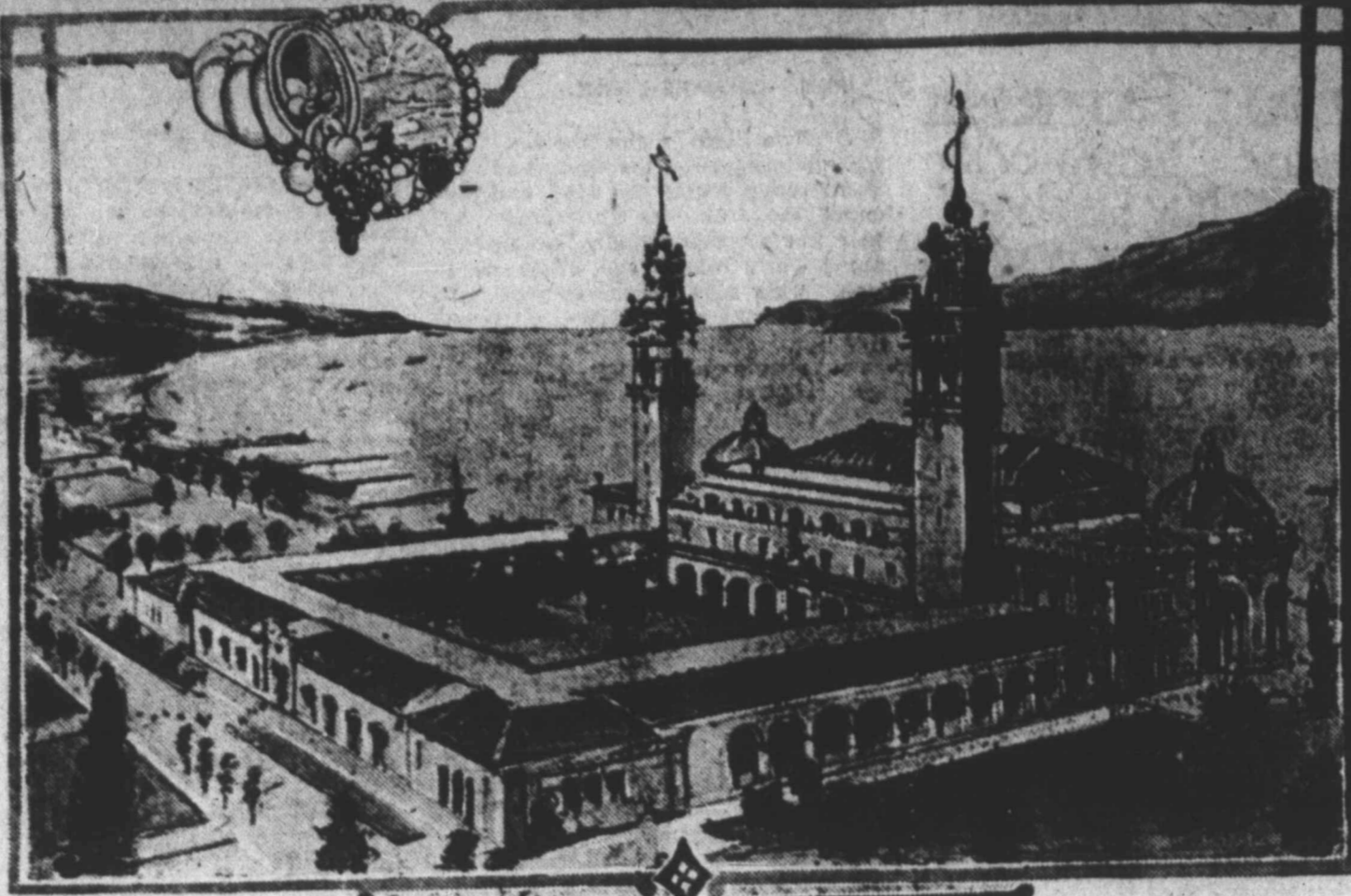
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throng in the auditorium. After a general meeting in which all found their partners they were conducted in a body to the Cousins' and Sesame's Society Hall where only a few of the great number could get seats. Here they were presented with welcome cards and then guided from the hall, down the east stairs to the gymnasium. They were here met by another committee and served with lemonade. They again found their way to the auditorium, where music was being rendered. At a late hour the students departed, all having spent a very pleasant and profitable evening.

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Randall County News

Molly McDonald

A TALE of the FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the North," etc., etc.

Illustrations by V. L. BARNES

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dition in blue cavalry overcoat, which had sprung up so suddenly in that wilderness. For an instant he must have deemed the vision confronting him some illusion of the desert, for he never stirred except to rub a gloved hand across his eyes.

"By all the gods, Dupont," roared the Sergeant impatiently, "do you want me to shoot? Damn you, throw up your hands!"

Slowly, as though his mind was still in a dream, the man's hands were lifted above his head, one grasping a short, sawed-off gun. The expression upon his face was ugly, as he began to dimly understand what this unexpected hold-up meant. There followed an instant of silence, in which Hamlin, forgetful of Hughes, who still remained lying quiet in the snow, took a step or two forward, rifle at shoulder. The two Indians, swathed in blankets, but with arms upraised, were in direct line, motionless as statues. He could see the gleam of their dark eyes, and even noticed the figure of the girl straighten in the saddle.

Dupont gave fierce utterance to an oath. Apparently he failed to recognize the soldier, but as Hughes rose to his knees, suspicion leaped instantly to his brain.

"A hold-up, hey!" he said coolly. "Hughes, you sneaking old coward, come out into the open once. What is it you want?"

"Nothing to that, Dupont," returned the Sergeant, glancing back questioningly toward his companion. "Your old partner is here under my orders. I am Sergeant Hamlin, Seventh Cavalry. Throw down that gun!"

"What! You—?" "Yes, you are my prisoner. I've followed you from Dodge. Throw down the gun!"

It dropped sullenly into the snow. "Now, Hughes, go ahead, and disarm those Indians."

The cowman shuffled forward, revolver in hand, circling to keep safely beyond the reach of Dupont, who eyed him maliciously. The latter was so buttoned up in a buffalo coat as to make it impossible for him to reach a weapon, and Hamlin permitted his eyes to wave slightly, as he watched the Indians. What occurred the next instant came so suddenly as scarcely to leave an impression. It was swift, instinctive action, primitive impulse. An Indian hand fell beneath his blanket covering; there was a flash of flame across a pony's saddle; Hughes sprang backward, and went reeling in the snow. Hamlin fired, as the savage dodged between the horse's legs, sending him sprawling, and, ignoring the other Indian, swung about to cover Dupont. Swift as he moved, he was too late. With one desperate spring backward the white man was behind the woman's pony, sheltered by her shapeless figure, gripping the animal's bit. The second Indian dropped to his knees and opened fire. With a sudden lurch forward the Sergeant plunged headlong in the snow.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Girl and the Man.

As he went down, uninjured, but realizing now that this was to be a battle to the death Hamlin flung open his coat, and gripped his revolver. Lying there on his face he fired twice, deliberately, choosing the exposed Indian as a target. The latter, striving to mount his frightened pony, fell forward, grasping the mane desperately, a stream of blood dyeing his blanket as the animal dashed across the valley. Dupont had whirled the girl's horse to the left, and, with her body as a shield, was attempting to escape. Already he was too far away to make a revolver shot safe. Hamlin arose to his knees, and picked up the dropped rifle. His lips were pressed tight; his eyes full of grim determination. Why didn't Dupont fire? Could it be he was unarmed? Or was he hoping by delay to gain a closer shot? Keen-eyed, resolute, the Sergeant determined to make no chances. The rifle came to a level—a spurt of flame, a sharp report, and the pony staggered to its knees, and sank, bearing its helpless owner with it. Dupont let go his grip in the rein, and stood upright, clearly outlined against the white hillsides, staring back toward the kneeling Sergeant, the faint smoke cloud whirling between.

"All right—damn you—you've got me!" he said sullenly.

Hamlin never moved, except to snap out the emptied cartridge.

"Unbutton that coat," he commanded tersely. "Now turn around. No shooting from, hey! That's rather careless of a gun-man."

He dropped his rifle, and strode forward revolver in hand, glancing curiously at the dead Indian as he passed.

A riata hung to the pommel of a saddle, and he paused to shake it loose, uncoiling the thin rope, but with watchful eyes constantly on his prisoner. He felt no fear of Dupont, now that he knew the fellow to be unarmed, and the wounded Indian had vanished over the ridge. Yet Dupont was a powerful man, and desperate enough to accept any chance. Something in the sullen, glowing face confronting him awoke the Sergeant to caution. He seemed to sense the plan of the other, and stopped suddenly, slipping the rope through his fingers.

He swung the coil about his head, measuring the distance, every faculty concentrated on the toss. He had forgotten Hughes lying in the snow behind; he neither saw nor heard the fellow scramble weakly to his knees, revolver outstretched in a half-frozen hand. And Hughes, his eyes already glazing in death, saw only the two figures. In that moment hate triumphed over cowardice; he could not distinguish which was Dupont, which Hamlin. In the madness of despair he cared little—only he would kill some one before he died. His weapon wavered frantically as he sought to aim, the man holding himself up by one hand. Dupont, facing that way, saw this apparition, and leaped aside, stumbling over the dead pony. Hughes' weapon belched, and Hamlin, the last whirling above him in the air, pitched forward, and came crashing down into the snow.

It was all the work of an instant, a wild, confused bit, so rapidly enacted



"By All the Gods, Dupont," roared the Sergeant, "Do You Want Me to Shoot?"

as to seem unreal even to the participants. Hamlin lay motionless, barely conscious of living, yet unable to stir a muscle. Hughes, screaming out one oath, sank back into a heap, his frozen fingers still gripping his smoking weapon. Then Dupont rose cautiously to his knees, peering forth across the dead body of the pony. The man was unnerved, unable at first to comprehend what had occurred. He was saved as by a miracle, and his great form shook from head to foot. Then, as his eyes rested on the outstretched body of the Sergeant, hate conquered every other feeling; he staggered to his feet, picked up the gun lying in the snow, walked across and brutally kicked the prostrate form. There was no response, no movement.

"All I wish is that I'd been the one to kill yer," he growled savagely, grinding down. "Hell of a good shot, though I reckon the blame fool meant it for me." He threw the rifle forward, in readiness, and moved cautiously over toward Hughes.

"Deader than a door-nail," he muttered, pressing back the buffalo coat, and staring contemptuously down into the white, staring face. "I wonder how that coward ever happened to be here—laying out for me, I reckon!"

He straightened up and laughed, glancing furtively about.

"Some good joke that. The whole outfit cleaned out, and me twenty thousand to the good," feeling inside his coat to make sure. "It's there all right. Well, good-bye, boys, there don't seem to be nothing here for me to stay for."

He caught the straying pony and swung up into the saddle, glanced about once more at the motionless figures, and finally rode off up the ridge, unconsciously following the tracks left by the fleeing Indian. If the girl ever occurred to him, he gave no sign of remembrance, and she uttered no word. Lying on her side, her eyes wide open, she watched him ride away, across the barren space, until the slow-moving pony topped the ridge, and disappeared on the other side. Twice the man turned and glanced back into the valley, but saw nothing except the black blotches on the snow. Molly made no motion, no outcry. She preferred death there alone, rather than rescue at his hands. Scarcely conscious, feeling no strength in her limbs, no hope pulsing at her heart, she closed her eyes and lay still. Yet wrapped about as she was, her young body remained warm, and the very disappearance of Dupont yielded a sense of freedom, awoke a strong desire to live. Her eyes opened again, despairingly, and gazed across the barren expanse. She could see Hamlin lying face downward, the yellow lining of his cavalry cape over his head. It seemed to her the man's foot moved. Could she be dreaming? No! He actually drew up one limb.

This evidence that the Sergeant still lived gave her fresh strength and renewed determination. She struggled to move her own feet; the left was free, but the right was caught firmly beneath the pony. She struggled desperately, forgetful of pain, in the faith that she might save Hamlin. Little by little she worked the imprisoned limb free, only to find it numb and helpless. She lay there breathless, conscious that she ached from head to foot. Beyond her the Sergeant groaned and turned partially over upon his side. Tugging at the blanket she managed to free one arm, gripped the mane of the dead pony, and drew herself into a sitting posture. Now the blood seemed to surge through her veins in new volume, and she labored feverishly to release the other hand. At last she undid a knot with her teeth, and slipped the blanket from her, beating her hands together to restore circulation. Her right leg still was too numb to stand upon, but she crept forward, dragging it helplessly behind her over the snow, to where Hamlin lay.

The girl's heart seemed to stop beating as she looked at him—at the white, colorless face, the closed eyes, the discoloration of blood staining the temple. Yet he lived; his faint breath was plainly perceptible in the frosty air. "O God!" she sobbed, "what can I do!" It was an unrestrained cry of anguish, yet there was no hesitation. She had forgotten everything except that helpless figure lying before her on the snow—her own danger, the surrounding desolation, the dead forms accentuating that wilderness tragedy. With bare hands she bathed his face in snow, rubbing the flesh until it flushed red, pressing her own warm body against his, her lips speaking his name again and again, almost hysterically, as though she hoped thus to call him back to consciousness. Her exploring fingers told her that it was no serious wound which had creased the side of his head; if there was no other he would surely revive, and the discovery sent her blood throbbing through her veins. She lifted his head to her lap, chafing his cold wrists frantically, her eyes staring again out across the barren snow fields, with fresh realization of their intense loneliness. She choked back a sob of despair, and glanced down again into Hamlin's face. He did not stir but his eyes were open, regarding her in bewilderment.

"Molly," he whispered, forgetting, "is this really you? What has happened?"

The girl's eyes filled instantly with tears, but she did not move, except that the clasp of her hands grew stronger. "Yes, I am Molly; please do not move yet. You have been hurt, but it is all right now."

"Hurt!" he lifted his head slightly and stared about; then dropped it

again with a sigh of content. "Oh, yes, now I know. Hughes shot me from behind." He struggled upright, in spite of her efforts at restraint, feeling beside him for the rifle. "Dupont was there, behind that dead pony. What became of Dupont?"

She dropped her face in her hands, her form trembling.

"He—he got away. He thought you were dead; to—make sure he came over and kicked you. Then he took your rifle, and the only pony left, and rode off."

"And left you?" "Yes—he never thought of me; only—only how he should escape with the money. I never moved, never opened my eyes; perhaps he believed me dead also, and—and I prayed he would. I would rather have died than have him touch me again. And—and I thought you were dead too. O God! It was so horrible!"

The man's voice was soft and low, thrilling with the love that refused control.

"I know, dear; I know it all, now," he said tenderly, clasping her hands. "But that is all over and gone." He put up one hand to his wound. "Heavens, how my head aches! But that pain won't last long. I am a bit groggy yet, but will be on my feet pretty soon. You are a brave little girl. Tell me how you got free?"

She went over the short story slowly, not lifting her eyes to his, and he listened in silence, moving his limbs about, confident of the gradual return of strength.

"But how did it happen?" he asked. "Your capture? Your father's death? It is all a mystery to me after I left you on the hotel balcony."

The tears stood in her eyes suddenly uplifted to his, and impulsively the man encircled her with his arm.

"You know I care, dear," he exclaimed recklessly. "You are not afraid to tell me."

"No, no; you have been so kind, so true. I can tell you everything—only it is so hard to confess the truth about my father."

"You suspect he was implicated?"

"Oh, God!" she sobbed, "What Can I Do?"

he asked in astonishment, "that he actually had a part in the plot?" She looked at him gravely, down into his very soul.

"Yes, and—and that hurts more than all the rest."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Words of Love.

Hamlin was silent for a moment, not knowing what to say that would comfort or help. He had never suspected this, and yet he could not refrain altogether from experiencing a feeling of relief. Deeply as he sympathized, with her in this trouble, still the man could but be conscious of those barriers formerly existing between them which this discovery had instantly swept away. Now they could meet upon a level, as man and woman. No longer could rank intervene; not even the stain of his own court-martial. Possibly he dreamed of what was passing in his mind, for she suddenly lifted her eyes to his.

"Shall I tell you?" (Continued Next Week)

