

## SECOND INSPECTION OF FOOD COMMITTEE

MANY IMPROVEMENTS ARE MADE BY ALL THE STORES.

Eleven Business Houses in Class A This Week Compared With Two Last Week.

The following is the report of the Pure Food Committee which made the weekly inspection Wednesday morning: The work being done by the grocerymen, hotels, restaurants, drug stores, etc., in order to bring our town up to the standard set by the state inspection committee is very gratifying. We feel that with the combined efforts and generous cooperation shown by the business men the goal will be reached—The Cleanest City in Texas.

There seems to be some misunderstanding regarding the grading of the court house last week. The low grade given was on inspection of the public parts of the building. On our inspection Wednesday we found the private offices clean and sanitary. The committee is very gratified to see that so many of the show windows have been cleaned during the past week. We understand that Memphis lost the contest two years ago on account of the dirty condition of the windows of her public buildings. We trust that all will make a special effort to wash every window before the end of this week.

The following is the classification of the stores:

Class A—Canyon City Supply, The Leader, West End Grocery, City Bakery, Redburn, City Pharmacy, Burroughs & Jarrett, Black Bros., Canyon Cafe, Bob's Cafe, Rogerson Hotel.

Class B plus—Cow Boy Restaurant, City Market, Pipkin's Grocery, Candy Kitchen.

Class B—Holland Drug Co., Smith Hotel, Normal Grocery, Ray's Meat Market.

Class C—Court house (public parts.)

Baltimore Hotel closed for repairs.

Star Hotel refused to be inspected.

### County Court.

The following was the business of the county court this week:

Edward Hyatt vs. Elmer Prichard was tried before a jury last week and after being out several hours the jury reported that they were unable to agree and were discharged.

Butterick Publishing Co., vs. The Leader, case was dismissed by court because the plaintiff has no permit to do business in Texas. Plaintiff will appeal to Court of Civil Appeals.

Jenkins & Jenkins vs. O. N. Perkins was dismissed at the cost of plaintiffs.

W. W. Steen vs. Will Steen and Nathan Schee, motion of defendants to dismiss case was granted.

Court will adjourn tomorrow after completing a little probate matter.

### Delegates to College Station.

The delegates elected to attend the farmers congress at College Station left Monday. The list from Randall county included Welton Winn, J. M. Craig and R. A. Campbell. H. J. Weber was elected as a delegate by the Amarillo Chamber of Commerce and will go to represent that body.

### 3-8 INCH RAIN MONDAY.

First Rain for Five Weeks Falls This Week—Many Parts of County Receives Much More.

A good rain fell in Canyon Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The amount of fall near the city was not any where nearly so large as in other sections of the county. It has been reported that a two inch rain fell in Happy Friday night with a good rain again Monday night.

The rain this month has been much below the normal fall for the month. John A. Wallace, the official weather man of the community, says that only five-eighths of an inch had fallen since June 20.

It is remarkable how the crops have stood this dry period. Where the fields have been worked well and there are no weeds, it is reported on all sides that the crops have suffered but little. Some of the early stuff has been hurt but the late crop will make fine grain with good rains soon.

### Oil Well 200 Feet.

Work on the oil prospecting well has progressed very slowly during the past week. Only one shift has been used and various kinds of trouble has interfered. D. L. Hickey, the contractor, says that he simply struck oceans of water at the 150 foot mark and that it was a big job to case through this strata owing to the large hole made by the drill. He expects another drill-er today and that the casing through this strata will be completed at that time. He will put on two full shifts as soon as this new man comes and he gets past the present trouble.

### Patent Hog Trough.

Welton Winn has a patent on a hog trough which he is considering putting on the market. Mr. Winn has been in the hog raising business for many years and has every possible device for proficient work. He reports that his Texas Guinea hogs are doing nicely. He has about 50 pigs this year. It will be remembered as stated in the News several months ago, Mr. Winn is the originator of this particular breed of hogs.

### Competitive Towns.

The following is the list of towns in class C of Holland's Magazine cleanest city contest: Anson, Arlington, Canyon, Clar endon, Colorado, Columbus, El Campo, Gatesville, Graham, Grand Saline, Grandbury, Groesbeck, Hamilton, Hereford, Hico, Hondo, Italy, Kerrville, Lancaster, McAllen, Gregory, Memphis, Mission, Merkel, Naples, Pearsall, Sabin, Snyder and West.

### Canvass Votes.

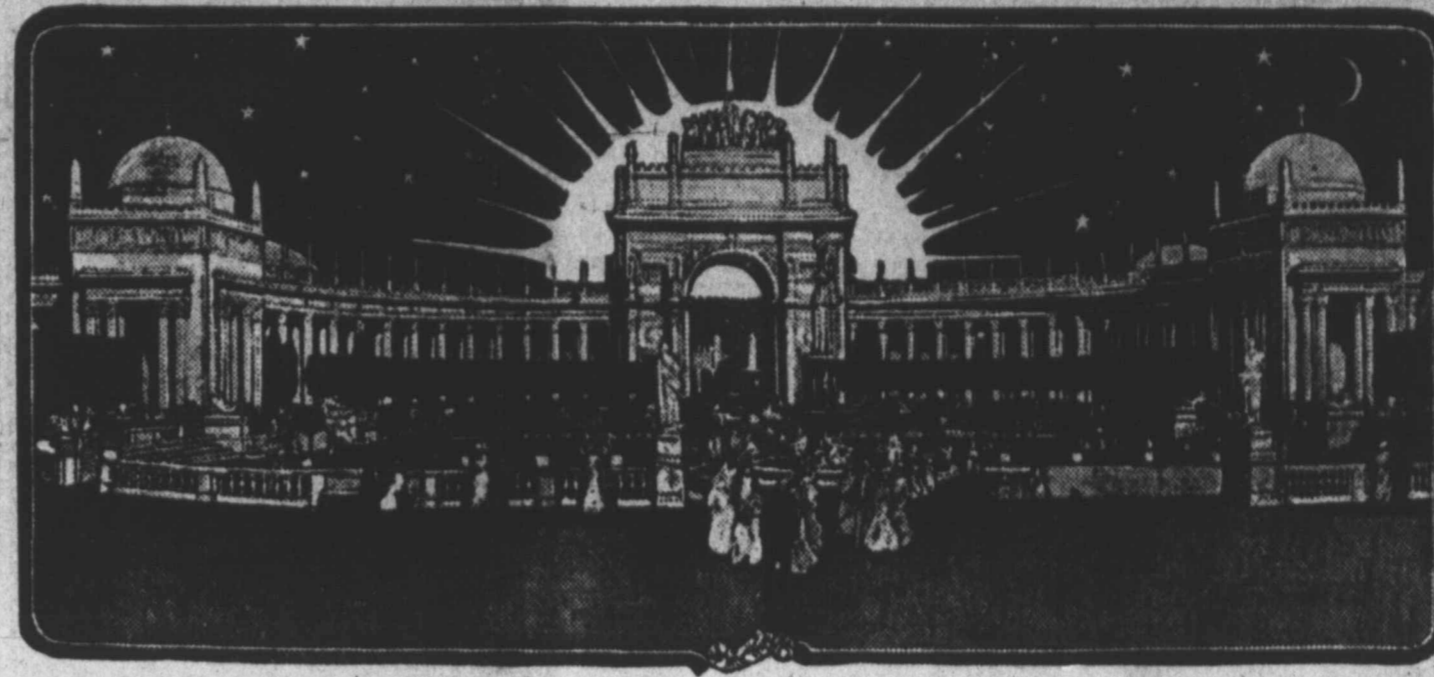
The commissioners court was in session Monday for a short while to canvass the votes in the recent election on the amendments to the state constitution. This was not a very large job on account of the few votes cast in the county.

### Fine Plums.

L. S. Carter brought to the News office Wednesday some very fine plums raised on his place north of town. Mr. Carter has one of the best orchards in Randall county and has a great amount of fruit every year.

Mrs. J. E. Patterson and Miss Roberta Thomas were Amarillo callers Saturday.

## PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915



Copyright, 1913, by Panama-Pacific International Exposition. SECTION of the great central court, the Court of the Sun and Stars, designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White. This court, approximately 750x900 feet, will divide the main rectangle of exposition buildings from north to south. Upon the east of the court figures—elephants, camels, Arab warriors—symbolical of the Orient will surmount a huge arch, the Arch of the Rising Sun, larger than the Arc de Triomphe; upon the west of the court the story of the setting sun will be depicted; surmounting the arch upon the west prairie schooners and figures of pioneers who pushed across the western plains will be shown.

# TWO GREAT CLEAN UP DAYS FOR OUR CITY

## STORES CLOSE FRIDAY AND 100 MEN VOLUNTEER SERVICES WEDNESDAY MORNING

Friday was truly a clean up day in Canyon.

Very few men in the city shirked their duty, and every business house in town closed its doors and practically every proprietor and clerk put on their old duds, grabbed a hoe and devoted a hard and full day's work to beautifying the city.

To appreciate what was done that day, one must have made a careful inspection of the city before and after. Furthermore, he must have seen what an immense amount of trash and old machinery was hauled to the dumping grounds by the 20 wagons that were busy from early morning to night.

It has been estimated that there were at least 150 men at work practically all the day. And work they did. There were no loafers on the job that day. Every fellow felt that he had a big job before him and all appreciated the fact that every weed he cut and every bit of rubbish he was instrumental in taking from the city meant just so much a cleaner city. Enthusiasm was predominant on every hand and was easily directed into effective channels by the efficient chairmen.

Nature was truly cooperative with Canyon's clean up spirit. The day started nice and cool and all the men started out with all kinds of vim in the morning. A good cool breeze continued until noon. After noon, however, and continuing until 3:30, it was very hot, and work progressed slowly. The breeze died down and the more corpulent workers had a hard time staying on the job. But stick they did, no matter how hotly the sun shined. About 3:30 some friendly clouds floated across the skies and a cool breeze fanned the blistered brows. The old do-or-die spirit again took hold of the workers and from then until 6 o'clock the men worked harder than ever and a great amount of work was

accomplished. Many were greatly opposed to quitting at six, but the time had arrived for the big picture to be taken and practically all gathered at the court house for that purpose. However, some in the outer districts did not cease their labors and were not in the picture.

No effort was made to deep account of the number of loads of trash hauled from the city or dumped in the old wells around town. It is estimated from 75 to 100. This may be high, but there is one thing certain, there were loads and loads of stuff hauled away from town that have been laying in the alleys and on the vacant lots for months and some of it for several years. The absence of old machinery is very delightful since Friday.

The prospects are most brilliant for winning this year, but we must keep fighting until the contest finally closes.

Marshal of the day J. B. Kleinschmidt took care of his job in a most excellent manner. He directed the efforts of his men in his most characteristic way, giving commands in a decisive tone and directing the men to places where work was needed most.

Mayor F. M. Wilson was on the job every minute. When he was not handling the hoe he was assisting Mr. Kleinschmidt in the direction of the work.

It was a great day for Canyon. At night every man was satisfied with the showing of the day, although all wished that there had been an hour or so more so that all parts of the town could have been reached. When six o'clock came all the workers gathered on the square, it was a very dirty and tired but contented bunch.

There were fifteen men in the city who refused to help with this splendid work.

### WEDNESDAY CLEAN UP

After reviewing the results of Friday it was decided that since

Canyon was so nearly clean another half day of volunteer work would put the city into very good condition. Consequently a call was issued for Wednesday morning. Nearly a hundred men responded and worked a greater part of the day in the southeast portion of the city. That part was put in fine condition as was most of the district east of the square. Before noon a large number of men were sent to help across the railway. About ten teams were out and a large amount of rubbish was disposed of.

Quite a number of men volunteered to put in the afternoon and great results were accomplished.

Canyon is the cleanest of any time in her history. While she is not exactly in the best condition that could be wished, yet she is pronounced by many to be the cleanest town on the Plains.

What is needed most right now is to have all the cut weeds piled and burned. The looks of streets would be increased many fold if they were raked with garden rakes and all the weeds burned and the rubbish hauled away.

The inspector may be expected any time beginning with tomorrow morning. He may come a second or third time. The citizens of the town should take especial pains to keep their premises looking tidy and all rubbish and tin cans put in boxes or sacks where the scavenger can get them.

### Clean-Up Days.

Mayor F. M. Wilson has designated Tuesday of each week as clean-up day for Canyon. Mr. Wilson wishes that each property holder make special efforts on that day of the week to clean up his premises and put them in first class condition. All rubbish that has so far escaped notice should be piled and burned. All that will not burn should be put in sacks and placed in the alleys so that the scavenger can get at it. A sack should be kept hanging handy so that tin cans can be put in instead of throwing them in the yards or alleys. Inspections will be made on Wednesday of the whole town and attention called to people who do not keep their premises tidy.

## ASKING FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

BID MADE BY LOCAL SCHOOLS FOR DISTRICT CONVENTION.

Would Bring Many Prominent Men in Sunday School Work to the City for Week.

A meeting was held at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon of representatives of the various Sunday school workers of the city at which time an invitation was extended to the State Association to hold the annual district meeting in the city. The meeting Sunday was very enthusiastic and those present believe that Canyon stands a good chance of winning the district association.

The time for the district meeting has not yet been set, but will probably be in September. If the meeting comes here it will mean that several men and women of state and national fame will address the meetings and that large numbers from the Panhandle country, who will attend the meetings.

The petition to State Superintendent William Nehemiah Wiggins was signed by the representatives of the various Sunday schools and forwarded by G. G. Foster who has the matter in charge. An early reply is expected.

### Campbell Reunion Pleasant.

The Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the Campbell family last Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the W. B. Campbell, home northwest of the city was one of the most pleasant ever held by the organization. Over forty were present during the three days including a few from out-of-town. Baseball games were played every day and numerous other interesting athletic contests. Most of the people stayed on the grounds all of the time and most elaborate meals were served. Those present from out-of-town were: Misses Bird of Tampeco, Mrs. Barks of Mineral Wells, Donald Campbell of Mineral Wells, S. R. Archambeau of Perry, Mo., Miss Sneed of Dallas.

### New Engine for City.

The city council was in session Monday morning and let the contract for a 20 horse power Fairbanks Morse to be put at the new well. The price of the engine and all equipment was \$1500. The new engine will be put in a house separate from the old engine so that both may be used in cases of emergency and so that one will in no way interfere with the other.

### Pres. Cousins to Austin.

Pres. R. B. Cousins left Saturday for Austin to appear before the appropriation committee of the legislature in reference to the appropriation for the Normal school. Pres. Cousins feels very hopeful since the committee has included in its bill the full amount asked for by the school. This amount may be cut considerably before passed, but not nearly so much as in the bill prepared by the Governor.

Mrs. W. J. Rhea of Balmorhea is visiting at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Groves.

J. R. Robertson and wife of Tullia are visiting at the Thad Cobb home.



**The Best Beverage under the Sun—**



**Drink Coca-Cola.**

A welcome addition to any party—any time—any place. Sparkling with life and wholesomeness.

**Delicious Refreshing Thirst-Quenching**

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.  
Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

**WHITE HOUSE EXPENSE**

WHAT IT COSTS FOR UPKEEP OF EXECUTIVE MANSION.

Price of Entertainment Comes High—State, Cabinet and Diplomatic Dinners Big Items in President's Expense—Wilson a Poor Man.

While thousands of persons condemn congress for providing a salary so small for the president of the United States, in comparison with the fortunes paid annually to rulers of foreign countries, few realize that the cost of maintenance and the general expenses of the White House yearly amount to the comfortable sum of \$259,900, says the Washington Post. This is not too large, however, considering the heavy expenses the president has to bear, and few of the presidents have been able to retire at the end of four or eight years with much saved.

The sum is large in contrast to what was paid in the early days of the republic. Mr. Adams found the \$25,000 paid in his administration insufficient. President William Henry Harrison went to market, bought a cow for \$30 and saw the animal safe at the White House. This illustrates conditions in his time. Yet he, too, found appropriations too small.

The president now, however, represents 90,000,000 people, and faces expense for things unknown in the earlier days. Therefore, there is a belief prevalent that the salary of the president has kept pace with the progress of the nation. Out of the \$259,900 must come the cost of keeping the executive mansion in the best of condition, the cost of lighting, heating, of the large retinue of servants, of the staff of clerks in the executive office and of the traveling expenses of the chief magistrate, who can never leave Washington without carrying with him a large staff of secret service men, stenographers, clerks and others. And in addition to all this the cost of the state dinners, of the garden parties, the receptions and the teas, which are expected, not only by the diplomats and officials in Washington, but by society which each season flocks here from every city of the United States.

The state dinners, of which there are three each year, cost more than \$2,500. The cabinet dinner, beginning the season, averages between \$400 and \$500. The diplomatic dinner, which is the most pretentious of all, costs more than \$1,500, and the dinner the Supreme court, which, like the cabinet dinner, has about 40 covers, costs about the same amount.

At each state reception the guests invited to the blue room, generally about 100 in number, are entertained at supper at the close of the reception. These entertainments cost about \$400. The cost of the dinners of courtesy to visiting foreigners depends largely upon the rank and importance of the visitor. The expense of all these is borne by the president.

Progress has been so rapid that the housewifely economies of "Dolly" Madison's times have wholly disappeared. Mrs. Madison churned the butter at the White House, but such an exhibition of thrift on the part of Mrs. Wilson would call forth criticism. While Mrs. Madison was highly commended for recovering some of the White House furniture, in order to stretch the appropriation, the same action by Mrs. Wilson would not be recommended.

Presidents of the United States have not ranked as rich men. President Wilson is no exception to the general rule, and neither is Mr. Taft wealthy. George Washington might be called the most wealthy president, when one takes into consideration conditions in his day. At the time of his death his estate was valued at \$300,000, equal to many times that sum today.

President Arthur was not a rich man, though worth about \$400,000. President Roosevelt, while not overburdened with wealth, was a man of comfortable income. President Taft also has a small income and Mrs. Taft was not forced to any economy, but President Wilson is a man with practically no private income.

**Restoration of Egypt.**  
Under the coaxing overlordship of British rule in Egypt the natives are making great strides forward in productive industry. Cotton culture has been firmly established. The peasant farmers have been so far encouraged as to engage in a scheme of co-operative farming. They can borrow money from the National bank of Egypt in a fixed proportion to capital at 6 per cent. The profits of the co-operative undertakings under the law authorizing their establishment are distributed as follows: Thirty per cent. to the reserve fund, 30 per cent. to shareholders in proportion to the purchase, 5 per cent to charity, and 5 per cent to advertising the co-operative system. The dealings of the society are mainly confined to the securing of better and cheaper supplies of farming necessities, such as seeds and implements for improved cultivation of the soil. They are thus enabled to protect themselves from the clutches of the money lenders. It is a part of the process of a great restoration.

**FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS**

By Being Constantly Supplied With Theford's Black-Draught.

McDuff, Va.—"I suffered for several years," says Mrs. J. B. Whittaker, of his place, "with sick headache, and stomach trouble."

Ten years ago a friend told me to try Theford's Black-Draught, which I did, and I found it to be the best family medicine for young and old.

I keep Black-Draught on hand all the time now, and when my children feel a little bad, they ask me for a dose, and it does them more good than any medicine they ever tried.

We never have a long spell of sickness in our family, since we commenced using Black-Draught."

Theford's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and has been found to regulate weak stomachs, aid digestion, relieve indigestion, colic, wind, nausea, headache, sick stomach, and similar symptoms.

It has been in constant use for more than 70 years, and has benefited more than a million people.

Your druggist sells and recommends Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a package to-day.

N. C. 123

**Notice.**

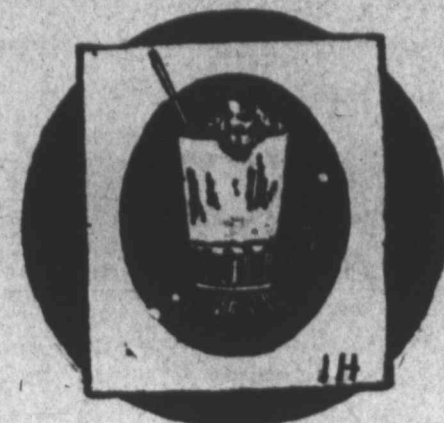
Some time ago the City Council passed an ordinance which forbid the keeping of more than one hog in a pen within the platted districts of Canyon City, Texas and the platted additions thereto: Every person who is now violating or hereafter violates this ordinance will be prosecuted when discovered by the City Marshal. No leniency need be asked for.

Also there is an ordinance requiring a tax to be paid on all dogs kept in the city limits, and hereafter all dogs found on the streets of Canyon City without a license tag will be taken care of.

Also all cows being driven to pasture and left standing on the street while gathering the rest of the herd together will be impounded.

J. H. Jowell,  
City Marshal.

**HOT WEATHER DRINKS**



at zero prices. Here's the right kind. They are made of the purest materials. For pleasure and health try A BIG GLASS of our famous Orange Julip at the City Pharmacy.

It will lower your temperature and make you wish that all the year was summer.

**CITY PHARMACY**  
"THE REXALL STORE"

**THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION ANDY GREEN**

Will make Fall season, commencing July 1st. at my barn adjoining Canyon. Terms \$12.50 to insure living colt. I will only be at barn morning, noon and evening, unless by special arrangement. Pedigree can be seen at barn.

**H. C. ROFFEY**

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News.

**THE OLD SAYING**

"Make hay while the sun shines" is an eternal truth.

We never know when the storm clouds of hard times are going to break, but the man who has "made hay" and is sheltered under the thatch of a good bank account has little cause to worry. Drop into the bank and start your saving account today, TOMORROW IS "A THIEF OF TIME."

**First State Bank**

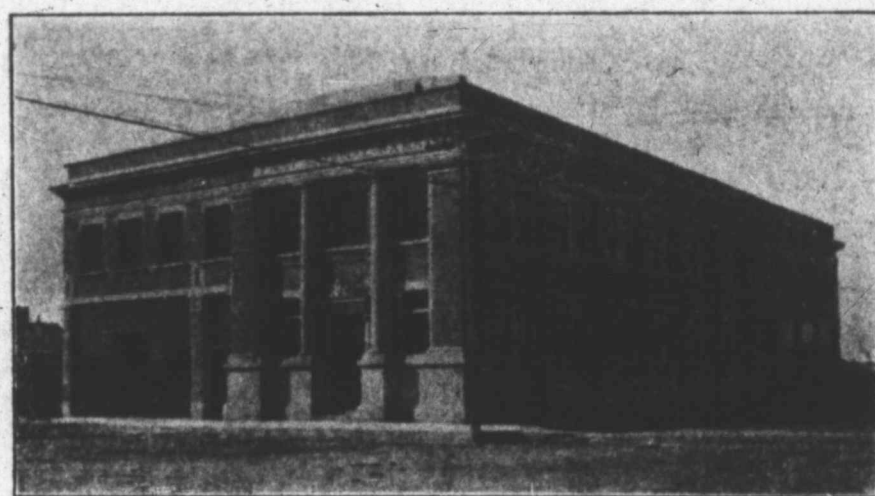
**PLAINVIEW NURSERY**

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.

L. N. Dalmont, Manager N. J. Secrest, General Agent  
Roy Terrell, Salesman Jeff Pippin, Salesman Jim Celsor, Salesman

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

Read the ads in this issue.



**AN INVITATION TO ALL BUSINESS MEN**

As the First National bank grows in capacity to serve it desires also to enlarge its opportunity to do so.

There are many business houses in Canyon that would find at this bank just the kind of service and encouragement they most need.

An invitation is extended to business men to confer with our officers concerning their financial needs and give this bank an opportunity to add its service to their endeavor.

**The First National Bank of Canyon**

Capital : : \$400,000  
Surplus and Profits : : \$ 30,000





**Telephone for Aid**

The DOCTOR, for man or beast, is only one of those you may summon instantly by

**Bell Telephone**

A perfect means of guarding against emergencies and overcoming loneliness.

Now is a good time to learn how YOU can get this service.

THE Southwestern Telephone and Telephone Co. DALLAS - TEXAS



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

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**

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

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

**Claude Wolcott, Physician**  
Practice limited to the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat  
CATARRH GLASSES FITTED  
uite 2, Fuqua Bldg. Phone 606  
Amarillo, Texas

**Dr. K. J. Clements**  
OSTEOPATH

From Amarillo will be in Canyon Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 9 to 11:30.  
Graduate from the American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo.  
Office Room 24 First National Bank Building.

**B. Frank Buie** Rector **L. Lester**  
**Buie & Lester, Lawyers**  
Phone 84 Canyon, Texas  
Will practice in all the courts of Texas. Your patronage solicited.

**The Canyon City Abstract Company**

Work Promptly Done

**FLESHER BROS. Managers**  
Office in Court House. Phone 210

**Improved Texas Guinea Hogs**

I have a number of good boars for sale—no sows at this time. These hogs are best adapted for range life and are more profitable than any other hog on the market. Come and see my herd before buying. Only prize winning boars head my herd.

Wilton Winn, Canyon, Texas

**Fine Polled Hereford Herd.**

Wilton Winn has the only herd of Polled Hereford cattle in this section of the state. These cattle he recently brought from Santa Anna where he has raised the Polled Herefords and has been very successful. He was one of the early raisers of the breed and probably the originator of the same. Mr. Winn has 100 in his herd. He says that the largest herd of this breed in the world is only 125 and that he hopes within a short time to have the world's record in size of herd.

The Polled Herefords are marked much as the regular Hereford cattle, with the exceptions of the horns. The horns have been bred off of this particular variety. Mr. Winn claims that they are better milkers and are better beef cattle than the Herefords. He says that they are much more hardy.

Mr. Winn heads the herd with Arminion, sired by Dominion, the great prize winning Polled Hereford. Mr. Winn received Arminion a few weeks ago, paying \$350 for the animal. He is a double standard bull, being registered in both the American Hereford association and the American Polled Hereford association. Being double standard means that somewhere back one or more of his ancestors had horns and were therefore registered in the American Hereford association.

Mr. Winn has in the herd three young calves, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Marshall and Champ Clark who he believes are prize winners. Wilson and Marshall were born on November 10, the day after the election last fall.

Mr. Winn came to Randall county on account of the splendid adaptability of the country for fine stock raising. He is greatly pleased with the prospects of the Plains as a breeding and feeding place for stock and especially for pure breeds. He is planning on making many improvements in his herd and it will not be long until the people of the country may expect to see Mr. Winn become the largest breeder of Polled Herefords in the United States.

**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)

**A Good Investment.**

W. D. Magli, a well known merchant of Whitemond, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine so as to be able to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the cost of the entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)

**Smashed Foot.**

C. N. Harrison suffered a very badly smashed foot last week while unhitching his horse. The animal was moving around trying to eat off the ground when Mr. Harrison kicked him to make him stand still. The barn door stood partly open and into this the horse started. The buggy caught Mr. Harrison's foot under the wheel and the horse fell back in such a manner as to throw most of his weight and the weight of the buggy on Mr. Harrison's foot. Two bones were broken. He has been on crutches and will be unable to walk very well for a few days yet.

**The Best Medicine in the World.**

"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)



**After any Sickness or Operation**

doctors prescribe SCOTT'S EMULSION—it contains the vital elements nature craves to repair waste, create pure blood and build physical strength. No Alcohol or Opiate. Scott & Towne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-23

**Park District Wins.**

In the inspection of the districts of the city Thursday afternoon, the district supervised by D. A. Park was awarded first place, the one supervised by B. T. Johnson was given second and the one by C. R. McAfee given third place. The inspection committee consisted of Messdames D. M. Stewart, F. M. Wilson, C. R. Burrow and C. E. Coss. The ladies were accompanied by Mayor F. M. Wilson and City Health Officer G. J. Parsons.

The award of first place to the Park district was no surprise to the people who have watched proceedings in this district. Every morning for over two weeks, more than fifteen men have been at work from six until seven and eight o'clock cleaning up the district in general. The other two districts have received less attention although several mornings were spent in each, cleaning up.

**Surprising Cure of Stomach Trouble.**

When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine that your case is beyond help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Mrs. G. Stengle, Plainfield, N. J., writes, "For over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's advertising booklets came to me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)

**The Best Hot Weather Tonic**  
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC enriches the blood, builds up the whole system and will wonderfully strengthen and fortify you to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. 50c. (Advertisement)

**Floyd County Club.**

Floyd county has the largest representation of students in the Normal of any county in the state. There are 37 from this county. These young people have organized a club and elected officers. They had their picture taken recently which will appear in the annual.

**Monograms Didn't Come.**

The Monograms of Amarillo didn't come Saturday nor sent no word of explanation. A large crowd had gathered to witness the game. A five inning game was played by the members of the Canyon team after waiting an hour for Amarillo.

**Will Move Here.**

H. C. King of St. Frances is in the city looking for a house. He will move here in September in order to take advantage of the splendid schools. Mr. King says that there are a number of fine families who are contemplating moving to Canyon this year.

**ECHOES FROM AMARILLO.**

**Amarillo Happenings Always Interest Our Readers.**

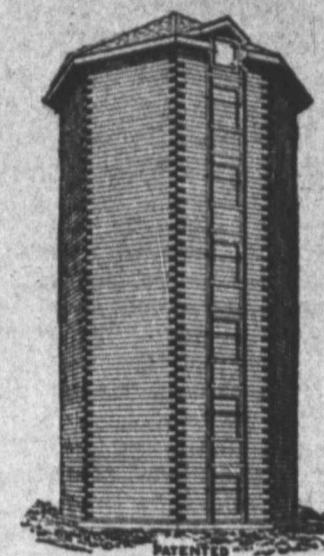
After reading of so many people in our town who have been cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, the question naturally arises: "Is this medicine equally successful in our neighboring towns?" The generous statement of this Amarillo resident leaves no room for doubt on this point.

Mrs. S. O. Winn, 605 Jefferson st., Amarillo, Texas, says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills when I lived at Clayton and they gave me relief from backache after other remedies had failed to help me. I was also rid of a feeling of languor and nervousness and my strength and energy was restored. I found Doan's Kidney Pills to be a very effective kidney tonic.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. (Advertisement)

**Common Sense SILO**



Made in a common sense way for common sense people. Made of 2x4 right out of our stock and lined with our prepared roofing. No delay. No complications. Any one who can saw straight can erect it. No need of an expert. Call and let us talk it over with you.

**CANYON LUMBER CO.**

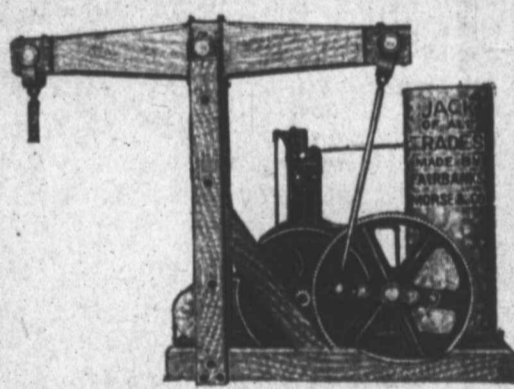
**Our Clerks Know How**



To serve any and all kinds of cold drinks as well as how to flavor to please. Try a glass of our grape juices, coco-cola, limeade or cherry, and test the truth of the above statement. We serve all kinds of egg drinks that are so refreshing in summer. Our drinks and cream tickle the palate.

**Holland Drug Company**  
"The Living and Leading Druggists"  
Phone 90 Phone 90

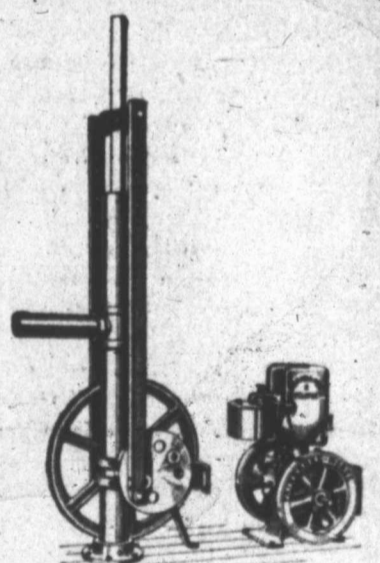
**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS**



Walking Beam Pumper  
Made in 2 and 4 H. P. Sizes

**NOTICE TO DEALERS AND STOCKMEN**

For the convenience of our patrons we are now carrying a stock of



No. 2 Eclipse Engine  
Made in Two Sizes

(Note how engine can be detached from jack)

**FAIRBANKS MORSE**

ENGINES AT AMARILLO

THIS WILL SAVE YOU FREIGHT AND TIME

MR. DEALER---Write, wire or phone us and immediate shipment will be made

MR. STOCKMAN---Your dealer can get them at once for you

Fairbanks Morse Engines are the old reliable and each one is guaranteed.

WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR ORDERS

**TEXAS MACHINERY AND SUPPLY CO.**  
DALLAS, TEXAS



**The Randall County News.**  
Incorporated under the laws of Texas  
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

G. O. Keiser, President  
Oscar Hunt, Vice President  
C. W. Warwick, Sec'y-Treasurer  
Directors: G. O. Keiser, Oscar Hunt, C. W. Warwick, J. E. Wickelman.

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

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

Thanks to the hard days work of the large body of good men of our city, Canyon is almost a clean town. There is considerable work yet to be done. We are not yet to a point of perfection, which we can win by a little more work. Tomorrow is the first of the month and we must be ready for the inspector when he should arrive. Keep busy men until he comes. Every street should be raked with a garden rake and all the little pieces of rubbish piled and burned. There is much work yet to be done. If you have your district perfectly clean, help your neighbor. Canyon is so nearly a clean city that we ought not to give up at this point. Stay in the game until the umpire announces the score. The inspector may be here tomorrow and he may not come for a couple of weeks. Work hard until he does come and don't stop after he has made his first visit. He might come again, and we want the town cleaner on his second visit than it was on the first. And he might make a third visit. He judges by the conditions he finds. Let's make these conditions perfect.

Yes, the men of Canyon are workers. There was never a busier bunch of men on the face of the earth than right here in Canyon all day Friday and Wed-

**LIVER GETTING LAZY? DON'T STOP WORKING**

Take Dodson's Liver Tone and Go About Your Business. It Will Liven Up Your Liver Without Harm.

A bilious attack or constipation can be relieved in a short while by a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone—the mild vegetable remedy that every druggist guarantees.

Just ask the City Pharmacy about Dodson's Liver Tone. They know that it is a harmless preparation that starts the liver without violence and puts you in to shape with out interfering with your habits. This store guarantees it to be all that, and will give you your money back if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tone gives you quick, easy relief.

Dodson's Liver Tone is for both grown-ups and children. It has a pleasant taste, and is safe and reliable. The price is 50 cents for a large bottle, and your 50 cents back if you tell the City Pharmacy that it hasn't been a benefit to you.

Don't take calomel and don't buy imitations of Dodson's Liver Tone—you may run into danger if you do.

Buy Dodson's—the medicine that City Pharmacy recommends and guarantees.

(Advertisement)

**EXCURSIONS GALVESTON**

Saturday, August 2nd  
Cotton Carnival and other attractions.

Take a dip in the sea  
Through train leaves Canyon 7:30 a. m. Arrive at Galveston 9:25 following morning.

Round trip \$12.90

R. McGee, Agt.

**COMBINATION**

Publishers, Advertisers and Manufacturers Unite

By HOLLAND.

IN union there is strength. Did you ever write this in your copybook? Well, it is true, anyway.

One of the effective combinations of the business world is composed of publishers, advertisers and manufacturers. They are united in the effort to see that the public gets value received. Their interests are identical.

No one of the trio can make money without the others share it. And they cannot make money for themselves without making money for the public. The interests of all are interwoven so closely as to be practically identical. You should join this combination and enjoy the benefits to be derived from it. Take full advantage of the advertising columns and be sure of getting a dollar's worth for every dollar you spend.

**ADVERTISEMENTS WILL KEEP YOU FULLY INFORMED.**

They will tell you where to buy, when to buy, what to buy. It is true economy to read the advertisements, for they will insure your getting the greatest value when you spend your money.

nesday. With a few exceptions, every man in town got out and worked hard. Each one is proud of the results accomplished and each is now certain that if Canyon does not win this year we can easily win next year since so much work done this week will make the town much cleaner to start with than it was this year. Keep at it until the contest closes. The inspector may make a second or third trip to our city. Let's have things looking better each time he comes.

Today (Friday) every business house in Canyon, except hotels and restaurants, is closed, and the entire town has joined together for a clean-up. That's the system. As soon as Clarendon folks get inoculated with that spirit, we'll begin to win prizes, and funerals, excepting those caused by extreme old age will be unknown.—Clarendon News.

And Clarendon is in the Hollann Magazine contest, too. The only difference between Canyon and Clarendon is that Clarendon is just in the contest while Canyon is in to win. Come to Canyon to live.

Editor Jamison of the Canadian Record, got out a 16 page paper last week boosting his town. And Jamison has a good town to boost too.

Fifty Iowans are petitioning President Wilson to send Roosevelt to Mexico as ambassador. Nope, that sounds too much like intervention.

Most of the Panhandle towns are making a great cry now for live Commercial Clubs. Sub! You might wake Canyon's.

Governor Colquitt and Jake Wolters have agreed to disagree. What next?

**To Prevent Blood Poisoning**  
Apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a liniment. 25c. 50c. \$1.00. (Advertisement)

**Methodist Picnic.**

The members of the Methodist church will have a picnic next Tuesday on the north creek. A bountiful picnic dinner will be taken. All of the members of the church are invited to spend the day together.

Mrs. V. Edna Henson, Mrs. H. M. Morehead and Miss Maud Wheaton attended the Christian Science reading service in Amarillo Sunday.

**THE PRINCESS IRENE**

By EVELYN SAYBROOKE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The king was troubled. The crown prince had come to a marriageable age, and it seemed quite probable that there was no one coming within the law of the land for him to marry. He must unite if at all with one of royal blood, and it so happened that among all the unmarried daughters of sovereigns there was scarcely one of suitable age for the heir to the throne. Some of these girls had died in infancy, some had retired to convents and some had grown to be old maids.

The prince was a fine fellow, the idol of the people and a distinguished soldier. At the time of his coming of age he was in the army on the frontier fighting the battles of his country. He had given himself no concern at taking a wife, preferring the tented field to "capering nimbly in a lady's chamber." His father, not knowing the condition of the royal matrimonial market, instructed one of his ministers to find a wife for his son. The minister looked the field over and was astonished to find that among all the royal families there was but one princess a suitable match for the crown prince, and she was not of royal blood on her mother's side. A proposition for an alliance was dispatched to her father, and the king, not dreaming of a refusal, wrote his son informing him that a wife had been provided for him.

What was the king's astonishment and disappointment to receive a reply from the lady's father saying that his daughter declined the alliance, since she was bent on devoting her life to the poor and would not marry. The king sent several embassies to endeavor to alter the princess' determination, but each and every one of them came back foiled. Finally his majesty was obliged to write his son that the intended marriage had fallen through.

The princess—Irene, was her name—was really a devoted woman. Every morning she visited the poor and the sick, ministering to both, and every afternoon she held a reception of those who were able to come to her to ask for assistance. At one of these receptions a young man appeared, his arm bound in a sling, walking with a crutch, his face pale and emaciated, his dark eyes forming a marked contrast with his white cheeks.

"What can I do for you?" asked the princess.

"Nothing—that is, nothing more than what you are doing in permitting me to gaze on you. I am a soldier who has been grievously wounded and, having also contracted disease by exposure, am rapidly going down to my grave. I have heard of your charities and have seen your portrait. It occurred to me that if I could look upon your face I might recover."

"If a mere trifle like that will cure you," said the princess, "you are quite welcome to come here every day at my reception hour and gaze upon me to your heart's content."

"Then in a short time I shall be strong again," said the soldier.

He remained till the audience was over, then withdrew. The next day he came again and the next—indeed, every day when the princess entered the audience chamber there was the young soldier sitting among the suppliants, his large, lustrous eyes turned always upon her. The pailor gradually left his face, he divested himself of his sling, threw away his crutch and in time stood erect. Then suddenly he appeared to lose all he had gained, and while his wounds had healed his health seemed to have suffered a relapse that would likely soon put him in his grave. The princess noticed the change and asked him if there was anything she could do to restore him.

"You can make me well," he said, "but you could not do that without making a great sacrifice, and that, even if you should consent, I would not permit."

The princess urged him to tell her what was this sacrifice, but he would not. Nevertheless he grew weaker and weaker every day and at last could only drag himself to the audience.

"Farewell," he said. "This is the last visit I shall ever be able to make you. I have not enough strength left to come again."

"I implore you," replied the princess, "to tell me of the sacrifice that will save your life."

"I will tell you," said the invalid, "but it will make no difference. I am dying of a desire to possess your love as I love you."

The blood came slowly into the princess' face, for she had discovered the young man's malady before he had spoken it. Their eyes met, and they understood each other.

One day the king, who had proposed to the princess for his son's wife, received a letter from the prince. He told his father he had been wounded and had been ill. His life had been despaired of, but he had been saved by a woman who had promised to marry him. He enjoined his father to prepare for the wedding.

The king, notwithstanding his disappointment that his son could not marry the only woman suitable to his rank, made the preparations. The prince returned from camp the day before the ceremony, and his intended wife arrived at the same time. The hair apparent led the lady to his father and introduced her:

"The Princess Irene."

**SALE**

Saturday, August 2 and Monday, August 4

Our entire stock of Oxfords and Pumps will be on sale at **25 per cent discount** Also men's and boys' Straw Hats will go at **One-Half Regular Price** on these dates.

*The Canyon City Supply Co.*  
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES  
CANYON, TEXAS

**Society Notes.**

Mrs. Oscar Hunt entertained Monday afternoon in honor of Grandma Sevall of Amarillo. A number of her old time friends were present. They were received by Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Sevall and conducted to the living room where punch was served. They were then led to the parlor where a very pleasing program was given. Grandma Lester told in her own delightful way how the young men of her day proposed. Mrs. Brown sang several old time songs by note from an old song book she has owned 48 years. Ice cream and cake were served.

The members of the B division of the Book Club entertained Tuesday night at a progressive party. The guests met at the C. T. Word home where punch was served. They were then taken on hay frames to the W. F. Heller home where a conversational party was conducted on the lawn. The next stopping place was the W. G. Word home where a musical program was given. The fourth and final stop was made at the Rev. A. B. Haynes home where ice cream and cake were served and the party disbanded. Fifty guests were present to enjoy the most delightful entertainment of the ladies.

**Notice.**

Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the P. J. Green Hardware Company, or their successor, B. E. Kelly, that all of said accounts are due and payable to me; I having been appointed Receiver for said firms by the Hon. District Court of Randall county, Texas, and am acting under orders of the court.

An early settlement is necessary in order to avoid costs.  
S. B. Lofton, Receiver.

Uriah Jones, Hezekiah Brown and John Peter Smith all say that Hunt's Lightning Oil stops Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other pains. Just try a 50c or 25c bottle from your druggist.

(Advertisement)

R. A. Terrill was in Amarillo Wednesday.

**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—Brown Game Bantams, 1 cock, 3 hens, 4 half-grown, 7 baby chicks—15 in all. Nice pets and good layers. Sell all together. Price right. Methodist Parsonage.

For Sale—"New Stand Encyclopedia," 12 volumes in good condition. Cost \$50.00, will take \$15.00. A bargain to the first who calls. On display at the News office. F. M. Neal.

Found—Dark reddish leather suit case last Friday. Owner can have same by paying for this notice.

For Sale—The Olin farm, 640 acres, 3 miles north of the Normal, soil, improvements, location unsurpassed. A bargain for whole section or will divide. H. J. Weber.

FOR RENT—I have for rent, one four room house furnished, on Houston St., two blocks west from square. Another five rooms and hall furnished, on Houston st. four blocks west from square. Sidewalk all the way to Normal. 15tf John A. Wallace.

For Sale—New Majestic range at considerable discount. Also Rapid Fireless cooker almost new. Mrs. M. A. Locke. Call after 4 o'clock or at any hour Monday. 15tf

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. Furnished. Mrs. M. S. Gatewood.

Samples of Texas Farm & Ranch and Holland's Magazine free at the News office.

For Sale—We are offering for sale one Jersey bull calf sired by Sir Peacock Dan Josephine H. S. G. No. 197472. Start right and get a good bull at the head of your herd and get more butter profits because the Jersey yields more butter fat at less net cost of keep than any other breed. For full description and price write N. H. Baldwin. 154t

Posted—My place north of the city is posted and all persons are warned not to trespass on same. 184t W. C. Baird.

For Sale—Well pump, cylinder and sixty feet of piping and rod. Price \$15.00. Mrs. M. S. Gatewood. 1t

**Remember.**

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

Hunt's Cure rapidly destroys Itch, Ringworms, Itching Piles, Eczema, Tetter and like troubles. Under its influence the diseased cuticle scales off leaving a smooth white, healthy skin in its place. A wonderful remedy for only 50 cents a box. (Advertisement)

**Calomel is Bad.**

But Simmons' Liver Purifier is delightfully pleasant and its action is thorough. Constipation yields; biliousness goes. A trial convinces. [In Yellow Tin Boxes Only.] Tried once always used. (Advertisement)

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Rose of Clayton, N. M., left Monday after spending a few days with their daughter, Mrs. S. C. Whitman. Rev. Rose is a minister in the Free Methodist church.

**WE** have to pay for our meats when we get them and will expect the same of our customers. When we pay cash, sell on time and have several disputed accounts, we cannot succeed. So please pay for your meats when delivered. Thanking you in advance, we are  
Yours to please,  
**THE CITY MEAT MARKET**



# TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS

A community interest prevails between the railroads and the people. Unless the people prosper the railroads cannot hope to prosper. On the other hand, unless the railroads are permitted to earn sufficient money to give good service, the people cannot enjoy the full measure of prosperity.

Railroads are today operated under the strictest regulations. They cannot charge one cent for any service that is not authorized by officers chosen by the people. In law and good morals, these officers of the people who fix the charges that can be collected by the railroads for services performed, must fix such charges high enough to pay all legitimate operating expenses, plus an amount that will pay a reasonable return upon the value of the railroad property devoted to the use of the public.

Suppose the Legislature should pass a law taking from the pockets of the people a million dollars a year to pay the salaries of public officials not needed at all, nor whose services could be utilized in the interest of the public in any manner, would such a course be approved by the people as a whole?

We think not.

The operating expenses of railroads affect the public just as much as the taxes they pay. In one instance the taxes are collected by public officials; in the other instance the rates fixed by public officials are collected by the railroads.

It is just as impossible for the Legislature or the courts and juries to impose unjust burdens upon the railroads, without at the same time placing the burden upon the shoulders of the producers and shippers, as it is to create new public offices and expect the tax payers to be relieved of meeting the expenses of such places.

Under the present system of levying taxes in Texas, the State Tax Board takes into consideration the appropriations made by the Legislature and levies a tax high enough to bring in sufficient money to meet the expenses of government.

In fixing freight rates, the same rule applies. The commission, after ascertaining what the railroads have to pay out for operating expenses, taxes, personal injuries, etc., fixes the rate high enough to pay all such expenses, and in addition thereto, a

fair return on the value of the property used for the public. Therefore, the higher the operating expenses, taxes and personal injury payments, the higher must be the rates the people have to pay.

It is the sincere desire of the managers of the Texas railroads to give the public good service, and at the least possible cost to you. And we respectfully and earnestly ask you, in your own interest, to assist us in doing so, and thereby protect yourselves against unjust and unnecessary burdens.

We desire to express our appreciation to the producers of Texas who have made a study of the question, and have taken intelligent action to protect themselves against the infliction of unjust and unnecessary burdens.

We respectfully ask you to study this so-called "Railroad Problem" closely. We welcome the most searching and minute inquiry. There is so much in common between the railroads and the producers, that a better understanding and closer cooperation is bound to benefit all concerned.

## GENERAL MANAGERS TEXAS RAILROADS

### LOCAL NEWS.

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

Mrs. A. E. Stallings of Tullia is visiting at the home of her son, U. S. Gober.

Mrs. S. M. Downing left Saturday for Covington, Okla., for a two weeks visit with relatives.

Mrs. J. M. Shinn returned Saturday from Chicago.

Burroughs & Jarrett NEW DRUG STORE. Try our toilet preparations. It

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Turner were in Amarillo Friday to meet Mrs. Turner's sister, Mrs. R. W. Greathouse.

Fay Gober of Wichita Fall visited at the parental U. S. Gober home last week.

W. E. Bates was in Amarillo Friday.

A full line of Colgates Toilet preparations at Burroughs & Jarrett's New Drug Store. It

Mrs. W. H. Muldrow, son and daughter, of Amarillo visited at the home of H. E. Muldrow last week.

Rev. F. M. Neal will leave next Wednesday for Weatherford to attend the Golden Wedding anniversary of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Neal.

Call The Leader when in need for California fruit and vegetables.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foster of Redland, California visited A. F. Bates and other relatives in Canyon Friday.

Mrs. J. J. Fogarty and children left Friday for Oklahoma where they will visit with relatives for a month.

Colgates perfumery is the best. Get it at Burroughs & Jarrett's.

R. A. Campbell was in Happy Monday.

COME IN and DRINK WITH US. Our Soda Fountain service is fine. Burroughs & Jarrett. It

Dr. T. J. Wells of Erick, Okla., visited at the Jno. A. Wallace home last week.

Ewing Prichard was in Amarillo Monday to meet his sister, Mrs. I. H. Pressler.

15 and 12 1-2 cents lawns Saturday only for 10 cents per yard. The Leader.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Foster of Proctor are visiting at the home of their brother, G. G. Foster. They will stay in the county for several months.

Mrs. Dan K. Usery and mother, Mrs. C. F. Rudolph of Stratford returned Monday night from Omaha, Nebr., where Mrs. Rudolph was taken for medical treatment. Mr. Rudolph joined his wife in Amarillo and will visit at the Usery home in the city.

1000 NEW POST CARDS. Come in and look 'em over. Burroughs & Jarrett's NEW DRUG STORE. It

Mrs. F. P. Lake left Saturday for Weatherford where she will attend a family reunion. She was joined in Amarillo by her father and mother.

Mezdames F. M. Wilson and C. N. Harrison were Amarillo callers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Guinn of Hereford are visiting at the T. F. Reid home.

Plums for sale at \$2.00 per bushel. Phone 78. L. S. Carter. It

R. M. Leonard left Tuesday for his home in Tullia after spending a few weeks in the city.

L. A. Pierce and daughter, Pearl were Amarillo callers Saturday.

C. W. Warwick will leave Saturday morning for a few weeks visit with Iowa relatives. The business of the News will be well taken care of by the boys in the office. We would like to have all make a special effort to send in all the news you hear and for the correspondents to furnish a good letter each week. It will be very much appreciated if the advertisers will be a little more prompt in getting copy ready. Try to have all advertising copy in the office by Wednesday morning.

One new student registered at the Normal Tuesday. She is here to review work for the state examinations this fall.

S. V. Wirt carries a full line of paints, oils, glass and wall paper. Trade with him for best prices. It

Miss Maggie Avent was in Hereford Monday helping to arrange the Domestic Science laboratory, where she will teach next year.

B. W. Bryant and family came in Monday and are visiting at the home of G. L. Abbott

Miss E. Steth left Monday for Panhandle where she will visit relatives.

A LINE DRIVE to Burroughs & Jarrett's NEW DRUG STORE for any thing you need in their line. We have school supplies, tablets, art material, pencils, pens, Magazines, Colgate's perfumery. Everything right up to now. It

Mrs. J. F. Rogers who has been visiting at the home of L. Rusk returned to her home Sunday in Arnett, Okla.

Loose Wiles crackers and cakes handled only by The Leader. It

Miss Sarah Johnson of Amarillo visited her sister, Miss Waltha Johnson in Canyon Sunday.

Try some of Heinz 57 variety at The Leader. It

Mrs. R. L. Greer left Sunday for Kansas City where she will make a six weeks visit with relatives.

Miss Dorsey Kate Phillips left Tuesday for her home in Kaufman after spending the summer with Mrs. C. R. Rurrow.

NEW KODAKS—KODAKS for RENT—KODAKS to SELL. Films and finishing. Burroughs & Jarrett's New Drug Store. It

Mr. and Mr. A. S. Rollins of Amarillo were in the city Friday

George Yates was an Amarillo caller Wednesday.

Jim Redfean was a business caller in Amarillo Wednesday.

Lost—Gold medal, clover leaf pattern, letters G. B. H. '09. Finder please leave at City Pharmacy or News office for reward. It

Mrs. Jack Wells of Stephenville a sister of John A. Wallace, and Mrs Ed McCleskey of Lingleville, his aunt are visiting at the Wallace home.

BIGGEST LINE OF PIPES in Canyon. Meerchaums, Calabash and "oodles" of cheaper kind. Burroughs & Jarrett are the boys that sell them.

John Guthrie uses V-Ava on the autos in his garage. He pointed to the can the other morning and said: "That is certainly the stuff for these cars. I am urging auto owners to use it." For sale at the News office. Get a can today. It

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)

See the announcement of Andy Green on page 2 of this issue. 15tf

Threshermen's books at the News office. It

A nice lot of lawns Saturday only, 15 and 12 1-2 cent goods for only 10 cents per yard. It

S. R. Archambeau of Perry, Mo., is visiting at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. E. Muldrow.

County Commissioner E. W. Neece has a new Overland car.

Call The Leader for close prices on case goods. It

Mayor Gee of Amarillo was a business caller in the city Wednesday. He complimented the men of the city very highly on the splendid clean up spirit they were manifesting.

Mrs. J. E. Brooks of Claude visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. E. Gullede.

Pop, milk shake, home made candy. Best in town. Cowart's Candy Kitchen. It

Rev. C. E. Cannedy of Seymour preached two very able sermons Sunday at the Baptist church.

Mrs. McIntire returned Sunday from a week spent with her parents in Hereford.

WATCH the NEW DRUG STORE GROW. Burroughs & Jarrett. It

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stephenson of Happy visited in the city over Sunday. Mr. Stephenson is closing up the business of the Happy Lumber Company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crowley left Tuesday for Greenfield, Iowa where they will visit relatives.

### THE BEST HOT WEATHER TONIC, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

The Old Standard, General Tonic. Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System.

FOR GROWN PEOPLE AND CHILDREN.

It is a combination of QUININE and IRON in a tasteless form that wonderfully strengthens and fortifies the system to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthening. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50 cents.

### Plainview Steam Laundry

I am agent for the Plainview Steam Laundry and I will appreciate your patronage. All work is fully guaranteed. Laundry gathered on Monday and Thursday. Deliveries made Thursday and Saturday. Phone 71. Prompt and careful service.

W. J. Rattikin, Agent



## 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

### 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

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

### DAINTY COSTUME MUCH LIKED

Short Wraps of Delicate Fabrics Have Worthily Engaged Attention of Fashionable Women.

The little wrap known as the "mantelet" has been adopted by Paris with an enthusiasm not surprising when the beauty of the models is seen. They are combinations of lovely line and color and in the supple moire, bengaline, silk tapestries and brocades they give a decided decorative note to an afternoon or evening costume.

The short bolero with a postillion back is one of the favorites, although longer mantelets give more protection and for that reason should appeal to women who desire utility as well as beauty.

The kimono sleeve seems to be favored above all others, coming in elbow, three-quarter and full lengths. It is finished with a deep cuff in most instances. The dropped armhole is used if the material is not wide enough. Cord outlines this seam and gives a firmness at the line of wear.

Revers may be used, contrasting colors being good. Collars that show a variety of cut and draping are important features. One collar of soft silk is draped over the shoulders and caught in under cabochons or ornaments of cord. Another collar at the back completely covers the back in the form of a draped hood of soft moire that is weighted down by heavy tassels.

Cutaway lines in front are used. These give a good freedom in walking and allow a mantelet to be longer at the back than at the front.

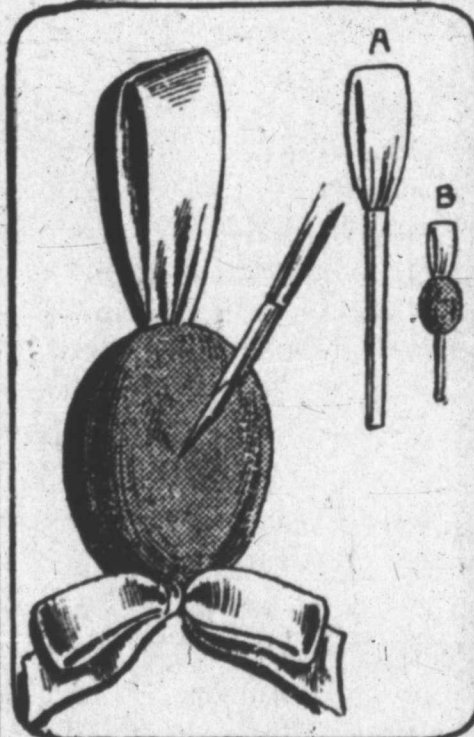
Blue, taupe, gray and mixtures in colors are the shades most favored. These harmonize with any color in a gown beneath and are generally becoming to the average woman.

These mantelets have earned a niche in fashion's gallery. They are rivals of the topcoat, which will never be discarded from spring and summer wardrobes.

### FINEST KIND OF PENWIPER

Homely Potato May Be Adorned and Made Use Of to the Best Advantage.

This little novelty will appeal to those of our readers who are fond of making quaint and unusual things, and though it will not last a very long time, it is so easily constructed that it can be remade in a few moments. It merely consists of a small potato, and a piece of brightly colored ribbon. The potato should, of course, be thoroughly washed before it is used, and a small hole, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, must be made through it. Then the two ends of the ribbon are slipped through the hole and tied in a square bow at the base of the potato, and the penwiper is complete. A good way of passing the ribbon through the hole is to roll a piece of paper tightly round it in the manner shown in diagram A. Diagram B illustrates the potato after the ribbon has been slipped through, when the paper round it can, of course, be pulled away and



the two ends tied together. The paper serves a double purpose, as it will also prevent the ribbon from becoming soiled during its passage through the potato.

The pens are cleaned by pressing the points of the nibs into the potato; and it will be found quite easy to do this, and the potato will clean the pens better than any wiper made of wool or cloth.

### Dressy Little Bows for the Neck.

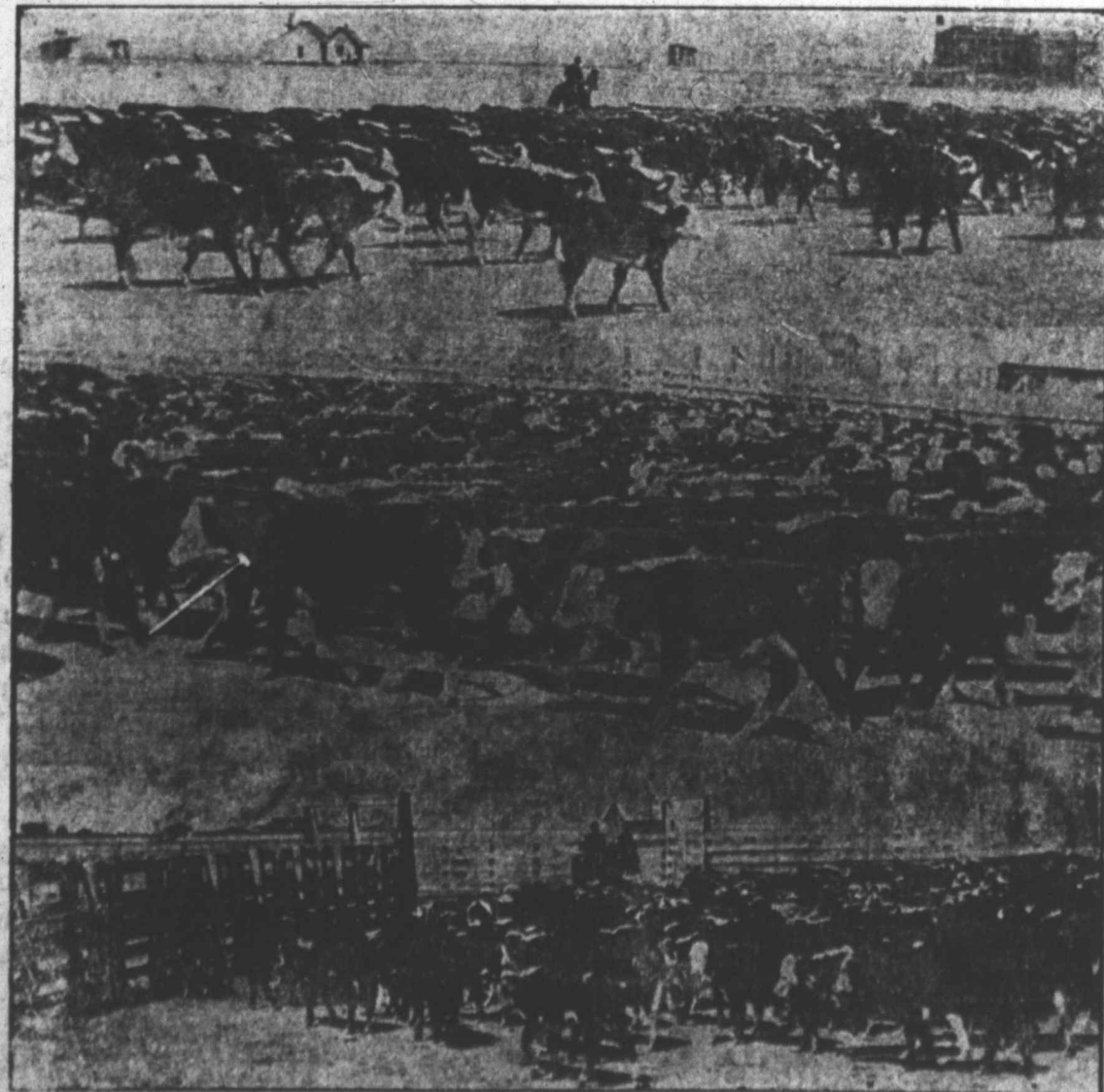
This is a season of bows, and there are a great variety of designs. Small bows of color, showing a combination of silk and lace, or velvet and lace, are especially attractive. Many are trimmed with rhinestone buttons. Quite a number are made with ends in jabot form, the bow at the top being rather small. Bulgarian silks are made up into bow and jabot effects. Other materials employed are crepe de chine, plain taffetas, and flowered silks. Besides the entire bow of Bulgarian design, touches of Bulgarian colors are also used in giving an enlivening color to many of the white designs.

### Lights on the Table.

Candles in colors to match the color scheme are used for decoration and light on the dinner table, says the New Haven Journal-Courier. If one candelabrum is used, it is placed in the center of the table; if two or more they are placed at the ends. Single candlesticks are set at intervals along the sides and on the corners of the table.



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# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

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Betty nodded. "It makes one wish they'd finish their railroads, doesn't it? Do you suppose they'll ever get as far west as Memphis?" she said.

"They say it's going to be bad for the river trade when they're built on something besides paper," answered Carrington. "And I happen to be a flatboatman, Miss Malroy."

No more was said just then, for Betty became reserved and did not attempt to resume the conversation. A day later they rumbled into Washington, and as Betty descended from the coach Carrington stepped to her side.

"I suppose you'll stop here, Miss Malroy," he said, indicating the tavern before which the stage had come to a stand.

"Yes," said Betty, briefly. "If I can be of any service to you—" he began, with just a touch of awkwardness in his manner.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Carrington," said Betty quickly.

"Good night . . . good-by." He turned away, and Betty saw his tall form disappear in the twilight.

A month and more had elapsed since Bob Yancy's trial. Just two days later man and boy disappeared from Scratch Hill. Murrell was soon on their trail and pressing forward in hot pursuit. Reaching the mountains, he heard of them first as ten days ahead of him and bound for west Tennessee; the ten days dwindled to a week, the week became five days, the five days three; and now as he emerged from the last range of hills he caught sight of them.

Yancy glanced back at the blue wall of the mountains where it lay along the horizon.

"Well, Nevvy," he said, "we've put a heap of distance between us and old Scratch Hill."

For the past ten days their journey had been conducted in a leisurely fashion. As Yancy said, they were seeing the world, and it was well to take a good look at it while they had a chance.

Suddenly out of the silence came the regular beat of hoofs. These grew nearer and nearer, and at last when they were quite close, Yancy faced about. Smilingly Murrell reined in his horse.

"Why—Bob Yancy!" he cried in apparent astonishment.

"Yes, sir—Bob Yancy. Does it happen you are looking for him, Captain?" inquired Yancy.

"No—no, Bob. I'm on my way west."

Murrell slipped from his saddle and fell into step at Yancy's side as they moved forward.

"They were mightily stirred up at the Cross Roads when I left, wondering what had come of you," he observed.

"That's kind of them," responded Yancy, a little dryly. There was no reason for it, but he was becoming distrustful of Murrell, and uneasy.

They went forward in silence. A sudden turn in the road brought them to the edge of an extensive clearing.

Close to the road there were several buildings, but not a tree had been spared to shelter them and they stood forth starkly, the completing touch to a civilization that was still in its youth, unkempt, rather savage, and ruthlessly utilitarian. A sign announced the dingy structure of logs nearest the roadside a tavern.

From the door of the tavern the figure of a man emerged. He was black-haired and bull-necked, and there was about him a certain shagreen which a recent toilet performed at the horse trough had not served to mitigate.

"Howdy?" he drawled.

"Howdy?" responded Mr. Yancy. "Shall you stop here?" asked Murrell, sinking his voice. Yancy nodded.

"Can you put us up?" inquired Murrell, turning to the tavern-keeper.

"I reckon that's what I'm here for," said Slosson. Murrell glanced about the empty yard. "Slack," observed Slosson languidly. "Yes, sir, slack's the only name for it." It was understood he referred to the state of trade.

He looked from one to the other of the two men. As his eyes rested on Murrell, that gentleman raised the first three fingers of his right hand. The gesture was ever so little, yet it seemed to have a tonic effect on Mr. Slosson. What might have developed into a smile had he not immediately suppressed it, twisted his bearded lips as he made an answering movement. "Eph, come here, you!" Slosson raised his voice. This call brought a half-grown black boy from about a corner of the tavern, to whom Murrell relinquished his horse.

"Let's liquor," said the captain over his shoulder, moving off in the direction of the bar.

"Come on, Nevvy!" said Yancy following, and they all entered the tavern.

"Well, here's to the best of good luck!" said Murrell, as he raised his



Presently He Heard a Distant Sound—A Splash.

glass to his lips.

"Same here," responded Yancy. Murrell pulled out a roll of bills, one of which he tossed on the bar. Then after a moment's hesitation he detached a second bill from the roll and turned to Hannibal.

"Here, youngster—a present for you," he said good-naturedly. Hannibal, embarrassed by the unexpected gift, edged to his Uncle Bob's side.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy.

"Let's have another drink," suggested Murrell.

Presently Hannibal stole out into the yard. He still held the bill in his hand, for he did not quite know how to dispose of his great wealth. After debating this matter for a moment he knotted it carefully in one corner of his handkerchief.

In the tavern the three men were drinking—Murrell with the idea that the more Yancy came under the influence of Slosson's corn whiskey the easier his speculation would be managed. Mr. Yancy on his part believed that if Murrell went to bed reasonably drunk he would sleep late and give him the opportunity he coveted, to quit the tavern unobserved at break of day.

"When yo' get to feelin' like sleep, young boss, Mas'r Slosson he says I show yo' to yo' chamber." It was Slosson's boy Eph.

"Yes, you can show me my chamber," Hannibal said.

Eph secured a tin candle-stick with a half-burnt candle in it and led the way into the passage back of the bar.

They mounted a flight of stairs and passed down a narrow hall. This brought them to the back of the building, and Eph pushed open the door on his right.

"This heah's yo' chamber," he said, and preceding his companion into the room, placed the candle on a chair.

The moon was rising and Hannibal went to the open window and glanced out. For a moment he considered the night, not unaffected by its beauty, then, turning from the window, he moved his bundle and rifle to the foot of the bed, where they would be out of his way, kicked off his trousers, blew out the candle and lay down.

Yancy had become more and more convinced as the evening passed that Murrell was bent on getting him drunk, and suspicion mounted darkly to his brain.

"Have a drink with me!" cried Slosson, giving way to drunken laughter.

"The captain's dropped out, and I 'low it's about time fo' these here festivities to come to an end. I'm thinking some of going to bed myself," said Yancy. He kept his eyes fixed on Murrell. He realized that if the latter could prevent it he was not to leave the bar. He never shifted his glance from Murrell's face.

Scowling now, the captain's eyes blazed back their challenge as he thrust his right hand under his coat. "Fair play—I don't know who you are, but I know what you want!" said Yancy, the light in his frank gray eyes deepening. Murrell laughed and took a forward step. At the same moment Slosson snatched up a heavy club from the back of the bar and dealt Yancy a murderous blow. A single startled cry escaped the Scratch Hiller; he struck out wildly as he lurched toward Murrell, who drew his knife and drove it into his shoulder. Yancy dropped heavily to the floor.

How long the boy slept he never knew, but he awoke with a start and a confused sense of things. It was evidently very late, probably long after midnight—but where was his Uncle Bob?

He sank back on his pillow intent and listening. A chilling terror that gripped him fast and would not let him go, mounted to his brain. Where was his Uncle Bob? Why

didn't he come to bed? Memories of idle tales of men foully dealt with in these lonely taverns flashed through his mind.

He ailed from the bed, and for a long moment stood cold and shaking, his every sense on the alert. With infinite caution he got into his trousers and again paused to listen, since he feared his least movement might betray him. Next he secured his pack, and was ready for flight.

Encumbered by his belongings, but with no mind to sacrifice them, he stepped out upon the shed and made his way down the slant of the roof to the eaves. He tossed his bundle to the ground and going down on his knees lowered his rifle, letting the muzzle fall lightly against the side of the shed as it left his hand, then he lay flat on his stomach and, feet first, wriggled out into space. When he could no longer preserve his balance, he gave himself a shove away from

the eaves and dropped clear of the building.

As he recovered himself he was sure he heard a door open and close, and threw himself prone on the ground, where the black shadow cast by the tavern hid him. At the same moment two dark figures came from about a corner of the building. He could just distinguish that they carried some heavy burden between them and that they staggered as they moved.

They passed out of sight, and breathless and palsied, Hannibal crept about a corner of the tavern. He must be sure!

Presently he heard a distant sound—a splash—surely it was a splash!

A little later the men came up the lane, to disappear in the direction of the tavern. Hannibal peered after them. His very terrors, while they wrenched and tortured him, gave him a desperate kind of courage. As the gloom hid the two men, he started forward again. He reached the end of the cornfield, climbed a fence, and entered a deadening of timber. In the long wet grass he found where the men had dragged their burden. He reached down and swept his hand to and fro—once—twice—the third time his little palm came away red and discolored.

There was the first pale premonition of dawn in the sky, and as he hurried on the light grew, and the black trunks of trees detached themselves from the white mist that filled the woods and which the dawn made visible. There was light enough for him to see that he was following the trail left by the men. He emerged upon the bank of the Elk river, white like the woods with its ghostly night sweat.

The dull beat of the child's heart quickened as he gazed out on the swift current that was hurrying on with its dreadful secret. Then the full comprehension of his loss seemed to overwhelm him and he was utterly desolate. Sobs shook him, and he dropped on his knees, holding fast to the stock of his rifle.

"Uncle Bob—Uncle Bob, come back! Can't you come back!" he wailed miserably. Presently he staggered to his feet. As he glanced about, he saw almost at his feet a dug-out, made from a single poplar log. It was secured to an overhanging branch by a length of a wild grape-vine. With one last fearful look off across the deadening in the direction of the tavern, he crept down to the water's edge and entered the canoe. In a moment, he had it free from its lashing and the rude craft was bumping along the bank in spite of his best efforts with the paddle. Then a favoring current caught it and swept it out toward the center of the stream.

## CHAPTER VII.

### On the River.

Betty stood under a dripping umbrella in the midst of a downpour. Just arrived by the four-horse coach that plied regularly between Washington and Georgetown, she had found the long board platform beside the canal crowded with her fellow passengers. Suddenly she became aware of a tall, familiar figure moving through the crowd. It was Bruce Carrington. At the same moment he saw her, and with a casual air that quite deceived her, approached.

"You're leaving tonight?" he asked.

"Yes—Isn't it miserable the way it rains? And why are they so slow—why don't they hurry with that boat?"

"It's in the last lock now," explained Carrington, and gathering up Betty's hand luggage, he helped her aboard.

By the time they had reached Wheeling, Betty had quite parted with whatever superficial prejudice she might have had concerning river-men. This particular one was evidently a very nice river-man, an exception to the steamer on which she should continue her journey, and thoughtfully chose The Naiad—a slow boat.

"I haven't a thing to offer her—this is plain madness of mine!" he kept telling himself, and then the expression of his face would become grim and determined. No more of the river for him—he'd get hold of some land and go to raising cotton; that was the way money was made.

Slow as The Naiad was, the days passed much too swiftly for him. When Memphis was reached their friendly intercourse would come to an end. There would be her brother, of whom she had occasionally spoken—he would be pretty certain to have the ideas of his class.

The days, like any other days, dwindled. The end of it all was close at hand. Another twenty-four hours and Carrington reflected there would only be good-by to say.

"We will reach New Madrid tonight," he told her. They were watching the river, under a flood of yellow moonlight.

Carrington, with his back against a stanchion, watched her discontentedly.

"You'll be mighty glad to have this over with, Miss Malroy—" he said at length, with a comprehensive sweep toward the river.

"Yes—shan't you?" and she opened her eyes questioningly.

"No," said Carrington with a short laugh, drawing a chair near hers and sitting down.

Betty, in surprise, gave him a quick look, and then as quickly glanced away from what she encountered in his eyes. As she looked, suddenly pale points of light appeared on a distant headland.

"Is that New Madrid—Oh, is it, Mr. Carrington?" she cried eagerly.

"I reckon so," but he did not alter his position.

"But you're not looking!"

"Yes, I am—I'm looking at you. I reckon you'll think me crazy, Miss Malroy—presumptuous and all that—but I wish Memphis could be wiped off the map, and that we could go on like this for ever!"

"You mustn't talk so—I am nothing to you—"

"Yes, you are. You're everything to me," said Carrington doggedly. "You shall love me—". She felt his breath on her cheek, then he kissed her. Suddenly his arms fell at his side; his face was white. "I was a brute to do that—Betty, forgive me! I am sorry—no, I can't be sorry!"

They were alongside the New Madrid wharf now, and a certain young man who had been impatiently watching The Naiad's lights ever since they became visible crossed the gang-plank with a bound.

"Betty—why in the name of goodness did you ever choose this tub?" said the new-comer.

"Charley!"

Carrington stepped back. This must be the brother who had come up the river from Memphis to meet her—but her brother's name was Tom! He looked this stranger—this Charley—over with a hostile eye, offended by his good looks, his confident manner, in which he thought he detected an air of ownership, as if—certainly he was holding her hands longer than was necessary. An instant later, when Betty, remembering, turned to speak to him, his place by the rail was deserted.

All that day Hannibal was haunted by the memory of what he had heard and seen at Slosson's tavern. More



"You Shall Be My Guest for the Night."

than this, there was his terrible sense of loss, and the grief he could not master. Marking the course of the road westward, he clung to the woods, where his movements were as stealthy as the very shadows themselves.

Presently, as he stumbled forward, he came to a small clearing in the center of which stood a log dwelling. The place seemed deserted.

Tilted back in a chair by the door of this house a man was sleeping. The hoot of an owl from a near-by oak roused him. He yawned and stretched himself, thrusting out his fat legs and extending his great arms. Then becoming aware of that small figure which had stolen up the path as he slept and now stood before him in the uncertain light, he fell to rubbing his eyes with the knuckles of his plump hands.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Hannibal Wayne Hazard," said the boy. The man quitted his chair.

"Well—I am glad to know you, Hannibal Wayne Hazard. I am Slocum Price—Judge Slocum Price, sometime major-general of militia and ex-member of congress, to mention a few of those honors my fellow countrymen have thrust upon me." He made a sweeping gesture with his two hands outspread and bowed ponderously.

The boy saw a man of sixty, whose gross and battered visage told its own story. There was a sparse white frost about his ears; and his eyes, pale blue and prominent, looked out from under beetling brows. He wore a shabby plum-colored coat and tight, drab breeches. About his fat neck was a black stock, with just a suggestion of solled linen showing above it. His figure was corpulent and unwieldy.

"You don't belong in these parts, do you?" asked the judge, when he had completed his scrutiny.

"No, sir," answered the boy. He glanced off down the road, where

(Continued on page 8)

# THE GREAT Majestic Range



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# Thompson Hardw're Co.



# The Prodigal Judge

(Continued from page 7)

lights were visible among the trees. "What town is that?" "Pleasantville—which is a lie—but I am neither sufficiently drunk nor sufficiently sober to cope with the possibilities your question offers. Have you so much as fifty cents about you?" and the judge's eyes narrowed to a slit above their folds of puffy flesh. Hannibal, keeping his glance fixed on the man's face, fell back a step. "I can't let you go if you are penniless—I can't do that!" cried the judge, with sudden vehemence. "You shall be my guest for the night. They're a pack of thieves at the tavern," he lowered his voice. "I know 'em, for they've plucked me!" He rested a fat hand on the boy's shoulder and drew him gently but firmly into the shanty. With flint and steel he made a light, and presently a candle was sputtering in his hands. He fitted it into the neck of a tall bottle, and as the light flared up the boy glanced about him.

The interior was mean enough, with its rough walls, dirt floor and black, cavernous fireplace. A snake down bed in one corner of the room was tastefully screened from the public gaze by a tattered quilt.

"Boy, don't be afraid. Look on me as a friend," urged the judge.

"I reckon I'll be glad to stop," answered Hannibal.

"Such confidence is inspiring. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hannibal.

"What do you say to cold fish?" the judge snapped his lips to impart a relish to the idea. "I dare swear I can find you some corn bread into the bargain." He began to assemble the dainties he had enumerated. "Here you are!" he cleared his throat impressively, while benignity shone from every feature of his face. "A moment since you allowed me to think you were solvent to the extent of fifty cents—Hannibal looked puzzled. "I wonder if you could be induced to make a temporary loan of that fifty cents? The sum involved is really such a ridiculous trifle I don't need to point out to you the absolute moral certainty of my returning it at an early date."

It was not the loss of his money that Hannibal most feared, and the coin passed from his possession into his host's custody.

"Thank you, my boy! I must step down to the tavern—when I return, please God, we shall know more of each other." While he was still speaking, he had produced a jug from behind the quilt that screened his bed, and now took himself off into the night.

Left alone, Hannibal gravely seated himself at the table. What the judge's larder lacked in variety it more than made up for in quantity, and the boy was grateful for this fact. Presently he heard the judge's heavy, shuffling step as he came up the path from the road, and a moment later his gross bulk of body filled the doorway. Breathing hard and perspiring, the judge entered the shanty, but his eagerness kept him silent until he had established himself in his chair beside the table, with the jug and a cracked glass at his elbow. Then, bland and smiling, he turned toward his guest.

"My tenderest regards, Hannibal, and he nodded over the rim of the cracked glass his shaking hand had carried to his lips. Twice the glass was filled and emptied, and then again, his roving, watery eyes rested meditatively on the child. "Have you a father?" he asked suddenly. Hannibal shook his head. "A mother?"

"They both of them done died years and years ago," answered the boy. "I can't tell you how long back it was, but I reckon I don't know much about it. I must have been a small child."

"Ho—a small child!" cried the judge, laughing. He cocked his head on one side and surveyed Hannibal Wayne Hazard with a glance of comic seriousness. "In God's name what do you call yourself now?"

"I'm most ten," said Hannibal, with dignity.

"I can well believe it," responded the judge. "Where did you come from?"

"From across the mountains." "And where are you going?" "To west Tennessee."

"Have you any friends there?" "Yes, sir."

"You've money enough to see you through?" and what the judge intended for a smile of fatherly affection became a leer of infinite cunning.

"I got ten dollars." "Ten dollars—" the judge snatched his lips once. "Ten dollars—" he repeated, and snatched his lips twice.

The purple flush on the judge's face, where the dignity that belonged to age had gone down in wreck, deepened.

He quitted his chair and, lurching somewhat as he did so, began to pace the floor.

"Take me for your example, boy! You may be poor, you may possibly be hungry—you'll often be thirsty, but through it all you will remain that splendid thing—a gentleman! Perhaps you'll contend that the old order is overthrown, that family has gone to the devil! You are right, and there's the pity of it! The social fabric is tottering—I can see it tot-

ter—and he tottered himself as he said this.

"Well, I'm an old man—the spectacle won't long offend me. I'll die presently." He was so profoundly moved by the thought that he could not go on. His voice broke, and he buried his face in his arms. A sympathetic moisture had gathered in the child's eyes. He slipped from his chair and stole to the judge's side.

"I'm mighty sorry you're going to die."

"Bless you, Hannibal!" cried the judge, looking wonderfully cheerful, despite his recent bitterness of spirit. "I'm not experiencing any of the pangs of mortality now. My dissolution ain't a matter of tonight or tomorrow—there's some life in Slocum Price yet, for all the rough usage, eh? I think you'd better go to bed."

"I reckon I had," agreed Hannibal, slipping from his chair.

"Well, take my bed back of the quilt. You'll find a hoe there. You can dig up the dirt under the shuck tick with it—which helps astonishingly. What would the world say if it could know that Judge Slocum Price makes his bed with a hoe!"

Hannibal retired behind the quilt. "Do you find it comfortable?" the judge asked, when the rustling of the shuck tick informed him that the child had lain down.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Have you said your prayers?" inquired the judge.

"No, sir. I ain't said 'em yet."

"Well, say them now. Religion is as becoming in the young as it is respectable in the aged. I'll not disturb you tonight, for it is God's will that I should stay up and get very drunk."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Boon Companions.

Some time later the judge was aware of a step on the path beyond his door, and glancing up, saw the tall figure of a man pause on his threshold. A whispered curse slipped from between his lips. Aloud he said:

"Is that you, Mr. Mahaffy?" He got no reply, but the tall figure, propelled by very long legs, stalked into the shanty and a pair of keen, restless eyes deeply set under a high, bald head were bent curiously upon him.

"I take it I'm intruding," the newcomer said sourly.

"Why should you think that, Solomon Mahaffy? When has my door been closed on you?" the judge asked,



"His Grandson is Back of That Curtain, Now—Asleep in My Bed."

but there was a guilty deepening of the flush on his face. Mr. Mahaffy glanced at the jug, at the half-emptied glass, lastly at the judge himself.

"You seem to be raising first-rate hell all by yourself."

"Oh, be reasonable, Solomon. You'd gone down to the steamboat landing," said the judge plaintively. By way of answer, Mahaffy shot him a contemptuous glance. "Take a chair—do, Solomon," entreated the judge.

"When did I ever sneak a jug into my shanty?" asked Mahaffy sternly, evidently conscious of entire rectitude in this matter.

"I deplore your choice of words, Solomon," said the judge. "You know damn well that if you'd been here I couldn't have got past your place with that jug! But let's deal with conditions. Here's the jug, with some liquor left in it—here's a glass. Now what more do you want?"

Mr. Mahaffy drew near the table, "Sit down," urged the judge.

"I hope you feel mean?" said Mahaffy.

"If it's any satisfaction to you, I do," admitted the judge.

"You ought to," Mahaffy drew forward a chair. The judge filled his glass.

"What's the news from the landing?" Mahaffy brought his flat down on the table.

"I heard the boat churning away round back of the bend, then I saw the lights, and she tied up and they tossed off the freight. Then she churned away again and her lights got back of the trees on the bank. There was the lap of waves on the shore, and I was left with the half-dozen miserable loafers who'd crawled out to see the boat come in. That's the news six days a week!"

By the river had come the judge, tentatively hopeful, but at heart expecting nothing, therefore immune to disappointment and equipped for failure. By the river had come Mr. Mahaffy, as unfit as the judge himself, and for the same reason, but sour and bitter with the world, believing at

ways in the possibility of some miracle of regeneration.

At the judge's elbow Mr. Mahaffy changed his position with nervous suddenness. Then he folded his long arms.

"You asked if there was any news, Price; while we were waiting for the boat a raft tied up to the bank; the fellow aboard of it had a man he'd fished up out of the river, a man who'd been pretty well cut to pieces."

"Who was he?" asked the judge.

"Nobody knew, and he wasn't conscious. I shouldn't be surprised if he never opens his lips again. When the doctor had looked to his cuts, the fellow on the raft cast off and went on down the Elk."

It occurred to the judge that he himself had news to impart. He must account for the boy's presence.

"While you've been taking your whiff of life down at the steamboat landing, Mahaffy, I've been experiencing a most extraordinary coincidence. When I went to the war of '12, a Hazard accompanied me as my orderly. His grandson is back of that curtain now—asleep—in my bed!" Mahaffy put down his glass.

"You were like this once before," he said darkly. But at that instant the shuck tick rattled noisily at some movement of the sleeping boy. Mahaffy quitted his chair, and crossing the room, drew the quilt aside. A glance sufficed to assure him that in part, at least, the judge spoke the truth.

There was a hoof-beat on the road. It came nearer and nearer, and presently sounded just beyond the door. Then it ceased, and a voice said:

"Hullo, there!" The judge scrambled to his feet, and taking up the candle, staggered into the yard. Mahaffy followed him.

"What's wanted?" asked the judge holding his candle aloft. The light showed a tall fellow mounted on a handsome bay horse. It was Murrell.

"Have either of you gentlemen seen a boy go through here today?" Murrell glanced from one to the other. Mr. Mahaffy's thin lips twisted themselves into a sarcastic smile. He turned to the judge, who spoke up quickly.

"Did he carry a bundle and rifle?" he asked. Murrell gave eager assent.

"Well," said the judge, "he stopped here along about four o'clock, and asked his way to the nearest river landing."

Continued next week.

J. A. Harbison lost a grain scoop clean up day.

Come to Canyon to live.

Ceta Items.

Walter Kuhn threshed this neighborhood out one day last week.

Some of the neighbors took dinner with H. E. Wesley Sunday and had singing in the evening.

The party at Hollibaugh's Monday night was well attended.

Jim Wesley and family spent Saturday and Sunday at the E. Gest home.

W. B. Walters, Mr. Darnell and Mr. Allred left in a wagon Thursday for Clarendon.

Heavy rains are reported all around us, we hope our time will come soon as all the crop is drying up.

There was no Sunday school Sunday on account of the Superintendent being absent.

Wayside Items.

A delightful singing was held Sunday afternoon at the home of W. R. Franklin.

Threshermen Auspurger and Kuhn have started their machines. Owing the light crops of wheat and oats the harvesting season will soon be over.

Miss Edith Franklin is visiting Misses Ethel and Lena Helms for a few days.

Crawford Evans is still quite sick.

Correction—Instead of 45, there were 69 who joined the Farmers Institute. Owing to a misunderstanding there will be no delegation from Wayside to the Farmers Congress at College Station. Anona.

How Foolish.

To suffer from Skin Diseases, Itch, Ringworms, etc., when one 50c box of "Hunt's Cure" is positively guaranteed to cure or your money promptly refunded. Every retail druggist in the state stands behind this guarantee. Ask your druggist and see the guarantee with each box. You don't risk anything in giving it a trial.

(Advertisement)

We need more farmers.

## The Riddle Of the Sphinx

Has never been solved. Perhaps it was not much of a riddle, and it is not likely that the solution would be worth while. But the riddle of job printing has been solved, and the answer is found in our Job Department. Your troubles will be over if you will put them on us.

Give Us the Order

And you will have nothing else to do—except pay the bill. And that will be so reasonable and the work will be so satisfactory that you will pay the charge gladly.

Pleasantview Items.

Wasn't that a fine rain? Just what we needed.

Mrs. Crowley was very sick Sunday but is much better at this writing.

Chas. Heatley and Tom Slack were in Canyon Friday cleaning the weeds off of their property there.

Mrs. T. C. Herriot was very sick with the mumps but we're glad to report her better.

Wesley Gibson returned home from Tula where he has been working, he says that the crops are very much better here than there.

Mr. and Mrs. Laughery and children of Canyon spent Sunday with Ed Gibson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crowley left Tuesday for Greenfield, Iowa where they will visit their former home and friends and relatives.

M. P. Stone is in Amarillo today on business.

Joe Foster returned Wednesday from Mineral Wells.

H. W. Morelock was in Amarillo Wednesday.

E. C. Hewitt of Memphis is in the city today on business.

E. H. Ackley has sold his interest in the Citizens Lumber Company to W. Burton, of Fort Worth. Mr. Burton has interest in a large number of lumber yards.

The picture taken of the weed cutters Friday evening was no good as it was too dark. Another was taken Wednesday noon but the number in the picture was not nearly so great as not nearly so many were working that day.

H. Prichard is minus a three tined pitchfork since clean up day.

Miss Nannie Johnson left Wednesday for Portales to spend a month with her sister, Mrs. J. C. Compton.

D. N. Redburn was in Amarillo Wednesday on business.

City of Ohio, city of Toledo, Ind. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is a resident partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1904.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, Etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

(Advertisement)

## INSPECTIONS

Inspections of the towns entered in Holland's Magazine contest will begin August 1, 1913, and will be continued until all of the towns in the contest have been inspected and scored. To decide between town making close scores second and even third inspections may be made.

No information will be given as to date on which any town may be visited by inspectors. All towns must be ready for inspection without warning on and after August 1.

Each town entering the contest will be inspected and scored on the following points.

- Conditions of Streets, Parks and Alleys.
- Water, Water Supply and Drainage.
- Collection and Disposal of Garbage.
- Removal and Disposal of Sewerage.
- Condition of Vaults and Privies (if no sewer system.)
- Condition of Vacant Lots.
- General Appearance of Homes.
- Ventilation and Care of Public Buildings and Semi-Public Buildings.
- Public Conveniences, especially those for schools.
- Presence of flies, mosquitoes and other disease-carrying insects.
- Handling and exposure of meat, fruit, pickles, ice, milk and milk products, and other food products offered for sale.
- Such special conditions as may directly affect the health and cleanliness of a town.

All inspections will be made wholly at the expense of Holland's Magazine and will be under the personal supervision of Dr. M. M. Carrick, medical director in charge.

Miss May Clark of Corsicana who has been visiting at the home of Rev. Groves left today for Stratford.

Mr. R. McGee returned Wednesday from Missouri where she has been visiting relatives.

Mrs. Jim Guthrie of Huckaby is visiting at the home of her son, John Guthrie.

Causes of Stomach Trouble.

Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your age and occupation. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Sunny Hill Items.

We have been having some very nice showers this week which were badly needed.

Mrs. Nina Ward and nieces, Grace and Gladys Lewis left Wednesday for Mrs. Ward's home in Okla.

F. E. Culp left Monday for Anburn, Neb., who will make an extended visit.

Quite a number spent Sunday with Mrs. A. M. Currie.

Mrs. Texie Beard of Kempner is visiting relatives near Happy.

The pressure will be shut off at the waterworks at 9 o'clock p. m. and put on again at 5 o'clock a. m. until further notice.

C. M. Ackerman, Manager.

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## Randall County News