

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

VOL XIX

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1915.

No. 12

LADIES WANT NEW PARK IMMEDIATELY

Want Prices on Quarter Block Between Square and the Depot—Would Start work at Once.

The members of the Park committee of the City Federation of Women's Clubs met Friday afternoon at the rest rooms and decided to establish a new park at once. They want it between the square and the depot so that it will be accessible to the traveling public.

The ladies are not going to attempt anything big at the present time but would rather have a quarter block and get it fixed up into a neat little park where the mothers and small children would have a place for recreation rather than attempt to fix up a whole block.

The committee stated that they would be well pleased if some of the big hearted citizens of Canyon would donate the land for this park. However, in order that they may get a better idea of the lots for sale in the west part, they ask that all who have land for sale to state the very lowest price, remembering it is for the good of the town, and leave the price at the News office where the committee may get it the latter part of this week in order to begin their work.

The aim of the committee is to make this park the beauty spot of the town. Trees will be set out, the park set to blue grass, flower beds made, walks and seats provided.

The following are the members of this committee: Mesdames D. M. Stewart, chairman, C. O. Keiser, C. N. Harrison, L. T. Lester, R. S. Pipkin, W. G. Word and Miss Lola Word.

Ralph Cousins Graduates.

The commencement exercises of the United States Military Academy will take place at West Point, N. Y., Saturday of this week. Ralph P. Cousins, son of Pres. and Mrs. R. B. Cousins of this city is one of the graduates. He will leave during next week for Georgia where he will visit his grandmother, Mrs. I. W. Cousins, will then come to Texas, visiting at Austin and other points, arriving home about the first of July.

Ralph will receive the commission of Second Lieutenant when he receives his diploma. The class started four years ago with over 400, 167 of whom successfully finished the course. He will be subject to orders at any moment but expects to receive a vacation until Sept. 15, when he will no doubt be called to join a regiment.

Pres. Cousins stated Saturday that graduates from West Point are under obligations to serve in the army for four years. After that time they may resign and enter other lines of business if they like, unless there is imminent danger of war, in which case the resignation would not be accepted. However, no West Point man would think of resigning in the face of war. It is a part of his education to serve his country in time of danger.

Half Inch Rain Friday.

A rain amounting to half an inch fell in the Canyon vicinity Friday morning. It amounted to considerably more east of the city. There is only one community in the country that hasn't enjoyed good rains during the past week.

Clean up and plant a tree.

GOVERNOR APPROVES WINGS OF NEW NORMAL BUILDING

The wings of the West Texas State Normal College are now under construction, under the authority of Governor James E. Ferguson, who wired his consent Friday afternoon to the Gross Construction Company to proceed with that part of the building.

Pres. Sam Sparks of the Board of Regents and Hon. A. C. Goeth of Austin visited the Governor on Friday to lay before him the need of approving this item of the appropriation bill at once in order that the work on the building might not be delayed, and also in view of the fact of the expiration of the option of the Gross Construction Company to complete the building for \$69,126, a delay might be accompanied by a rise in prices of material so that they would refuse to take the work at the old contract price thus causing more delay in completing the building.

Gov. Ferguson is a business man and these facts being pointed out to him, he immediately gave his word that this item would be approved when he signed the bill and instructed the members of the board to proceed with the building of the wings.

The Governor has not acted upon the remainder of the educational appropriation bill.

ATTENDANCE OF 440 IN NORMAL

230 Credit Students and 210 Attending Summer Normal—More Coming on Every Train.

The attendance up to last night was 440 in the Normal. The attendance so far is practically the same as the total attendance of last year. More students are coming on every train so that it is expected, 500 will have enrolled before the latter part of next week. Thirty four enrolled Tuesday and eleven yesterday.

The proportion of credit students in attendance is greater this year than had been anticipated. The number is 230, while the number attending the summer normal course is 210.

Gray-Slaughter Wedding.

C. C. Slaughter surprised his father by sending from Los Angeles the announcement of his marriage on May 21 in that city at the home of Mr. Slaughter's nephew, H. O. Bishop on 60th street. The bride was Miss Clyde Gray of Bovina. She is well known in Canyon, having graduated from the Normal. When Mr. Slaughter left for the exposition, he didn't tell his father that Miss Gray would accompany him and they would be married in Los Angeles. Both of these young people are well known in Canyon and have many friends who are pleased to know of their marriage.

T. B. Slaughter and son have a large ranch northwest of the city and are among the most prominent cattlemen farmers in the county.

Amarillo Game Monday.

Amarillo will send a picked team here Monday to take on the Canyon town team and make an effort to redeem their last year's record. (Crossett will not umpire).

Wm. Gross of the Gross Construction Company states that steel for the wings will be on the ground within forty-five days. The derrick for handling all of this steel will be placed on the roof of the main building and the work of erecting the steel will be a very short job. He stated that his company would keep the masons at work and lay the wall one more story high. He believes that by the time the masons have proceeded this far one of the wings will be completed so that the brick work will be started on that end. The building will then all go up together. During the time the steel is arriving he hopes to complete laying all of the floors of the main building, which will be of concrete. He has the plans for the plumbing and lighting and while the money for building these is in the main section of the appropriation bill and not yet approved, he is taking into consideration these features of the work and leaving holes where the pipes are to pass through the floors.

The wings will be nine feet longer (north and south) and four and one-half feet wider than the old building, thus causing an entirely new foundation to be built for them. Mr. Gross put a large gang of men to work Saturday cleaning up and getting ready to make this foundation.

Mr. Cousins stated Saturday that he hopes soon to announce a date for the laying of the corner stone. Invitations will be sent out all over the Panhandle and it is hoped there will be hundreds of people come to Canyon on that day. Mr. Cousins has the promise of a number of officials to attend these ceremonies.

Baptist Meeting Closes.

The revival meeting at the Baptist church closed Monday night, having been in progress for two weeks. Rev. Copas left Wednesday for Georgetown where he begins another meeting. The members of the local church are well pleased over the number of conversions and additions to the church and feel that the church has been greatly benefitted by the meeting.

Glasses Fitted Without Drugs.

Expert Eyeglass and Spectacle service without the use of drugs. Dr. Claude Wolcott, Physician, Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Catarrh Specialist. Amarillo Texas. Phone 606 for an appointment. 1246

Rev. Mayne Returns from Kress.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Mayne returned Monday from Kress where Mr. Mayne has been engaged for ten days in a revival meeting. He reports thirty conversions. During his stay there was rain and hail but the house was crowded at each service.

Mr. Mayne announces regular preaching services at the Methodist church next Sunday evening.

Jewelry and Watch Repairing.

W. L. Browning of Coleman has accepted a position with the Holland Drug Co. He is an expert Jeweler and Watch Repair man. Bring your work to him and get first class work. Everything guaranteed to be satisfactory.

HEREFORD RANGE COWS BRING RECORD PRICE

C. O. Keiser Sells 100 to Rev. J. M. Harder for \$125—Highest Price Paid in the Southwest.

A deal was closed Tuesday whereby Rev. J. M. Harder of Plainview bought of C. O. Keiser 100 head of his fine Hereford cows, the price paid being \$125 per head. The cows were thoroughbred but not registered.

The price is the highest paid for range cows in the southwest but Mr. Harder believes he has a great bargain in the herd. They are of the same breed with which Mr. Keiser has twice broken the world records on the Kansas City market.

Mr. Harder will ship the cows to his Crosby county ranch.

Baseball Game Today.

This afternoon at four o'clock will be the first game of the season for the Canyon town team. They will play the Tullia bunch. Manager F. P. Luke states that his team is in excellent condition and hopes for a very successful season. Practically all of last year's team will be in the line-up. Harry Starr is back in the Normal and will play third base. Bishop, another Normal student and a former player on the Seth Ward college team, will hold down a place in the field. The following men will be in the Canyon line-up this year:

Pitchers—Word, Black, Prichard.
Catcher—Shotwell.
1b—Hicks.
2b—Campbell.
3b—Starr.
ss—Prichard.
Fielders—Wallace, Hicks, Ballard, Bishop.

Rainy & Adams bought two cars of young bulls of C. O. Keiser this week and shipped them to their ranches in New Mexico. These make five cars they have bought of Mr. Keiser.

CITY FEDERATION ANNOUNCES PRIZES

\$30 in Cash and of Merchandise Prizes—File with Mrs. Burrow Class in Which You Will Compete.

The ladies of the City Federation have a number of good prizes which they announce for the citizens of Canyon in their clean up campaign this year. While the whole town will be inspected and each residence judged, they wish the people who will compete for the prizes in the various classes to file their names at once with Mr. Burrow in order to make more easy the awarding of the prizes later on.

The following list of prizes is announced:

1. Most attractive premises, owner of the home—\$5.
2. Most attractive premises, renter—\$5.
3. Prettiest front yard—\$2.50.
4. Prettiest back yard—\$2.50.
5. Most attractive flower bed, by girl under 12 years of age—one dozen photos, Lusby Studio.
6. Best kept church or school property—\$2.50.
7. Best arranged vegetable garden—One pair of ladies shoes to the lady who succeeds in getting the most work out of her husband in the garden, The Leader.

8. Most attractive porch or window box—\$2.
9. Largest trash pile collected on clean up day by boy under 14—A watch, City Pharmacy.
10. Best kept vacant lot (non-resident owner) by boy under 15—\$3.00 each for winners of first, second, third and fourth places.

11. (a) To the girl under 12 bringing to Mayor Wilson by July 12 the largest measure of flies—Aluminum cooking set of ten pieces, Thompson Hardware Co.
- (b) To the boy under 12 bringing to the Mayor by July 12 the largest measure of flies—A thin type Ingersoll watch, Thompson Hardware Co.
- (c) To the boy or girl under 12 bringing the next largest measure of flies—A ticket to the Happy Hour Theatre for one week.

The following persons donated the cash prizes which are given: Missionary Society of the Methodist church, \$10. Woman's Book club, \$5. Merry Maids and Matrons club, \$5.

Canyon Supply Co., \$3. West End Grocery, \$2.50. Randall County News, \$2.50. Canyon Lumber Co., \$2.50. Holland Drug Co., \$2. J. M. Vetesk, \$1. Burroughs & Jarrett, \$1. S. V. Wirt, \$1.

Mrs. Burrow announces a call meeting of the Federation next Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. There is very important business.

Fine Meat for Canyon.

J. M. Vetesk persuaded C. O. Keiser to sell him one of those steers he has been fattening for the past few months and will have it on sale Saturday. This class meat has never been handled in Canyon before. Its the kind the "400" of New York and Chicago live on. Place your order for some. It will be the best you ever had. ti

Flesher Buys House.

W. J. Flesher bought the Van Sant house west of the railroad last week and has had it moved to his lots in the west end. He will remodel the house and fix up a first class home.



Eddie Collins
Drinks

Coca-Cola

—considers it the premier, all-round wholesome thirst-quencher for athletes. This comes well from one of whom Comiskey said, after paying \$50,000 for him—"I secured him for the White Sox fans because I believe he will prove that he is the greatest exponent of quick thinking and the brainiest player in the game."



Demand the genuine and avoid disappointment

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

T. H. Wansley Dead.

T. H. Wansley, brother of J. A. Wansley, died last week at his home in Weatherford, Okla. He had been ill for some time and J. A. had returned from visiting him only ten days before his death. Mr. Wansley was well known to the people of Canyon. He moved to Randall county from Erath county in 1901 and lived here until 1910 when he moved to Weatherford. The last two years he was here, he lived in Canyon. Two years ago he visited at the home of his brother, J. A., and visited his many friends in the city. His wife

and seven children survive him, besides his mother, two brothers and a sister.

Land Deals Closed.

G. S. Ballard has traded 105 acres of land adjoining the Normal addition for a hotel property and furnishings in Friona, the land being valued at \$75 per acre. Later he traded the hotel to L. A. Pierce for his half interest in the Joe Service section, this land being priced at \$25.

Mrs. Grady Pipkin of Plainview this week at the J. C. Pipkin home.

To The Strangers Within Our Gates.

Our little city is overflowing with young men and young ladies from all parts of the land. They are here for our normal work. Let every one of Canyon's good people extend the hand of welcome.

We must make for them such a homely and wholesome atmosphere that they will be so happy and contented that they not only can do their best in their school work, but will continue to develop all those virtues and graces without which they would be poorly proportioned, excentric, and wholly unfit for the noble calling to which they are aspiring.

The Normal is Canyon's greatest asset, but it is also God's challenge to the home people to take care of the social, moral, and spiritual interest of these fine young people whom he designates as key men and women where ever they may go.

Shall we rise up and answer this challenge by making our homes and churches centers of social life, places of refuge from temptation, and fountains of motherly advise and kindly christian counsel for these strangers within our gates? Shall we say to these noble teachers who so unselfishly share with us our own local burdens and strive with us in the interest of our own children, and who with broad-minded intelligence do and ever will stand by us and with us in ever thing that makes for the good of our town and our great Panhandle country—shall we say to them "We will work with you and do our best to keep the home life of the pupils wholesome, that we may send them away to their life work better in every way for having spent some time in our midst?" I know we will. B. F. Fronabarger.

Will Build New Home.

T. J. Morris of Silverton has bought the corner lot west of J. A. Hill's residence and will soon build a house preparatory to moving here to make his home. Mr. Morris is well known among the old timers here. He is a cattleman and mule raiser. He used to come to Canyon during the early days but stated that this is his first visit since the railroad was built.

Mr. Morris stated that he visited another school town recently, but the dean of the college he visited told him that Canyon was destined to be the greatest school town in north-west Texas and advised him to move to Canyon.

Must Value your Baggage.

A new law went into effect last Thursday which compels the traveler to place a value on his trunk before he can have it checked by the baggage man. The railroads will take the trunk for no extra charge if it is valued at \$100 or less. For each hundred dollars above that amount he is required to pay 10 cents transportation charges. Don't forget to value the goods that you put in your trunk as you pack up as you may have difficulty in ascertaining the correct value when you go to check it. The railroad is responsible only for such amount as you place on the trunk. However, you are subject to a fine and imprisonment if you overestimate the worth of your baggage.

Sheriff's Sale.

The state of Texas, County of Randall. By virtue of a certain order of sale issued out of the honorable District court of Potter county on the 2nd day of June 1915, by J. C. Skillman, Clerk of said court against Wm. F. Zimmermann, Jas. Saddler Jr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Zimmermann, for the sum of Three thousand two hundred forty-five (\$3,245.00) dollars and costs of suit, in cause No. 2169 in Court, styled J. W. Adderton versus Wm. F. Zimmermann, Mike C. Lamaster, Jas. F. Sad-



THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED WOMAN—are not pleasant if she is delicate, run-down, or over worked. She feels "played out." Her smile and her good spirits have taken flight. It worries her husband as well as herself. This is the time to build up her strength and cure those weaknesses or ailments which are the seat of her trouble. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It cures those disorders and derangements incident to womanhood.

Mrs. LUCINDA ARMSTRONG, 3512 Dallas Avenue, Dallas, Texas, says: "My mother used Dr. Pierce's medicines over thirty years ago and recommended them to her daughters. I have used the Favorite Prescription during my married life and found this remedy was all that was claimed for it."

dler Jr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Zimmermann and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings as Sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did, on the 4th day of June 1915 levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Randall county, described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain tract or parcel of land lying and being situated in the county of Randall and state of Texas, and more particularly described as:

A part of Section No. 172, Block 2 A. B. & M. and beginning on the south line of section No. 172, fifteen hundred ninety-four feet east from the south-west corner, on the west line of the P. & N. T. Ry. Company's right of way, thence with said right of way in a northeasterly direction to a point from which a line runs West to the west line of said section No. 172, and thence as set out in the hereinafter calls from said place to the point of beginning will include one hundred acres of land; thence west to a stake in the west line of said section 172 for a corner; thence south with said west line to the northwest corner of a five acre tract heretofore sold by said Zimmermann and wife to one H. E. Jones; thence east with the north line of said five acre tract to its northeast corner; thence south with the east line of said five acre tract three hundred feet to its southeast corner on the south line of said section and thence east eight hundred sixty-eight feet along the south line of said section to the place of beginning and levied upon as the property of said Wm. F. Zimmermann, Jas. Saddler Jr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Zimmermann and on Tuesday, the 6th day of July 1915, at the Court house door of Randall county, in the city of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of ten a. m. and four p. m. I will sell said land at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said Wm. F. Zimmermann, Jas. Saddler Jr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Zimmermann by virtue of said levy and said order of sale.

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

Witness my hand, this 4th day of June 1915.

Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff of Randall County, Texas. 1212

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 contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

It's The Plucky Young Man

who starts the bank account. It's the lucky old man who checks from Pluck's amount.



It's Pluck Not Luck

That pays the bills. Be a disciple of Pluck, not Luck. Mr. Pluck, luck to you. Give us your account.

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

WHEAT OATS BARLEY

FARMERS

The Old Reliable Saint Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Co. will write Hail Insurance on your growing grain.

26 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN HAIL INSURANCE IN TEXAS

Not Beginners - When we lose we pay

J. E. WINKELMAN, The Insurance Man

WHEN WE LOSE WE PAY

WHEN WE LOSE WE PAY



You Think You Like Ice Tea

No doubt you do—but if you really want to find out how much you can like ice tea, drink the kind that's made with

White Swan Tea

It's so much better than what you're thinking of now—cold tea with ice in it—that you'd not know it for the same beverage. You'll like it for its rich flavor, its smoothness, its deliciousness.

Most All Grocers

sell White Swan Tea—four sizes in air-tight tins—10c, 25c, 40c and 75c. Should your grocer be one of the very few who don't carry it, send us 75c for a pound—sent postpaid.

WAPLES-PLATTER GROCER CO.

(Wholesale Only)

Denison, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Amarillo, Bowie, Brownwood, Chillicothe, Dalhart, Cainsville, Greenville, Hamlin, Marshall, Stamford, Tex., Ada, Okla.



Read The Ads In The News

The MAID of the FOREST

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat By RANDALL PARRISH ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN

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CHAPTER I.

A Messenger From the North.
I stood alone on the banks of a small stream gazing down into the clear water, my thought centering on the journey homeward, when the bushes opposite parted, and a man stood on the bank scarcely a dozen steps away, with only the stream between us. It was time and place for caution, for suspicion of strangers, and my rifle came forward in instant readiness, my heart throbbing with startled surprise. He held up both hands, his own weapon resting on the ground.

"Not so careless, boy," he called across cheerfully. "There is no war, so far as I know, between white men."

His easy tone, as well as his words, jarred on me, yet I lowered the rifle.

"I am no boy," I retorted, "as you may discover before we are through our acquaintance."

"No! Well by my eyesight you look it, although in faith you are surely big enough for a grown man. Yours is the first white face I've seen since I left the Shawnee towns—a weary journey."

"The Shawnee towns!" I echoed, staring at him in wonderment. "You come from beyond? From the Illinois?"

He stroked his beard. "A longer journey than that even," he acknowledged slowly. "I am from Sandusky, by way of Vincennes."

"Alone?"

"The Indians who were with me remained at Shawnee; they lost heart. Since then I have been by myself."

"Come over," I said shortly, "where we can converse more easily."

He stepped into the cool water unhesitatingly, and waded across, a small pack at his back, and a long rifle across his shoulder. There was a reckless audacity about the fellow I could not fail to observe, and, as he scrambled up the rather steep bank, I had a glimpse of a face far from my liking. However, ours was a rough life in those days, accustoming us to strange acquaintances, so I waited, my rifle in my hand, determined to know more of this wanderer. He was a man of middle age, with gray hairs a plenty, and scraggly beard, an active body, of good girth, and a dark face, deeply seamed, having an ugly scar down his right cheek, seemingly from his white center the slash of a knife. The eyes, gleaming beneath the brim of his hat, were furtive, uncanny, black as color, and bold enough in the sneaking way of a tiger cat. Beyond these things there was little distinctive about the man, his dress merely that of the backwoods—fringed hunting shirt and leggings of leather, dirty and soiled by long use, yet exhibiting a bit of foppery in decoration which made me recall the French voyageurs of the north and their gay ribbons. At his belt dangled hunting knife and tomahawk, but these, with the rifle, constituted his whole display of weapons. Even before he had obtained the level on which I stood I had conceived a dislike for the fellow, a desire to have done with further acquaintanceship. With feet planted firmly on the edge of the grass he scanned me from head to foot with unwinking eyes, that sought vainly to smile.

"You are surely a big fellow," he said at last. "Some hand at rough and tumble, I make bold to guess. Let us have frankness between us. I come from the north on a mission of peace, the representative of the tribes, and of Hamilton. All I ask is fair speech and guidance."

"You represent Hamilton, you say?"

"Aye, though I expect little will come from it. I would have word with St. Clair and Harmar. Know you either man?"

"Both, passing well. St. Clair is up the river—or was three days since—but General Harmar represents him at the settlement. How happens it, my friend, if the message be so important, Hamilton did not dispatch an officer?"

"He had no choice. None volunteered for the task, and I was the selection of the tribes. You question me as though you were Harmar himself; and more, you have the look of it. You're not a woodsman, you say; then I make a guess—you're a soldier."

"I am," I returned quietly, "an ensign in the regular service."

"Name?"

"Joseph Hayward of Fort Harmar."

"The gods be praised! Now is the way made clear. You were traveling thither?"

"I am to be there tomorrow."

"In ample time for my purpose. I recall your name, Master Hayward, as spoken by the Delawares. You were at Chillicothe last spring?"

"I attended the council."

"The very man, and now you can serve me well, if I may journey with you?"

"I am not overly fond of white men who turn Indian," I said coolly. "However, I'll see you safe to the fort gates if you play no forest tricks on the

way. And now you might tell me how it is I am to companion with."

He grinned, showing his teeth, and my eyes noted how firmly he held his gun.

"A pledge is a pledge, Master Hayward," he answered, insolently. "I am called Simon Girty."

I involuntarily took a step backward, starting into the man's face. That he was a renegade of some sort, I had realized from the first, yet it had never once occurred to me that he could be that bloody scoundrel, Girty. There flashed across my mind the stories I had heard of his atrocities; his leadership of Indians in midnight forays; his malignant cruelty; the heartlessness with which he watched victims burning at the stake; his outrages on helpless women and children; the fiendish acts of savagery with which his brutal name was connected along the border. And this was the man—this cowardly-eyed dastard, who stood there grinning into my face, evidently amused at my undisguised expression of horror. Protect, and guide him! My first inclination was to strike the man down in his tracks, kill him as I would a venomous snake. He read all this in my eyes, in the stiffening of my muscles.

"No, no, Master Hayward," he sneered, bringing his rifle forward, "don't let the name frighten you. The half you've heard of me are lies. I'm not so bad when all is told, and there is more than one borderman who can recall my mercy. Kenton escaped the stake through me, and there are white women and children awaiting ransom in Detroit because I interceded for them. Now I play fair, above board—see?" and he dropped his gun on the grass, and held out his empty hands.

"It is easy to kill me, yet you will not—you are a soldier."

I stood irresolute, hesitating, half tempted still to come to blows, yet his act disarmed me. Best though he might be I could not kill him in cold blood; I was no murderer, yet it was a struggle to resist.

"Now listen, Simon Girty," I managed to say, at last. "There is no friendship between us, now nor at any time. I hold you a murderous renegade, a white savage, to be shown less mercy than an Indian dog. But I leave others to deal with you as you deserve. As you say, I am a soldier, and will act like one. I have pledged you my word of guidance to Fort Harmar. I will keep the pledge to the letter, but no more. Beyond the gate you proceed at your own risk, for I lift no hand to protect you from just vengeance. I despise you too much to fear you. Pick up your rifle. That is all: now we will break our fast, and go."

Convinced as I was that Girty actually desired to reach the fort, although somewhat skeptical as to his purpose, I felt no fear of treachery. I was of too great value to the fellow to warrant an attack; so, without hesitation, I led the way, permitting him to follow or not, as he pleased. I had it in my mind to question him, but refrained. What would be the use? The fellow would only lie, in all probability, and one word would lead to another. He would have to be explicit enough once he confronted Harmar, and my duty merely consisted in delivering him safely at the gates of the fort.

It was noon when we came to the clearings, littered with stumps, but yielding view of the distant river, and the scattered log houses of Marietta. Men were at work in the fields, but I avoided these as much as possible, although they paused in their labor and stared suspiciously at us as we advanced. However I was well known, my size making me notable, and as our course was toward the town, no one objected to our progress. There was no recognition of the man, who I clung close to my heels, and I wasted no time in getting past, eager to be well rid of him.

In truth I felt little hope of getting through thus easily. The fellow was too widely known not to be recognized by some one. These men of the fields were settlers, newly arrived mostly, and slightly acquainted as yet with border history, but there would be kille hunters in the villages, backwoodsmen from across the river, men who had ranged the northern forests, and to whom the name of Girty meant much. Let one of these look upon the man and his life would scarce be worth the snap of a finger. Not that I cared, except as his safe passage involved my own word.

"Come along," I said harshly. "I would be done with you."

We advanced up the road to where the fort gates stood open, a single sentry standing motionless between the posts. As we drew near, a group of hunters—a half dozen maybe—suddenly emerged, their long rifles trailing, on their way to the valley. I recognized the man in advance as the Kentuckian Brady, frontiersman and Indian fighter, and recognizing me he stopped.

"Ah, back again, Master Hayward," he exclaimed good humoredly. But what is it you have here? No settler of this valley, to my remembrance."

He stared at my companion, shading his eyes with one hand, his face losing its look of cheerfulness.

"Indian trappings—hey!" he exclaimed. "Some northwest renegade! Stop! I've seen that face before!" His rifle came forward swiftly, as the truth burst upon him. "Curse you, you're Simon Girty!"

I gripped the barrel of his gun, pressing my way between him and the others behind.

"Whatever his name," I said sternly, "this is not your affair. The fellow comes with message from Hamilton, and has my pledge of safe guidance. Stand back now, and let us pass!"

"I'll not stand back," he said wreatheing to break my grip on his rifle. "Not to let that devil go free. Let go of the gun barrel, you young fool! I'm not one of your soldiers. Here Potter, Evans, do you hear? That is the bloody villain Girty—come on!"

They had hold of me instantly hurling me back in spite of my struggling. I saw the renegade throw forward his rifle, and shouted to him.

"Don't do that, you fool—run!"

Even as I cried out the order I leaped forward, seeking to get grip on Brady, hurling the others aside with a sweep of my arms. There was an instant of fierce fighting, of blows, curses, threats. I lunged over the rifle barrel, and got grip on Brady's beard, only to be hauled back by a dozen hands, and flung to my knees.

"Sentry! Call the guard!"

I got the words out somehow, boring my way forth from under the huddle of forms. There was a rush of feet, the shouting of an order, the shock of contact, and then I stood alone, wiping the perspiration from my eyes.

CHAPTER II.

With General Harmar.

"That will do, sergeant," I called out, the moment I could gain breath. "Here now, don't hit that man! Surround this fellow and take him inside the stockade. Never mind me; I'll take care of myself."

The little squad tramped off, Girty in their midst, his head turned back over his shoulder watchfully. I stepped forward fronting Brady, and held out my hand.

"Sorry this happened," I said soberly, "but I promised to bring the man to the fort, and I had to defend him."

"He's a bloody savage!" he retorted, with an oath, and making no responsive movement; "he's worse than any Injun on the border."

"I know all that, Brady. I despise the fellow as much as any of you, although I may not have suffered through his acts as some of you have. But he is here in peace, not war. To injure him now might cost hundreds of lives. Let him give his message to General Harmar; after that we shall know how to deal with the skunk. At least do not hold this against me; I only did my duty."

Brady loosened his grip on his gun, and took my hand.

"I understand that, boy," he said, not unkindly. "Your fighting was square enough, and no harm done. I like the way you went at it, but I reckon you don't quite sense how we old Kentuckians feel about renegades."

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draw; the burning of homes, and all the horrors of Indian warfare for years to come. There is only a fringe of white settlers on this side of the river, Brady, and a mere handful of soldiers to defend them. We cannot afford to have war, we are not ready."

"Ready? rot! I am for going in now, an' finishing the job. This new government policy of strokin' those devils on the back, makes me sick. That ain't the way we cleaned up Kentucky."

"Easier said than done, Brady. This isn't Kentucky, and the conditions are different. Those were hunters and backwoodsmen who took possession of that land to the south. They came alone, on foot, rifle in hand, fighting men every one. That was their trade. These settlers who have come in north of the Ohio are of a different breed; they have brought wives and children with them, and have come to till the land. They are not hunters and woodsmen; half of them never even saw an Indian. They would be as helpless as babes on a war trail. St. Clair and Harmar are doing the best they can under such conditions. They have got to compromise; they don't dare provoke war. The Indians and the British know this is true; Girty knows it, or he never would have ventured to come in here—what is it, Faulkner?"

The sergeant, a short, stocky fellow saluted stiffly.

"The compliments of General Harmar, sir, and would you come to his office."

"Very well, sergeant, as soon as I can slip out of these hunting clothes. Am I right, Brady?"

"Maybe so," he admitted reluctantly, "but that ain't my style of handling Injuns. I reckon we'll hang 'round boys, till we see what's comin' out o' this yer message bearin'. I'd sure like to be in any fracas what I could get a slam at that hound o' hell."

It required but a few moments for me to shift my hunting suit for a suitable uniform, and this accomplished, I hurried across the parade to the office. The orderly admitted me at once. General Harmar was alone, sitting beside a small writing table, and began questioning me the instant I appeared.

"Close the door, Mr. Hayward. Now, sir, what is it that just happened outside the gate? Fighting with some of my scouts, I understand, over a fellow you brought in with you? I presume there was some cause for this unseemly quarrel?"

"There was, General Harmar," I replied, standing cap in hand.

He leaned back in his chair, drumming with one hand on the table, his stern eyes on my face.

"Then make your report, sir."

I went over the events of the past few hours rapidly, but clearly, and there was no interruption until I ceased to speak.

"Who did you say the man was?"

"Simon Girty, sir. That was the name he gave me, and Brady recognized him at once."

"What is his mission? Did he say?"

"Not a word, sir, except that he represented the tribes, and bore a message from Hamilton."

"Think you he lied? Is his purpose to learn our strength and position?"

"No, sir, I think not," I replied soberly. "There was no necessity; beyond doubt they know that already. I do not think the fellow would dare come other than he said; he is not of that breed."

He walked back and forth across the room, his hands clasped, his head bent in thought. He was a florid-faced, heavily-built man, his step heavy on the puncheon floor. Facing the door, he stopped with sudden decision.

"Orderly," he called, "have the sergeant of the guard bring the messenger here at once. Search him for weapons first."

He turned toward me.

"I do not trust the villain, but I'll hear his tale. I may need you, Mr. Hayward; remain there in the back room until I call."

I could see no door.

"Where, sir?"

"In the den, beyond; the robe hides the entrance. If I need you I will call. The dog is coming now."

The interior of this room which I now entered for the first time was a revelation to me. It was fitted up as a lounging room, a den; yet bearing more resemblance to the tepee of a savage, than any abode of civilization. The trappings of war, the tributes of the chase, were everywhere in evidence. I saw all this with a single glance as I shut the door, yet almost with the instant, my entire attention was riveted upon an occupant, and I stood motionless, scarcely crediting my own eyes, as I stared across the table at the couch against the farther wall. It was in shadow, underneath the window, draped by a yellow blanket, and in one cushioned corner sat a girl, her dark head bent low over an open book. So intent was she upon the pages that she had not heard my entrance, or else remained indifferent, thinking me no stranger to the apartment.

She was young, scarcely out of her girlhood from the clear profile of her cheek, olive-tinted in the shadow, with a profusion of hair black as night, and a figure slender, but not tall. I moved rattling the latch to attract attention to my presence; yet the witch never glanced up, turning a page of her book lastly.

"Your pardon," I ventured, and cap in hand, advanced to the table nearer her.

She came to her feet in an instant, the book sliding to the floor, the long black lashes no longer shadowing the dark eyes gazing toward me in sudden interest. She was small, swift of movement as a forest hare, yet for the instant I saw only her face, and the unfathomable depths of those eyes.

They were full of bewilderment, surprise, laughter. As though some mysterious message had passed between us, I knew she was glad I had come.

"Why, monsieur," she exclaimed, hesitating slightly over the words, "I am startled! You should feel my heart beat—so fast. I thought it the general, yes—who else? But I never see you before; you—you are an officer of the Americans?"

"Yes, I belong to this garrison. But the surprise of finding you here was mine also. I was not told the room was occupied—and you are French?"

"You not know me, monsieur?" her eyes drooping, then uplifting again. "Am' you an officer of the Americans?"

"No; I have been absent hunting. I only returned an hour ago."

"Ben the woods? Way out beyond? An' you saw no Indian, no French courier des bois?"

"Not one; only a white renegade I brought in with me bearing a message."

"From the tribes, monsieur? From Detroit?"

"From the tribes, yes," I answered, surprised at her eagerness, yet seeing no harm in a frank reply, "but they were in council at Sandusky."

"Sandusky!" the word seemed to cling to her red lips. "He—he was a Frenchman then?"

"Who? The messenger? Not he. We can understand the relationship between the Canadian French and the savages. They have always been friends, but this cur is of another breed—warring against his own people."

She leaned forward, the laughter all gone from her eyes.

"Who—who was he, monsieur?"

I hesitated, wondering at her insistence, her eagerness. She leaned forward almost touching me with her fingers.

"Please, monsieur; you can tell me."

"A white dog named Girty; you know him well."

"Simon Girty!" her hands clasped, her lips unconsciously repeating the name. "And from Sandusky! You say he brought message from the tribes? Mon Dieu! 'Tis strange they should choose him: He said so, monsieur?"

"He claimed to represent the tribes, but his message was from Hamilton."

"An' he is there—at Sandusky—this Monsieur Hamilton?"

"He was there—yes; at least so Girty reports; but I know nothing as to where he may be now—back in Detroit likely, plotting new mischief."

My indignant speech had slight effect on her, for she laughed as I ended.

"Eet was done most well—so fine I laff, monsieur. But why you say that to me? Because I am here? In this house of the Americans general?"

Bah! we are together; we are alone. My people are yonder in the woods; I serve not these long faces who sing psalms. Tell me, monsieur," she touched my hands, her pleading eyes looking up into mine, "why is eet you here? I can be trusted."

I stared down into her eager face, almost believing I must be dreaming, yet conscious enough of her deep earnestness. What was it she thought or imagined? Could she mistake me for another? Be deceived as to my identity? The thought seemed impossible, almost ridiculous. How should it be, when I stood before her in uniform, and had already declared myself an officer of the garrison? The eyes gazing up at me seemed misty, as though they held unshed tears.

"Please, monsieur," she urged anxiously. "I am but a girl—a girl of the north—yet I can be trusted. Tell me quick, so I can help."

"But I do not understand, mademoiselle, I have told you who I am. Why should you speak like this?"

"Because I know you," she insisted. "Because I have seen you before."

"Know me!" I smiled, indulgent of her whim, convinced now that I dealt with a mind diseased. "That is hardly possible."

"But I do, Monsieur Hayward, I do. Have you no memory of me? Of my face? Why are you so afraid to have faith?"

She had spoken my name, and I gazed at her in wide-eyed astonishment. Surely we had never met; yet how could she know?

"Am I not right?"

"Yes, but I have no memory of seeing you before, and you are not one to be easily forgotten. Tell me who you are?"

The dimples exhibited themselves in either cheek, yet she faced me without a movement.

(Continued on page 8)



"Then Make Your Report, Sir."

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good.

I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles when I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it.

Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly troubles, such as headache, backache, sideache, sleeplessness, and that everlastingly tired feeling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century.

Begin taking Cardui to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for free instructions on your case and 64-page book, "How to Treat Women," in plain wrapper. B.C. 1-6



The Telephone Saved a Life

When one of our men was badly injured by the threshing machine he telephoned the doctor, who told us how to patch the man up. The doctor then started for our place in a hurry. When he arrived the man was pretty weak, and without the doctor's advice the results might have proved serious. Thanks to the telephone, the man pulled through.

Every farm should have Bell Telephone connection.

Write our nearest Manager for information
The Southwestern Telephone & Telegraph Company

Constable's Sale—Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Execution issued out of the Honorable Justice court of Precinct No. 1, Randall county, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 7th day of July, A. D. 1914, in favor of S. C. Whitman, plaintiff and against Jasper N. Haney and N. Thompson jointly and severally as defendants, numbered 502 on the docket of said court, and for the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars, interest and costs of court, I did, on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., levy upon the following described tract of land situated in the county of Randall, state of Texas, and belonging to said defendant, N. Thompson, to-wit:

A one undivided one-half interest in survey No. 73, certificate No. 15-3576, block B-5, H. & G. N. Ry. Co., grantee, situated about two miles south and five miles west of the town of Canyon, county seat of Randall county, the entire section containing 640 acres. This levy is made upon the interest of said N. Thompson only which is said to be an undivided one-half interest in said survey—one S. H. Heyser being the record owner of the other half interest, and the sale of said N. Thompson interest will be had, as herein stated, subject to all legal prior rights and liens; and on the sixth day of July, A. D. 1915, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and will sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said N. Thompson in and to said property.

Dated at Canyon, this first day of June, A. D. 1915.
C. H. STRATTON, Constable Precinct No. 1, Randall county, Texas.
123

To Drive Out Malaria
And Build Up The System
Take the Old Standard GRO

WHAT CATARRH IS

It has been said that every third person has catarrh in some form. Science has shown that nasal catarrh often indicates a general weakness of the body; and local treatments in the form of snuffs and vapors do little, if any good. To correct catarrh you should treat its cause by enriching your blood with the oil-food in Scott's Emulsion which is a medicinal food and a building-tonic, free from alcohol or any harmful drugs. Try it. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.40
Two months	.30
One month	.25

The ladies of the Park committee are going to establish a new park in Canyon. Nothing could be more appropriate and nothing will enhance the price of lots in Canyon more than to have a number of beautiful little parks in the various parts of the city. In the large cities of the land, valuable lots have been bought by the city and parks established. It is an expensive thing, but the officials of the cities realize that the citizens must have a place for rest and recreation and a place to go for a breath of fresh air. Canyon is yet a comparatively small town—but she wouldn't remain that way long. Much building will be done here this year. Hundreds of people are looking to Canyon as the educational center of the Panhandle and northwest Texas and these people are going to move here to make this their home. Canyon has the best Normal school in the southwest, the town is clean physically and morally, but we need small parks. There are several men in Canyon who have many lots and could well afford to give a quarter block to the ladies of the Federation for use as a park. The gift would not only greatly enhance the value of their other property, but would also be a fitting memorial to the memory of the donor. Let every citizen in Canyon do his best in assisting these ladies in procuring the necessary land. Canyon is destined to be a great town and nothing will help more to establish her greatness than these little beauty places.

Poultry experts urge chicken raisers to swat the rooster when the breeding season is over. Shut up the rooster or kill him.

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends—Henry Ward Beecher.

THOROUGH WORK

How a Canyon Citizen Found Freedom From Kidney Troubles.

If you suffer from backache—From urinary disorders—Any curable disease of the kidneys, Use a tested kidney remedy. Doan's Kidney Pills have been tested by thousands. Canyon people testify. Can you ask more convincing proof of merit? J. D. Bailey, carpenter, Canyon, says: "I had pains across my back and sides. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills so highly recommended by people I knew, I got a box and used them as directed. They did me so much good that I didn't need any more." Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Bailey had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. (Advertisement)

Charles Becker, of New York fame, is in tears as he awaits July 12 when he is sentenced to die for the murder of Herman Rosenthal. He weeps not so much for his past sins as for the fact that he was caught while sinning. The four accomplices in the murder died without tears. Authorities did their best to procure a confession from them, but to no avail. In his present frame of mind, Becker is expected to reveal the "higher-ups" in the case before he dies, and no doubt will receive clemency from the Governor should he desire so to do. The way of the transgressor is hard and the sinner will sooner or later be swallowed up by his sin.

The warning of President Wilson sent to the various leaders in Mexico does not necessarily mean intervention. It simply means that unless the leaders cannot get together and found a stable government rather than tear up the scraps that now remain of the old Mexican constitution, the United States will choose to recognize the most likely leader of the bunch and use the moral influence of this country to see that he establishes a good government. If this chosen leader cannot accomplish anything, armed intervention will probably come.

Why not let the newspaper man help you with your advertising problems. Our experience in producing printed advertising should be valuable to you, and you might just as well avail yourself of it. We make no charges for our services.

We wonder if all the Balkan state will take as much time about jumping into the war as Italy did. Most of them just naturally have the fever to scrap and may sooner or later get their fill of it.

In keeping with the custom in practically all newspaper offices, the News will hereafter charge for all cards of thanks and long obituaries written by others than members of the force.

Panhandle dirt is the most valuable asset on earth. If you don't own some, buy while the price is yet low. Great advances in price will be made during the next few years.

The owner of prairie dogs must dispose of them within two years or the state will do so at his expense according to a bill signed Friday by Gov. Ferguson.

We doubt if there is any town in Texas or any other state where the citizens take more pride in civic cleanliness than do the people of Canyon.

The building fever has struck Canyon good and strong. Several new homes will be constructed during the summer months.

The Carnegie Peace Foundation continues sending out tons of literature. Why this waste of printing and postage?

Germany says Uncle Sam should "be reasonable" regarding the Lusitania affair. What is "reasonable"?

If ignorance were bliss, some of us would be so happy we should choke.—Ex.

The installment plan of paying for goods is not as easy as it is often said to be.

Przemysl isn't in it with some of the orthographically constituted villages of Italy.

Phone 41 when you expect to leave town or have visitors.

The Panhandle wheat crop is going to make the world sit up and take notice.

Children's Day Program.

The following will be the program for Children's Day at the Methodist church next Sunday morning:

- Processional—We are little Soldiers marching. Primary department.
- Song—Lead on Oh King Eternal. Congregation.
- Prayer—Pastor.
- Cradle Roll Procession—Infants in decorated baby buggies and little Tots walking.
- Greeting song—First year beginners.
- Recitation—Dearest Gems of All. Thelma McGee.
- Cradle Roll Song—Imogene McIntyre, Corine McReynolds, Alleta Abbot.
- Recitation—Soldiers of Strife and of Peace. Robert Foster.
- Recitation—A Hero. J. D. Gamble.
- Song—Victory through Grace. Mrs. Mayne's Class.
- Recitation—Littlest ones of all. Willmuth Gamble.
- Song and March—We are little soldiers. Group of Primary boys and girls.
- Recitation—Put on the whole Armor of God. Imogene McIntyre.
- Bible Exercise—Nell Hood, Helen Brown, Annie Smith, Bada Christian.
- Exercise—Giants to fight. Cecil Brown Everett Dyson, Custer Service, Jack Foster and Murrell Jenkins.
- Offering Speech—Gray Dean Foster.
- The Offering—Taken by class of boys.
- Duet—Volunteers. Maurine Abbott and Ethel Neece.
- Temperance Exercise: (a) Temperance yell. (b) Boy with Temperance banner. (c) Girl with America's flag. (d) Song, The saloon must die. (e) Boy with Temperance banner. (f) Responses. (g) Song, We'll turn down our glasses.
- Missionary Exercise—I've a story to tell to the Nations. Class of Junior girls.
- Six Stewards of the Junior church will act as ushers.

Wayside Items.

Good rains have fallen over the greater part of the country. Wheat and oats are doing well, both heading. Some complaint of smut and rust in the winter wheat.

Preaching by Rev. W. R. Triplett Sunday morning. A good congregation met at D. L. Adam's in the afternoon when seven candidates presented themselves and were baptized by Rev. Triplett.

Preaching by Rev. Triplett at Fairview Sunday night where it was decided to protract from the next regular monthly meeting. Rev. J. T. Burnett will assist in the meeting. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

News was received Monday morning that Frank James could live but a few hours. His brother Will and sisters, Mrs. Lizzie Wesley and Polly Bryan left for Mineral Wells Tuesday.

W. H. Hamblen is much improved his friends will be glad to know, he is fearful his hearing will be somewhat affected.

M. L. McGehee sold 60 head of hogs to Lem Scoggins at 7cts. per lb. last week. Averaged 255 lbs.

Mrs. Emma Payne is still improving.

See Harbison for moving van, draying, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service.

Roy Stratton of Amarillo and Mr. Ody of Hereford visited in the city Sunday.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S SASSAPARILLA CHILL TONIC, drives out malaria, enriches the blood and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.



Special

for
Saturday
and
Monday

JUNE 12 and 14

For CASH we will sell our entire stock of

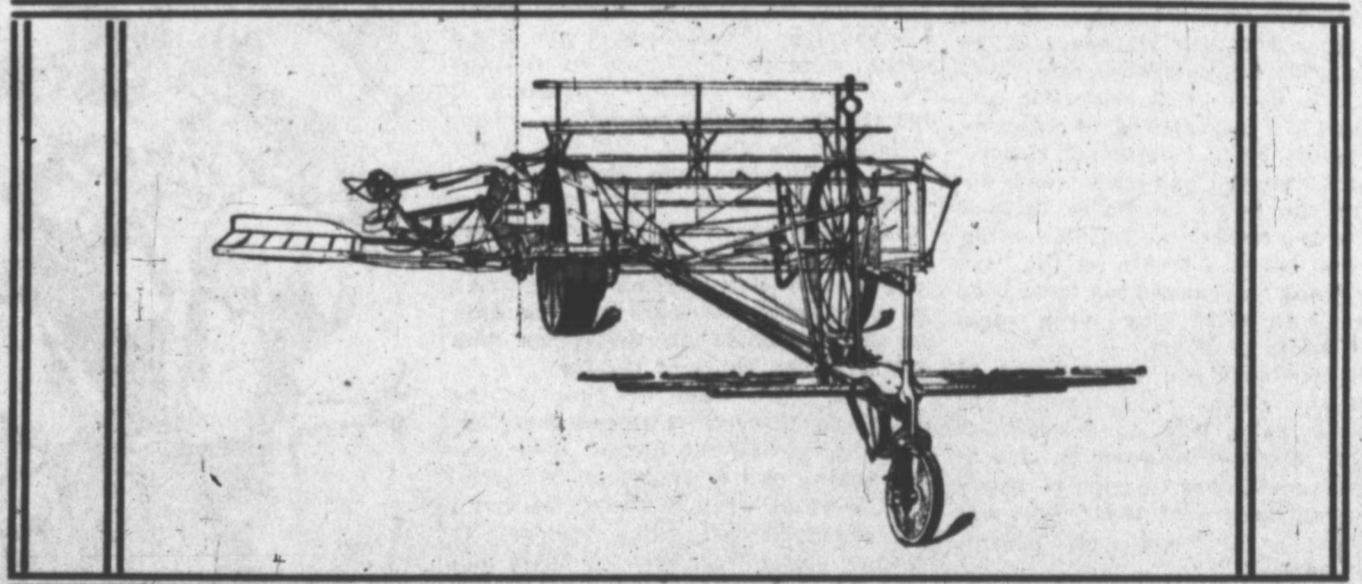
Ladies Coats
One Piece Dresses
Ladies Skirts

at a discount of
33 1-3 per cent

Fancy Parasols from 35 cents to \$5 on above dates at 20 per cent off.

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

MCCORMICK AND DEERING
Harvest Machinery




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

Give us your order early subject to crop conditions in order to be safe in having a machine when harvest is ready. In this way you have all to gain and nothing to loose.

All machines set up and delivered at Canyon or Happy.

THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.
CANYON, TEXAS



**Dr. Price's
CREAM
BAKING POWDER**

For sixty years Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder has been the standby of countless housekeepers who have relied upon it for healthful, home-baked food.

Dr. Price's contains no alum or lime phosphate. There is never any question about the absolute purity and healthfulness of the food it raises.

Bring us your country products. We buy every thing you have to sell and sell everything you have to buy. Supply Co.

W. H. Hicks has a new Moon seven passenger car.

Big shipment of toilet articles just received. City Pharmacy. tf

Bill Black was in Amarillo Sunday night.

Capt. A. S. Howren went to El Paso Friday on a week's business trip.

Holland Drug Co. is the leading drug store in Canyon. Do your trading there. tf

T. J. Cochran and family will leave this week for San Francisco where they will attend the exposition.

Just received at the Variety Store a new line of curtain goods. Prices from 10 to 25 cts. per yd. tf

Visit the fountain at the Holland Drug Co. Best drinks of all kinds. tf

E. F. Miller reports that he had the first head of cabbage out of his patch Sunday. He has a frost proof variety which he planted Jan. 26. It has made a rapid growth through all of the cold weather and freezes. He states that the quality of the cabbage is good.

P. D. has table for ladies at City Restaurant. tf

S. B. Lofton and family returned home Monday. They started to California in their car last week but Mrs. Lofton became ill over in New Mexico and they were forced to return home. They will start to California on the train as soon as she recovers.

50 lbs. S. & S. advanced brand compound for \$4.10 at the Supply Co.

Miss Lillie Houch of Santa Anna is visiting at the Welton Winn home.

Anything in the drug or jewelry line that you may wish at Holland Drug Co. tf

Miss Pearl Black, who has just closed her year's work in C. I. A., at Denton, will visit relatives a few weeks before returning home.

I do all kinds of light hauling hauling on quick notice. J. A. Harbison, phone 101.

Welton Winn left Saturday for a ten day business trip to Santa Anna.

Latest songs on market at the City Pharmacy. tf

Mrs. H. R. Chapman passed through Sunday EnRoute to Phoenix Arizona to be the guest of her brother Forrest Hitchcock. Before returning to Amarillo she will spend several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Marks of San Francisco.

Milk from Hollabaugh's Dairy is pure and sanitary. That's why our trade is growing so rapidly. tf

G. W. Willingham of Amarillo had a bunch of men fixing up his lots near the Normal this week. The lots are being graded in preparatory to either moving a house there or building a new one. As will be remembered, Mr. Willingham moved the hotel from Happy to these lots last year and it was burned before the remodeling was completed.

Phone 101 for moving van, baggage and house moving Prompt and reliable service. tf

F. N. Henderson southeast of Canyon purchased of G. W. Willingham a fine percheron mare, for which he has a mate. The team is said to be the best in the country.

P. D. has hot cakes and coffee at 5:30 a. m. tf

Andy Costley was in the News office Friday and says that the farm crops are looking mighty fine out his way. He has in 100 acres of wheat which looks fine. He has just finished hauling his old wheat to market, getting \$1.35 per bushel. Mr. Costly says that he doesn't put in a large acreage every year but always has some.

S. & S. Majestic hams and Rex brand shoulders for 16 cts per lb. at the Supply Co.

D. A. Park was in Amarillo Friday to meet Mrs. Park and the children who were returning from Memphis.

See our new line of piano music. City Pharmacy. tf

C. O. Keiser returned Friday from a business trip to New Mexico.

All the Gasoline and Oil you want at the Supply Co. for 10 cts. and 11 cts. per gallon.

MAILGRAM FROM HEADQUARTERS

Just received a big line of Trunks, Suit Cases and Traveling Bags. We have on display one of the latest Wardrobe Trunks. If you are thinking of buying a trunk or anything in this line it will certainly pay you to come in and look our line over. Yes, eggs are still 15 cents per dozen at The Leader. Don't take any less. They are worth the money. We have customers hauling their produce many miles to our market. If they didn't get a square deal, do you think they would do this? Why don't you get busy and join the crowd? A few cents more on your produce each week will save you several dollars during the year. As for our prices, they can't be beaten anywhere on the same quality. Remember if you buy anything of The Leader you are insured of satisfaction or your money refunded. Is that not a fair proposition? We want all the good business we can get and we not only want but will see that every customer visiting our store, whether they be rich or poor, are given the same Service, the same Price and the same Quality. Don't ask us to cut a price for you are wasting time.

THE LEADER

Yours to Please,
MAKE OUR STORE
YOUR HEADQUARTERS

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Rent—Three roomed house, screened porch, city water, sewer connections, convenient to public schools. Dr. S. R. Griffin. tf

For Sale—1 Deering loader. Apply W. E. Bates. tf

For sale—Shire (grade) stallion bay, 2 years old May 22. Cash or trade for gentle single driver. Box 133, phone 57. tf

Use the News want ads. They bring results.

Until June 30th, new subscribers can get the Dallas Semi-Weekly News and the Randall County News for only \$2.15.

For Sale—A very fine Malcolm Love piano, at a bargain. Call the News office. tf

For Sale—A beautiful little new upright piano, mahogany case. Inquire at News office. tf

For Sale—Two good young milk cows with calves, also a few good young mares. W. J. Flesher. tf

Lost—Pair of glasses in Burroughs & Jarrett case, also containing stamps and Ry. time table. S. V. Wirt. tf

For Sale—Fine gravel, 25 cents per yard. No hill to climb coming from pit. W. E. Bates. tf

Bina Muldrow Dead.

Bina E., daughter of H. E. and Elizabeth Muldrow departed this life May 26, 1915 at their home near Phoenix, Arizona. She was born in Houston, Texas, April 9, 1897. After having lived in Alvin, Brownwood and Dallas, she came with her parents to Canyon almost eight years ago. Here she was growing into young womanhood and was loved by old as well as young. Especially was she a favorite among her class mates and young friends, bright and happy, always ready with a smile and pleasant words to cheer and brighten every-day life. Very early in life she gave her heart to the Savior and was ever loyal to Him. To our minds her life was so short but the service she rendered her Master cannot be estimated by length of years. Her's was a wonderful testimony to God's unfailing grace in the most trying of all experiences. Just when hopes were brightest and the future promised a long and useful life, she was taken ill and though everything was done that medical skill and loving care could do, she gradually faded as would a beautiful flower until God sent his angel to bear her safely home. Not once during all the trying days did she fret or complain feeling that she was in God's hands and that He knew best. What a beautiful lesson of patience and submission she has taught her friends and loved ones.

She talked calmly of death, though she wanted to live for her loved ones, she was perfectly resigned to God's will and now dear breaved ones, you sorrow not as those who have no hope but will press heavenward where your dear one is waiting to welcome you where sorrow and sickness never comes and God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Mrs. A. D. Nickson,
Mrs. J. H. Archambeau.

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

Summer School

Oratory, Elocution, Physical Culture. The rates of tuition are summer term rates. Normal students as well as citizens invited to join the classes.

Down town studio at Dr. D. M. Stewart's. Class will meet there Saturday morning at nine o'clock. Information given there all the week. Phone 24 or 42. Further notice later.

M. GREENWOOD HARDY

DON'T LET YOUR HOUSEWORK WEAR YOU OUT

Clean your home with an
Electric Vacuum Cleaner
and Banish Drudgery

(Just A Twitch Of The Switch)
RENTAL CHARGE -- 50c PER DAY
CANYON POWER CO.

HAIL HAIL

Several hail storms have already visited Randall county this spring.

It May Hit You NEXT

Better insure now

THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY
of New York

FLESHER BROS, AGENTS



Make them feel like they'd been to a party

Give your callers a treat—after they've been there awhile disappear for a moment and come back with clinking glasses and

White Swan Grape Juice

Watch them from the first sip—hear their exclamations of delight—note how they warm up to conversation as they themselves cool off.

They'll like it—you'll like it for its rich, smooth, delightful flavor.

Get it from your grocer—in bottles. Buy it by the glass at any soda fountain.

WAPLES-PLATTER GROCER CO.,

(Wholesale Only)
 Denison, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Amarillo, Bowie, Brownwood, Chillicothe, Dublin, Gainesville, Groesbeville, Hamlin, Marshall, Stamford, Tex.; and Ada, Okla.

Lester Home from Austin.

C. D. Lester returned Friday from Austin where he spent several days in the interest of the Canyon shippers before the railway commission which is investigating the demands of the Texas roads for an increase in freight rates. Mr. Lester believes that the Panhandle delegation were instrumental in saving the people of this section many thousands of dollars. He believes that the rate will be increased somewhat, which is satisfactory to all of the people of the state, if the roads cannot make a fair profit under the existing rates. He stated that it seems very probable that the common point would be left at Amarillo instead of being moved to near Wichita Falls as the railroads were asking. Mr. Lester stated that the Amarillo men in charge of the fight for the Panhandle country were well informed regarding rates and that they had a long line of facts which seemed to convince the commissioners against allowing the change in the rates asked for by the roads.

Public School Teachers Elected.

The school trustees of the Canyon Independent School district have elected all but two of the teachers for the public school next year. The high school principal has not yet been chosen and the teacher of Latin and Spanish.

Mrs. E. H. Allen has been elected as the teacher of English for the high school. She is a graduate of the Ohio university and taught last year in the Amarillo high school.

Misses McMillon, Guenther, Baird and Nash, who were in the school last year, have been re-elected.

Miss Elva Fronabarger, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Fronabarger, has been elected to a position in the grade. She has been teaching at Weatherford the past year.

Ernest Archambeau of this city is also a new teacher in the grades. He graduated at the Normal in May and has strong recommendations from the Normal faculty.

The vacancies will probably be filled within a short time.

Children's Day Program.

The Sunday School of the Presbyterian church will hold the annual Children's day services next Sunday morning at the 11 o'clock hour. The children have been practicing every day this week and have an excellent program.

The church expects Rev. David Templeton to arrive next week and to preach one week from Sunday.

Come to Canyon to live.

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



EXCURSIONS

Texas Pharmaceutical Convention, Houston, June 15-17. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale June 13-14, limit June 20.

Summer School University of Texas, June 12 to July 29, Austin. Fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 5-6-7-11-12, limit Aug. 1.

Round trip summer tourists tickets to all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico, on sale from June 1st to Sept. 30th.

R. McGee, Agt.
 P. S. F. Ry. Co.

Ice Cream.

Will deliver from half gallon up, good ice cream, phone 184. A. D. Dooley. 10p3

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 Itch at the same time. 25c. 50c. \$1.00.

The very best grades of carbon papers—both typewriter and pencil—at the News office. Priced very low.

P. D. for short orders, South side.

For Sale—Fine milch cow Apply at Variety Store.

—ANY SIZE—
KODAK PRINTS
 3c each Film developed free
 Best Finish. Quickest Service. Permanent Work
 HINSDALE STUDIO.
 531-2 Maine St. FT. WORTH, TEX.

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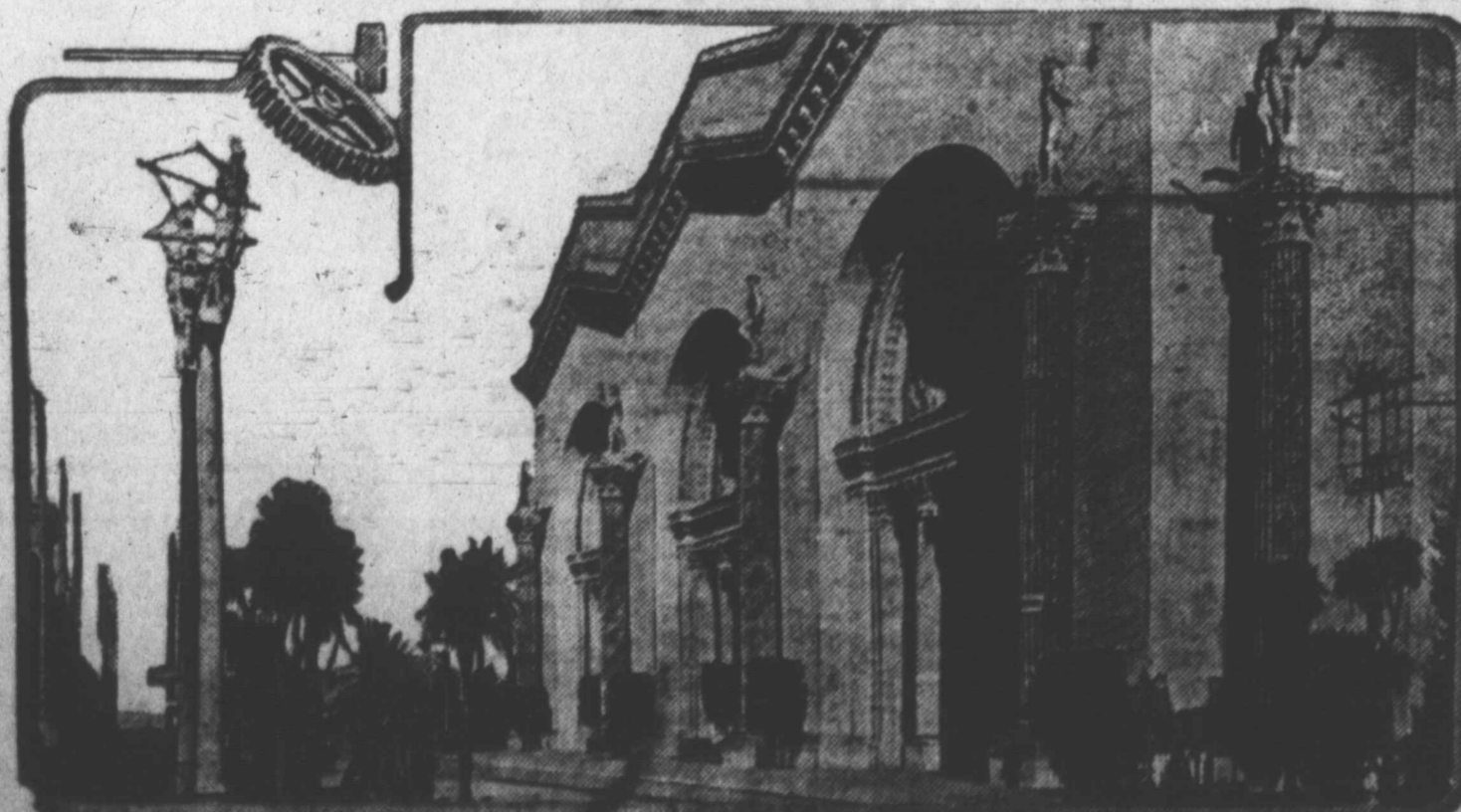
TREES

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If you want home grown trees that are healthy and propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best in the West, it will pay you to investigate all that claim to have nurseries on the Plains. Plainview Nursery will pay \$5 a day and expenses to any one who will investigate if they do not find that we have the largest and best stock of home grown trees anywhere in Texas west of Fort Worth or in New Mexico. We are practically the only institution that has a stock of fruit trees ready for the market. For your good and ours too, we solicit your investigation.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY CO.
 Plainview, Texas

THE BUILDING THAT USED FOUR CARLOADS OF NAILS



Where Lincoln Beachey made the world's first indoor aeroplane flight, the giant Palace of Machinery at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. This enormous structure is faced with imitation Travertine marble, which is used on the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot in New York, and other notable structures.

I Stands for Interest So Welcome And Sure!

"INTEREST speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even that of disinterestedness." La Rochefoucauld was right. Interest is the ever increasing rolling snowball of money. Interest grows fat upon what it feeds. Interest is never an idle fellow, but he is best when let alone. GET INTERESTED IN INTEREST. Some INTERESTING FIGURES about what INTEREST WILL DO for the asking.

COME IN AND SEE US.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK



The Boy Who Saved Holland

You remember the story of the little Dutch boy whose courage and foresight saved his country. He spied a trickle of water on the side of the dike, where the sea had found an entrance. He knew that the hole would spread, the dike weaken, collapse, and bury the country under many feet of water.

Thrusting his hand and arm into the hole, he stopped the leak, staying at his post until found in the morning.

It was only a small leak, but it would have worked great havoc.

Just the stopping of a trickle of water saved the people of a country. Of course, all trifles are not so important as this, but they are always fraught with possibilities.

Poor lubricating doesn't mean that the plant will be lost, but it may mean the stoppage of the unit at the most inconvenient time.

See that your plant is lubricated with Texaco lubricants. You can depend on Texaco. It lubricates all the time, saves bearing wear, saves work, saves power.

Our claim for your business is based on the quality of our goods. Made in Texas quality, sold under the Red-Star-Green-T emblem in your town.

Order it from



The Texas Company
 General Offices, Houston, Texas



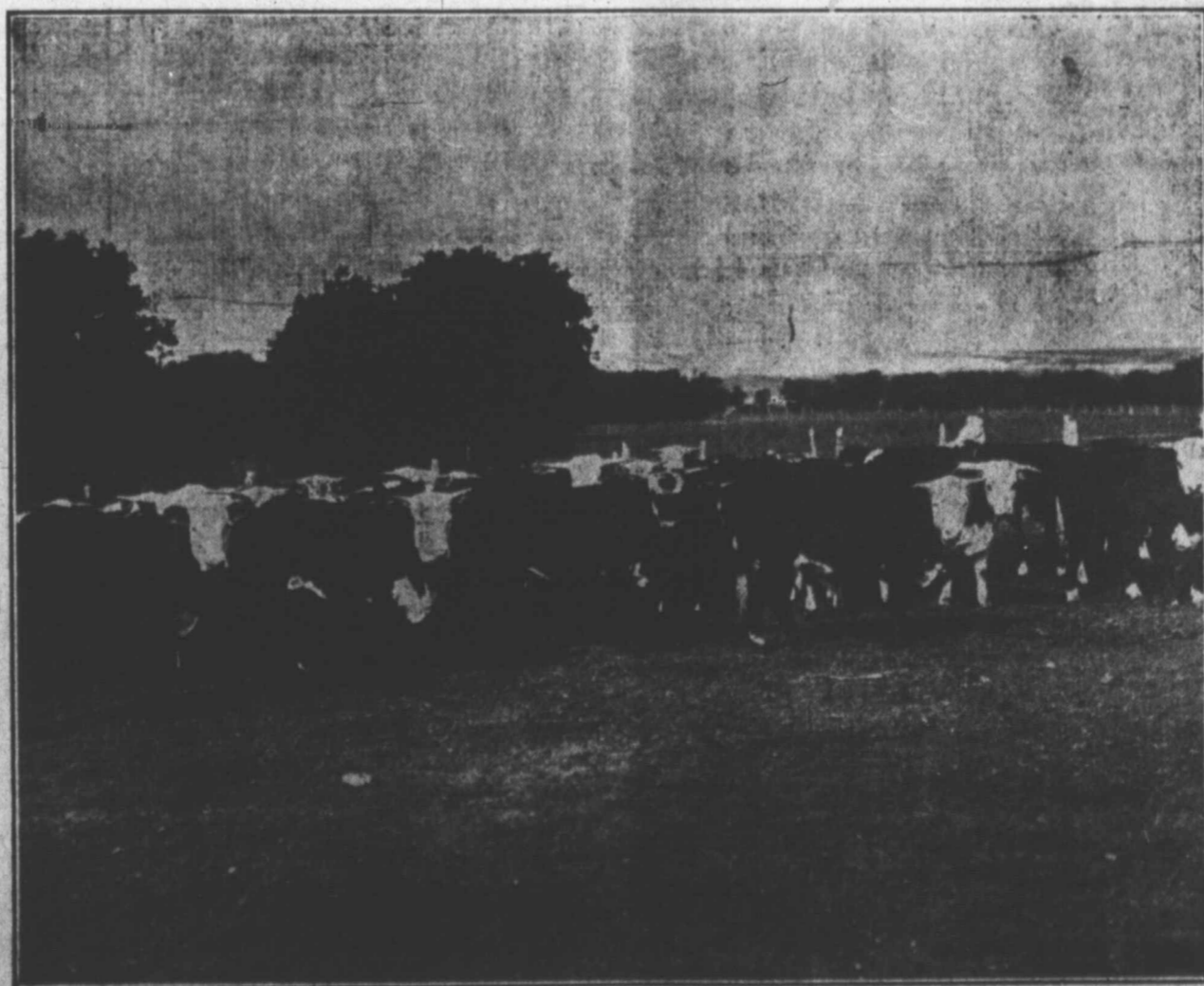
Read the Ads in the News



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 Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By-Randall Parrish
Illustrated by D. J. Lavin

(Copyright, 1913, by A. C. McClurg & Co.)

(Continued from Page 3)

"But is not right you should forget, monsieur; eat is no compliment. Yet I will answer; I am not afraid, and then you must remember. I am Rene D'Avray."

The name meant nothing, told nothing.

"Rene D'Avray?" I repeated dumbly, striving to make the sound familiar.

"Oui, monsieur: now—"

She sprang back beyond the table, one finger at her lips. The door opened at my back.

"Now, Hayward," said Harmer's voice brusquely. "I've done with that scoundrel, and would speak again with you."

My eyes clung for just an instant to those of the girl, shrinking back into the shadows. Then I turned and went out, my mind full of bewilderment.

CHAPTER III.

A Perilous Venture.

General Harmer strode across the room to his chair, and sat down, staring out of the window, his eyes frowning. I closed the door, and stood waiting, swiftly determining to discover the identity of that young woman within, and feeling slight heed of aught else. Harmer turned his eyes toward me, surveying me a moment in silence.

"What do you weigh, Hayward?" he snapped out, as tho' noting my girth for the first time.

"Two hundred and thirty, sir."

"Hub! and every inch muscle and bone from the look of you. I've got some serious work picked out for you. How far north have you ever been?"

"To the forks of the Muskingum."

He drummed with his fingers on the table, then pored over a rough map.

"Hub! the hard travel will be beyond, after you leave the boat. Would you undertake a journey to Sandusky?"

"Alone, sir?" I asked, startled at the question, the distance vague in my mind.

"With a scout, who knows the woods," he answered, studying my face, "and an enlisted man to cook, and do odd jobs around camp. A small party is better than a large one on such a trip." He paused, thinking.

"I will obey orders, sir. I am a soldier."

"Yes!" he got to his feet. "But now that isn't what I want. I expect my men to do that. But this is not strictly a military matter, and I give you no orders. I need a confidential messenger, a man of intelligence and nerve; but he will take his life in his hand, and possibly to no purpose. I half suspect treachery, and will order no officer of my command to such hazardous service."

He stopped, and stood staring out of the window, his broad back toward me.

"You must deem this matter of grave importance," I said, firmly, "and need seek no further; I volunteer to go."

He wheeled about, and grasped my hand.

"I thought so, Hayward. I am not often mistaken in a man, and I like your face. Yet do not be too hasty in decision. Sit down here, where we can have the map between us, until I can explain what hell is brewing in the pot of those north woods. What think you honestly of Simon Girty?"

"Everything bad; a scoundrel from head to foot."

"Ay! yet Hamilton uses him. The man was a messenger, even as he claimed. The Englishman wrote that with his own hand; I have seen the writing before."

He pushed the crumpled bit of paper across, and I read the crooked lines slowly, for the penmanship was almost illegible. Twice I read it, half convinced my brain played me some trick.

"Is this true, sir?"

"Some of it is; enough to make me afraid it may all be. The exact situation is this, Hayward. The tribes of the northwest are ready for war. In spite of the influence of the chiefs many of the young men are already on the war trail. They are in small parties ranging the woods, attacking outlying settlers and hunters. Stories of outrages come drifting in here every day. Nothing prevents a general outbreak but British restraint, and the opposition of the Wyandots."

"A strong nation."

"The most important in the Indian alliance. They are no friends of ours, yet they claim to be Christian, converted by French Jesuits, and thus far the priests have held them on the side of peace. For the first time their chiefs have met in council with the others and threaten war. Do you understand the cause?"

"If I send that word back by Girty, they will believe I lied. But if an officer of this garrison goes boldly to them, in response to their challenge; faces them at their council fire, and says so openly they will probably accept his word."

"If the Wyandots join the other tribes it will mean war?"

"Yes; the length and breadth of the frontier. I have no force with which to meet them; hundreds of lives—men, women and children—will be destroyed; settlements ruined. I doubt if there be a white man left north of the Ohio in three months if those fiends break loose. This is not my work, endeavoring to treat with those red devils. It is the duty of the governor. But St. Clair is away; I have no means of reaching him with this information. The Wyandots demand instant reply, and our messenger must reach them as soon as, if not before, the return of Girty."

"Do I have my choice of scouts?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will take Brady, sir."

"The best man available. I would have named him, only I feared your late trouble had left you enemies."

"Not at all; it was a fair fight."

I sat thinking in silence, and Harmer waited. The danger of the journey unrolled before me in imagination—the perilous waterways; the long trail through the trackless woods, menaced by roving Indian bands; the hostile tribes in council; the chances of treachery and death lurking in every step of the way. Audacity, determination, the lives dependent on my success, gave me courage. It was a work someone must do. I drew the letter over again, and studied it.

"You are sure, general, this 'Wa-pa-tee-tah' is not in our hands? At some of the other forts?"

"As sure as I can be; I heard from Pitt yesterday, with reports from the garrison between, and no account was made of such a prisoner being brought in. Hambrook wrote me from Vincennes two weeks ago—some French voyageurs left the letter on their way up the river—and he mentions nothing save his troubles with the Indians of the Wabash, who are most impudent and unruly—the worst of the lot, to my notion. I expect the fellow has been killed in the woods."

"A man, then? A chief?" To my ears the name had feminine sound—"Wa-pa-tee-tah; 'tis as musical as a brook."

"Ay! it sounds like that; but Girty gave me some other name I have forgotten. Gad! I hated so to talk with the foul-mouthed renegade, that I asked few questions; only you may be sure 'tis no squaw the Wyandots would war over. A medicine man, or something of that kind, as I understand; Girty said a religious teacher, whom the tribe loved more than a chief."

I crossed the narrow room twice, endeavoring to sum up the evidence clearly.

"A poor pretense for war, surely," I said at last, "but might be sufficient to Indian mind."

"More than one war, even among civilized nations, has been started on less," he answered soberly. "Besides, it is my judgment all those devils want is an excuse. They may have manufactured this out of whole cloth; to me it don't look reasonable. But you have all the facts now, Hayward, and can understand what to say and do. Those red devils know our weakness, and are wild to break loose. If I send back a formal letter by the hands of their messenger, denying any knowledge of this medicine man of theirs, and expressing regret at his disappearance, they will consider it a lie. I know Indian nature; they have got to be bluffed at their own game. Show fear, and they are after you at once, the whole pack in full cry; face them boldly, and they hesitate. If you go straight to them, through the woods to their council fire, an officer of this garrison, in uniform, they will interpret your coming as a sign that we are not afraid of their threats."

"Then I am to talk boldly; threaten, if necessary."

"With discretion—yes. It is our only chance to avert war. The scheme may not work, but if it even results in delay, it will be worth the effort."

"When do I start?"

"At dusk tonight. Come here first for final instructions, and a letter to Hamilton. You will go up the Muskingum to the forks by boat, and then straight through the woods. There must be no loitering on the march."

"There will be none, sir; and what about Girty?"

"I will hold him on some pretext until morning. Your party will have fifteen hours' start."

There seemed nothing more, and, after waiting a moment in silence, I saluted.

"Very well, sir; that is all!"

"All at present."

(Continued Next Week)

Frank Shotwell returned Tuesday from Austin where he has been attending the state university this year.

100 lbs. cane sugar for \$6.70 at the Supply Co.

Why be troubled with dirty gasoline when Guthrie has thoroughly filtered his before selling it to you. The prices are right.

Why pay 75 cents for type-writer ribbons when you can buy them for 60 cents at the News Office.

Ralph News.

Crops in this vicinity are looking fine and the farmers are about through planting.

The D. L. Hickcox gasoline plow outfit is plowing for Joe Gamble.

Thursday a nice rain fell with some hail but not enough to do any damage.

Grandma Slack returned Saturday to her home here after an extended visit in Okla.

Joe Gamble entertained his help and their families Saturday night.

J. M. Craig is digging an under ground silo 20 by 30 ft. at his home.

J. M. Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Carter of Canyon drove out in their new car Sunday and spent the day with the formers daughter, Mrs. R. E. Prichard.

J. E. Rogers has bought a half section of land adjoining the Stoddard place. Mr. Rogers has been in Happy for the past few weeks looking after the interest of the Happy Hardware Co. and states that he has been over the country a great deal and seen such good crops that he couldn't withstand the temptation to buy more land, although he now owns over 4000 acres.

The gasoline I sell is carefully filtered so that you will not be troubled with water or other foreign substances. Guthrie Garage.

E. L. Cowart, of the firm of May & Cowart owners of the Happy Hour, has taken the old motion picture outfit and started on a tour of the small towns of the Panhandle where there is no show, spending a week at each town.

The very latest in songs and piano music at the City Pharmacy.

J. A. Harbison will start this week to fill in his lots on East Houston street near the Normal. He and G. W. Willingham own a lot together and hope to find a house to move to it soon.

Paloduro Canyon.

Lockney Beacon: Since going over the North Plains country recently and crossing and recrossing the beautiful Paloduro Canyon, we wish to say that it would be nothing short of criminal neglect for this Government not to preserve the natural beauties of this canyon as a playground for future generations. Our Texas Congressmen should strive earnestly to have an appropriation made to convert the Paloduro Canyon into a National park.

State Press in Dallas News: Some time the country all around and close up to Paloduro Canyon will be thickly settled. It will be a pity then if that lovely natural beauty spot shall be owned by private individuals who may turn it into money-making institution and shut out from it those who have not the price to pay for its loveliness. The Government should conserve and keep for the public's benefit all such inspirational regions. There is a difference between Government-owned scenery and Government-owned "utilities," and those of us who oppose too much Government ownership can come together in advocacy of enough Government ownership. Perhaps too much would be better than to little of that sort of thing. What the Beacon man and all other untainted Democrats urge is not Government ownership of railroads and milk wagons and newspapers and jitney barns, but Government ownership of postoffices and natural scenery—not all natural scenery, to be sure, but the choicest bits of same.

Come to Canyon to live.

Has Fine Farm.

E. S. Saunders invited "More Speed" Lusby and Warwick out to his place Tuesday morning—Lusby to take a shot at the beautiful farm scenery with his camera and Warwick to rubber around and see what a fine place he had. Of course Lusby smelled chicken and cherry pie, because he insisted in going out at seven o'clock in the morning and from nine o'clock until noon asked Mr. Saunders every few minutes if dinner wasn't about ready. (However, we promised not to say anything about the anxiety of M. S.)

Mr. Saunders has one of the prettiest and most productive farms in Randall county. He hasn't any better land than any of the other farmers, but he just naturally does a little better farming than some of the other farmers and looks after things in a more business like manner. He says he was born in New York—but that doesn't hinder him from being a first class farmer. He has been in various lines of mercantile business and finally in January, 1912, discovered the error of his way the past sixty odd years and came to the best place on earth—Randall county. He bought 320 acres of land which had a house with most of the windows broken out and the doors off the hinges. There was nothing much on the place but a good sized orchard and prospects for hard work. But Mr. Saunders and his good wife haven't been loafing on the job and now they have developed a splendid country home.

The first thing Mr. Saunders did to his place was to fix up the house comfortably. He and Mrs. Saunders are lovers of flowers and their lawn is a veritable paradise of roses, and other kinds of flowers—I never could remember the name of any flower but the rose). Many a man goes through life with a bad case of the grouch, simply because he is too lazy to plant a few flowers and take care of them. They are chasers of the blues. Try it if you have the dyspepsia.

Mr. Saunders then built a good barn and sheds for his stock. He believes that sheds make a better protection against the winter snows for his 200 head of thoroughbred cows and 20 head of horses and mules than a barbed wire fence, and he had figures where he has been amply repaid for his expense and trouble. And unlike many farmers he puts all of his machinery under cover when not in use.

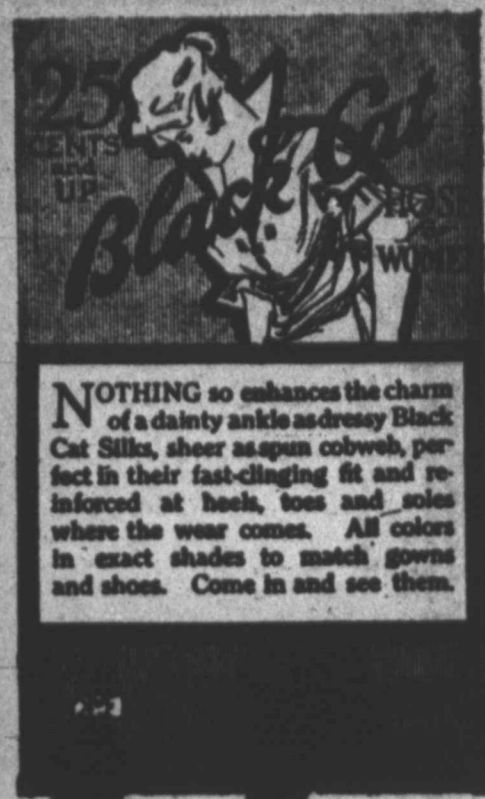
Like all successful farmers, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders have a good garden, raise much poultry and make plenty of good Jersey butter for market. The fruit orchard on the place is certainly a beauty with all kinds of apples, peaches, plums, grapes and cherries—bet Lusby is still dreaming of feeding on the luscious fruit from those cherry trees—and that cherry pie.

Mr. Saunders has an idea about irrigating which he is working out wonderfully well. He has visited the irrigation fields at Plainview and Hereford and cannot figure out where it will pay to put \$8000 into a pumping plant which will be used for a few months, the running expense of which is very high and the depreciation being so great as to put down a well with a windmill every year. He believes that the windmill system with large storage tanks is the best and most economical. He pumps two wells with each mill. He has one small reservoir near the house into which the water of one outfit goes which he uses for his garden, orchard and a small patch of alfalfa. The other reservoir is larger into which three outfits are pumping water. The wells are three and four inches in diameter and the mills have eighteen and twenty foot wheels.

Mr. Saunders says that the



Black Cat
HOSIERY



NOTHING so enhances the charm of a dainty ankle as dressy Black Cat Silks, sheer as spun cotton, perfect in their fast-clinging fit and reinforced at heels, toes and soles where the wear comes. All colors in exact shades to match gowns and shoes. Come in and see them.

For sale exclusively in Canyon by
The Canyon City Supply Co.
CANYON, TEXAS

large outfit cost him about \$1500. The water is accumulated between irrigation times and there is plenty of it for 30 acres. Nature furnishes the power for his mills and all of the expense connected with the plant is a little oil for the mills. Depreciation expense amounts to too little to figure. After making a study of irrigation Mr. Saunders says that water put on the growing plants from these reservoirs where the water has had the chill taken off of it will do the plants much more good and will not cause the ground to bake like water which is pumped directly from the wells to the irrigation ditches. He is going to irrigate alfalfa and believes it will be a profitable business to raise alfalfa on the uplands in this way. He now irrigates his seven acre orchard in just two hours of time and with little work.

Mr. Saunders is a great believer in the silo and has the best of the pit variety. He says experience has taught him these are the best for the Panhandle country.

On the farm, Mr. Saunders raises all kinds of crops. He has the best piece of oats in that section of the country. It is of rich dark green color and looks like the fifty bushel to the acre kind. He has 120 acres winter barley which has attracted much attention in his section of the county, owing to the excellent winter pasture it made him and the prospect there is of a big crop. The heads are from six to eight inches long and rapidly filling with big rich grain. His wheat is fine, just like most of his neighbors'. He has 40 acres of Sudan grass which looks fine. The row crops are just coming up, but the ground is in excellent condition and will make a rapid growth with a few warm days.

All in all, Mr. Saunders is what may be called a first class farmer and his place shows the results of careful study and planning in all his work. He is setting an example which many other Randall county farmers may well afford to follow.

Come to Canyon to live.

Life of Billy Dixon.

Among the early settlers of the Panhandle the story of the Adobe Walls fight between twenty four buffalo hunters and eight hundred Indians is very familiar. To the later comer, the story sounds like a Fairy Tale. But it was a reality, and it should be one of the events in our state's histories as a distinctive feature of the frontier life of the Panhandle.

Billy Dixon was an army scout and hunter. He didn't talk about his early experiences in a boasting way—none of the pioneers thought they were doing something uncommon when they faced the trials of the early life. Mr. Dixon is connected with much of the early life in the Panhandle and one of the men who fought at Adobe Walls and Buffalo Wallow. He was persuaded to put his life's activities into book form and his wife took by dictation his recollections of the early days. These were carefully compiled into book form and is now on market.

Mrs. Dixon moved to Canyon two weeks ago to make her home. She has put much money into the book and every who wants to know of the early life of this country should read the book. It is very facinating, written in the true western style and chronicles the early events in a clear, concise and interesting manner.

LISTEN.

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