

## WEEK OF VERY WET WEATHER

GOES LONG WAY TOWARD MAKING A BIG WHEAT CROP.

Slow Rains and Cool Weather very Pleasing to Farmers—Four Days of Good Rain-Fall.

If ever a country was blessed with the most wonderful rain just at the right time, Randall county and the Panhandle of Texas is that country. Randall county may claim the distinction of being especially favored, since all of our rains were the slow drizzling kind, while some of the sections of the Plains received hard beating rains which often do nearly as much harm as good. Randall county is thoroughly soaked and soaked deep.

The condition of the wheat before the rain was critical. We had had a few hard winds which had dried out the top of the ground very greatly. The lower moisture has been good all year, but moisture was needed for the surface. And it came just at the right time, and under the right conditions—in cool weather and in a very slow and drizzling form.

The rains started Thursday night when one-eighth of an inch fell. Friday there were rains throughout the day, being one-fourth inch in all. Friday night seven-sixteenths were added. Saturday night there was three-sixteenths. Sunday night there was three-fourths.

During the day Monday, rain fell amounting to one-sixteenth of an inch and Monday night three-fifths of an inch fell.

The total amount of moisture to fall in Canyon since Thursday night is three inches. Larger rains have fallen in almost every direction from town, nearly five inches being reported south and west. The season is the best the old timers have seen for ten or more years.

The farmers are confident of a good wheat crop even if there be little or no more rain, but with a good cool rain in a couple of weeks they will make a record breaking crop.

A good per cent of the row crop has been planted and some of it up and doing well. Cultivating and planting will keep the farmers in their fields for long hours as soon as they are able to work.

It looks more and more like a banner crop for the Panhandle in 1914.

### Closing Days Busy Ones.

The closing days of the Normal last week were indeed busy ones for the Normal students. Pres. and Mrs. Cousins gave a reception Wednesday night to the senior class, alumni and faculty. Thursday and Friday nights were literary society receptions. Saturday was the class day exercises, which was one of the best ever given by the students. Saturday night the alumni and faculty entertained the seniors at a reception. Sunday morning was the commencement sermon and Monday morning was the commencement exercises.

### Picnic Called Off.

Owing to the heavy rains, the high school alumni association has decided to call off their picnic which was set for today. No social function will be held this year of the association.

## Austin Texas, May 20 1914. C. W. Warwick, Canyon, Texas:

### The board appointed committee to proceed with the temporary buildings and the Governor authorizes us to proceed with the permanent building. R. B. COUSINS.

## CLEAN UP DAY ON WEDNESDAY

ALL BUSINESS HOUSES IN TOWN WILL CLOSE FOR WORK.

Business Men Enthusiastic over Proposition and will Work Hard for Cleaner City.

Canyon will close up and clean up next Wednesday, May 27.

Mayor Wilson has proclaimed Wednesday as the first big clean up day of the year, and the people of the town have heartily endorsed his proclamation. While no petition was circulated among the business houses asking for them to close, a representative of the News has seen practically all of the business men during the week and every one has stated that they were more than willing to close for the day and work hard in order to put the city in perfect condition while the weeds are yet small and before much trash accumulates. Mayor Wilson will call his forces together sometime this week to organize for next Wednesday's campaign. The mayor has also set Friday of this week for a home clean up day when the citizens will be expected to put their own property in good condition and to cut the weeds to the middle of the street.

### How Many Dairy Cows?

How many dairy cows are there in Randall County?

Some say 500 and some say 800 while some guess even 1000.

The News has a list on which are shown to be about 750, but this list is by no means correct. We want the list complete and full.

Lists will be left in every grocery store in Canyon and it is very important that every farmer sign one of these lists within the next two weeks, giving the following data: Name, post office, number of cows milking, number could milk, kind of cows, average gallons per cow per day.

This information will be used to interest parties in the establishment of an industry in Canyon which will be directly beneficial to the dairyman.

Please sign one of these lists at once.

W. L. Baird is here from Rockdale and has accepted a position as Asst. Cashier of the First National bank, taking the place of S. C. Whitman who recently resigned, and who will go to his farm near Happy the first of the month.

## NORMAL REJECTS SCHOOL PROPOSAL

Canyon, Texas, May 19, 1914. Superintendent E. F. King, Secretary of the School Board, Canyon, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Replying to the rejection of our proposition and the submission of another by the Board of Trustees of the City School of Canyon through you as its Secretary, permit us to say that, after a consideration of your plan of cooperative union of the West Texas State Normal College and the Canyon City Public School, we, the committee formulating the judgment of the Normal School Faculty must decline to accept your proposition for the following reasons:

First. It was unnecessary for you to go beyond the third paragraph of your communication, revealing the attitude of the Board of Trustees in the matter, rejecting the proposition submitted by us and submitting a new and contradicting one, making the union between us impossible. For "all teachers to follow the directions of the superintendent in all matters and phases of management and in carrying out the course of study prescribed" would exclude the Normal School from participation in the management thereof, and would render its efforts futile in bringing the City Schools of Canyon to what we believe to be a standard of professional excellence. Your proposition, therefore, in its last analysis, offers the opportunity to us to employ two teachers at the State's expense, to put them under the sole direction and control of the superintendent of Canyon City Schools, giving us the privilege of visiting the schools to make an occasional address or to "conduct a model lesson", a privilege which would doubtless be granted by any other city school of the plains, free of charge, but for which you would charge us a fee of Eighteen Hundred Dollars a year.

Second. Your proposition would make critic teachers of your regularly employed teachers many of whom might be without any special preparation for that character of work, (a condition subversive of all the purposes and principles of Standard Training Schools throughout the world,) and would place the training of student teachers in charge of those who have no connection with us and in no sense amenable to the authorities of the Normal School, whom the State makes responsible for this work.

Third. In the sixth paragraph of your proposition you provide that a committee from the faculty of the Normal School might have the privilege of discussing teachers with you, leaving you entirely at liberty to do as you like concerning their employment, although the many years of experience of several members of the Normal Faculty as superintendents of standard affiliated schools with their special study of professional work before and since becoming members of the faculty, should render them fully competent to render service to trustees who are men engaged in commercial or other activities, even though guided by an efficient superintendent of schools.

Fourth. The acceptance of your proposition would place our educational department and professional plans under the direction of your superintendent, tying us hand and foot, so far as improving the Canyon City Schools is concerned, as we understand this improvement. But even this unfair and impossible relation might be terminated at your opinion, regardless of any embarrassment that might come to us.

Your proposition is subversive of the interests of both parties and it should be rejected.

We are fully persuaded that a union upon the basis submitted in our proposition is for the best interest of the Normal School and of every child that shall in the future attend the Public Schools of Canyon, and that it will be a fortunate day for all concerned when the managements of the two institutions form a union upon some such plan as was submitted by us to your honorable body.

Respectfully submitted,  
B. A. Stafford  
L. G. Allen  
Committee for the Faculty.

Going to Europe.

Misses Denman and Cofer of the Normal faculty left Tuesday for their homes in Houston and Greenville where they will spend a few days before sailing on June 10 for Europe where they will visit all of the principal points of interest and will return for their work in the Normal about the middle of September.

Opening New Store.

"The Grocery and Novelty Store" is the name of a new business being opened in the Johnson building by a firm of which B. T. Johnson is manager. Mr. Johnson says that they will carry a complete line of groceries and the best line of novelties ever introduced in the city. He hopes to be open within another week.

East Traylor was in Amarillo Monday.

## PRES. COUSINS TO AUSTIN MONDAY

The board of Regents of Normal colleges met in Austin yesterday for the regular annual meeting.

From a local standpoint, the meeting is of great interest owing to the fact that the board will decide whether or not a temporary building will be erected. In the second place the board will take up the plans for the new building and see what can be done in that line.

At this meeting the board will also organize for the coming year, hear reports from the presidents of the normal schools of the state and elect the faculties for the coming year.

### More Public School Credits.

Supt. E. F. King has received notice from the state university that the Canyon public school has been awarded two more units of credit with that institution. This places the local school in the first group of schools as classified by the university, the total credit of the school now being 14 1-2 units.

The new credits allowed are one on English History and one-half on each Solid Geometry and Physiograph. The school now has full affiliation with the state university with the exception of one study—physiology. Graduates may go from our high school to the university with out examination unless they choose a course in which physiology is prescribed by the university, in which case they must either stand an examination on this one subject or take it in the university.

The public schools have greatly increased in efficiency during the past three years, going from practically no to complete affiliation.

### Visiting Eastern Schools.

Misses Ritchie and Malone of the Normal faculty left Monday for an extended summer trip to the east and will visit a number of towns and Normal schools on the way. The following places will be visited: Emporia normal school, Chicago normal school, American Library association at Washington, D. C., May 25-30, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany library school Geneseo normal school, Niagara Falls and from there they will sail on Lake Erie to Detroit, Ypsilanti normal school, Chicago, Kirksville normal school.

I. Cooper and Miss Mandena Waller of Silverton visited Miss Tommie Pen Wednesday and Thursday.

## NORMAL CLOSES SUCCESSFUL YEAR

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES HELD MONDAY AT M. E. CHURCH.

Heavy Rains Prohibited use of Temporary Building in Front of Grand Stand.

The West Texas State Normal college closed the regular session of its fourth year Monday morning at the commencement exercises held at the Methodist church. The heavy rains prohibited the use of the temporary building in front of the grand stand for the Sunday and Monday services.

The commencement sermon was preached Sunday by Rev. A. W. Hall of the Vernon Methodist church. Mr. Hall is an able minister and his sermon is highly praised by the people of Canyon.

The commencement address was given by Hon. W. A. Palmer of Canadian. Mr. Palmer is no stranger in Canyon, having spoken here several times. He is an earnest speaker and his address was full of good sound advice for the young people of the school.

Diplomas were given to one hundred and twenty-five, and certificates to teach to almost the same number of lower classmen.

The summer quarter of the school will open Monday, June 1.

## HIGH SCHOOL WILL CLOSE ON FRIDAY

Owing to the heavy rain Sunday night the high school baccalaureate service was not held. This was postponed until tonight and will be held at the Methodist church.

The commencement services will be held at the Methodist church Friday night. The following is the program:

- "What Shall we do with it?"—Frank Shotwell.
- "A Desirable Citizen"—Lyle Holland.
- "The Junior's Inheritance"—Renna Craig.
- "Modern Knighthood"—Zerah McReynolds.
- "American Ideals"—Annie Pairlee Smith.
- "After Twenty Years"—Ernest Wesley Smith and Watson Thompson.
- "The American Woman versus the English Woman"—Edith Eakman.

The class address will be delivered by Rev. T. G. Netherton, pastor of the Baptist church. The following are the graduates:

- Annie Pairlee Smith
- Zerah Lee McReynolds
- Watson Thompson
- Renna Craig
- Edith Eakman.
- Frank Wilmer Shotwell
- Moses Lyle Holland
- Ernest Wesley Smith
- Class colors—Gold and white
- Class flower—White daisy
- Class motto—Second to None.

### Will Select Minister.

There will be a congregational meeting Sunday morning of the members of the Presbyterian and Christian churches at which time a pastor will be chosen for the coming year.

L. T. Lester was in Lubbock Saturday on business.

# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

## By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

### ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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#### SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an Auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely.

#### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The girl walked on up the highway with a liting stride, now and then laughing to herself, or running a few steps, occasionally stopping by some hedge to pull a leaf which she rubbed against her cheek, smelling its keen new scent, or stopping to gaze out across the orange-green belts of sunny wind-dimpled fields, one hand pushing back her nutbrown hair from her brow, the other shielding her eyes. Farther on the highway looped around a strip of young forest, and she struck into this for a short cut. In the depth she sat down to rest on the sun-splashed roots of a tree. Leaning back against the scented trunk, her feet had fallen to the ground, she looked like some sea-woman emerging from a warthog pool to comb her hair against a dappled rock.

She drew back against the tree and caught her breath as a bulldog frisked over a mossy boulder just in front of her.

A moment more and she had thrown herself on her knees with both arms outstretched. "Oh, you splendid creature!" she cried, "you big, lovely white darling!"

The dog seemed in no way averse to this sentimental proceeding. He responded instantly not merely with tail-wagging, but with ecstatic grunts and growls. "Where did you come from?" she questioned, as his pink tongue struggled desperately to find a cheek through the whorl of copper hair. "Why, you must be the one I was told not to be afraid of."

She petted and fondled the smooth intelligent muzzle. "As if any one could be afraid of you! We'll set your master right on that point." Smiling to herself, she pulled one of the roses from her belt, and twisting a wisp of long grass, wound it round and round the dog's neck and thrust the ragged rose-stem firmly through it. "Now," she said, and pushed him gently from her, "go back, sir!"

He whined and licked her hand, but when she repeated the command, he turned obediently and left her. A little way from her he halted, with a sudden perception of mysterious punishment, shrugged, sat down, and tried to reach the irksome grass-wisp with his teeth. This failing, he rolled laboriously in the dirt.

Then he rose, cast a reproachful glance behind him, and trotted off.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### Mad Anthony.

Beyond the salvage of the sleepy leaf-sheltered village a cherry-bordered lane met the Red Road. On its one side was a clovered pasture and beyond this an orchard, bounded by a tall hedge of close-clipped box which separated it from a broad yard where the gray-weathered roof of Rosewood showed above a group of tulip and catalpa trees. On the sunny steps a lop-eared puppy was playing with a mottled cat.

The front door was open, showing a hall where stood a grandfather's clock and a spindle-legged table holding a bowl of potpourri. The timepiece had landed from a sailing vessel at Jamestown wharf with the household goods of that English Garland who had adopted the old Middle Plantation when Dunmore was royal governor under George III. Framed portraits and engravings lent tints of tarnished silver, old-rose and sunset-golds—colors time-worn and reminiscent, carrying a charming sense of peaceful content, of gentleness and long tradition. The dark polished stairway had at its turn a square dormer-window which looked out upon one of the rose-arbors.

Down this stair, somewhat later that afternoon, came Shirley Dandridge, booted and spurred, the rebellious whorls of her russet hair now as closely dilted as a Greek boy's, in a short divided skirt of yew-green and a cool white blouse and swinging by its ribbon a green hat whose rolling brim was caught up at one side by a crisp blue-black hawk's feather. She stopped to peer out of the dormer-window to where, under the latticed weave of bloom beside a round iron table holding a hoop of embroidery and a book of two a lady sat reading.

The lady's hair was silver, but not with age. It had been so for many years, refuted by the transparent skin and a color as soft as the cheek of an apricot. It was solely in her dark eyes, deep and strangely luminous, that one might see lurking the ember spirit of passion and of pain. But they were eager and brilliant withal, giving the lie to the cane whose crook one pale delicate hand held with a clasped that somehow conveyed a sense of exasperate if semi-humorous rebellion.

She looked up at Shirley's voice, and smiled brightly. "Oh for your ride, dear!"

"Yes, I'm going with the Chalmers."

"Oh, of course. Betty Page is visiting them, isn't she?"

Shirley nodded. "She came yesterday. I'll have to hurry, for I saw them from my window turning into the Red Road." She waved her hand and ran lightly down the stair and across the lawn to the orchard.

She pulled a green apple from a bough that hung over a stone wall and with this in her hand she came close to the pasture fence and whistled a peculiar call. It was answered by a low whinny and a soft thud of hoofs, and a golden-chestnut hunter thrust a long nose over the bars, flaring flame-lined nostrils to the touch of her hand. She laid her cheek against the white thoroughbred forehead and held the apple to the larger reaching lip, with several teasing withdrawals before she gave it to its juicy crunching.

She let down the top bar of the fence and vaulting over, ran to a stable and presently emerging with a saddle on her arm, whistled the horse to her and saddled him. Then opening the gate, she mounted and cantered down the lane to meet the oncoming riders—a kindly-faced, middle-aged man, a younger one with dark features and coal-black hair, and two girls.

Chisholm Lusk spurred in advance and lifted his hat. "I held up the judge, Shirley," he said, "and made him bring me along. He tells me there's a fox hunt on tomorrow; may I come?"

"Fahw! Chilly," said the judge. "I don't believe you ever got up at five o'clock in your born days. You've learned bad habits abroad."

"You'll see," he answered. "If my man Friday doesn't rout me out tomorrow, I'll be up for murder."

They rode an hour, along stretches of sunny highways or on shaded bridle-paths where the horses' hoofs fell muffled in brown pine-needles and drooping branches flicked their faces. Then, by a murky way gouged with brusque gullies, across shelving fields and "turn-rows" in a long detour around Powhattan Mountain, a rough spur in the shape of an Indian's head that wedged itself forbiddingly between the fields of spring corn and tobacco.

"Do let us get a drink!" said Chilly Lusk. "I'm as thirsty as a cotton-batting camel."

"All right, we'll stop," agreed the judge, "and you'll have a chance to see a local lion, Betty. This is where Mad Anthony lives. You must have heard of him when you were here before. He's almost as celebrated as the Reverend John Jasper of Richmond."

Betty tapped her temple. "Where have Ah heard of John Jasper?"

"He was the author of the famous sermon on 'The Sun do Move.' He used to prove it by a bucket of water that he set beside his pulpit Saturday night. As it hadn't spilled in the morning he knew it was the earth that stood still."

Betty nodded laughingly. "Ah remember now, is Mad Anthony really mad?"

"Only harmlessly," said Shirley. "He's stone blind. The negroes all believe he conjures—that's voodoo, you know. They put a lot of stock



"Howdy Do, Anthony," He said.

in his 'prophecies.' He tells fortunes, too. S-sh!" she warned. "He's sitting on the door-step. He's heard us."

The old negro had the torso of a black patriarch. He sat bolt upright with long straight arms resting on his knees, and his face had that peculiar expressionless immobility seen in Egyptian carvings. His age might have been anything, judging from his face which was so seamed and creviced with innumerable tiny wrinkles that it most resembled the tortured glass of some ancient bitumen pottery unearthed from a tomb of Kor.

The judge dismounted, and tossing his bridle over a fence-picket, took from his pocket a collapsible drinking cup. "Howdy do, Anthony," he said. "We just stopped for a drink of your good water."

The old negro nodded his head. "Good watah," he said in the gentle

quavering tones of extreme age. "Yas, Marse. He's yo'se'. Come fom he centah ob de yart, dat watah. En dah's folks say de centah ob de yart is all fiah. Yo' reck'n dey's right, Marse Chahmahs?"

"Now, how the devil do you know who I am, Anthony?" The judge set down his cup on the well-curb. "I haven't been by here for a year."

The ebony head moved slowly from side to side. "Oh Antny don' need no eyes," he said, touching his hand to his brow. "He see ev'rything heah."

The judge beckoned to the others and they trooped inside the paling. "I've brought some other folks with me, Anthony; can you tell who they are?"

The sightless look wavered over them and the white head shook slowly. "Don' know young marse," said the gentle voice. "How many yuddahs wid yo'? One, two? No, I don' know young mistis, eidah."

"I reckon you don't need any eyes," Judge Chalmers laughed, as he passed the sweet cold water to the rest. "One of these young ladies wants you to tell her fortune."

The old negro dropped his head, waving his gaunt hands restlessly. The judge beckoned to Betty Page, but she shook her head with a little grimace and drew back.

"You go, Shirley," she whispered, and with a laughing glance at the others, Shirley came and sat down on the lowest step.

Mad Anthony put out a wavering hand and touched the young body. His fingers strayed over the habit and went up to the curling bronzes under the hat-brim. "Dis de li'l mistis, she muttered, "ain' afeahd ob Antny. Dah's fiah en she ain' afeahd, en dah's watah en she ain' afeahd. Wondah wuh Ah gwine tell hoo? Wuh de coloh ob yo' hair, honey?"

"Black," put in Chilly Lusk, with a wink at the others. "Black as a crow."

Old Anthony's hand fell back to his knee. "Young marse laugh at de ol' man," he said, "but he don' know. Dat de coloh dat buh mah han's—de coloh ob go', en eyes blue like er cat-bird's aig. Dah's er man gwine look in dem eyes, honey, en gwine make 'em cry er cry." He raised his head sharply, his lids shut tight, and swung his arm toward the North. "Dah's wuh he come fom," he said, "en heah"—his arm veered and he pointed straight toward the ragged hill behind them.

"Lusk stay."

Lusk laughed noiselessly. "He's pointing to Damory Court," he whispered to Nancy Chalmers, "the only uninhabited place within ten miles. That's as near as he often hits it, I fancy."

"Heah's wuh he stay," repeated the old man. "Heap ob trouble wait heah fo' him too, honey,—heap ob trouble, heah wuh li'l mistis fin' him."

"Come, Anthony," said Judge Chalmers, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. "That's much too mournful! Give her something nice to top off with, at least!"

But Anthony paid no heed. "Gret trouble. Dah's fiah en she ain' afeahd, en dah's watah en she ain' afeahd. En Ah sees yo' gwine ter him, honey. Ah heah de co'ot-house clock a-strikin' in de night—en yo' gwine. Don' wait, don' wait, li'l mistis, er de trouble-cloud gwine kryah him erway fom yo' . . . When de clock strike thutteen—when de clock strike thutteen—"

The droning voice ceased. The gaunt form became rigid. Then he started and turned his eyes slowly about him, a vague look of anxiety on his face. For a moment no one moved. When he spoke again it was once more in his gentle quavering voice:

"Watah! Yas, Marse, good watah. He's yo'se'."

The judge set a dollar bill on the step and weighted it with a stone, as the rest remounted. "Well, good-by, Anthony," he said. "We're mightily obliged."

He sprang into the saddle and the quartette cantered away. "My experiment wasn't a great success, I'm afraid, Shirley," he said ruefully.

"Oh, I think it was splendid!" cried Nancy. "Do you suppose he really believes those spooky things? I declare, at the time I almost did myself. What an odd idea—when the clock strikes thirteen, which, of course, it never does."

"Don't mind, Shirley," bantered Lusk. "When you see all 'dem troubles' coming, sound the alarm and we'll fly in a body to your rescue."

They let their horses out for a pounding gallop which pulled down suddenly at a muffled shriek from Betty Page, as her horse went into the air at sight of an automobile by the roadside.

"Now, whose under the canopy is that?" exclaimed Lusk. "It's stalled," said Shirley. "I passed here this afternoon when the owner was trying to start it, and I sent Uncle Jefferson as first aid to the injured."

"I wonder who he can be," said Nancy. "I've never seen that car before."

"Why," said Betty gaily, "Ah know! It's Mad Anthony's trouble-man, of course, come for Shirley."

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### Uncle Jefferson.

A red rose, while ever a thing of beauty, is not invariably a joy forever. The white bulldog, as he plodded along the sunny highway, was sunk in depression. Being trammelled by the limitations of a canine horizon, he could not understand the whims of Adorable Ones met by the way, who seemed so glad to see him that they threw both arms about him, and then tied to his neck irksome colored weeds that prickled and scratched and would not be dislodged. So it was a chastened and shamed Chum who at length wriggled stealthily into the seat of the stranded automobile beside his master and thrust a dirty pink nose into his palm.

John Valiant lifted his hand to stroke the shapely head, then drew it back with an exclamation. A thorn had pricked his thumb. He looked down and saw the dragged flower thrust through the twist of grass. "Oh, pup of wonders!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get that rose?"

Chum sat up and wagged his tail, for his master's tone, instead of ridicule, held a dawning delight. Perhaps the thing had not been intended as a disgrace, after all!

With the first sight of the decoration Valiant had had a sudden memory of a splash of vivid red against the belted gray-blue of a gown. He grinned appreciatively. "And I warned her," he chuckled. "Told her not to be afraid!" He dusted the blossom painstakingly with his handkerchief and held it to his face—a live brilliant thing, breathing musk-odors of the mid-moon of paradise.

A long time he sat, while the dog dozed and yawned on the shiny cushion beside him. Of a sudden Chum sat up and barked in earnest.

Turning his head, his master saw approaching a dilapidated hack with side lanterns like great goggles and decrepit and palsied curtains. It was drawn by a lean mustard-tinted mule, and on its front sat a colored man of uncertain age, whose hunched vertebrae and outward-crooked arms gave him a curious expression of reptile and bulbous inquiry. Abreast of the car he removed a moth-eaten cap.

"Evenin', suh," he said, "evenin', evenin'."

"Howdy do," returned the other amiably.

"Ah reckon yo'll done had er break-down wid dat machine-thing dar. Yo' been hynh 'bout er hour, ain' yo'?"

"Nearer three," said Valiant cheerfully, "but the view's worth it."

A hoarse titter came from the conveyance, which gave forth sundry creakings of leather. "Huyh! Huyh! Dat's so, suh. Dat's so! Hin-m. Reck'n Ah'll be gittin' erlong back." He chuckled to the mule and proceeded to turn the vehicle round.

"Hold on," cried John Valiant. "I thought you were bound in the other direction."

"No, suh. Ah'm gwine back whah I come fom. Ah jus' druv out hynh 'case Miss Shirley done met me, en she say, 'Unc' Jette'son, yo' go' treckly out de Red Road, 'case er gemman done got stalled-ed.'"

"Oh—Miss Shirley. She told you, did she? What did you say her first name was?"

"Dat's hah fust name, Miss Shirley. Yas, suh! Miss Shirley done said I mer come en git de gemman wuh—wuh kinder dawg is yo' got dar?"

"It's a bulldog. Can you give me a lift? I've got that small trunk and—"

"Dat's a right fine dawg. Miss Shirley she mighty fond ob dawgs, too."

"Fond of dogs, is she?" said Valiant.

"I might have known it. It was nice of her to send you here, Uncle Jefferson. You can take me and my traps, I suppose?"



#### VERY MUCH WRONG NUMBER

Experience Probably Taught Testy Old-Gentleman to Be More Careful Whom He Rang Up.

A gentleman was staying in an English provincial town, when he heard that Mr. Moneybag, his partner in business, was at another town close by, so he rang up his hotel on the telephone.

"Is Mr. Moneybag there?" he inquired.

"No, he is not," came the response. "Well, has he engaged rooms?"

"No, we don't reserve rooms here; first come, first served is our rule," came the sharp and somewhat airy reply.

He was rather taken back at the lofty independence they seemed to revel in in that town.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "if he will stay with you when he reaches the town?"

"It's possible he may. But we can't say."

"Look here," roared the frate gentleman, "you're the most impudent

"Pens on whah yo' gwine ter," answered Uncle Jefferson slyly.

"I'm going to Damory Court."

A kind of shocked surprise that was almost stupefaction spread over the other's face, like oil over a pool. "Dam'ry Co'ot! Dat's de old Valiant place. Ain' nobody lives dar. Ah reckon ain' nobody live dar fer mos' er hun'erd years!"

"The old house has a great surprise coming to it," said Valiant gravely. "Henceforth some one is going to occupy it. How is it anyway?"

"Messurin' by de coonakin en th'ov'in' in de tall, et's about two mile. Ain' gwine ter live dar yo'se', suh, is yo'?"

"I am for the present," was the crisp answer.

Uncle Jefferson stared at him a moment with his mouth open. Then ejaculating under his breath, "Fo' de Lawd! Wuh folks gwine ter say ter dat!" he stumbled to the rear of the motor and began to unship the steam-trunk. "Wuh yo' gwine ter wid dat-er?" he asked, pointing to the car. "Ah kin come wid ole Sukay—dat's mah mule—en fetch it in de mawnin'. Ain't gwine ter rain ter-night no-how."

This matter having been arranged, they started jogging down the green-bordered road, the bulldog prospecting alongside.

"Spos'n de Co'ot done ben sold en yo' gwine ter fix it up fo' de new ownah," hazarded Uncle Jefferson presently.

Valiant did not answer directly. "You say the place hasn't been occupied for many years," he observed. "Did you ever hear why, Uncle Jefferson?"

"Ah done heard," said the other vaguely, "but Ah disremember. Sump'in dat happened befo' Ah come heah fom ol' Post-Oak Plantation. Reck'n Mahaj Bristow he know erbout it, er Mis' Judith—dat's Miss Shirley's mothah. Her fathah was Gen'l Tawm Dandridge, en he died fo' she was bawn."

Shirley Dandridge! A high-sounding name, with something of long-linked culture, of arrogant heritage. In some subtle way it seemed to clothe the personality of which Valiant had had that fleeting roadside glimpse.

"Reck'n yo'all come fom New York?" inquired Uncle Jefferson, after a little silence. "So! Dey say dat er powerful big place. But Ah reckon ol' Richmond's big eruf fo' me." He chuckled to the leisurely mule and added, "Ah bin ter Richmond onct. Yas, suh! Ah nevah see sech houses—mos' all bigger'n de county co'ot-house."

John Valiant expressed a somewhat absent interest. He was looking thoughtfully at the blossom in his hand, in an absorption through which Uncle Jefferson's reminiscences ceased on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Diagnosis by Electricity.

For the benefit of the nervous cases that come to the doctor, it has been asserted by Scripture that it is just as necessary to know how emotional they are as it is to know how high the temperature is in a case of fever. Moreover, in many cases it is necessary to find out what experiences in the past or present life of the patient produce emotions. For this purpose the patient sits at ease with hands on the electrodes, which may be so concealed in the arms of his chair that he is unaware that the most intimate processes of his soul are being registered as various words are spoken or various topics of conversation are discussed, the galvanometer showing when a sensitive subject has been touched.—Fred W. Eastman, in Harper's Magazine.

There was a chuckle at the other end of the wire. "This isn't a hotel; it's the town jail," said the voice. The confused gentleman rang off sharp.

#### Why He Left Scotland.

At a Caledonian banquet in London a Scotsman who had settled in the metropolis made a speech, in which Scotland and all things Scottish were so fulsomely praised that an Englishman, who sat next him, said when he had finished: "If Scotland is all that you Scotsmen say it is, why don't you stay there instead of coming here?"

"Well," answered the Scotsman. "Ah'll tell ye hoo it wis wi' me. When Ah wis in business in Fife Ah fand a fowk wis just as clever as mesel' an' Ah cudna gar the two en's meet. Sae Ah cam' awa' Sooth, an' sin' s'ne man, Ah've been deatin' rale weel."

Young Girl Attempts Suicide.

Haverhill, Mass.—Gladys F. Pelkey, fourteen who wanted to see the world, tried three times within 48 hours to burn her home so that she might have an excuse for leaving it, the police say.

Arrest Nearest Man.

New York.—Charles F. Tylor, arrested on a charge of non-support, admitted to the court that he had killed and eaten a six-pound chicken without giving his family any.

## BRUSSELS DRY TOWN

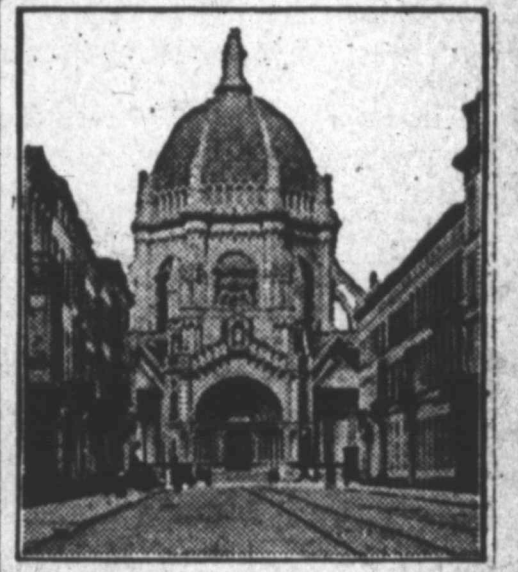
River Senne Shown on Maps Is Covered Up.

Now Flows Literally Under Belgium's Capital, the Great Boulevard of the City Covering It—Metropolis Has Many Winding Streets.

Brussels.—It is related in the guide books that "Brussels" means the "city on the marsh." Nowadays visitors will look in vain for a marsh, or, in fact, for any sign of a river, although the maps show that the Belgian capital lies on the Senne, a tributary of the Schelde. Many years ago the stream was not merely put in harness, but put out of sight. It now flows literally under Brussels, the great boulevards covering it. Here and there a basin has been left for lighters to carry goods to the seaport, but the aspect of the city in chief is that of a strictly dry town.

Whatever may have been the original character of the soil on which Brussels was established, centuries ago, its marshy nature has been completely altered. The precipitous hills flanking the old town were early occupied as the community grew, and the streets were carried up their sides in the easiest possible curves. Thus the Brussels of today is a city chiefly of narrow, crooked ways, with no perspectives save in the newer portions. Indeed, so accustomed have the people become to the curving streets that they insist upon following the same plan in laying out new streets, and so some of the fine modern thoroughfares are bent hither and thither, preserving the old-time system, which is utterly destructive of one's sense of location.

In old Brussels little space was wasted in street making, and less in sidewalks. There is room in some of the busiest downtown streets for two vehicles to pass, and at the same time two reasonably slender people can



Church of Middle Age Architecture.

walk on either side of the traffic. But most of the sidewalks are built for single occupancy and some of them tax the balancing powers of one.

In consequence of these conditions the majority of the Belgians walk in the streets, and ever since my arrival I have been marveling at their freedom from accidents. My first impulse was to propose the immediate formation of a Street Safety association, but now it is evident that the whole population is already enrolled in one of the oldest organizations of that kind. They take very good care of themselves, and the drivers and chauffeurs are exceptionally watchful and considerate. A street accident is a rarity, for the reason that even though every one goes across the thoroughfare at all points vehicles are kept at all times strictly under control. The noise of the gongs of trams and horns of motors and the sharp cries of carters, whose "Attention" serves quite as well as an electric signal, make the streets noisy, but it is good noise, for it means security.

There is no rule of the road for pedestrians, although vehicles follow the right-hand rule prevalent in the United States. It would be impossible to maintain a fixed passing rule for foot traffic, for the sidewalks are not wide enough to permit regularity. You simply do the best thing under the circumstances, and if a collision results ask pardon and pass on. No one is ever annoyed at being bumped, and it is quite common for a couple walking together to be separated by a passing pedestrian. Nor is there any sort of precedence for women. A man naturally gives way, but it is common to see a handsomely dressed woman step from the sidewalk to give the wall to a passing man, who takes his way without question.

#### "Little German Band" Scruppy.

Chicago.—Edward Kinneally interrupted the piece a German band was playing and demanded that they play some Irish music. When the five German musicians left the scene Kinneally was lying on the sidewalk bleeding from many wounds.

#### Young Girl Attempts Suicide.

Haverhill, Mass.—Gladys F. Pelkey, fourteen who wanted to see the world, tried three times within 48 hours to burn her home so that she might have an excuse for leaving it, the police say.

#### Arrest Nearest Man.

New York.—Charles F. Tylor, arrested on a charge of non-support, admitted to the court that he had killed and eaten a six-pound chicken without giving his family any.

# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINE RIVES  
ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT



### SAW FAMOUS BATTLE

Centenary of Waterloo Recalls an Interesting Fact.

Sylvania Thayer of Braintree, Mass., Afterwards Brigadier General in U. S. Army Witnessed Celebrated Fight.

New York.—Plans for the one hundredth celebration of the battle of Waterloo were begun a few days ago by the British and Belgian governments. It is an interesting, although almost forgotten fact, that with the British army, during that memorable battle, a young man from Braintree, Mass., served as a military observer for the army of the then young republic of the United States of America.

Having recently been brevetted a major in the United States army for gallantry and meritorious service during the war of 1812, Sylvania Thayer was attached to the staff of Gen. Arthur Wellesley, the duke of Wellington, during the battle of Waterloo, and was studying that battle with trained eyes.

Later Maj. Thayer rode into Paris on the staff of the duke of Wellington when the capital of France fell as a result of the defeat administered to Napoleon a few days before.

From observations made during the Napoleonic wars and from a study of general military affairs in various parts of Europe, Major Thayer came back to the United States and began a work in the interest of the United States army, which resulted in the establishment of the present military academy at West Point as a training school for officers of the army.

To this day Major Thayer, who afterwards became a brigadier general, is known as "the Father of West Point," and a statue to his memory on the military academy grounds contains that sentence on its base.

General Thayer was born in South Braintree June 9, 1785. The house in which he was born is numbered now 1505 Washington street, and was built in 1750. It is still in a fine



Birthplace of Gen. Sylvania Thayer, U. S. A., "The Father of West Point."

state of preservation, and is owned by Ellis Hollingsworth of South Braintree. It is occupied by Joseph M. Foster, a veteran of the Civil war and a member of the Braintree Grand Army post which is named for General Thayer.

The birthplace of General Thayer is but a short distance from the birthplace of a famous sailor whom Braintree gave to the country, the late Rear Admiral George F. F. Wilde. General Thayer was educated at Dartmouth college and was graduated from the first military school in 1808. He stood among the highest in his class and chose the engineering branch of the service.

He was chief engineer of the defenses along the Niagara river, on Lake Champlain and at Norfolk, Va., during the War of 1812. In 1813 he was promoted to a captaincy and in 1815 he was brevetted major for distinguished service during the war.

That year he was sent to Europe by the government to examine military works and schools and to observe the armies that were gathering for what proved the final conflict with Napoleon.

On his return to America General Thayer was appointed superintendent of the military academy, and held that position till 1844. During that time he established the present West Point school, which has become famous all over the world.

From 1838 to 1863 General Thayer was in charge of the construction of harbor defenses in and around Boston, and Fort Warren, one of the best known military defenses of Boston harbor, was planned and built by him.

In 1863, then a man of seventy-eight, General Thayer was brevetted a brigadier general by President Lincoln. This appointment was made May 31, and the next day General Thayer was retired from the service.

He died in South Braintree September 7, 1872. On his death General Thayer bequeathed \$300,000 for the endowment of the academy to provide a place of education for the boys and girls of all parts of the old town of Braintree, including the present town of Braintree, the city of Quincy and the towns of Holbrook and Randolph.

General Thayer's body was buried in the old First Parish cemetery on Elm street, but in 1877 was disinterred and was taken to West Point, where it was buried November 3, 1877, near the monument erected to his memory on the grounds of the military academy.

### SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory Court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory Court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an Auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. An old negro tells Shirley's fortune and predicts great trouble for her on account of a man.

### CHAPTER VIII.

What Happened Thirty Years Ago. When Shirley came across the lawn at Rosewood; Major Montague Bristow sat under the arbor talking to her mother.

The major was massive-framed, with a strong jaw and a rubicund complexion—the sort that might be supposed to have attained the utmost benefit to be conferred by a consistent indulgence in mint-juleps. His blue eyes were piercing and arched with brows like sable rainbows, at variance with his heavy iron-gray hair and imperial. His head was leonine and he looked like a king who has humbled his enemy. It may be added that his linen was fine and immaculate, his black string-tie precisely tied and a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses swung by a flat black cord against his white waistcoat.

"Shirley," said her mother, "the major's brutal, and he shan't have his mint-julep."

"What has he been doing?" asked the other, her brows wrinkling in a delightful way she had.

"He has reminded me that I'm growing old."

Shirley looked at the major skeptically, for his chivalry was undoubted. During a long career in law and legislature it had been said of him that he could neither speak on the tariff question nor defend a man for murder, without first paying a tribute to "the women of the South, sah."

"Nothing of the sort," he rumbled. Mrs. Dandridge's face softened to wistfulness. "Shirley, am I?" she asked, with a quizzical, almost a droll uneasiness. "Why, I've got every emotion I've ever had. I read all the new French novels, and I'm even thinking of going in for the militant suffragette movement."

The girl had tossed her hat and crop on the table and seated herself by her mother's chair. "What was it he said, dearest?"

"He thinks I ought to wear a worsted shawl and arctics." Her mother thrust out one little thin-slipped foot, with its slender ankle gleaming through its open-work stocking like mother-of-pearl. "Imagine! In May. And he knows I'm vain of my feet! Major, if you had ever had a wife, you would have learned wisdom. But you mean well, and I'll take back what I said about the julep. You mix it, Shirley. Yours is even better than Ranston's."

"She makes me one every day, Monty," she continued, as Shirley went into the house. "And when she isn't looking, I pour it into the bush there."

Major Bristow laughed as he bit the end of a cigar. "All the same," he said in his big rumbling voice, "you need 'em, I reckon. You need more than mint-juleps, too. You leave

the whiskey to me and the doctor, and you take Shirley and pull out for Italy. Why not? A year there would do you a heap of good."

She shook her head. "No, Monty. It isn't what you think. It's—here." She lifted her hand and touched her heart. "It's been so for a long time. But it may—it can't go on forever, you see. Nothing can."

The major had leaned forward in his chair. "Judith!" he said, and his hand twitched. "It isn't true!" And then, "How do you know?"

She smiled at him. "You remember when that big surgeon from Vienna came to see the doctor last year? Well, the doctor brought him to me. I'd known it before in a way, but it had gone farther than I thought. No one can tell just how long it may be. It may be years, of course, but I'm not taking any sea trips, Monty."

He cleared his throat and his voice was husky when he spoke. "Shirley doesn't know?"

"Certainly not. She mustn't. And then, in sudden sharpness: "You shan't tell her, Monty. You wouldn't dare!"

"No, indeed," he assured her quickly. "Of course not."

"It's just among us three, Doctor Southall and you and me. We three have had our secrets before, eh, Monty?"

"Yes, Judith, we have." She bent toward him, her hands tightening on the cane. "After all, it's true. Today I am getting old. I may look only fifty, but I feel sixty and I'll admit to seventy-five. It's the joy that keeps us young, and I didn't get my fair share of that, Monty. For just one little week my heart had it all—all—and then—well, then it was finished. It was finished long before I married Tom Dandridge. It isn't that I'm empty-headed. It's that I've been an empty-hearted woman. Monty—as empty and dusty and desolate as the old house over yonder on the ridge."

"I know, Judith, I know." "You've been empty in a way, too," she said. "But it's been a different way. You were never in love—really in love, I mean. Certainly not with me, Monty, though you tried to make me think so once upon a time, before Sassoon came along, and—Beauty Valiant."

The major blinked, suddenly startled. It was out, the one name neither had spoken to the other for thirty years! He looked at her a little guiltily; but her eyes had turned away. "Everything changed then," she continued dreamily, "everything."

The major's fingers strayed across his waistcoat, fumbling uncertainly for his eye-glasses. For an instant he, too, was back in the long-ago past, when he and Valiant had been comrades. It had been a curious three-sided affair—he, and Valiant and Sassoon. Sassoon with his dissipated, fair and ungovernable temper and strange fits of recklessness; clean, high-idealized, straight-away Valiant; and he—a Bristow, neither better nor worse than the rest of his name. He remembered that mad strained season when he had grimly recognized his own cause as hopeless, and with burning eyes had watched Sassoon and Valiant racing abreast. He remembered that glittering prodigal dance when he had come upon Valiant and Judith standing in the shrubbery, the candle-light from some open door engolding their faces: hers smiling, a little flirtant perhaps, and conscious of her spell; his grave and earnest, yet wistful.

"You promise, John?" "I give my sacred word. Whatever the provocation, I will not lift my hand against him. Never, never!" Then the same voice, vibrant, appealing. "Judith! It isn't because—because—you care for him?"

He had plunged away in the darkness before her answer came. What had it mattered then to him what she had replied? And that very night had befallen the fatal quarrel!

The major started. How that name had blown away the dust! "That's a long time ago, Judith."

"Thirty years ago tomorrow they fought," she said softly, "Valiant and Sassoon. Every woman has her one anniversary, I suppose, and tomorrow's mine. Do you know what I do, every fourteenth of May, Monty? I keep my room and spend the day all ways the same way. There's a little book I read. And there's an old hair-dress trunk that I've had since I was a girl. Down in the bottom of it are some—things, that I take out and set round the room."

And there is a handful of old letters I go over from first to last. They're almost worn out now, but I could repeat them all with my eyes shut. Then there's a tiny old straw basket with a yellow wisp in it that once was a bunch of cape jessamines. I wore them to that last ball—the night before it happened. The fourteenth of May used to be sad, but now, do you know, I look forward to it! I always have a lot of jessamines that particular day—I'll have Shirley get me some tomorrow—and in the evening, when I go downstairs, the house is full of the scent of them. All summer long it's roses, but on the fourteenth of May it has to be jessamines. Shirley must think me a whimsical old woman, but I insist on being humored."

He smiled, a little bleakly, and cleared his throat. "Isn't it strange for me to be talking this way now?" she said presently. "Another proof that I'm getting old. But the date brings it very close; it seems, somehow, closer than ever this year.—Monty, weren't you tremendously surprised when I married Tom Dandridge?"

"I certainly was."

"I'll tell you a secret. I was, too. I suppose I did it because of a sneaking feeling that some people were feeling sorry for me, which I never could stand. Well, he was a man any one might honor. I've always thought, a woman ought to have two husbands: one to love and cherish, and the other to honor and obey. I had the latter, at any rate."

"And you've lived, Judith," he said.

"Yes," she agreed, with a little sigh. "I've lived. I've had Shirley, and she's twenty and adorable. And I've had people enough, and books to read, and plenty of pretty things to look at, and old lace to wear, and I've kept my figure and my vanity—I'm not too old yet to thank the Lord for that! So don't talk to me about worsted shawls and horrible arctics. For I won't wear 'em. Not if I know myself! Here comes Shirley. She's made two juleps, and if you're a gentleman, you'll distract her attention till I've got rid of mine in my usual way."

The major, at the foot of the cherry-bordered lane, looked back across the box-hedge to where the two figures sat under the rose-arbor, the mother's face turned lovingly down to Shirley's at her knee. He stood a moment

watching them from under his slouched hat-brim.

"You never looked at me that way, Judith, did you?" he sighed to himself. "It's been a long time, too, since I began to want you to—most forty years. When it came to the show-down, I wasn't even as fit as Tom Dandridge!"



He inserted the Key in the Rusted Lock.

CHAPTER IX. Damory Court. "Dar's Damry Co'ot smack-dab ahead, sah."

John Valiant looked up. Facing them at an elbow of the broad road, was an old gateway of time-nicked stone, clasping an iron gate that was quaint and heavy and red with rust. He put out his hand.

"Wait a moment," he said in a low voice, and as the creaking conveyance stopped, he turned and looked about him.

Facing the entrance the land fell away sharply to a miniature valley through which rambled a willow-bordered brook, in whose shallows short-horned cows stood lazily. Beyond, whither wound the Red Road, he could see a drowsy village, with a spire and a cupolated court-house; and farther yet a yellow gorge with a wisp of white smoke curling above it marked the course of a crawling far-away railway.

"Et's er mighty fine of place, sah, mid dat big revenue ob trees," said Uncle Jefferson. "But Ah reck'n et ain' got none ob de modern connivances."

As Valiant jumped down he was possessed by an odd sensation of old acquaintance—as if he had seen those tall white columns before—an illusory half-vision into some shadowy, fourth-dimensional landscape that belonged to his subconscious self, or that, glimpsed in some immaterial dream-picture, had left a faint-etched memory. Then, on a sudden, the vista vibrated and widened, the white columns expanded and shot up into the clouds, and from every bush seemed to peer a friendly black savage with woolly white hair!

"Wishing-House!" he whispered. The hidden country which his father's thoughts, sadly recurring, had painted to the little child that once he was, in the guise of an endless wonder-tale! His eyes misted over, and it seemed to him that moment that his father was very near.

Leaving the negro to unload his belongings, he traversed an overgrown path of mossed gravel, between box-rows frowns like the manes of lions gone mad and smothered in an accumulation of matted roots and debris of rotting foliage, and presently, the bulldog at his heels, found himself in the rear of the house.

"Mine!" he said aloud with a rueful pride. "And for general run-downness, it's up to the advertisement." He looked musingly at the piteous wreck and ruin, his gaze sweeping down across the bare fields and unkempt forest. "Mine!" he repeated. "All that, I suppose, for it has been some earmarks of neglect. Between those cultivated stretches it looks like a wedge of Sahara gone astray." His

gaze returned to the house. "Yet what a place it must have been in its time!" He went slowly back to where his conductor sat on the lichened horse-block.

"We's heah," called Uncle Jefferson cheerfully. "What we gwinter do nex', sub? Reck'n Ah better go ovah ter Miss Dandridge's place fer er crowbuh. Lawd!" he added, "ef he ain' got de key! What yo' think ob dat now?"

John Valiant was looking closely at the big key; for there were words, which he had not noted before engraved in the massive flange. "Friends all hours." He smiled. The sentiment sent a warm current of pleasure to his finger-tips. Here was the very text of hospitality!

A Lilliputian spider-web was stretched over the preempted keyhole, and he fetched a grass-stem and poked out its tiny gray-striped denizen before he inserted the key in the rusted lock. He turned it with a curious sense of timidity. All the strength of his fingers was necessary before the massive door swung open and the leveling sun sent its late red rays into the gloomy interior.

He stood in a spacious hall, his nostrils filled with a curious but not unpleasant aromatic odor with which the place was strongly impregnated. The hall ran the full length of the building, and in its center a wide, balustraded double staircase led to upper darkness. The floor, where his footprints had disturbed the even gray film of dust, was of fine close parquet and had been generously strewn everywhere with a mica-like powder. He stopped and took up a pinch in his fingers, noting that it gave forth the curious spicent scent. Dim paintings in tarnished frames hung on the walls. From a niche on the break of the stairway looked down the face of a tall Dutch clock, and on one side protruded a huge bulging something draped with a yellowed linen sheet. From its shape he guessed this to be an elk's head. Dust, undisturbed, lay thickly on everything, ghostly floating cobwebs crawled across his face, and a bat fitted out of a fireplace and vanished squeaking over his head. With Uncle Jefferson's help he opened the rear doors and windows, knocked off the rusted belts of the shutters and flung them wide.

But for the dust and cobwebs and the strange odor, mingled with the faint musty smell that pervades a sunless interior, the former owner of the house might have deserted it a week ago. On a wall-rack lay two walking-sticks and a gold-mounted hunting-crop, and on a great carved chest below it had been flung an opened book bound in tooled leather. John Valiant picked this up curiously. It was "Lucile." He noted that here and there passages were marked with pencilled lines—some light and femininely delicate, some heavier, as though two had been reading it together, noting their individual preferences.

He laid it back musingly, and opening a door, entered the large room it disclosed. This had been the dining-room. At one end stood a crystal-knobbed mahogany sideboard, holding glass candlesticks in the shape of Ionic columns—above it a quaint portrait of a lady in hoops and love-curlics—and at the other end was a huge fireplace with rust-red fire-dogs and tarnished brass fender. All these, with the round centiped table and the Chippendale chairs set in order against the walls, were dimmed and grayed with a thick powdering of dust.

"Ah reckon," replied Uncle Jefferson. "En ef dar ain' Daph kin cook er Chris'mus dinnah wid' fo' stones en er tin skillet. Yas, sah!"

"Well, I haven't seen you either, have I?" "Dat's de trufe, sah. 'deed et is! Hyuh, hyuh! What Ah means ter say is dat de ol' 'ooman kain' cook no fancy didoes like what dey eats up Norf. She kin jes' cook de Ferginey style."

"That sounds good to me," quoth Valiant. "I'll risk it. Now as to wages—"

"Ah ain' spectaculous as ter de wages," said Uncle Jefferson. "Ah knows er gemman when Ah sees one."

"Then it's a bargain," responded Valiant with alacrity. "Can you come at once?" "Yas, sah, me en Daph gwintee come ovah fus' thing in de mawnin'. What yo' all gwintee do fo' yo' suppah?"

"I'll get along," Valiant assured him cheerfully. "Here is five dollars. You can buy some food and things to cook with, and bring them with you. Do you think there's a stove in the kitchen?"

"Ah reckon," replied Uncle Jefferson. "En ef dar ain' Daph kin cook er Chris'mus dinnah wid' fo' stones en er tin skillet. Yas, sah!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WOOD OF IMMENSE VALUE

Greenheart, South American Product, Has Most Wonderful Qualities for the Shipbuilder.

Greenheart, the wood which the Isthmian canal commission is desirous of securing for use in the construction of docks and similar works in the Panama canal, because it is said by experts to resist more than any other wood the attacks of marine borers which rapidly destroy plies and other submarine structures, is one of the most valuable of timbers. It is native of South America and the West Indies, and from its bark and fruits is obtained bibirine, which is often used as a febrifuge instead of quinine.

The wood is of a dark green color, sap wood and heart wood being so much alike that they can with difficulty be distinguished from each other. The heart wood is one of the most desirable of all timbers, particularly in the shipbuilding industry. Indisputable records show that the best grades surpass iron and steel in lasting qualities in salt water, submerged logs having remained intact for one hundred years.

In the Kelyngrove museum, Glasgow, there are two pieces of planking

which illustrate better than anything else this durable quality. They are both from a wreck which was submerged, eighteen years off the west coast of Scotland. The one specimen—greenheart—is merely slightly pitted on the surface, the body of the wood being perfectly sound and untouched, while the other—teak—is almost entirely eaten away.

It is extensively used in shipbuilding for keelsons, beams, engine bearings and planking, and it is also used in the general arts, but its excessive weight unfit it for many purposes for which its other properties would render it eminently suitable.—Below the Rio Grande.

Legend of Aconites. Aconite is classed by homeopathic authorities as the patriarch of drugs, as far as literature is concerned. It is told how Hercules went down to the lower regions and carried the three-headed hound Cerberus to the upper world. That ferocious beast was raging at this treatment, and the froth that fell to the ground was the origin of aconite, for it grew up from the froth as from seeds. It was on a bleak, windswept hill or mountain, and it is in such regions that the plant grows today. This hill, in Pontica, was known in olden days as "Aconite."

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### Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

The State of Texas, county of Randall.  
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain order of sale issued out of the honorable District Court of Scurry County, Texas, by the Clerk thereof, on a certain Judgment, rendered in said Court on the 17th day of March A. D. 1914, in favor of the First State Bank of Hermleigh, and against F. A. Raybon, et al, No. 1729 on the Docket of said Court, foreclosing a Deed of Trust lien as of date January 5th 1912, on the hereinafter described property, said Judgment being in the sum of \$1731.81 with 8 per cent interest per annum there on from March 17th 1914, and costs of suit, and said Judgment also foreclosing a Deed of Trust lien as it existed on the 9th day of April 1913, on the same property, in the same suit, in favor of the Snyder Cotton Oil Co., which said Defendant, Snyder Cotton Oil Co., recovered a Judgment against the said F. A. Raybon for the sum of \$1213.42, with 10 per cent interest per annum and costs of suit, as Sheriff of Randall County, Texas, I did on the 6th day of May A. D. 1914, at 4 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situated in the County of Randall, State of Texas, and belonging to the said F. A. Raybon, to-wit: All of the Northeast one-fourth of Section No. 8, in Block No. 8, I. & G. N. Ry. Co. Survey in Randall County, Texas, containing 168 1-4 acres of land, to satisfy the aforesaid Judgment; said land being located about 12 miles East and about 8 miles North from the county seat of said Randall county, and on the 2nd day of June A. D. 1914, being the first Tuesday of said month between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day at the Court House Door of said County, I will offer for sale at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said F. A. Raybon in and to said property to satisfy the aforesaid Judgment.  
Dated at Canyon, Texas, this 6th day of May A. D. 1914.  
Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff Randall County, Texas. 753

### CLASSIFIED ADS

For sweet potato slips, see Atkins one block north of P. O. or phone 154. Price 25 cents per 100. p1  
For Sale—1 full blood Hereford yearling bull. C. Friemel, Umbarger, Texas. p1  
For Sale—Four full blood Hereford bulls, all in excellent condition. Sixteen miles southwest of Canyon. J. O. Turner t1  
For Sale—Buck rake, very cheap.—J. M. Gorman. 9p4  
Splendid Jersey cows for sale, \$45 to \$85. Extra fine Sir bred and raised at A. and M. college. Registered \$350. Address box 2-3 Canyon or 154 Slaton, Tex. 8t2  
For Sale—Sweet potatoe plants, 25 cents per 100. Written orders for delivery may be obtained by making payment to Mr. Shaw, secretary of the Normal. 8t2  
For Rent—Five room house, good barn and windmill, three blocks south of square. J. B. Kleinschmidt. t1  
For Exchange—One Diamond ring, value \$175 for cows or horse and buggy. No junk. Perfect stone. Call News office. t1  
For Sale—1 bay mare, 12 years old weight 1000 lbs; 1 small horse 4 years old, weight 1050 lbs; 1 gray horse 8 years old, weight 1050 lbs; 1 bay pony 10 years old, weight 900 lbs; 1 black horse 8 years old, weight 950 lbs. Cash or credit. Canyon City Supply Co. t1  
Potato Plants—Southern Queen and Jerseys ready now. 25c per 100; \$2.25 per 1000. Terms: Cash with order. A. C. Kilcrease, Tulla, Texas. 6p6  
For Sale—A hundred egg, Belle City incubator. Call News office. t1  
Dust Proof Windows—The one and only practical flexible metal weather strip. Never binds, rattles or rusts. J. W. Turner, Agent, Umbarger. t1  
For Sale—Cabbage, potatoe and tomatoe plants. Mrs. B. T. Johnson. t1

## HAPPY MOTHERHOOD

The happiness of motherhood is too often checked because the mother's strength is not equal to her cares, while her unselfish devotion neglects her own health. It is a duty of husband or friend to see that she gets the pure medicinal nourishment in Scott's Emulsion, which is not a drug or stimulant but nature's concentrated oil-food tonic to enrich and enliven the blood, strengthen the nerves and aid the appetite. Physicians everywhere prescribe Scott's Emulsion for overworked, nervous, tired women; it builds up and holds up their strength. Get Scott's at your nearest drug store.

### Pleasantview Items.

We are now ready to pay back the water we have been borrowing for the last few years. Come early and avoid the rush.  
Farmers are rejoicing over the abundance of rain that has fallen in the last few days which will insure fine wheat crops and oats which we need so bad.  
Kafir has been planted long enough for quite a lot of it to be covered up with dirt washing in on it, but that which was just coming up was covered up and will be planted over.  
Last week a valuable mare belonging to J. H. Crowley dropped dead in the harness. No cause of death was noticeable.  
The creek south of town is about axle deep on both sides of the bridge but people still go to town.

## USE OF CALOMEL IS RAPIDLY FALLING OFF

Fewer People Risking Dangerous Drug—Thousands Taking Dodson's Liver Tone.

The use of calomel, which is a poison and a form of mercury, seems to be decidedly diminishing nowadays. Dodson's Liver Tone takes its place so reliably in cases of constipation and liver trouble that its popularity is spreading more widely all the time.  
Dodson's Liver Tone is a harmless vegetable liquid. What calomel does unpleasantly—often with danger—for constipation and sluggish liver, Dodson's Liver Tone does for you safely and pleasantly, with no pain and no gripe. It does not interfere in any way with your regular business, habits or diet.  
So successful, so reliable and so popular a remedy has its imitators, naturally. But beware of them. You can easily detect the difference.  
Dodson never makes extravagant statements. His Liver Tone has been made from the first to take the place of calomel. He says that it "liven's the liver," overcomes constipation agreeably," and makes you feel good. If you are not satisfied completely with Dodson's Liver Tone, Holland Drug Company will hand back the purchase price (50c) to you cheerfully, instantly and without question. Hence you run no risks to health or pocket-book in giving it a trial.  
(Advertisement)



Make the Old Home Bright And Your Light Bills Light with EDISON MAZDA LAMPS Canyon Power Company Phone 14

## Kill Flies Before They Swarm Over The Premises.

THE straight road to safety lies in clearing out all the rubbish and putting it in covered receptacles, to be carted away by the proper authorities. It is of small use to "swat" flies after they have got possession. Prevention is better than cure. To avoid both mosquitoes and flies drain off any stagnant water about the place. Fill up the ground dents where mud can collect in rainy weather. Remove all old pans and pails, boxes and baskets from the back sheds or yard. Do not allow the remnants of meals, peelings or vegetable offal to remain anywhere near the door. It is necessary not only to clean up the cellars, but to see that the refuse turned out is carted away to the dump heap, to be burned or otherwise destroyed at once, and to shift every vestige of such heap that is within calling distance of home.  
Let every citizen tackle his share of this cleaning process and reflect that in doing this work he is really consulting as well his own health and that of his family as the comfort of his neighbors. There may be and are aesthetic reasons for desiring a slightly city and streets free from litter, and civic pride catering for a "city beautiful" is a most laudable aim. But in urging this domestic cleanup the authorities simply get down to the logic of hard facts, and for this reason their appeal should receive the cooperation of all the residents interested in the health of the municipality.

### HERE IS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL CITIES.

WHEN a city has attained to such a standard of cleanliness that it hasn't enough flies to feed its pet chameleons—it has made long strides toward the ideal of flylessness preached by modern sanitarians. That was Cleveland's case, according to an article in the Survey describing the anti-fly campaign which had been waged in that city. A man who has six of the curious little reptiles has written the following plaintive letter:  
You have brought about a famine in flies. My pets are starving. There are no flies to be had about my house, and my neighbor can't seem to help me out. I'll pay, and pay well, for every live fly your children can bring me. And he did.

## Fly Don'ts

**D**on't allow flies in your house.  
**O**ne fly in your premises.  
**N**o garbage or rubbish to accumulate.  
**T**ake care in the house: look into every nook and corner.  
Allow flies in food.  
Buy foodstuffs where flies are allowed, especially milk that is in cans or bottles covered with flies.  
Forget to notify the health office of dirty places.

### Swatting Fruitful in May in One City.

MAY swatting campaign in one city has prevented 110,700,000,000 flies from developing.  
Number of insects if placed in line would extend around the earth at the equator more than 1,600 times.  
They would form a shaft 100 feet square at the base, with a height of 50,000 feet.

### Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure

The worst sores, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.  
Levi Angel returned Thursday from his farm near Groom where he has been for the past six weeks.  
Mrs. W. C. Brady of Okla., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Levi Angel.  
Miss Winnie Reid visited friends and relatives in Hereford Saturday and Sunday.  
The Christian Scientists will resume Sunday night services, beginning Sunday the 24th at 8:15 p. m. Wednesday evening services at 8:15. Services Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at the Reading Room, one block south of the public square. Subject Sunday morning, "Soul and Body." The Sunday evening service is a repetition of the morning service. All are welcome.  
Mrs. Era Wilson of Amarillo visited from Saturday until Friday at the Fulton Brown home.  
To Prevent Blood Poisoning apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a stimulant. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

## "THE GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY ON EARTH," SAYS A GRATEFUL WOMAN

I want to tell you how much good your Swamp-Root did me. About four years ago, I suffered from what the doctors called fistula and for two years of that time, I endured what no tongue can tell. I also had inflammation of the bladder and I tried doctors medicines without receiving any help. Someone told me about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.  
After giving it a thorough trial, I received relief, so I kept on using it and today I am a strong and well woman. If I ever feel badly or out of sorts, I take Swamp-Root and it always straightens me out. I honestly believe that this medicine would cure all troubles you recommend it for and it is a pleasure for me to send my testimony and photograph to you. I think Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is one of the greatest medicines on earth.  
Respectfully yours,  
MRS. JOHN BAILY,  
West Main St. Portland, Ind.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, 1909.  
C. A. BENNETT,  
Notary Public.

### Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will do for You  
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Canyon Weekly Randall County News. Regular fifty cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.  
(Advertisement)

## Jacks for Service

Terms: \$10 to insure colt to stand and suck. Parties parting with mare or removing same from county forfeits insurance and payment becomes due. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible if any occur. Service only morning, noon and night. No business on Sunday. Three miles west and one north of Canyon.

### J. P. ANDERSON

My jack will make the season at my place one mile southwest of Canyon. Fees \$10.00 insurance. Amount due when mare is known to be in foal or is traded or sold. This is less than we ever charged for the service of this excellent jack. He is finely bred, is 14 1-2 hands, standard measure, black with white points, an excellent breeder. Mules to show. For particulars see or write me.  
Welton Winn

## "VICTOR"

Dappled Grey Percheron Stallion 16 1-2 hands high, weighing 1500 pounds will make the season at my farm 2 miles east of Canyon.  
Terms: Owing to the hard times I will cut the price to \$10 this year to insure a colt. Will handle with care but will not be responsible for accidents. For particulars see me.  
J. D. KEY  
Headache and Nervousness Cured. "Chamberlain's Tablets are entitled to all the praise I can give them," writes Mrs. Richard Oip, Spencerport, N. Y. They have cured me of headache and nervousness and restored me to my normal health." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

## See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

## Commercial Job Printing



## BLACK PERCHERON STALLION Kazarr 86854

Will make the season at my farm three miles northwest of Canyon. Terms: \$15.00 to insure colt to stand and suck. Parting with mares or moving them out of the county forfeits insurance and fee becomes due. Care will be taken to avoid accidents but will not be responsible should any occur.

## Grant Belles

## ANDY GREEN

The 1250 lb. Hambeltonian Stallion will make the season of 1914 at H. C. Roffey's residence in north Canyon.  
Terms—\$12.50 to insure colt to stand and suck. See tabulated pedigree on posted bills, or apply to owner for further particulars. Phone 15.  
H. C. ROFFEY

# DR. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

Received the highest award  
at Chicago World's Fair

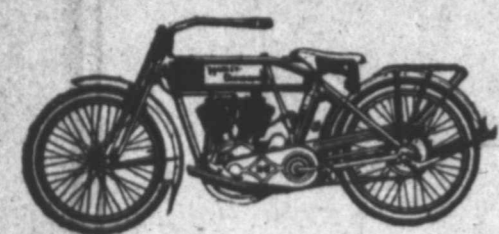
Mrs. Glen Bowen left Tuesday for Kansas City where she will visit at the home of her parents.

Oscar Hunt went to Mineral Wells Sunday, called by the illness of Mrs. Hunt.

Miss Cado Gorman left Monday for Waco and Ark., on a two weeks visit.

B. Frank Buis moved his law office Tuesday from the First National bank building to the Post Office building.

## Harley-Davidson



It is the Motorcycle With Automobile Control.

The brake, the clutch and the step-starter can all be operated by the feet, leaving only the spark and throttle for hand operation, making the control the same as that of the highest priced automobile.

Then there is the Free-Wheel Control, Folding Foot Boards, and nearly forty other refinements which help to make the Harley-Davidson the greatest motorcycle value ever offered.

Call or telephone for demonstration.

## Bowen Brothers

# P & O

## No. 13 Sled Lister Cultivator



**The Most Popular Lister Cultivator We Ever Sold**

A Cultivator With a Reputation for Excellence.

This Cultivator is just right—what you have a right to expect when buying one. The lever is in front, within easy reach. Gangs and Shields are both raised when the lever is thrown forward, but the shields may be adjusted independently of the gangs. The gangs can be set to throw the soil either to or from the rows. Runners are sheathed with sheet iron, and the edges are protected with heavy hoop iron.

This is a high grade Cultivator—one that we are proud to recommend to anyone. We are selling it because it is the best one made. Don't buy until you see us.



# Thompson Hardware Co.

## Commencement Presents

We have a large stock of appropriate commencement presents. Come and see them

### FLOWERS

Leave your orders early for cut flowers. Prompt service.

## Holland Drug Company

"The Living and Leading Druggists"

Phone 90 Phone 90

Mrs. A. C. Elliott and son Hereford visited this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jarrett.

Brightening up time! Get your paint, glass and wall paper of S. V. Wirt. Best line in the city.

Hugh L. Umphres of Amarillo, candidate for district judge, was in the city Saturday meeting the voters.

F. P. Guenther and sister, Miss Tillie, returned Wednesday from Moulton where they had been called by the death of their brother. Owing to the floods, they were unable to reach him before his death.

Twin girls were born to Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stewart Saturday night. It's hard to say who is the most pleased, Tom or old man Grandpa Holland.

The fly, the pest which causes more sickness and disease in general every year than all other pests combined, is here again to cause us endless trouble and annoyance; also to carry filth from outside sources to our kitchens and bed rooms if screens are not used. The Canyon Lumber Company handles a complete line of high grade screen doors and would like to have your business.

### \$2500 Fire Sunday Night.

The large \$2000 barn on the James Roffey farm south of the city was struck by lightning and burned Sunday night about 8:30 o'clock. The farm is rented by C. R. McAfee, who lost \$500 worth of stock and feed. Geo. Williams lives on the place and by quick action managed to save considerable live stock and all the harness. One horse was killed by the lightning, 12 hogs burned, a wagon, saddle, 100 bushels of oats and considerable feed. There was no insurance on either the barn or contents.

The barn was one of the best in the county. The owner, James Roffey, lives at Cameron, Ill., but his son, H. C. Roffey, lives just north of the city. He stated that so large a barn will not be erected to take the place of the destroyed one.

**Best Diarrhoea Remedy.**

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had the measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

**Political Announcements.**

For Representative 123rd District.

T. J. TILSON.

For District Judge.

JNO. W. VEALE.  
JAMES N. BROWNING.  
HUGH L. UMPHRES

For District Attorney.

HENRY S. BISHOP.  
A. S. ROLLINS.

For County Judge.

C. E. COSS.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.

WORTH A. JENNINGS.

For County Clerk.

C. N. HARRISON.  
T. V. (Vince) REEVES.  
JOHN W. BATES.

For Assessor.

J. C. BLACK.  
G. G. FOSTER.  
J. A. TATE.

For Treasurer.

W. T. GARRETT.

For County Attorney.

W. J. FLESHER.  
RECTOR LESTER.

For Hide and Animal Inspector.

J. V. YOUNG.

It is easy to clean furniture of dust with V-A-V-A.

### Umberger News.

T. B. Slaughter left for Los Angeles Friday on an extended vacation trip. He expects to visit a number of points along the coast.

Services were not held Sunday at the school house as planned. The east bound train was several hours late.

Wheat prospects are surely looking fine in this vicinity. Indeed, we are rather encouraged all around, with our farming prospects. Smile, darn ye.

The picnic grounds along the north creek, north of town are becoming popular again as the season warms up. Merry crowds of people may be seen there most any day, fishing and picnicing.

Fred Beckman was in Amarillo Saturday.

Mrs. W. M. Lichtwald and Miss Ethel Bader were in Canyon Friday.

Mrs. John Hutson is building an addition to the house on her land on the north creek. J. W. Turner is doing the work.

Miss Marie Beckman and Fred Beckman were Sunday visitors at the Bader home.

### Society Notes.

Mesdames McAfee and Shaw entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club Thursday afternoon at the McAfee home. The afternoon was spent at the usual game of 42. Refreshments were served of pressed chicken with cranberries, ice tea, olives, sandwiches and fresh tomatoes with mayonaisse dressing. The guests of the club were Mesdames Hanna, Harrison, Shirley, Jarrett, Garner, Masters, Chamberland, Chamberland, Stewart, May, Stafford, Reeves and Misses Harrison, Denman, Lynch, Malone, Jones, Fickey.

**Cured of Indigestion.**

Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headache and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted upon my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

### Happy Items.

Mrs. J. P. McMullen left Saturday for Los Vegas, N. M. after a ten days visit at the Hagan home.

Mrs. H. Baggary left Sunday for Plainview.

A. E. Logan has been relieved as station agent by W. H. Miller of Hermleigh.

J. M. McNaughton went to Plainview Tuesday.

Bill Anderson and Wm. F. Miller autoed to Amarillo Thursday.

L. Scoggins returned Saturday.

Everybody

Drinks

# Coca-Cola

—it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness.

It will satisfy you.

Demand the genuine by full name—Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

day from Abernathy.

The Happy schools will close Friday.

Mrs. Tate of Tucumcari N. M. came in the first of the week for a visit at the Bob Caylor home.

C. P. Shelnett and family of Canyon moved Monday to the Bock farm east of town.

Mesdames W. C. Hogan, McMullen, Neff and Miller spent Thursday with Mrs. C. G. Innes.

Water came down Spring Branch Sunday morning so rapidly that the J. L. Prichard home was filled with fifteen inches of water. The family were forced to wade out through water waist deep. Considerable damage was done to the fences around the home.

The housekeeper's best friend—V-A-V-A.

**FREE FREE FREE**

A handsome Boston Cooking Cup will be given FREE to every lady buying a 25 ounce 25 cent can of Health Club Baking Powder from your groceryman.

**Be sure to get your cup**

It leaves nothing to chance.  
It measures your baking perfectly.  
It insures perfect baking.

We guarantee every can of Health Club Baking Powder to give perfect satisfaction or your money will be returned to you by your grocer and you may keep the cup with our compliments.

Bring the label from a 25 cent can of Health Club Baking Powder to the Randall County News office and get the cup after you have written the name of your grocer on the back of the same. Call for Health Club Baking Powder at all grocery stores.

Respectfully,  
**LAYTON PURE FOOD COMPANY**

## McCormick and Deering Harvesting Machinery

Push headers and Header binders, broad-cast binders, mowers, sulkey and buck rakes and twine.

# THOMPSON HARDWARE COMPANY

**Vacation Hints for Sensible Persons**  
By EVERETT B. MERO

good time? Or is it a period that may be profitably spent in true recreation—in recreation that will help make an individual enjoy real living for the time, and also help make him more ready to do his part in the affairs of the world when vacation weeks have passed.

The working man or woman who takes a bird's-eye view beyond the immediate twenty-four hours, and who decides upon a reasonable use of the usual two weeks' leisure time, will recognize that a vacation ought to include change and relaxation from mental and physical routine of daily work. Those who are usually kept busy and on the hustle eight to twelve hours a day are entitled to be as lazy as they like during vacation time, and to live in a different atmosphere. It is common sense for indoor workers to get out of doors, city folk to go into the country, seashore folk to go to the mountains, and those who live among the hills and mountains to come down to enjoy the ocean and east wind.

If a city young man, or a party of young men, really want a vacation that amounts to something in rest and pleasure while it is going on and when it is ended, let them consider the possibilities of camp life not surrounded by too much civilization. Such a camp may be established in pioneer fashion by hunting a spot, putting up a tent or a shanty, and roughing it for a week or two weeks. Or camps can be hired, ready made, with more conveniences.

Camp life is not now limited to young men. There are established camps for girls and young women, increasing in number and variety each year.

Another form of outdoor vacationing often combined with camp life is canoeing. Many young people find pleasure all summer in paddling their own canoes.

Allied to the camp idea is the bungalow, which permits a sort of camping out de luxe.

Some working men and women who do not get vacations, or to whom vacation time does not provide all the relief they want from city life, or to whom the expense of the vacation is a matter to cause a second thought, are invited to consider the "stay-at-home" vacation. The workingman with a family, and therefore with quite a different problem to solve at vacation time than falls to the young man or woman who has only to pack a suitcase and buy a ticket, may well consider this suggestion. For a whole family that can go further away there are cottages to be rented at lakes and mountains at prices running the whole scale according to accommodations and locations.

Finally, the reason for a "go-away" or a "stay-at-home" vacation for the working man or woman is to secure a change of surroundings and current interests that will bring about a renewal of physical energy and mental cheerfulness for the tasks that are to follow.

*Everett B. Mero*

**Strange Fates of Some Military Emblems**  
By R. T. ARCHIBALD

The discovery of the long-lost colors of the old Fifteenth British regiment in the garden of Funtington house, near Chichester, is a reminder of the strange fates that have befallen many glorious military emblems. The colors of the Eighty-first foot (since disbanded) were captured by American pirates during the war of independence and hidden away in Ireland; the colors of the Twentieth regiment were burnt, prior to the surrender of Saratoga, to prevent their capture by the enemy. At Bergen-op-Zoom the Royal Scots, to save their precious colors from falling into French hands, sank them in the river, though the enemy later fished them out, and when the second battalion of the Eighth foot was disbanded at Portsmouth in 1816, the colors were cut into small pieces and distributed among the officers.

One of the colors of the First Northamptonshire regiment, which had been carried right through the Peninsular campaign some years ago, was discovered in a pawnbroker's shop, though how it got there is a mystery to this day. A similar uncertainty attaches to a pair of old colors of the Second Border regiment, which were recovered from a London pawnbroker by Lord Archibald Campbell in 1888.

Four flags, which had accompanied the Gloucester regiment in Egypt and in the Peninsula, were recovered from a York pawnbroker. It appeared that, having been bequeathed by a colonel of the regiment to his son they were obtained by a servant, who, falling on evil ways, pawned them for a few shillings.

**Kindness Tends to Promote Harmony**  
By Charles Gladstone, Kansas City, Mo.

Both employers and employees wish to achieve the best results in the business world, and the only real cause of so much strife and failure in accomplishing this aim can easily be traced to a way in which the employer conducts his business.

When men become the heads of large business they are inclined to neglect the society of their employees. Business worries continually face them and they usually allow themselves to become so absorbed in them that the joy in living degenerates. They become surly and cross, are inclined to hunt the trivial faults of their employees and generally there exists a spirit of ill feeling between employer and employe.

The business man should not allow his business to interfere with his social functions. He should have his pleasures as of old and try and help the ambitious young man in his employ to realize his aims.

If the head of the business house would talk kindly and encouragingly to his employe, help him in a good spirit to see his mistakes and show him how to avoid them in the future, he would gain the friendship and esteem of his help. Kindness will accomplish all things, while force tends to cause ill feeling and many times ends disastrously.

**Why So Many Men Remain Bachelors**  
By John P. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.

Women all over the United States are trying to find out why so many men remain bachelors. One of the reasons that has been put forth is that women's schools are inefficient.

They fail to prepare women either for livelihood or motherhood. Graduates come out of women's schools physical wrecks with a valueless flood of useless information and a penchant for fashions which leaves them as nearly nude as the law will allow.

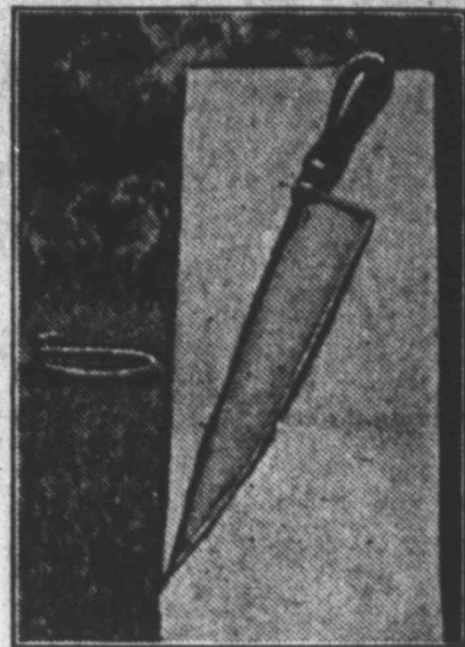
The average bill of fare alone at girls' schools is enough to drive the students to bonbons and rarebits.

A man does not want that kind of a woman for a wife.

**FIND A VERY CURIOUS KNIFE**

Relic of Past Found When Stump of Apple Tree Is Removed From Canton, Pa., Garden.

Philadelphia.—When the stump of an apple tree was removed from the garden belonging to E. W. Walborn, near Canton, Pa., directly under the stump and sticking straight down in the ground was found a curious knife. The blade, from shaft to point, is 11 1/4 inches. It is 2 1/2 inches wide at the hilt and tapers to a needle point. The back of the blade is thick and heavy and the edge has evidently been



Two Centuries Old.

ground down to a razor-like sharpness. Near the hilt are die-cut Roman letters "Sabatier Rue, France," and beneath this an open hand, surrounded by the letters "A Paris." The question at once arises: Who put the knife there, and when? The steel is of the finest. Not even its long immersion in the earth has eaten away the surface to any considerable extent. Perhaps some French "voyageur" camped there two hundred years ago, and forgot his knife. More likely some wandering Indian band camped there and left the knife that they had bought of the French, paying for it with beaver skins. One can surmise almost anything. The chances are that the owner left in a hurry, for knives like that, even today, are valuable, and some hundreds of years ago would have been worth its weight in gold. Certain it is that the English settlers did not carry French knives, and this particular blade dates back beyond the earliest English settlement.

**HOUSE CAT IS NEARLY BAKED**

The Family Pet Slept in Oven of Cook Stove and Is Nearly Burned to Death.

Waynesboro, Pa.—M. B. Ayers, Hamilton avenue, Waynesboro, almost cooked a new dish at his home.

When he retired at night he left the oven door of the kitchen stove open. To get away from the cold the family cat crawled into the oven and there curled itself up for a sleep that lasted all through the night.

When Mr. Ayers went downstairs in the morning to stir up the fire he closed the oven door. The cat slept on and made no protest. Then Mr. Ayers turned on the drafts and thrust the poker into the bed of coals, and in a short time he had a good fire going.

He heard the mewing of a cat, but he couldn't see a cat, and he fancied the animal might be on the outside. But the cat grew more persistent in its mewing and added a tone of anguish to it, and then Mr. Ayers thought him of the oven. He opened the door and the cat sprang on to him, almost knocking him off his feet.

The animal was burned terribly. Its feet were badly charred and its body was almost baked. It is still living and is on the road to recovery.

**YOUNG CHILD GETS PIG'S EYE**

Operation in Baltimore Hospital First of Its Kind in United States.

Baltimore, Md.—What is believed to be the first operation of its kind in this country was performed at a local hospital when the cornea of a pig's eye was grafted on the sightless eye of a three-months-old boy. It was said that previous operations, in which rabbits' eyes had been used, were unsuccessful, but that experiments with pigs' eyes had led scientists to believe that they were more adaptable. Two cases are said to be on record where the grafting of human cornea gave sight to totally blind eyes.

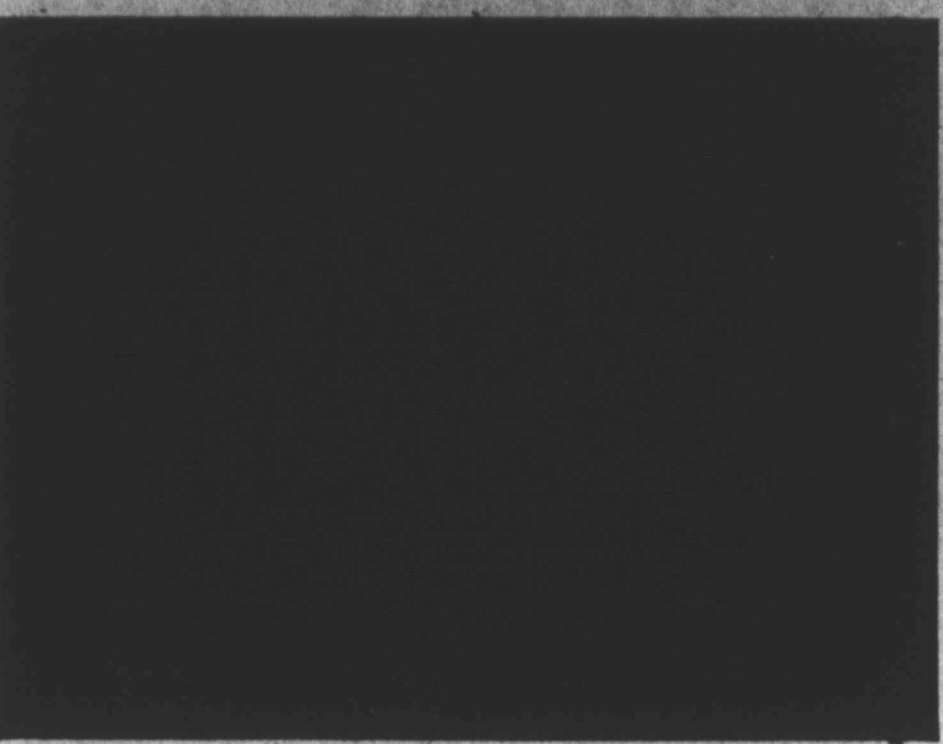
In the operation the pig was chloroformed, the eyeball taken out and the cornea cut from it. An extraordinarily fine needle and fine silk were used in sewing the cornea in place. The eye will remain bandaged for about a week.

**Banking Concern's Assets Small.**

Chicago.—A Canadian nickel, a penny, a desk, several chairs and a safe containing some bonds of small value were found to be the total assets of the American Banking association, when John W. Worthington, its president, was brought before a referee in bankruptcy.

**How to Wed Happily.**

Princeton, N. J.—"To assure happy marriages all applicants for marriage licenses should file declarations of intentions a month before the license is granted," said Prof. E. M. Ross, in a lecture on social economics.



Improved and Unimproved Farms  
**PRICES REASONABLE**  
Terms to Suit Purchaser  
Location and Quality  
of Farms Cannot  
Be Excelled  
**C. O. KEISER**  
Canyon, Texas  
Keota, Iowa



The Highest Priced Texas Cattle Ever Sold on the Kansas City Market. Bred and Fed by C. O. Keiser, Canyon, Texas. Fattened on Randall County Products.

CONNIE MACK'S CAREER IS AN EVENTFUL ONE



Manager Connie Mack of the Champion Athletics.

Cornelius McGillicuddy, the man the fans never see, recently celebrated his fifty-first anniversary.

In his quiet, retiring way, the "Sphinx of the diamond," the recipient of hundreds of messages of congratulation, observed his fifty-first year on earth at his home, the town he has done so much for during the last dozen years. His record is one long list of banner achievements, all gained by steady and conscientious work. The "Master Mind of Baseball," as he is known around the circuit, is of such high character it is hard to praise him. A look into his past reveals a life fraught with square deals and honorable deeds.

Connie Mack was born at East Brookfield, Mass., December 23, 1862. He introduced himself into baseball as a catcher for the Meriden, Conn., team in 1884. He received his first assignment as manager in 1894, when he took hold of the reins of the Pittsburgh club. His great career took definite form in 1901 when the present manager of the Athletics was given the leadership of the Quaker team. His ability then began to force itself to the front.

Following is a brief review of his baseball career:

**His List of Jobs.**

1884—Broke into the game as catcher for Meriden, Conn., team.

1885-6—Did backstop duty for Hartford, Conn., team.

1886-9—With the Washington club of the National league.

1890—This year he donned the mitt and chest protector for Buffalo club.

1891-2—Appeared back of bat.

1894—Became manager of the Pittsburgh club finishing in seventh place.

1895—As pilot of Pittsburgh his club again finished seventh.

1896—Pittsburgh, with Mack still at the helm, finished sixth.

1897-1901—Held managerial reins of the Milwaukee team of the Western league.

1901—Began his duties as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, which he continues to hold. Finished fourth this season.

**First Pennant in 1902.**

1902—Gave Philadelphia a championship, after a long wait of 20 years. Of that great team many have gone their various ways, but Eddie Plank and Harry Davis are still with the Mackmen.

1903—Finished second to Boston.

1904—Dropped to fifth place.

1905—Won American league title, but lost world's series to New York.

1906—Finished second to Chicago.

1907—After terrific struggle with Detroit, Mack's team again finished second.

1908—Dropped to sixth place.

1909—His team was in the fray again to the bitter end, being nosed out by old rivals, the Detroit Tigers.

1910—His team proved the sensation of the country, winning American league championship, and beat Chicago Cubs for world's title.

1911—Again captured American league pennant and world's title, beating New York in latter event.

1912—Got away to poor start and slipped back to third place.

1913—Captured fifth American league and third world's series title, beating New York Giants in later event.

RUSSELL FORD NOT MISSED

Former Yankee Spittball Artist, Who Jumped to Buffalo Federal Team, Has Lost His Grip.

Manager Frank Chance of the Yankees will be without the services of Russell Ford, once considered the best of the Yankee twirlers, this year, it is reported, however, that Chance is not shedding many tears over the departure of Ford to the Federal league. A few years back the left-



Russell Ford.

hander was looked upon as a star of the first order, but since then he has failed to live up to his reputation. He has really had but one good year in the American league and on that his fame rests. Chance was not any too well pleased with the showing made by Ford last year and there was a strong possibility that the one-time star was to suffer a cut in salary in 1914.

**Jack Dunn Has "Phenom."**

Manager Jack Dunn of the Baltimore International league team thinks he has a wonder in Pitcher Ruth, who beat the Athletics on March 25. He is but nineteen years of age and is a Baltimore product.

**Sioux City Buys First Sacker.**

The Sioux City club of the Western league has purchased First Baseman Jimmy Kane from the Omaha club.

216-GAME SCHEDULE

The Pacific league has started its season. There's some ball league. It cut in on March 31, and doesn't quit until October 25—sometimes later, and its schedule includes about two hundred and sixteen games. Many an athlete goes joyously to the coast, lured by the climate and a guaranty of salary as large as that he got at home. He gets it, too, for the coast magnate's word is as good as gold—but how that old boy does work for his shekels! When he discovers that he has to go a route of 216 games for the coin he made in 154 games back East, he emits a roar like a peevd lion, but it's all too late. Incidentally, the theory of many major league leaders, that a man will go stale and lose his pepper if he plays beyond the usual schedule, gets something of a knock in California. Many and many a star of the coast league is called to the fast company, and if the 216-game stunt ever spoiled any of them for their work the following season it has never been recorded.

**Bench Managers Scarce.**

Bench managers will be at a premium in the Southern Michigan league this season, the advent of Topsy Hartsel and Ed Smith to the league's managerial forces increasing the number of playing leaders in the circuit. Hartsel will hold down a regular berth in the Toledo outfield, while Smith will take his turn in the box for his South Bend club. Both have a number of years of good baseball yet allotted them, although veterans in point of service. Other playing managers in the league this season are McKernan, Battle Creek; Holmes, Saginaw; Jenkins, Bay City; Wagner, Kalamazoo, and Cristall, Adrian; Meyers of Jackson, Burke of Flint and Morrissey of Lansing will pilot their clubs from the bench.

**Fahy Goes to Victoria.**

Howard Fahy, the Los Angeles infielder, who played in the California State league last season, has been turned over to Victoria by Manager Dillon. He will go to the Bees in place of Wotell, who refuses to report.

**Jesse Tannehill a Manager.**

Jesse Tannehill, former big league pitcher, has been given the management of the Portsmouth State league baseball club.

There is No Feeling More Gratifying Than to Know You Can Get

What You Want When You Want It At the Right Price

You Can Enjoy That Feeling by Giving US Your Business

Canyon Lumber Co.

The House of Quality and Courteous Treatment

INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile, Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life, Health, Accident.

None but the best companies, represented.

J. E. Winkelman

V-AVA

V-AVA cleans anything but a guilty conscience

V-AVA will not injure the finest most delicate piano or mahogany finish, and is equally practical for cleaning mission, oak and painted surfaces.

V-AVA will thoroughly clean and polish woodwork, furniture, marble, metal, etc., and will not gum or veneer but will remove the dirt and grime, leaving a high grade polish.

V-AVA is an excellent cleaner for leather and burlap, and will not collect dust as readily as other preparations applied with a cloth.

V-AVA is a thorough deodorizer, disinfectant and a bug and germ exterminator.

"BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME" A LITTLE V-AVA ON YOUR DUSTING CLOTH WORKS WONDERS

OUR GUARATNEE Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back COULD WE MAKE IT STRONGER

Once you've tried V-AVA you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Order a trial can today and your only regret will be that you did not know about it sooner.

For Sale Exclusievly by Randall County News

THE

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

OLD

a snug sum in the bank is an insurance policy against hard times and hard work. Begin to save when you are young. OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT will help you start; then when you have accumulated \$50 or \$100 take a certificate of deposit drawing a little larger rate of interest. The time-tried and most

RELIABLE

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CANYON

CAPITAL \$ 50,000.00 SURPLUS \$ 10,000.00

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

Plainview Nursery

Has the largest stock of home grown trees that they have ever had. Varieties well adapted to this climate, hardy and absolutely free from disease. All kinds of garden plants.

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

Plainview Nursery

PLAINVIEW TEXAS

### Can You Doubt It?

When the Proof Can be so Easily Investigated.

When so many grateful citizens of Canyon testify to benefit derived from Doan's Kidney Pills, can you doubt the evidence? The proof is not far away—it is almost at your door. Read what a resident of Canyon says about Doan's Kidney Pills. Can you demand more convincing testimony?

R. T. Holton, Canyon, Texas, says: "I still use Doan's Kidney Pills when I need a kidney remedy. They always do me a great deal of good. I am pleased to endorse them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Holton had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Seeds

Have just been admitted to the mails on Parcel Post rates. Take advantage of the low rates and order your seed of the

**ROSWELL SEED COMPANY**  
ROSWELL, NEW MEX.

The nearer home the cheaper postage

## DANGER!



### FLIES

AND

### MOSQUITOES

Bring Disease into your homes, especially Typhoid Fever. We carry a complete line of SCREEN DOORS  
Prices from \$1.00 to \$8.50



**THOMPSON HARDWARE COMPANY**



KEEP OUT THE FLIES AND MOSQUITOES

## 8% Money

On Improved Farms. No Commission Charged For Placing Loans

**C. P. Hutchings**  
AMARILLO, TEXAS

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

### Clean Up Day

We are proud of the success attained in our clean up proposition of last year. While the prize was not awarded to us, we now, and in my humble judgment, had the cleanest town in Texas, and we cannot afford to relax our efforts and loose what we have already gained.

I observe after careful inspection very few Russian thistles which were our most intolerable foe last year, but other weeds are coming and we must rise up and smite them. Rubbish is accumulating and there are many old tin cans.

I hereby proclaim Friday, May 22 clean up day, when we expect everybody to clean up his own premises, front yard, back yard and alleys and cut weeds to the middle of the streets and alleys and burn all rubbish that will burn (if it is a calm day), sack up all tin cans, put them in the alleys. Do not throw them out loose, but sack them up. Your sacks will be left.

I also proclaim Wednesday, May 27th as clean up day Number Two, when all business houses will be asked to close and complete what may have been left from the first clean up day.  
F. M. WILSON, Mayor.

### Severe Attack of Colic Cured.

E. E. Cross, who travels in Virginia and other Southern States, was taken suddenly and severely ill with colic. At the first store he came to the merchant recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it cured him. No one should leave home on a journey without a bottle of this preparation. For sale by all dealers.—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.C. 158



### The Telephone Joy of Farm Life.

Life on the farm is made pleasanter and more secure by Bell Telephone Service.

Pleasanter, because it brings messages of cheer and companionship from friends far away, more secure because it brings help immediately when there is need.

Write our nearest office for information.

The Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Company



## Over All!

The greatest advance in **PURE GOODNESS** ever made in smoking tobacco.

Stag isn't just a little better. It's a revelation.

You can't smoke half a pipeful without realizing this. Try it and see.

Convenient Packages. The Handy Half-Size 5-Cent Tin, the Full-Size 10-Cent Tin, the Pound and Half-Pound Tin Humidor and the Pound Glass Humidor.

# STAG

For Pipe and Cigarette

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

P. Lorillard Co. Est. 1760

"No Bite,  
"No Sting,  
"No End,  
"No String."



### Wayside Items.

The 'sock' social at Fairview was well attended and netted the sum of \$15.35. Miss Leonard's school closes in two weeks when they will have another entertainment.

Farm work is being pushed. Maize, kafir and feterita are being planted. Indian corn is up. Water and mush melon patches are receiving proper attention.

S. S. at Beula, 'Mothers Day' led by D. L. Adams, Supt. H. H. Gilham absent at Quar Conf.

Singing at W. T. Helms Sunday afternoon.

A crowd of young folks serenaded Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Payne May 2.

Percey Walters visited at the parental home over Sunday, his mother who has been quite sick is better.

W. J. Sluder and wife made a trip to Happy Wednesday. Miss Franklin left for home same date.

J. C. Mayo and Wm. Payne made a business trip to Tulia Monday.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c

### Happy Items.

Lem Scoggins, wife and family were in Amarillo Wednesday. Mrs. H. Baggerly and Mrs. Clark strong returned Thursday from Plainview where they had been attending a school of instruction for O. E. S. and report a most profitable meeting.

N. McKinney and wife autoed to Amarillo Friday.

P. J. Neff, wife and J. F. White attended conference at Lakeview Saturday.

A. C. Doan left Friday for Okla.

Barbara McNaughton entertained a few of her little friends Saturday, it being her seventh birthday. After a good play a dainty lunch was served by Mrs. McNaughton.

Misses Mildred Zoeller and Nellie Cowan went to Tulia Friday.

J. M. McNaughton was a north bound passenger Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. P. McMullan of Bais-tow, Cal., arrived Friday for a ten days visit.

### Board of Equalization.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners' Court of Randall county will convene at the Court house thereof in Canyon on June 8, 1914, and from that day and every day thereafter until the work is completed to sit as a Board of Equalization upon tax matters.

Given under my hand and seal of office this 16th day of May, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) M. P. GARNER, Clerk.

Miss Drucilla Knight has returned from Wildorado where she taught an eight month's term of school.

Mrs. I. N. McIntire is visiting this week in Hereford.

W. H. Blaine went to Glazier Tuesday to look after his farm.

## WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthener. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.



## Why Carry Your Account with the First State Bank?

Because you absolutely know your money is safe. The depositors of this bank are protected by the Depositors Guaranty Fund of the State of Texas.

The First State Bank solicits your account, large or small; and we are in a position to extend accommodations consistent with sound banking.

## The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK