

TEACHERS WILL HAVE INSTITUTE

RANDALL AND DEAF SMITH COUNTY TEACHERS MEET.

Very Interesting Program Will Be Given at Normal Building—Five Day Session.

The following is the program of the Teachers Institute of Randall and Deaf Smith counties to be held in the Normal building, beginning Monday Sept. 1st and lasting five days:

- 10:00 a. m.—Song, America. Prayer—Rev. Haynes.
- 11:00-11:30—Organization and appointment of committees.
- 11:30-11:45—Welcome Address, Dr. F. M. Wilson.
- 11:45-12:00—Response, Prof. Ben Short, Hereford.
- 12:00-1:30—Noon.
- 1:30-2:30—What should be the aim of the Rural Teacher? Pres. R. B. Cousins.
- 2:30-3:30—How may the Rural school make the child a helpful and useful member of the hour?—Miss Garner.
- 3:30-4:30—How may the Rural school be graded?—J. W. Randall.

TUESDAY.

- 9:00-9:15—Opening Exercises.
- 9:15-10:15—Arithmetic, how taught and how much, L. G. Allen.
- 10:15-11:15—Correct form of business and social letters, common legal papers, etc., Miss Eva Alexander.
- 11:15-12:00—Discuss methods of teaching spelling, Miss Conner, Canyon.
- 12:00-1:30—Noon.
- 1:30-2:30—How Agriculture should be taught in a Rural school, T. S. Minter.
- 2:30-3:30—Discuss methods of teaching Reading, also the importance of the subject, Miss Mary Avent and Miss Avis Baird.
- 3:30-4:30—Language below the High school, how taught, Mrs. Geo. Garrison, Hereford and Miss Valeria C. Dale.

WEDNESDAY.

- 9:00-9:15—Opening Exercises.
- 9:15-10:00—Biology, Prof. R. L. Marquis.
- 10:00-11:00—Educational status of Texas compared with that of other states of the Union Prof. E. F. King, Canyon.
- 11:00-12:00—Physics in the high school, how best presented, D. A. Shirley, Hereford.
- 12:00-1:30—Noon.
- 1:30-2:30—A lesson in Phonics and Beginner's Reading, Miss Garretson.
- 2:30-3:30—A lesson in 4th grade Geography, how conducted, Miss Hortense Russel.
- 3:30-4:30—Eleventh year in high school, Mrs. Ada T. Wray.

THURSDAY.

- 9:00-9:15—Opening Exercises.
- 9:15-10:00—How to present Cousin's and Hill's History to a high school class Prof. Joe Hill.
- 10:00-11:00—Number work in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd grades, Miss Ira Cochran and Mary Dale.
- 11:00-12:00—How may the work of the Rural schools be compared with that of the town schools, Prof. Ben Short, Hereford.
- 12:00-1:30—Noon.
- 1:30-2:30—What manual training may be taught in schools not especially prepared for teaching that subject, Prof. Blane.

2:30-3:30—How to teach 7th grade Geography, Prof. Guenther.

3:30-4:30—How do you teach English Grammar?—Miss Francis Damerson.

FRIDAY.

9:00-9:15—Opening Exercises.

9:15-10:00—High school English, Prof. H. Morelock.

10:00-11:00—How to present English History to a tenth grade, Mrs. J. M. Shinn.

11:00-12:00—Art teaching in the grades, Miss Denman.

12:00-1:30—Noon.

1:30-2:30—School Discipline, Prof. Evans, Canyon.

2:30-3:20—How much Latin should be given in a four year's high school course and should it be presented? B. A. Stafford.

3:30-4:30—Business session and Adjournment.

Each subject is open to general discussion and it is earnestly hoped that every teacher present will take part wether his name appears on the program or not. If you keep your talent buried you will receive no interest; If you use it you will receive interest and the principal too.

All citizens are cordially invited to attend this institute and help make it the most successful ever held in Canyon.

Resp.

C. E. Coss Co. Exofficio Supt. Randall County, Texas.

CANYON'S NEW PLAY HOUSE

WILL BE KNOWN AS THE G. & L. THEATER.

The Building Just East of the Old National Bank is Remodeled into a Modern Theater.

The moving picture business in Canyon has grown to such an extent that the present building is too small to accomodate its patronage, so the Thompson building just east of the old First National Bank has been rented and remodeled into a first class theater and will be opened to the public Saturday night.

A new stage 20 x 30 feet has been built in, a large dressing room at the back entrance and electric exhaust fans have been put in, insuring good ventilation. The building has a seating capacity of 200 and will be seated with up-to-date opera chairs.

A new curtain has been put in that will show the pictures almost twice the size as they are at the Gem and a better machine will be used.

Manager Gilstrap says that he intends to book all the best plays that he can for the coming opera season, and that our old friends Oscar Graham and company will open the opera season September 17th with his new play, "The Higher Law". He is also trying to get Albert Taylor for some time during the season.

The new play house will be called the G. & L. Theater.

Mr. Dunlavy of Ft. Worth was in the city Saturday, he was accompanied home by his sister, Miss Lena, who has been attending the Normal this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hambric are the parents of a ten pound baby boy born Wednesday.

Messrs. G. James and G. Rice of Washburn were in Canyon this week prospecting.

VACATION RAMBLINGS

Very often—just once in a while—we hear something about rain or the lack of rain in our Panhandle country. Scats! The cry of a Panhandler is nothing compared with the wild pleadings of an Iowan. And there is truly need of the wildness just now. Our Panhandle country may be dry, but it is nothing compared with this country. Indian corn—the northerners staff of life—has been materially hurt by the two months' drouth. Some say it will make only half a crop and in many places the crop has been hurt even more greatly. Indian corn gets hurt mightily badly when it does get hurt and there is no joke about it. Old reliable kaffir and maize will very often fool around all summer when the weather is dry and if the farmer will tickle the crop's chin about every so often to keep the ground stirred and weeds down, will make a good crop when a rain does come and will make some good feed no matter weather it rains or not. Not so old Indian corn. Indian corn demands homage from the rain Gods or will refuse to do its part. Kijog Kaffir has the Indian skinned a county block in more ways than one. It firmly believes in that old adage. "If at first you don't succeed, try try again" and it always succeeds even though somewhat delayed in the game.

The eyes of many Iowa farmers are turned toward the Panhandle country. Land has become so everlasting high in this country that some old tight wads have even suggested a plan to save all the dirt they can get hold of by digging it out of the ears of the autoists. And believe me, you can get more dirt in your ears, nose, throat, etc., in a minute right here in old Poweshiek county than blows all day in one of those southwestern Panhandle zephers. Joe Taylor (State Press) says that all Panhandle dirt is not imaginary, but take it from me, Iowa dust is a sad reality.

Talking on the train Sunday (on topics my spirit guide, Rev. F. M. Neal, would not sanction for Sunday meditation) a man told me a few things about fruit and fruit trees that would be an excellent thing for Rannall county people to follow. This man says that he has just purchased an ideal tract of land in Missouri for an orchard. One of those \$350 per acre kind. He is going to have what he thinks to be a perfect orchard; if such a thing can be. The first thing he is going to do is to plow his ground it the fall 12 inches deep and subsoil so that it will get all the winter rains. He will cultivate good all the next year.

The selection of trees will be his next move. This man says that he wouldn't any more think of going out and buying nursery stock just any old place that happens to give itself a powerful good recommendation than Hugh Muldrow would think of buying some of those scrub chickens I raise with the expectation of getting prize winners to beat all the rest of the bunch at the Ft. Worth show, or Mr. Keiser would think of going down into Mexico and buying a bunch of scrub cattle to beat another record on the Kansas City market this fall. This man impressed upon me very strongly the fact that it takes just as good stock to produce prize winning and profitable fruit as it does to produce prize winning and profitable cattle, horses, hogs, or anything else. He used as an illustration the history of two ears of corn in a Missouri fair three

years ago. The judges were not able to decide which was the better. They both seemed almost perfect. They decided that the only fair method was to divide the money, and so done: A farmer bought both ears as seed corn. He kept them separately and has planted the seed separately since that time. One variety has produced on an average since that time 125 bushels of corn to the acre every year. The other corn, seemingly just as good and strong, produced only 48 bushals. If the judges could have read the history of these two ears of corn, their decision would have been easy. But I didn't start out to discuss that all important subject of selection of seeds.

What this man wanted to express is the fact that in order to get good fruit, good strong hearty trees must be selected and care should be taken to get trees whose immediate ancestors are fruit bearers. This man will select from the very best fruit trees he can find and plant the seeds. He will grow the entire orchard from seedlings.

The next step is the careful planting. The ground having been prepared the year before and well cultivated, the trees will be set in holes broken out by dynamite. This insures that the ground will be broken up in fine condition many feet deep. He will set his trees 40 feet apart. Between the rows will be carefully cultivated and set to strawberries for several years. The base of the orchard will be English walnut and pecan trees. This will be set in with all kinds of other fruit. The nut trees are planted for the old age period of life, while the fruit trees will bring results within a very few years and the strawberries will bring immediate returns. The same care as exercised in the selection of the fruit trees will be exercised in the selection of the strawberry plants. This man said that he had seen men utterly wear their lives out trying to raise strawberries from plants whose ancestors hardly raised a single berry. He payed his compliments to the fruit tree agent who goes over the country selling for some unknown and unreliable fruit tree firm who will swear that the trees are one thing, and may be mere sprouts from some unregenerate crabb apple bush.

If the people of Randall county would take more care in the selection of their fruit trees, we would soon have one of the best fruit growing sections in this country. This man said that late blooming and early maturing fruit trees can be developed in any country by carefully selecting the trees and by keeping with one variety instead of switching from one to another.

Old Standpat C. K. Needham has sold his paper in my home town. Charley managed the Randall County News one year and is responsible for the best step I ever made in life—when I came to Canyon to live. Charley used to own or help own half a dozen newspapers, but now he has sold out his interests in them all. Old Standpat is a live one and will soon get him a better job than he has ever held.

Believe me, Photographer Lusby ought to have his merry-go-round picture machine up in this country. Most of the men remember last winter he said that he got the machine to take pictures of hunting parties in the weeds of Canyon where the children had become lost. Canyon doesn't need the machine for that purpose any longer.

We certainly would hate to have M. S. leave our city, but he could have a good job every day in the week and several times on Sunday in any town I have seen up this way. Canyon keeps looking a little better every town I visit. The cleanest town in Texas is certainly going to be a most appropriate name for Canyon.

Warwick.

Clyde Warwick came in from Canyon, Texas, Monday morning for a visit at the parental home and with friends. His wife arrived from Jefferson for a visit. Mrs. Warwick has been in the north for the past month. She was a Jefferson girl before her parents moved to Texas. Clyde Warwick is making good in Texas. He is editor and publisher of the Randall county News, one of the very best papers in the Panhandle country. Clyde has developed into a regular Texan and he can talk the merits and advantages of that country just like an old Texas stager. Well, we are pleased that he is making good in that country and we wish he and his young wife all the success there is a going.—Republican, Montezuma, Iowa.

Miss Wenna Brown returned home last week from a visit with friends in Sherman, Commerce and Dallas.

CANYON GETS CONVENTION

PANHANDLE DISTRICT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Will be in Session Tuesday, Sept. 3 to 5—Delegates from all Panhandle Towns Will be Here.

At a meeting Sunday afternoon at the Baptist church arrangements were made to hold the Panhandle District Sunday School convention here September 3 to 5. N. H. Higgins, State secretary, and his crops of efficient workers will be here at that time and it is expected that every Sunday school in the Panhandle will send delegates.

This convention has been held in Canyon several times and there has always been a good number of delegates from each town and they always went away enthused with the work.

The convention will be held at the Methodist church as that is the largest in town.

The following is the list of chairmen of the different committees, who will select members of the different churches to assist them:

- Entertainment and reception—G. W. Reid.
- Finance—B. T. Johnson.
- Publicity—C. R. Burrow.
- Transportation—J. D. Gamble.

A revival meeting will begin at the Christian church on Saturday night Aug. 23, with the Rev. Jewell Howard of Amarillo in charge. Members of the church are especially invited and the general public is extended a hearty invitation to attend these meetings. Services will be held nights only.

Miss Artie Moreland, who has been visiting her brother, returned to her home in Canyon Sunday. Mrs. Inez Conner went with her.—Plainview News.

Mrs. S. B. Orton left last week for Wichita Falls where she will make a months visit with her mother.

FORTH INSPECTION OF FOOD COMMITTEE

CARD FOR SCORING DIFFERENT PLACES IN CONTEST.

Nearly Every Business House in Canyon is in Class A—Looking for Inspector Any Day.

Some time during this month the inspector in the clean-up contest given by Holland's Magazine, unheralded, will come to Canyon. Without notice to anybody he will make a cursory general inspection first of the city. Later he will go into every part of town for a more detailed examination of stores and private premises, accompanied by the Mayor and health officer.

The inspector makes his scores by a card system on which arbitrary values are put on each aspect of cleanliness and sanitation, so that the scoring may be the same in each city entered in the contest.

Special attention is paid to the scoring of business houses in the clean-up and the system by which they are scored is shown in the official score card which follows:

- General surroundings—Clean 5, fairly clean 3, dirty 0, perfect 5.
- Ventilation—Good 3, fair 1, bad 0, perfect 3.
- Lighting—Good 3, fair 1, bad 0, perfect 3.
- Walls, windows and ceiling—Clean 3, fairly clean 1, dirty 0, perfect 3.
- Floor and fixtures—Clean 3, fairly clean 1, dirty 0, perfect 3.
- Blocks, counters, etc.—Clean 5, fairly clean 3, dirty 0, perfect 5.
- Utensils, instruments and tools—Clean 5, fairly clean 3, dirty 0, perfect 5.
- Brefrigeration—Adequate 5, inadequate 2, no refrigeration 0, perfect 5.
- Refrigerators—Clean 5, fair 3, dirty 0, perfect 5.
- Sewerage arrangement—Sanitary 3, unsanitary 0, perfect 3.
- Plumbing—Open 3, closed 0, perfect 3.
- Cellar floors, walls, windows, ceilings—Clean 4, fairly clean 2, closed 0, perfect 5.
- Employees—Cleanly in habits 5, wear clean clothing 3, store unconnected by door with living room 10, store above street level 5, store in basement 0.
- Food, meat, etc., not exposed 7.

The following is the grading of the Pure Food Committee for this week.

- Class A—City Pharmacy, Cowboy Resaurant, Baltimore Hotel, Holland Drug Store, Black Bros., Bobs Cafe, Burroughs & Jarrett, Canyon Supply, Pipkins Grocery, Rogerson Hotel, Canyon Cafe, West End Grocery, Court House, Leader, City Bakery.
- Class B plus—City Meat Market.
- Class B—Smith Hotel.
- Class C—Normal Grocery.
- Candy Kitchen moving.

GOOD RAIN SUNDAY.

Three-Quarter Inches Fall in Short Time Sunday Afternoon Which Helps Some.

A very good rain fell Sunday afternoon which will help the grass wonderfully and also the gardens. Our local weather man, John A. Wallace says that there were three-quarters of an inch fell. There was some hale fell but not enough to do much damage.



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

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Umberger Notes.

The members of the Epworth League Society are very busy these days having extra meetings and conferences.

Mrs. Candle and daughter of Kress are visiting at the R. E. Pickens home.

R. G. Bader and W. M. Lichtwald have made several trips to Hereford the past week, in view of purchasing a house to be moved on the section two miles west of Umberger owned by L. Bader.

Umberger's fast ball team drove to Vega Friday morning to cross bats with that team. The game Friday afternoon was won by Vega by a score of 8 to 3. Another game was played Saturday which was also won by Vega. Nevertheless, our boys were treated royally and expect in the near future, with a little more practice, to come home wearing a becoming grin.

Grandma Wamsley is home from a visit with her son, Hugh, at Weatherford, Okla. She reports a very pleasant trip.

C. B. Moore lead the meeting of the Epworth League Sunday evening. Our society is still young, but with such energetic workers we can not help but thrive. All are cordially invited to attend our meetings each Sunday evening at 8:30 p. m. and help make our society a success.

Clarence Williams is here visiting home folks.

Mrs. W. M. Lichtwald has been ill the past week but is much improved at the present writing.

H. G. Breckenridge and family visited Walter Johnson's home Sunday.

Grandma Simms is enjoying a visit from her daughter.

Uncle Eph is doing a thriving business. New boarders are arriving every day.

Mrs. L. Bader has been taking care of her nephew, Master Leroy Lichtwald during his mother's illness.

Mrs. Rosie Schultz has lost quite a number of "young frys" recently. The rats were out foraging.

Clinton Hamilton has commenced fall plowing.

North creek, near Umberger is frequented by many merry fishing parties.

M. E. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Mr. Henry Schultz, Supt.

"An Indian."

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.

Misses Noma Elliott and Elsie Arnn, who have been attending the Normal in Canyon the past nine weeks returned home Friday.—Lubbock Avalanche.

FACT.

Local Evidence.

Evidence that can be verified. Fact is what we want. Opinion is not enough. Opinions differ. Here's a Canyon fact. You can test it.

C. E. Coss, prop. of hotel Canyon, Texas, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and I have very satisfactory results. This remedy is just as advertised."

Mr. Coss is only one of many Canyon people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills the kind that Mr. Coss had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

(Advertisement)

SAVES DAUGHTER

Advice of Mother no Doubt Prevents Daughter's Untimely End.

Ready, Ky.—"I was not able to do anything for nearly six months," writes Mrs. Laura Bratcher, of this place, "and was down in bed for three months."

I cannot tell you how I suffered with my head, and with nervousness and womanly troubles.

Our family doctor told my husband he could not do me any good, and he had to give it up. We tried another doctor, but he did not help me.

At last, my mother advised me to take Cardui, the woman's tonic. I thought it was no use for I was nearly dead and nothing seemed to do me any good. But I took eleven bottles, and now I am able to do all of my work and my own washing.

I think Cardui is the best medicine in the world. My weight has increased, and I look the picture of health."

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, get a bottle of Cardui today. Delay is dangerous. We know it will help you, for it has helped so many thousands of other weak women in the past 50 years.

At all druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. N.O. 135

Monograms Win.

In the ball game Saturday between the Monograms and the Canyon teams, the Monograms won by a score of 14 to 9. The game was full of errors made by both teams and was also a hit and run affair.

Good Reason for His Enthusiasm.

When a man has suffered for several days with colic, diarrhoea or other form of bowel complaint and is then cured sound and well by one or two doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, as is often the case, it is but natural that he should be enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy, and especially is this the case of a severe attack when life is threatened. Try it when in need of such a remedy. It never fails. Sold by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

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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.

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"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

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Around the door that is guarded by a good savings account.

Poverty is an ever present spectre, haunting the by-ways of life. Prepare today to repulse him with his most potent enemy—a good savings account. Let us start YOU. No amount too small to start an account at this Bank, and once an account is started, you will be surprised to see it grow.

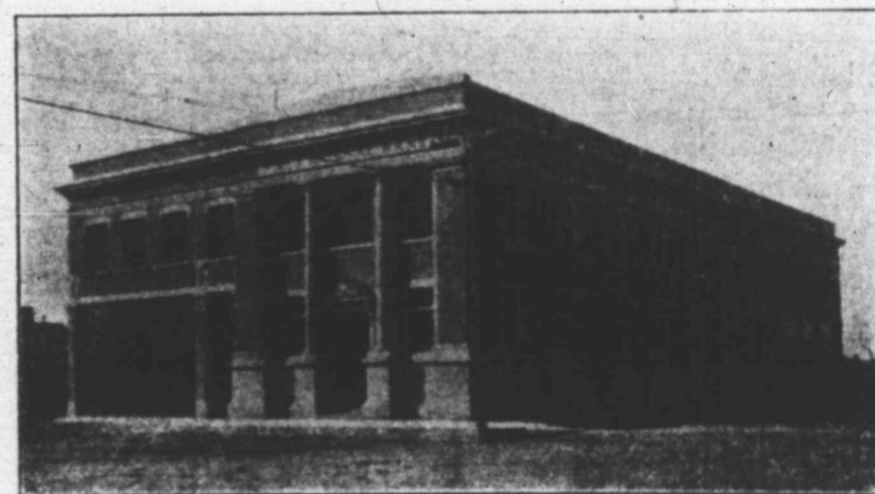
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If you want trees that will give satisfaction and good results send in order or see salesman.



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



GIVES MIDNIGHT ALARM

Farmer Stout was awakened from a sound sleep by the ringing of his telephone bell. The barn of his neighbor, three miles down the turnpike, had been broken into and a driving horse stolen.

The horse-thieves were headed toward the Stout farm. Calling his hands he armed his forces, lined them upon the turnpike, captured the thieves and held them until the arrival of the Sheriff.

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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 21 First National Bank Building.

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Advertise or Bust
Advertise Long
Advertise Well
ADVERTISE
At Once

In This Paper

HOME FROM A VOYAGE

By WILTON C. BROOKS

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I courted Nance while I was going to sea, and a man courtin' a gal that way feels every time he comes back from a cruise that some feller has stepped in and carried her off, but Nance was as much set on me as I was on her, and every time I docked on a home-comin' she was standin' at the door of her father's cottage wavin' to me.

After we was married and we got into our own house around the point where the light stands, whenever I rounded it to make the harbor, there was Nance a-wavin' to me. But one time comin' in from a cruise when I rounded the point Nance wasn't there to wave to me. My heart sank down into my boots, for she could 'a seen me miles out, and she knew 't the cut of my jib and the lurch of my ship as well as she knew her own mother.

Nance and I had been married five years without gettin' a kid. It was the only disappointment we had. Nance said and I knew that if she had a little one to keep her company when I was at sea she wouldn't be so lonesome. But the kid didn't come, and we began to feel that we was doomed to be one o' them couples that go through life makin' a baby out of a dog or a cat or some other animal. But the day I got back and Nance wasn't at the door to wave to me I wasn't thinkin' about what I couldn't git, but what I feared I'd lost. The moment we touched the dock I turned the ship over to the first mate and steered a direct course to my house.

When I got there I found the door unlocked. This relieved me some, what, for if my wife had died while I was at sea the house would 'a been closed up. I went in, my heart beatin' with a hope o' seein' Nance either in the livin' room sewin' or in the kitchen or somewhere downstairs. But she was not there, and I made a dash upstairs for her bedroom. The door to that I found locked. I knocked, but got no answer. I could hear voices inside talkin' low, but nobody said anything to me. I hollered out: "I want to know if my wife is dead or alive!"

Then a woman's voice, strange to me, said: "She's very much alive, but hasn't been well for a few days. She's all right. She saw the ship come in from her window."

"Well, why the dickens can't I come in and give her a hug?" "It wouldn't do for you to come in just now. I can't explain why, but when we're ready for you we'll let you know."

"All right. I'm wanted at the ship. I'll go there and come back in a couple o' hours."

As I was goin' down the stairs I heard the funniest sound comin' from the room I ever heard. At first it reminded me of a distant foghorn, so far away that a man would have to strain his ears to hear it. Then I thought it wasn't like a foghorn neither. It was more like some one tryin' to talk with a sore throat. I didn't like the idea o' leavin' everything to my mate on first gettin' into port, so I didn't stop to make any more inquiries. I just went on across the point toward the dock.

Reachin' a high bit of land, I turned to take a look at the house I had left. Kind a wonderin', and if I didn't see a man comin' out o' the front door I'll be figgered! What did it mean? Here was I kept out o' my wife's bedroom and a man in the house. A horrible suspicion took possession of me. But with a gasp I got back my confidence in Nance, and then I remembered that the voice in the room with her was a woman's. So I just went right on to the ship.

I found that she had been docked without any accident, but there was a lot of things to do that can only be done by the master of a ship that's just come in from a cruise, and I didn't git away from the ship till the day was about over. Then I started back home, beginnin' again to wonder what was the meanin' of all the strange things that had happened. Somepin must a gone wrong durin' my absence, and they was fixin' things up to break it to me.

When I walked into the house I heard some one in the kitchen and, goin' there, saw a young woman in a striped dress cookin' a bird. Nance wasn't the kind to spend money for such delicacies, and I marveled some more.

"See here," I said to the gal, "somepin gone wrong since I been away. A trouble has come into this house, and I want to know right off what's the matter."

By jing, she burst out a-larfin'. "I reckon you'll find it some trouble," she said, "before you git through with it. Such happenin's always turn a house upside down. It's never the same place it was before. But wait a minute till I put this bird on a tray, and we'll go upstairs."

Purty soon she started, I follerin'. On the way I heard that hoarse talkin' sound ag'in. The young woman asked me to open the door, she holdin' the tray with both hands, and I saw Nance lyin' in bed lookin' pale, but smilin', and a nice pound lump o' flesh beside her.

Then I understood the hull scheme. She had planned a surprise for me. I jst took her and the little duffer in my arms, and that was the happiest moment o' my life.

NERVOUSNESS DENOTES WEAKNESS but is promptly relieved by the medical nourishment in **Scott's Emulsion** which is not a nerve-quieter, but nature's greatest nerve-builder, without alcohol or opiate.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 13-25

Farm Facts.

By Peter Radford, president, Farmer's Union.)

Facts always have stubborn enemies.

Money is the motive power of civilization.

Those who surfeit can be as sick as those who starve.

We have learned how to produce, now we must learn how to market.

The two most powerful influences in agriculture are markets and credits.

Cheap money is one of the greatest ministers to human needs the world possesses.

Cheap money is afforded every business man in every line of business except in the business of farming.

The inventive geniuses are the most valuable farm hands we have and they perform an enduring service to mankind.

What is sometimes called an overproduction is merely the clogging of the markets by a bad system of distribution.

The farmer gets more out of a fair than anyone else. The fair to a city man is an entertainment; to a farmer it is educational.

An exhibition of perfect products of the soil stirs the genius in artists and their purity furnishes models for growth of character.

The farmer's assignment in the vineyard of industry is one of toil and his compensation is fixed by competitive lines of industry.

The home dollar should take up the burdens of the hour rather than lie in wait to drink prosperity from the dripping wings of outside capital.

A farmer who produces a crop and can neither use nor sell at a profit is an unsuccessful farmer, regardless of the science he employed in production.

The products of fancy farming are of no educational value and should not be permitted on the fair ground unless properly labeled and exhibited solely for the amusement of the sightseers.

So Many People Die of Blood Poison.

A little scratch on the hand a splinter or abrasion of the skin is often fatal because the poisonous germs start the infection. That's where Hunts Lightning Oil comes in handy as an application on the abrasion, kills all germs which may have lodged there, thereby preventing infection and death. It pays to keep this remedy in the home, especially where there are children. All drug stores have it in 25c and 50c bottles.

(Advertisement)

Notice of Sale.

The state of Texas, county of Randall. By virtue of an order issued out of the County Probate Court, of Randall County in the partition and distribution of the estate of Harlan J. Sevall deceased, I will sell on the first Tuesday in September A. D. 1913 between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. it being the 2nd day of September 1913, the Southeast quarter of Block Twelve (12) Victoria Addition to the town of Canyon City, in Randall County, Texas, terms of sale, Cash; Purchaser to deposit with me one third of the amount bid, the sale to be reported to the said court, for confirmation or rejection, at the October term of court; Witness my hand and official signature, this August 6th 1913.

Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff Randall County, Texas. 206

Come to Canyon to live.

Miss Hicks, of Canyon, and Miss Lillie Jordan, of Kress visited Miss Irene Jordan here Wednesday, returning yesterday.—Tulia Herald.

Miss Ada Sparks returned the latter part of last week from Canyon where she has been attending the summer normal.—Canadian Record.

Miss Etta French has returned from Canyon, where she has been taking a summer normal course.—Hale County Herald.

Miss Alice Chambers returned Friday from Canyon where she has been attending the State Normal.—Wellington Leader.

Misses Bess Nance and Nell Wilson returned home Thursday after spending a pleasant and profitable term at the Canyon Normal.—Hereford Brand.

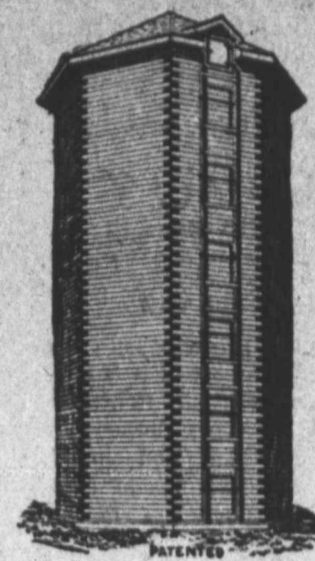
Wright Pace, who has been attending West Texas State Normal at Canyon during the summer was in Floydada Tuesday visiting with relatives. He left Wednesday morning for Gunter where his parents live.—Floydada Hesperian.

Friday afternoon the south bound passenger carried an extra coach for the benefit of the Normal students and teachers who were returning from the summer normal at Canyon. Over a hundred were on board when they left Canyon.—Lubbock Avalanche.

Costly Treatment.

"I was troubled with constipation and digestion and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine and treatment," writes C. H. Hines, of Whitlow, Ark. "I went to a St. Louis hospital, also to a hospital in New Orleans, but no cure was effected. On returning home I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets, and worked right along. I used them for some time and am now all right." Sold by all dealers.

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.

New Principal.

Prof. Lawrence Hill of Canyon has been elected principal of the Tulia schools. A successor to Supt. Smith has not been elected yet. The Board is making a close search for the best man possible.—Tulia Interprise.

Remarkable Cure of Dysentery.

"I was attacked with dysentery about July 15th, and used the doctor's medicine and other remedies with no relief, only getting worse all the time. I was unable to do anything and my weight dropped from 145 to 125 pounds. I suffered for about two months when I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I used two bottles of it and it gave me permanent relief," writes B. W. Hill of Snow Hill, N. C. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

How The Trouble Starts.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Tablets, keep your bowles regular and you will avoid these diseases. For Sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Dan Gullede was in Amarillo Sunday on business.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 50c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

(Advertisement)

American Fence

Combine the Fence and the Hog and get the Dollars

American Dollars

We have this American Steel Wire in all sizes, 20 to 49 inches in height in hog, poultry, rabbit fence, both light and heavy.

We also have a complete line of Genuine Baker Perfect Barbed Wire, Stoves, Ranges, Glassware, Queensware, Harness, Buggies and everything kept in a first-class hardware and implement store. Our harness is made in our own harness shop.

THOMPSON HARDWARE COMPANY

The Randall County News.

Incorporated under the laws of Texas
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.
 C. O. Keiser, President
 Oscar Hunt, Vice President
 C. W. Warwick, Sec'y-Treasurer
 Directors: C. O. Keiser, Oscar Hunt, C. W. Warwick, J. E. Winkelman.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

A business man who hasn't enough pride in his town to clean up ought not have any business.

Honest now folks, don't you think the city should rent a shed or building of some kind to keep its machinery in, instead of keeping it on the vacant lot where it now is? Remember we want to keep a clean town.

We are almost ready for the inspector to visit us, but there are a few places that need to be cleaned up and some of them need it badly. Are we going to stand around and let these few places keep us from getting the prize?

The business houses of Canyon are to be commended for the interest they have taken in the clean-up movement. According to local inspection there are but three places of business that are not in class A. Try a little harder fellows and lets all be in class A next week.

Why Did Burk Burn ett?

There is a town in Texas named Burk Burnett. The Star, a newspaper published at that place, offers the following explanation of the question. "Why did Burk Burn ett?"

Why did Burk Burn ett? Because on Monday Rand let Charlie take Mabel Dean to a supposed Iowa Park, but stopped in a Grand field and imagined they were in Loveland; but Harrold soon arrived on the scene with Electra and proceeded to Jolly Allen Dale because he had bought Bacon for lunch. Olney being shy on Graham bread Henrietta Bowie knife in Plainview of a Matador who had been kicked by Jack's boro; when they

SAFER THAN CALOMEL.

Dodson's Liver Tone at Night Will Straighten You Out by Morning—Calomel May Knock You Out of a Day's Work.

If you are a calomel user, next time you are tempted to buy it ask your druggist if he can absolutely guarantee the drug not to harm you. He won't do it because he CANT do it.

But here is a perfect substitute for calomel which the druggist does guarantee—the famous Dodson's Liver Tone. The City Pharmacy will refund your money without question if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

Go to the City Pharmacy whom you are acquainted with—and find out about the great number of people who are taking this remarkable remedy and feeling better, keener, healthier and better able to enjoy life than they ever were when taking calomel.

Why? Because calomel is a poison—one that may stay in the system, and while seeming to benefit you temporarily, may do harm in the end. If you haven't felt these ill effects so far, it is because you are fortunate enough to have a strong constitution.

Don't take the risk any longer. Get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone (50c.) and note how easily and naturally it corrects all bilious conditions, how it clears away that sick headache and coated tongue, how it sets you right without ache or gripe. The most wonderful thing in the world for constipation.

All this without the slightest interference with your regular habit.

(Advertisement)

CASH DIVIDENDS ON GOODS YOU BUY

By HOLLAND.

SOUNDS good, doesn't it? And the best of it is it is true. These cash dividends are paid on every dollar you spend, provided you spend wisely and buy goods that the maker believes in so strongly that he advertises them.

Advertised goods are not always the cheapest so far as the amount asked for them is concerned. But they are **INVARIABLY THE BEST.** And this makes them cheapest when all things are considered.

When you buy for the same money a better article than you have been buying you get a cash dividend on your purchase. When you pay less for an article of the same quality you get a cash dividend.

THESE DIVIDENDS ARE PAID TO THE READERS OF ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS PAPER.

returned this caused Devo to raise a row in the temple of Paradise and Walter said he had a Damsite rather he had not have gone. This caused business to slump as Byers were scarce. Wichita falls from the new Castle, spoiling her costume and was in a Dickens of a mess when Vernon came to her relief with a Chil dress. The fun had just begun at Sunset and it would have been Goodnight to the Holiday people if Burk had not made a bonfire out of Brown wood. Now why did Burk burn ett? Because she wanted to make a smoke for Robbstown to plunder Beville's Honey Grove and thereby Sey mour.

For morality, hospitality, and liberality; for unflinching devotion to the enterprises of it champions, the citizenship of Canyon is without a peer in the great state of Texas. Language would fail us should we attempt to express our appreciation of a manifest public spirit in the almost universal co-operation of our people in this "cleanest town" contest. We have nothing but words of praise for our merchants, business men, school board, and county officials, restaurant and those of our hotel keepers who with untiring effort are doing their dead level best to meet the requirements of the inspecting committee that they may thereby pass the final inspection. We believe the goal is in sight and all that remains for us to do to win the prize is to hold what we have and complete the good work so nearly finished by picking up the remaining tin cans in the streets and vacant lots, and, for those who have not already done so, to render the vaults of out closets fly proof. Do this and do it now. Don't cause us to lose out because of your negligence or indifference. Please do not throw waste paper in street, alley or back yard but burn it and also your chicken feathers. Teach the children to hate the sight of empty tin cans in street or alley as Prof. Marquis hates the fly, and that to throw out waste paper is a crime little less than lifting chickens off your neighbors hen roost. First of all let us teach by example. Do this and your children's children will rise up and call you blessed.

MAYOR F. M. WILSON.

C. M. Jacobson and wife of Lewisville and Mrs. A. D. Miller of Denton are visiting at the home of Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Stewart. Mrs. Jacobson and Mrs. Miller are sisters to Dr. Stewart.

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



Favorite Fiction.

"Not a Headache in a Gallon of It."
 "Why, of Course, Bill, I Know You'll Pay It When You Can, but—"
 "French Taught in Six Easy Lessons."
 "No, She Wasn't at Home—and I Was Glad of It."
 "Doctor, I Watch Every Bite That Goes Into His Mouth."
 "It Costs Me Next to Nothing for Repairs."
 "All Business Strictly Confidential."

Fully Explained.

"Swank, swank? What is this swank you hear so much about?" inquired a Harvard freshman of his big brother graduate at the Harvard club.
 "Why, swank means 'putting on side,' of course," replied brother.
 "And what does 'putting on side' mean?"
 "If you really want to know," was the reply, "both of them are Picadilly for the good old Missouri phrase 'throwing the dog.' Now keep quiet."

Might Have Done Worse.

"Hello, old man," greeted a tactful friend. "Glad to see you looking so well. I can't pretend that I haven't heard the news, and you will allow me as an old friend to say that I'm sorry your wife ran away from you."
 "Thanks," groaned the other. "But after all, she might do worse than she has done, you know."

Backward.

"In China everything is done backward," said the wise guy.
 "Not now," protested the old fogey.
 "China is a republic."
 "What of it?" demanded the wise guy. "They went to work and freed themselves and then, after establishing a republic, they issued a declaration of independence."

HOT ONE.



The Chap—Your refusal of me has broken my heart.
 The Heiress—I'm truly sorry. Is there nothing I can do except marry you?
 The Chap—No, but if you could lend me a couple of hundred thousand I might feel that I had only half lost you.

Kids' Inning.

He kissed his sweetheart in the hall. He kissed her o'er and o'er. A Jeer came from her brother small. "Say, mister, what's the score?"

Appealing to Her Pride.

Weary Willie—When you want to touch a lady, always appeal to her pride.
 Tottering Tommie—I did. I said, You proud thing, please give me a nickel!

In the Hospital Now.

"Biffkins, the bard, stood in the street yesterday waiting for a thought to strike him."
 "Well, did a thought strike him?"
 "No, but an auto did."

Near-Enjoyment.

"You don't know what you miss when you can't listen to the 'Honk!' of your own automobile."
 "I don't know about that. I've got a pet goose."

A Danger.

"It is a very serious thing to have needles in a jail."
 "Why so very serious?"
 "Because it makes the inmates break out."

Not the Same.

"I suppose the writer had a poet's license to say what he did."
 "Where did he get his license, pop?"
 "Was it the same place where we got our dogs?"

Deciding Point.

"What do you think of the first cork in this new house?"
 "I think that depends entirely on his disposition of its prospective misers."

SOME NORMAL STATISTICS

159 COUNTIES REPRESENTED SINCE SCHOOL STARTED.

Students Come From All Over the State—Finest Summer School in the State

In an interview with Secretary Terrill of the Normal he stated as follows: "During the school year 1912-13 and including the present summer normal we have had students enrolled from 141 different counties of the state and that during the three years of our work here we have had representatives enrolled from 159 different counties, so you may tell the people that this is not a local institution, but that it gathers its students from over the entire state.

"We have students this summer from Texarkana, Mineola, Winnsboro and Collins county, Dallas and other counties in northeastern Texas and from numerous counties in southern and eastern Texas. From Presidio county and every town along the Texas and Pacific Railway from Ft. Worth to El Paso of any note while the section around Coleman and Brownwood is generally represented. Of course we have and expect a large attendance from those counties which lie north of the Texas and Pacific and west of the Rock Island Railway north of Ft. Worth."

The West Texas State Normal is well known by the people of Texas to be the best Normal in the state. The total enrollment for the summer term this year was 685 and it will easily reach the 1,000 mark next summer. These fine days and cool nights make it very pleasant for the students to do their work and do it much better than they could in a hot and sultry climate.

DRESSING A LONG PROCESS

Modern Man Must Do Many Things Before He is Ready for Breakfast.

"Life is too short to sleep," says Mr. Edison. Most of us, however, seem to need sleep. The inventor is more practical when he adds, "It takes me one minute to undress at night, 40 seconds to fall asleep and two minutes to dress in the morning." It takes other people longer to dress and undress, and I maybe that is why there is but one Edison.

Nowadays it does not suffice to doff night and day raiment. Dressing in the morning is a rite an hour or more long. One must swing dumbbells, and have a shower, and brush his teeth, and gargle his throat, and spray his nose, and rub his gums with magnesia, and shave, and apply witch hazel, and knead his scalp, and use an eye cup, and eat quinine for a cold coming or going, and uncork liniment for some local ailment.

Most of these processes are undertaken to promote health, preserve youth and postpone old age. They are like lifting one's self over a fence by the boot straps. They fill the first hour after sleep with fussy activities and bring the subject to breakfast tired out. While he is primping, youth passes and old age arrives. If one will not do as Mr. Edison does, better take a leaf from Garfield's example—he read the classics while shaving—and equip the bathroom with wall charts and improving books, oilcloth bound.—New York World.

For Sale OUR TIME, knowledge and experience in the printing business.

When you are in need of something in this line **DON'T FORGET THIS**

Dull Months Are Out of Style

A dull month? NOT ON YOUR CASH REGISTER. Dull months are for dull people, not for live ones.

If you were a carpenter and your saw was dull, would you say, "I can't work this month, my saw is dull?"

Not for one blessed minute!

You'd get up in the morning and file that saw before breakfast. You'd put an edge on that saw that would make it eat its way through an oak board like a 10-year old boy through a piece of pumpkin pie.

The live merchant does exactly the same thing. The minute he sees the first faint sign of approaching dullness, he sharpens up his BUSINESS TOOLS and goes after MORE BUSINESS.

And he gets it, too.

He uses MORE ADVERTISING and BETTER advertising. He uses BETTER illustrations and STRONGER copy. He plans new campaigns while his COMPETITORS SLEEP. He uses THE NEWS' DISPLAY COLUMNS or the LOCAL PAGE, or both. He pulls every string. He does not leave a single stone unturned.

The man who leans back in his chair and says, "I'll take it easy now, for August will be dull anyway" will get just what he is looking for.

It's all in your mind.

This prattle about "dull seasons" is a mongrel theory sired by MENTAL WEAKNESS, mothered by INDIFFERENCE and nursed by the universal tendency of human nature to FIGHT SHY OF WORK.

Suppose there are a few people gone out of town on their summer vacation. There are more visitors than that come into town every day. And even with the few gone there is still a matter of many hundred permanent residents left within trading distance who eat and wear clothes in August the same as in any other month of the year.

There is plenty of business to be gotten in August if you only make up your mind to GO AFTER IT. We have what we WANT in this world provided we're not afraid to WORK and SWEAT and ADVERTISE.

You can have dull months if you want them, but you'll be out of date if you do. THEY'RE NOT IN STYLE ANY MORE.

The Randall County News

Automobiles

There is not a new 1913 Overland car for sale in the entire State of Texas at present.

WHY?

The Willys-Overland Company have always been just about one year ahead of other builders of pleasure cars in their class. That accounts for the demand being much greater than the supply. Watch for the 1914 announcement in the Saturday Evening Post, issue of August 16, and then see the car on my floor.

JOHN GUTHRIE

LOCAL NEWS.

Homer Taylor left Wednesday for Colorado.

All kinds of fresh vegetables at the Leader.

R. L. Marquis was in Amarillo Saturday on business.

S. V. Wirt carries a full line of paints, oils, glass and wall paper.

W. W. Kuehn of Ceta was in the city on business Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. Griffin were in Amarillo Thursday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Stafford were Amarillo callers Monday.

Lon Cowling left Tuesday for a visit with his parents at Mineral Wells.

Rev. Horace Bennett of Wortham will preach at the Baptist church Sunday.

Miss Nannie Johnson returned home Tuesday from Portales accompanied by her sister Mrs. J. C. Campton.

We will buy all the eggs you have or sell you as many as you want at 10c per dozen. The Leader.

Mrs. F. P. Guenther and Miss Elsie visited friends in Amarillo Sunday and Monday.

Gus Eeseberg and family left last week for Nebraska for a three weeks visit.

S. R. Brooks of Gainesville visited at the home of Dr. J. M. Black a few days last week.

PICKLES—We sell everything for pickles but the cucumbers. Burrough & Jarrett.

Mrs. Parker D. Hanna and baby left Wednesday for a two months visit with her parents at Galveston.

Mrs. A. G. Appling and daughter Miss Dora of Claude spent Tuesday at the I. C. Jenkins home.

The Cowart Candy Kitchen has moved from the old post-office building to the Thompson building on the south side of the square.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Peetit of Commanche who have been visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Lewis returned home Monday.

ALLSPICE, CLOVES, Celery-seed, Mustard-seed, Mace—Every thing that goes with pickles. Burroughs & Jarrett.

Mrs. J. T. Giles who has been visiting her brother and sister, Mr. W. H. Younger and Mrs. L. G. Conner returned Monday to her home in Leonard.

W. P. Moss and wife will leave the latter part of the week for Artesia, N. M. where Mr. Moss has accepted a position as jeweler with one of the jewelry stores of that place.

S. B. McClure was in Amarillo Monday on business.

Threshermen's books at the News office.

Mrs. John Hudson was an Amarillo caller Monday.

Mrs. Lee VanSant returned Tuesday from Petersburg after a weeks visit.

Anna Dell and Alma Guenther are visiting in Amarillo this week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Miller visited friends in Amarillo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Coffee visited her mother in Amarillo Sunday.

Uncle Eph still has a few rooms unoccupied. Going like hot cakes.—Aug. 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan of Amarillo visited in Canyon for a few days last week.

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

Misses Searcy and Frels of Colo., Spent Sunday at the Prof. Guenther home.

Mrs. L. R. Cutler of Iowa is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. M. Moreland.

Misses Leslie Easlie and Davida Algood of Ft. Worth are visiting at the J. M. Arnold home.

Miss Cora Avery of Clarendon and Miss Mamie Howren of Georgetown are visiting at the W. G. Word home.

ARE YOU PICKLED? or are you just pickling. Burroughs & Jarrett.

Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Stewart were Amarillo visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. R. A. Terrill accompanied Miss Thelma Donald as far as Amarillo Monday on her way to her home in Mineral Wells.

C. C. Robinson and wife who have been visiting at the home of J. E. Henson returned Monday to their home in May Texas.

Do the ants ever get in your house? V-Ava will keep them out. Get some at the News office.

T. H. Rowan and family, G. S. Ballard and family and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan left Wednesday for their home at Waco, after an extended visit with relatives in this city.

Mrs. M. O. Kornegay and two children returned Tuesday to their home in Hamilton after a three weeks visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Avant. They were accompanied by Lavert Avant who will go from their to San Antonio where he will attend school.

Oscar Hunt was an Amarillo caller Friday.

GET THE HABIT—Buy from Burroughs & Jarrett.

Mrs. G. T. Baily of Hereford is visiting Mrs. B. T. Johnson this week.

Frank Lock was in Amarillo Tuesday on business.

Will Cook was in Glazier Tuesday on business.

W. S. McElroy was in Amarillo Monday on business.

Home grown cantalopes and watermelons at the Leader.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Black were Amarillo callers Sunday.

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

H. E. Muldrow was an Amarillo business caller Monday.

F. E. Wilson and R. M. Rusk were in Amarillo Saturday on business.

Pop and milk shake 5c, home made candy. Best in town. Cowart's Candy Kitchen.

C. R. Burrows, wife and daughter were Amarillo callers Friday.

When you figure that bill of groceries you don't have to worry about the quality when it is from the Leader.

Dr. and Mrs. Guest of Wichita Falls are visiting at the Geo. L. Abbt home this week.

Mrs. J. A. Haynes and Mrs. H. C. Ficke of Iowa are visiting at the J. D. Gamble home.

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

Mrs. Leatherman, of Amarillo spent a few days last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Shotwell.

Mrs. E. F. Sibley of Lipscomb who has been in Canyon for the past two months with her daughter and neice, returned home Friday.

Owing to the absence of so many Normal students we have been forced to reduce our price to 10c per dozen on eggs. The Leader.

Mrs. G. A. Jones and children left last week for Burkburnett where they will make a two weeks visit with relatives.

Miss Cora Shipe left last week for Mangum, Okla., where she will visit friends and relatives until September.

Buy your pickle supplies a Burroughs & Jarrett's NEW DRUG STORE.

Miss Rosa Lee Eakins of Hico, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Black from Wednesday until Saturday.

O. N. Gamble left Sunday for St. Louis, Mo., where he will buy the fall stock for the Supply Company.

T. V. Reeves returned home Sunday from Denver where he has been visiting friends. He made the trip on his motorcycle.

Mrs. H. M. Bruce of California who has been visiting at the parental home of Mr. and Mrs. Carter left Sunday for Amarillo where she will visit relatives.

Miss Ella McGuiney who has been visiting at the C. J. Crawford home returned Tuesday to her home in Plemons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rhea who have been visiting at the homes of Rev. Groves and Kilburn for the past two weeks left Thursday for Colorado.

If the wet weather and big high prices get you in the hole, cheer up. Redburn will make you smile. Low prices will cure you. Come over and get in on our deal, we will save you money with pleasure. D. N. Redburn.

The regular meeting of the Eastern Star Chapter will be held Saturday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock.

Society Notes.

On Monday evening from eight thirty to eleven thirty Mrs. Jim Redfearn entertained a number of young people in honor of her sister Miss Gladys King of Sulphur Springs and Miss Tom Cook of Canyon.

The guests on arriving registered in the guest book and were ushered into the dining room where punch was served from a very unique punch bowl hollowed out of the solid ice. Mrs. Shinn then gave two readings "Lessons to Lovers" localized to fit the honories and their young men escorts which were very much enjoyed. Partners for forty-two were chosen by the boys guessing at the girls eyes. Eyes into which they had likely looked lovingly for hundreds of times were strange and wall-eyed. This afforded much amusement. After 42 had been played for some time, question cards were given to the boys and answers to the girls. One young lady seriously objected because she had received a card with nothing on it, but later some dashing young gentleman appeared with what is better than God and worse than the Devil? She looked at her card and said "nothing." Refreshments of cream, cake and home made candy were served.

Those present were Misses Gladys King, Tom Cook, Gertrude VanSant, Venita Rose, Edith Eakman, Ara Stafford, Charlotte Ingham, Edythe Cousins, Erna Guenther, Ada Terrill, Katie Smith, Mary Cook, Bluma Cage. Messrs Lorenzo Wirt, Clarence Thompson, Jessie Hicks, Turner Trailer, Will Word, William Gatewood, Edwin Muldrow, Roundtree, Woolbridge, Lile Holland and Burk Maethis.

Brother and Sister Groves were the victims of a very pleasant surprise Tuesday evening. About fifty of their friends met at the C. R. Burrow home and then proceeded to take possession of their home. Brother and Sister Groves met them at the door in their well known hospitable way and immediately recovering from their surprise made every one feel at home; after a short time spent in conversation and music, Rev. Haynes in behalf of the guests made a short talk to the host and hostess presenting them with a few tokens of love from their many friends. Brother Groves responded in his usual pleasant way and the guests departed at a late hour.

Many a tear was shed as they bid farewell to this beloved couple who soon leave this community to make their home in Waxahachie.

Methodist church entertained the Baracas and Boosters at the beautiful new home of Mrs. C. T. DeGraffenreid. The large, airy rooms were made more inviting by an artistic decoration of cut flowers. By nine o'clock fifty young people were gathered and making merry. Progressive conversation, shouting proverbs and the like interspersed with music and readings occupied the evening until about eleven o'clock when the young ladies served a generous helping of ice cream and cake.

Chas. Ferguson and sister, Mrs. Eliza Marquess, Glenn Marquess and family left Monday for Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Moore will occupy the Ferguson home. We have not learned what disposition will be made of the Jennings place.

J. C. Payne, Claude Hambley and W. D. McGehee made a trip to Amarillo Saturday in Payne Bros. car. J. C. and Claude returned Sunday accompanied by Miss Ruby Lee McGehee.

Rev. B. T. Sharp and Rev. S. J. Upton conducted protracted services at Wayside beginning the 1st Sunday in August and running to the 2nd. Evangelist Upton did the preaching till Quarterly conference which commenced Saturday when Rev. Jas. Hicks gave us a most excellent discourse, subject, Excuses. Rev Upton did good preaching and was well received, two professions, no accessions. They are expecting to protract at Happy the following week.

Mrs. M. B. Wilson and Earnest and Chas. Butler have gone to Claude to attend court this week. W. T. Helms and wife made a trip to Amarillo this week on business.

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OPENING

The new G. & L. Theater will open to the public Saturday night, Aug. 16.

This new play house is located first door east of the old First National Bank building. Four reels of high class motion pictures will be shown.

The Gem theater will be closed.

AND
G THEATER L
ADMISSION 5 AND 10 CENTS

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

CRAZE NOW FOR LAVENDER

Has Wonderfully Caught Fancy of Those to Whom Money is an Object of Little Moment.

There is a perfect craze for lavender toilet articles. Women of luxurious tastes and the money to indulge them are using dressing table sets of lavender enamel, picked out with white, gold or silver, and scarfs, pin-cushion covers, handkerchief and glove boxes of lavender satin veiled with shadow lace dyed to match.

Women who possess a similar love for lavender, but have not the means of purchasing it in enamel and fine lace, furnish their dressing tables with combs, brushes and manicure tools mounted with lavender, cloisonne or crystal or made wholly of lavender composition resembling celluloid. And to go with these articles they make veil, glove and handkerchief cases as well as cushion and table covers of lavender batiste veiled with dotted Swiss or St. Gall muslin, dyed to match.

One reason for this fad is that lavender is supposed to be a restful tone and the sight of it good for tired nerves. Another reason is that its almost neutral tone harmonizes with any of the pale soft shades suited to dressing rooms and lounging negligees, and a third reason is that lavender is considered a "refined" tone. It should be in evidence among the intimate belongings even though it swears at the complexion, the eyes and the hair.

DICTATES OF FASHION

The fitted coat with decided godet plaits is a novelty worn with a tight skirt.

Cotton voile embroidered with small beads makes a very pretty gown for summer.

The sleeveless jacket has taken a permanent place in the new fashions this spring.

Turkish toweling now comes in such beautiful weaves that it is sure to be extensively used for frocks.

The snugly fitted basque cut off about the hips and finished by a fichu at the throat is among the new-fashions.

The long stick of the parasol has revived the collapsible handle. Black and white striped covers with both wide and narrow border effects are fashionable coverings.

On many gowns underbodices of cream chiffon, lace or net are used, forming deep chemisettes and full sleeves, which extend below the short sleeves fashioned of the material used for the skirt and blouse.

Figured chiffon is used to line all white evening coats. Chiffon with a white background figured with big pink roses lines a coat on which the only other color is a buckle made of pasteboard covered with deep rose colored velvet.

Hats for very little girls are sometimes covered with shadow lace. White shadow lace covers one of white straw. About the edge of the brim, showing under the fringe of lace, pink rosebuds with a touch of green foliage are clustered.

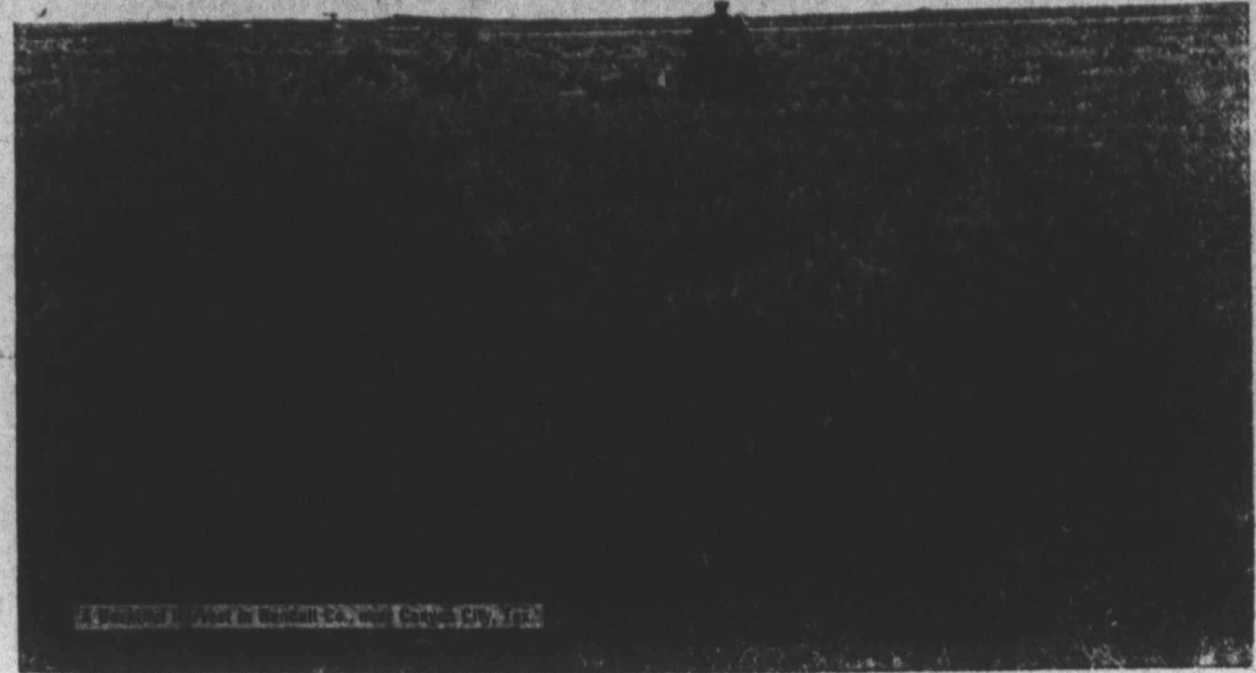
EXQUISITE AFTERNOON GOWN



An afternoon gown of liberty satin with Russian tunic. The skirt shows the heavy drapery now in vogue. Belt and sash of cerise velvet.

Possibilities of Ribbon.
Ribbon is to be a great feature of the coming season novelties, and its possibilities apparently are endless. Once upon a time it was merely tied into bows and therewith its sphere of usefulness and ornamentation began and ended.

But the coming ribbon will not rest content with so restricted a field. It will be made into frocks with plenty of lace insertion to hide the inevitable joints, into scarves with more lace and much ruching and frilling of tulle, into flowers of all sizes and shapes.



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Unimproved Farms
PRICES REASONABLE
Terms to Suit Purchaser
Location and Quality
of Farms Cannot
be Excelled

C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas
Keota, Iowa





THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
Illustrations By D. MELVILLE

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Hannibal gave him a frightened glance, and edged to Mr. Mahaffy's side, but did not answer.

The judge plodded forward, his shoulders drooped, and his head bowed. For once silence had fixed its seal upon his lips, no inspiring speech fell from them. He had been suddenly swept back into a past he had striven these twenty years and more to forget, and his memories shaped themselves fantastically. Surely if ever a man had quitted the world that knew him, he was that man! He had died and yet he lived—lived horribly, without soul or heart, the empty shell of a man.

A turn in the road brought them within sight of Boggs' race-track, a wide, level meadow. The judge paused irresolutely, and turned his bleared face on his friend.

"We'll stop here, Solomon," he said, rather wearily, for the spirit of boast and jest was quite gone out of him. He glanced toward Carrington. "Are you a resident of these parts, sir?" he asked.

"I've been in Raleigh three days altogether," answered Carrington, and they continued on across the meadow in silence.

Here were men from the small clearings in homespun and butternut or fringed hunting-shirts, with their women folk trailing after them. Here, too, in lesser numbers, were the lords of the soil, the men who counted their acres by the thousand and their slaves by the score. There was the flutter of skirts among the moving groups, the nodding of gay parasols that shaded fresh young faces, while occasionally a comfortable family carriage with some planter's wife or daughter rolled silently over the turf.

The judge's dull eye kindled, the haggard lines that streaked his face erased themselves. This was life, opulent and full. These swift-rolling carriages with their handsome women, these well-dressed men on foot, and splendidly mounted, all did their part toward lifting him out of his gloom.

A cry from Hannibal drew his attention. Turning, he was in time to see the boy bound away. An instant later, to his astonishment, he saw a young girl who was seated with two men in an open carriage, spring to the ground, and dropping to her knees put her arms about the tattered little figure.

"Why, Hannibal!" cried Betty Malroy.

"Miss Betty! Miss Betty!" and Hannibal buried his head on her shoulder.

"What is it, Hannibal; what is it, dear?"

"Nothing, only I'm so glad to find you!"

"I am glad to see you, too!" said Betty, as she wiped her tears away.

"When did you get here, dear?"

"We got here just today, Miss Betty," said Hannibal.

Mr. Ware, careless as to dress, scowled down on the child. He had favored Boggs with his presence, not because he felt the least interest in horse-racing, but because he had no faith in girls, and especially had he profound mistrust of Betty. She was so much easily portable, fell into a pink-faced child ready to fall into the arms of the first man who proposed to her. But Charley Norton had not seemed disturbed by the planter's forbidding air.

"What ragamuffin's this, Betty?" growled Ware disgustedly.

But Betty did not seem to hear.

"Did you come alone, Hannibal?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; the judge and Mr. Mahaffy, they fetched me."

The judge had drawn nearer as Betty and Hannibal spoke together, but Mahaffy hung back. There were gulfs not to be crossed by him. It was different with the judge; the native magnificence of his mind fitted him for any occasion.

"Allow me the honor to present myself, ma'am—Price is my name—Judge Slocum Price. May I be permitted to assume that this is the Miss Betty of whom my young protege so often speaks?"

Tom Ware gave him a glance of undisguised astonishment, while Norton regarded him with an expression of stunned and resolute gravity.

Betty looked at the judge rather inquiringly.

"I am glad he has found friends," she said slowly. She wanted to believe that Judge Slocum Price was somehow better than he looked, which should have been easy, since it was incredible that he could have been worse.

"He has indeed found friends," said the judge with mellow unction, and swelling visibly.

Now Betty caught sight of Carrington and bowed. Occupied with Hannibal and the judge, she had been unaware of his presence. Carrington stepped forward.

"Have you met Mr. Norton, and my brother, Mr. Carrington?" she asked.

The two young men shook hands, and Ware improved the opportunity to inspect the new-comer. But as his glance wandered over him, it took in more than Carrington, for it included the fine figure and swarthy face of Captain Murrell, who, with his eyes fixed on Betty, was thrusting his eager way through the crowd.

Murrell had presented himself at Belle Plain the day before. For upward of a year, Ware had enjoyed great peace of mind as a direct result of his absence from west Tennessee, and when he thought of him at all he had invariably put a period to his meditations with, "I hope to hell he catches it wherever he is!"

More than this, Betty had spoken of the captain in no uncertain tones. He was not to repeat that visit.

As Murrell approached, the hot color surged into Betty's face. As for Hannibal, he had gone white to the lips, and his small hand clutched hers desperately.

Murrell, with all his hardihood, realized that a too great confidence had placed him in an awkward position, for Betty turned her back on him and began an animated conversation with Carrington and Charley Norton.

Hicks, the Belle Plain overseer, pushed his way to Murrell's side.

"Here, John Murrell, ain't you going to show us a trick or two?" he inquired.

Murrell turned quickly with a sense of relief.

"If you can spare me your rifle," he said, but his face wore a bleak look.

"Don't you think you've seen about enough, Bet?" demanded Tom. "You don't care for the shooting, do you?"

"That's the very thing I do care for; I think I'd rather see that than the horse-racing," said Betty perverse-ly.

Betty now seated herself in the carriage, with Hannibal beside her, quietly determined to miss nothing. The judge, feeling that he had come into his own, leaned elegantly against the wheel, and explained the merits of each shot as it was made.

"I hope you gentlemen are not going to let me walk off with the prize?" said Murrell, approaching the group about the carriage. "Mr. Norton, I am told you are clever with the rifle."

"I am not shooting today," responded Norton haughtily.

Murrell stalked back to the line.

"At forty paces I'd risk it myself, ma'am," said the judge. "But at a hundred, offhand like this, I should most certainly fall—"

"It would be hard to beat that—"

they heard Murrell say.

"At least it would be quite possible to equal it," said Carrington, advancing with Hannibal's rifle in his hands.

It was tossed to his shoulder, and poured out its contents in a bright stream of flame. There was a moment of silence.

"Center shot, ma'am!" cried the judge.

"I'll add twenty dollars to the purse!" Norton addressed himself to Carrington. "And I shall hope, sir, to see it go into your pocket."

"Our sentiments exactly, ma'am, are they not?" said the judge.

"Perhaps you'd like to bet a little of your money?" remarked Murrell.

"I'm ready to do that too, sir," responded Norton quietly.

"Five hundred dollars, then, that this gentleman in whose success you take so great an interest, can neither equal nor better my next shot!" Murrell had produced a roll of bills as he spoke.

Norton colored with embarrassment. Carrington took in the situation.

"Wait a minute," he said, and passed his purse to Norton. "Cover his money, sir," he added briefly.

"Thank you, my horses have run away with most of my cash," explained Norton.

"Your shot!" said Carrington shortly, to the outlaw.

Murrell taking careful aim, fired, clipping the center.

As soon as the result was known, Carrington raised his rifle; his bullet, truer than his opponent's, drove out the center. Murrell turned on him with an oath.

"You shoot well, but a board stuck against a tree is no test for a man's nerve," he said insolently.

Carrington was charging his piece.

"I only know of one other kind of target," he observed coolly.

"Yes—a living target!" cried Murrell.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Portal of Hope.

"This—" the speaker was Judge Price; "this is the place for me. They are a warm-hearted people, sir; a prosperous people, and a patriotic people, with an unstinted love of country. I'd like to hang out my shingle here and practice law."

The judge and Mr. Mahaffy were camped in the woods between Boggs' and Raleigh. Betty had carried Hannibal off to spend the night at Belle Plain.

"I crave opportunity, Solomon—the indorsement of my own class. I feel that I shall have it here," resumed the judge pensively. "Will you stroll into town with me, Solomon?" he asked. Mahaffy shook his head.

"Then let your prayers follow me, for I'm off!" said the judge.

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the door of the city tavern, where he found Mr. Pegloe directing the activities of a small colored boy who was mopping out his bar. To him the judge made known his needs.

"Goin' to locate, are you?" said Mr. Pegloe.

"My friends urge it, sir, and I have taken the matter under consideration," answered the judge.

"Well, the only empty house in town is right over yonder; it belongs to young Charley Norton out at Thicket Point Plantation."

The house Mr. Pegloe pointed out was a small frame building; it stood directly on the street, with a narrow porch across the front, and a shed addition at the back. The judge's pulse quickened. What a location; and what a fortunate chance that Mr. Norton was the owner of this most desirable tenement! He must see him at once. As he turned away to recross

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"Yes—a Living Target!" said Murrell.

the street and learn from Mr. Pegloe, by what road Thicket Point might be reached, Norton himself galloped into the village. Catching sight of the judge, he reined in his horse and swung himself from the saddle.

"I was hoping, sir, I might find you," he said.

"A wish I should have echoed had I been aware of it!" responded the judge. "I was about to do myself the honor to wait upon you at your plantation."

"Then I have saved you a long walk," said Norton. He surveyed the judge rather dubiously, but listened with kindness as he explained the business that would have taken him to Thicket Point.

"The house is quite at your service, sir," he said, at length.

"The rent—" began the judge.

But Mr. Norton, with a delicacy equal to his own, entreated him not to mention the rent. The house had come to him as boot in a trade. It had been occupied by a doctor and a lawyer; these gentlemen had each de-

camped between two days, heavily indebted at the stores and taverns, especially at the taverns. And thus handsomely did Charley Norton acquit himself of the mission he had undertaken at Betty Malroy's request.

That same morning Tom Ware and Captain Murrell were seated in the small detached building at Belle Plain, known as the office, where the former spent most of his time when not in the saddle.

"So your sister doesn't like me, Tom—that's on your mind this morning, is it?" Murrell was saying.

"Make it worth my while and I'll take her off your hands," and Murrell laughed.

Tom favored him with a sullen stare.

There was a brief silence, during which Murrell studied his friend's face. When he spoke, it was to give the conversation a new direction.

"Did she bring the boy here last night? I saw you drive off with him in the carriage."

"Yes, she makes a regular pet of the little ragamuffin."

"Is the boy going to stay at Belle Plain?" inquired Murrell.

"That notion hasn't struck her yet, for I heard her say at breakfast that she'd take him to Raleigh this afternoon."

"That's the boy I traveled all the way to North Carolina to get for Fentress."

"Eh—what do you say?" cried Ware.

"Tom, you do you know about the Quintard lands; what do you know about Quintard himself?" continued Murrell.

He was a rich planter; lived in North Carolina. My father met him when he was in congress and got him to invest in land here. They had some colonization scheme on foot—this was upward of twenty years ago—but nothing came of it. Quintard lost interest."

"And the land?"

"Oh, he held on to that."

"Quintard has been dead two years, Tom, and back yonder in North Carolina they told me he left nothing but the home plantation. The boy lived there up to the time of Quintard's death, but what relation he was to the old man no one knew. Offhand,

Tom, I'd say that by getting hold of the boy Fentress expects to get hold of the Quintard land."

"That's likely," said Ware; then struck by a sudden idea, he added, "Are you going to take all the risks and let him pocket the cash? If it's the land he's after, the stake's big enough to divide."

"He can have the whole thing and welcome. I'm playing for a bigger stake." His friend stared at him in astonishment. "I'm licking a speculation into shape that will cause me to be remembered while there's a white man alive in the Mississippi Valley! Have you heard what the niggers did at Hayti?"

"You let the niggers alone; don't you tamper with them," said Ware. He possessed a profound belief in Murrell's capacity. He knew how the latter had shaped the uneasy population that foregathered on the edge of civilization to his own ends, and that what he had christened the Clan had become an elaborate organization, disciplined and flexible to his ruthless will.

"Look here, what do you think I have been working for—to steal a few niggers? That furnishes us with money, but you can push the trade too hard and too far. The planters are uneasy. The Clan's got to deal a counter blow or go out of business. Between here and the gulf—" he made a wide sweeping gesture with his arm. "I am spotting the country with my men; there are two thousand active workers on the rolls of the Clan, and as many more like you, Tom—and Fentress—on whose friendship I can rely."

"Sure as God, John Murrell, you are overreaching yourself! Your white men are all right, they've got to stick by you; if they don't they know it's only a question of time until they get a knife driven into their ribs—but niggers—there isn't any real fight in a nigger, if there was they wouldn't be here."

"Yet you couldn't have made the whites in Hayti believe that," said Murrell, with a sinister smile.

Ware, feeling the entire uselessness of argument, uttered a string of imprecations, and then fell silent.

"Well, how about the girl, Tom?" asked Murrell at length. "Listen to me, Tom. I'll take her away, and Belle Plain is yours—land, stock and niggers!" said Murrell.

Ware shifted and twisted in his seat.

"Do you want the land and the niggers? I reckon you'll have to take them whether you want them or not, for I'm going to have the girl."

CHAPTER XIII.

Bob Yancy Finds Himself.

Mr. Yancy awoke from a long dreamless sleep; heavy-lidded, his eyes slid open. For a moment he struggled with the odds and ends of memory, then he recalled the fight at the tavern, the sudden murderous attack, the fierce blows Slosson had dealt him, the knife thrust which had ended the struggle. Therefore, the bandages that now swathed his head and shoulders; therefore, the need that he should be up and doing—for where was Hannibal?

Suddenly a shadow fell obliquely across the foot of his narrow bed, and Cavendish, bending his long body somewhat, thrust his head in at the opening. He found himself looking into a pair of eyes that for the first time in many a long day held the light of consciousness.

"How are you, stranger?" he demanded, in a soft drawl.

"Where am I?" The words were a whisper on Yancy's bearded lips.

"Well, sir, you are in the Tennessee river fo' certain. Polly! you jest step here."

But Polly had heard Cavendish speak, and the murmur of Yancy's voice in reply. Now her head appeared beside her husband's.

"La, you are some better, ain't you, sir?" she cried, smiling down on him. "It's been right smart of a spell, too; yes, sir, you've laid like you was dead, and not fo' a matter of hours either—but days."

"How long?"

"Well, nigh on to three weeks."

They saw Yancy's eyes widen with a look of dumb horror.

"And you don't know nothing about my nevy?—you ain't seen or heard of him, ma'am?" faltered Yancy.

Polly shook her head regretfully.

"Ten or thereabouts, ma'am. He were a heap of comfort to me—" and the whisper on Yancy's lips was wonderfully tender and wistful. He closed his eyes and presently, lulled by the soft ripple that bore them company, fell into a restful sleep.

The raft drifted on into the day's heat; and when at last Yancy awoke, it was to find Henry and Keppel seated beside him, each solacing him with a small moist hand. Mrs. Cavendish appeared, bringing Yancy's breakfast. In her wake came Connie with the baby, and the three little brothers who were to be accorded the cherished privilege of seeing 't poor gentleman eat. Cavendish presented himself at the opening that did duty as a door.

"This looks like bein' alive, stranger," he commented genially.

"You-all ain't told me yo' name yet?" said Yancy.

"It's Cavendish. Richard Keppel Cavendish."

"My name's Yancy—Bob Yancy."

Mr. Cavendish exchanged glances with Mrs. Cavendish. By a nod of her dimpled chin the lady seemed to urge some more extended confidence on his part. Chills and Fever seated himself at the foot of Yancy's bed.

"Stranger, what I'm a-goin' to tell

(Continued on page 8)

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FOR SALE BY

Randall County News

The Prodigal Judge

(Continued from page 7)

you, you'll take as bein' said man to man," he began, with the impressive air of one who had a secret of great moment to impart. "Ever hear tell of lords?"

"No," Yancy was quick to notice the look of disappointment on the faces of his new friends.

"Are you ever heard of royalty?" and Cavendish fixed the invalid's wandering glance.

"You mean kings?"

"I shore do."

Yancy made a mighty mental effort. "There's them Bible kings—" he ventured at length.

Mr. Cavendish shook his head. "Them's sacred kings. Are you familiar with any of the profane kings, Mr. Yancy?"

"Well, taking them as they come, them Bible kings seemed to average pretty profane." Yancy was disposed to defend this point.

"You must a heard of the kings of England. Sho', wa'n't any of yo' folks in the war agin' him?"

"I'd plumb forgot, why my daddy fit all through the war!" exclaimed Yancy. The Cavendishes were immensely relieved.

"Now you-all keep still," said Cavendish. "I want Mr. Yancy should get the straight of this here! The various orders of royalty are kings, dukes, earls and lords. Earls is the third from the top of the heap, but lords ain't no slouch."

"Dick had ought to know, fo' he's an earl himself," cried Polly exultantly.

"Sho', Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth! Sho', that was what he was! Sho'!" and some transient feeling of awe stamped itself upon their small faces as they viewed the long and limber figure of their parent.

"These here titles go to the eldest son. He begins by bein' a viscount," continued Chills and Fever. "It was my great grandfather come over here from England. His name was Richard Keppel Cavendish, same as mine is. He lived back yonder on the Carolina coast and went to raisin' tobacco. I've heard my grandfather tell how he'd heard folks say his father was always hntin' in his hicker that he was a heap better than he seemed, and if people only knowed the truth about him they'd respect him mo', and mebbe treat him better. Well, sir, he married and riz a family; there was my grandfather and a passel of girls—and that crop of children was the only decent crop he ever riz."

"My grandfather said he never knowed a man with the same aversion agin labor as his father had. Folks put it down to laziness, but they misjudged him, as come out later, yet he never let on."

"Then one day he got his hands on a paper that had come across in a ship from England. All at once, he fit on something in the paper, and he started up and let out a yell like he'd been shot. 'By gum, I'm the Earl of Lambeth!' he says, and took out to the nearest tavern and got b'illin' full. Afterward he showed 'em the paper and they seen with their own eyes where Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth, had died in London. My great grandfather told 'em that was his uncle; that when he left home there was several cousins—but they'd up and died, so the title come to him. He never done a lick of work after that."

"I'm an orphan man of tittle now and it's been my dream to take Polly and the children and go back to England and see the king about my title. Don't you reckon he's got the notion the Cavendishes has petered out?"

Mr. Yancy considered this likely. The furious shrieking of a steam-packet's whistle broke in upon them.

"It's another of them haws, wantin' all the river!" said Mr. Cavendish, and fled to the steering oar.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Judge Sees a Ghost. Charley Norton's good offices did not end when he had furnished Judge Price with a house, for Betty required of him that he should supply that gentleman with legal business as well.

Thus it happened that Judge Price, before he had been three days in Raleigh, received a civil note from Mr. Norton asking him to search the title to a certain timber tract held by one Joseph Quaid. The judge, powerfully excited, told Mahaffy he was being understood and appreciated.

The immediate result of Norton's communication had been to send the judge up the street to the court house. He would show his client that he could be punctual and painstaking.

Entering the court house, he found himself in a narrow hall. He entered the county clerk's office. He was already known to this official, whose name was Saul, and he now greeted him.

"A little matter of business brings me here, sir," began the judge, with a swelling chest and mellow accents. "I am in some haste to look up a title for my client, Mr. Norton."

Mr. Saul scrambled up out of the depths of his chair and exerted himself in the judge's behalf.

"This is what you want, sir. Better take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew

take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew



His Face Went White and the Book Slipped From His Fingers.

forward a chair as he spoke, and the judge, seating himself, began to polish his spectacles with great deliberation.

"You've set on the bench, sir?" suggested Mr. Saul.

"In one of the eastern counties, but my inclination has never been toward the judiciary." He was turning the leaves of the ledger as he spoke. Suddenly the movement of his hand was arrested.

"Found it?" asked Mr. Saul. But the judge gave him no answer; he was staring down at the open pages of the book. "Found the entry?" repeated Mr. Saul.

"Eh—what's that? No—" he appeared to hesitate. "Who is this man Quintard?"

"He's the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre tract in this and abutting counties," said Mr. Saul.

"Who has charge of the land?"

"Colonel Pentress; he's old General Ware's law partner. I've heard it was the general who got this man Quintard to make the investment, but that was before my time."

The judge lapsed into silence. A step sounded in the narrow hall. An instant later the door was pushed open, and grateful for any interruption that would serve to take Mr. Saul's attention from himself, the judge abruptly turned his back on the clerk and began to examine the record before him. Insensibly, however, the cold, level tones of the voice that was addressing itself to Mr. Saul quickened the beat of his pulse, the throb of his heart, and struck back through the years to a day from which he reckoned time. He turned slowly, as if in dread.

What he saw was a man verging on sixty, lean and dark, with thin, shaven cheeks of a bluish cast above the jaw, and a strongly aquiline profile. Long, black locks swept the collar of his coat, while his tall, spare figure was habited in sleek broadcloth and spotless linen. For a moment the judge seemed to struggle with doubt, then his face went white and the book slipped from his fingers to the window ledge.

The stranger, his business concluded, swung about on his heel and quitted the office. Mr. Saul, bending above his desk, was making an entry in one of his ledgers. The judge shuffled to his side.

"Who was that man?" he asked thickly, resting a shaking hand on the clerk's arm.

"That?—Oh, that was Colonel Pentress I was just telling you about."

"Has he always lived here?"

"No; he came into the county about ten years ago, and bought a place called The Oaks."

"Has he a family?" The judge appeared to be having difficulty with his speech.

"Not that anybody knows of. Some say he's a widower, others again say he's an old bachelor; but he don't

say nothing. The colonel's got his friends, to be sure, but he don't mix much with the real quality. One of his particular intimates is a gentleman by the name of Murrell."

The judge nodded.

"I've met him," he said briefly. Acting on a sudden impulse, the judge muttered something about returning later, and hastily quitted the office.

In the hall the judge's steps dragged and his head was bowed. He was busy with his memories. Then passion shook him.

"Damn him—may God—for ever damn him!" he cried under his breath, in a fierce whisper.

They finished supper, the dishes were cleared away and the candles lighted, when the judge produced a mysterious leather-covered case. This he opened, and Mahaffy and Hannibal saw that it held a handsome pair of dueling pistols.

"Where did you get 'em, judge?—Oh, ain't they beautiful!" cried Hannibal, circling about the table in his excitement.

"My dear lad, they were purchased only a few hours ago," said the judge quietly, as he began to load them.

Norton had ridden down to Belle Plain ostensibly to view certain of those improvements that went so far toward embittering Tom Ware's existence.

"Do you think Belle Plain is ever going to look as it did, Charley?—as we remember it when we were children?" asked Betty.

"Why of course, it is dear, you are wonders!"

Ware stalked toward them. Having dined with Betty as recently as the day before, he contented himself with a nod in her direction. His greeting to Norton was a more ambitious undertaking.

"I understand you've a new overseer?"

"Then you understand wrong—Carrington's my guest," said Norton. "He's talking of putting in a crop for himself next season, so he's willing to help me make mine."

"Going to turn farmer, is he?" asked Ware.

"So he says." Norton was extremely disappointed when the planter manifested a disposition to play the host and returned to the house with them, where his presence was such a hardship that Norton shortly took his leave.

Issuing from the lane he turned his face in the direction of home. He was within two miles of Thicket Point when, passing a turn in the road, he found himself confronted by three men. One of them seized his horse by the bit. Norton had not even a riding-whip.

"Now, what do you wish to say to me?" he asked.

"We want your word that you'll keep away from Belle Plain."

"Well, you won't get it!" responded Norton.

In the same instant one of the men raised his fist and struck the young planter in the back of the neck.

"You cur!" cried Norton, as he wheeled on him.

"Damn him—let him have it!"

It was mid-afternoon of the day following before Betty heard of the attack on Norton. She ordered her horse saddled and was soon out on the river road with a groom in her wake. Betty never drew rein until she reached Thicket Point. As she galloped into the yard Bruce Carrington came from the house.

"How is Mr. Norton?" she asked, extending her hand.

"The doctor says he'll be up and about inside of a week. If you'll wait I'll tell him you are here."

Carrington passed on into the house. He entered the room where Norton lay.

"Miss Malroy is here," he said. "Betty?—bless her dear heart!" cried Charley weakly. "Just toss my clothes into the closet and draw up a chair. . . . There—thank you, Bruce—let her come along in now. And as Carrington quitted the room, Norton drew himself up on the pillows and faced the door. "This is worth several beatings, Betty!" he exclaimed as she appeared.

He bent to kiss the hand she gave him, but groaned with the exertion. Then he looked up into her face and saw her eyes swimming with tears.

"What—tears?" and he was much moved.

"It's a perfect outrage!" Betty paused irresolutely. "Charley—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can't you be happy without me?"

"No."

"But you don't try to be!"

"No use in my making any such foolish effort, I'd be doomed to failure."

"Good-by, Charley—I really must go."

He looked up yearningly into her face, and yielding to a sudden impulse, she stooped and kissed him on the forehead, then she fled from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

At the Church Door. Tom found Betty at supper.

"You were over to see Norton, weren't you, Bet? How did you find him?"

"The doctor says he will soon be about again."

"Betty, I wish you wouldn't go there again—that's a good girl!" he said tactfully, and as he conceived it, affectionately. Betty glanced up quickly.

"Why, Tom, why shouldn't I go there?"

"It might set people gossiping. I reckon there's been pretty near enough talk about you and Charley Norton." The planter's tone was conciliatory in the extreme, he dared not risk a break by any open show of authority.

"You needn't distress yourself, Tom. I don't know that I shall go there again," said Betty indifferently.

At Thicket Point Charley Norton, greatly excited, hobbled into the library in search of Carrington. He found him reading by the open window.

"Look here, Bruce!" he cried. "It's settled; she's going to marry me! Can't you wish me joy?"

Carrington held out his hand. "You are not going to take any risks now, you have too much to live for," he said haltingly.

"No, I'm to keep away from Belle Plain," said Norton happily. "She insists on that. Everything is to be kept a secret until we are actually married; it's her wish—"

"It's to be soon, then?" Carrington asked, still haltingly.

"Very soon."

There was a brief silence. Carrington, with face averted, looked from the window.

"I am going to stay here as long as you need me," he presently said. "Miss Malroy asked me to, and then I am going back to the river, where I belong."

(Continued next week)

L. C. Johnson was in Amarillo Wednesday on business.

Use the Telephone



When you need Job Printing. Just let us know and we will send a man to see you to talk prices and show samples. No job is too big, none is too small for us.

Use the Telephone—We Will Do the Rest

Miss Lochie May Myers visited friends in Amarillo Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. A. Garrison was an Amarillo caller Wednesday.

Mrs. Susie Cross of Silverton spent Wednesday night at the D. Thomas home.

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.

Notice. Scratching For Fun. We would have great sympathy for those who have to scratch continually, if there wasn't a remedy for the trouble, but as Hunt's Cure is Guaranteed to cure or money refunded, it would seem that those who scratch do so just for the fun of it. It's a special remedy for Itch, Eczema, tetter, ringworm, etc. (Advertisement)

Wanted—A few roomers (ladies only). Nicely furnished rooms with hot air heat, electric lights, bath and other conveniences, two blocks from Court house. Board can be obtained conveniently. Rates reasonable. Mrs. C. R. McAfee. 21-4t

Wanted—A few stock hogs and shoats. C. R. McAfee. 21-4t

Wanted—A second hand set of buggy harness. Apply this office. 1t

Wanted—A small house at a cheap price. Call at News Office. 1tp

For Rent—A room house one block from Normal. \$10.00 per month. C. M. Thomas. 1tp

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. 1t

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. 13t

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. 15t

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. 1t

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

Program of the Auxiliary to Tierra Blanca Association to Meet With the First Baptist Church of Canyon, August 20, at 1:30 p. m.

OFFICERS OF AUXILIARY

President Mrs. B. T. Johnson, Canyon, Texas
Secretary-Treasurer Mrs. J. C. LaPrade, Tulia, Texas
Chairman of Personal Service Mrs. L. W. Ricketts, Hereford, Texas

PROGRAM

Devotional Mrs. John Davis, Canyon
Announcement of Committees.
Minutes of last meeting.
Special Music.

How shall we enlist our women in our organized work?—Mrs. J. E. Garrison, Hereford
Mrs. W. H. Younger, Canyon

Reading—The light from over the range—Mrs. J. M. Shinn, Canyon
Reports from the Field.

Our Auxiliary work. How maintained? What is our purpose?—Mrs. B. T. Johnson, Canyon.

Our Children and Young Peoples work.—Mrs. W. E. Hicks, Hereford
Mrs. G. R. Reed, Canyon
Mrs. Gullage, Canyon
Mrs. Dan L. Adams, Wayside

Special Music—Messrs. Smith, Jackson, Haze, Beard.
Importance of regular meetings—Mr. Tomlinson, Tulia
Mrs. J. W. McMinn, Summerfield

Importance of prompt reports—Mrs. J. C. LaPrade, Tulia
Mrs. Olie Rusk, Canyon

Quartette. Relating to Pastor and local church—Rev. Purcer, Hereford
Mrs. Bailey, Hereford

Personal Service—Mrs. L. A. Ricketts, Hereford
Mrs. Dixon Davis, Canyon

Song. Prayer. Dismissal.

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

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.

The Mexican Situation.

The trouble in Mexico has developed one fact of importance in the U. S. and that is that both the Federals and Constitutionalists are firm believers in Hunt's Lightning Oil, the great American remedy for neuralgia, rheumatism, cuts, burns and other aches and pains. No wonder since it makes the pain go away almost at once. All druggists sell it in 25c and 50c bottles. (Advertisement)

We need more farmers.

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. Carriek, medical director in charge.