

## THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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### SYNOPSIS OF The Mystery of Graslov

CHAPTER I.—Prince Neslerov wants to marry Frances Gordon, the charming daughter of an American who is building the Transsiberian railroad. Frances is interested in the fortunes of Vladimir Paulpoff, a stalwart Russian blacksmith. She asks Neslerov to use his influence for Vladimir. II.—Neslerov goes to Vladimir's hut. The blacksmith has talent and shows Neslerov a picture he has painted. It is the portrait of a woman of rank copied from a miniature. The prince is excited and asks for the original. Vladimir's father says it has been lost. To Vladimir old Paulpoff confesses that he lied to Neslerov and still has the miniature. III.—Neslerov has the Paulpoffs sent to Siberia as nihilists. IV.—Frances Gordon goes to the forge with looks for Vladimir. At the door of the lonely hut she encounters Neslerov. The prince presses his suit violently, and Frances stuns him with a pistol shot in the head. V.—Gordon wishes his daughter to marry Jack Denton, an American bridge engineer. Frances demands that her father intercede with the governor for Vladimir. They start us. It would ruin all, and there is no telling what he might do. The governor of a province in Siberia is almost supreme. VI.—Neslerov drags Frances before a priest and bids him to perform a marriage ceremony. Jack Denton comes to the rescue. Neslerov is beaten off. VII.—Denton nearly kills Neslerov in a duel. VIII.—Jack promises Frances to save the blacksmith. IX.—Jack repairs a disabled engine and hauls a car containing the wounded prince and Frances toward Obl. On the road they meet Gordon, returning with a special car for his daughter. Frances will not expose Neslerov's baseness. X.—Neslerov sends his creature Jansky, chief of police, to the Siberian mines to recover the original of Vladimir's picture from the Paulpoffs; also to put Denton out of the way, secretly.

### CHAPTER XI. THE PRINCESS OLGA

THE train from Moscow came snorting and screaming into the station, and among the passengers, mostly officers and convicts or men connected with the railway, were two women. One of these was about fifty years of age, thin and sunken in appearance, and her face bore the marks of suppressed anxiety. The other was scarcely more than a girl—twenty at most—but her carriage was noble, and her entire appearance that of one born to command. Her lovely face and well shaped head rose above a collar of ermine, although it was not winter.

"To the palace of Neslerov, governor of Tomsk," she said to a drosky driver, and she and her companion were soon on the way.

Neslerov was at dinner when a servant announced the Princess Olga.

"What about the Princess Olga?" he asked.

"The princess is here—she has asked to see your excellency."

"Here! Olga Neslerov, here!" rising from the table. He had improved much in the last few days, and his face wore a calm look that had not been there since his meeting with Denton.

He found the princess in the reception room.

"Princess Olga!" he exclaimed, kissing her hand. "Fair cousin, what happy circumstance brought you here? And why have you come unannounced and unattended?"

"I saw no reason to herald my approach," she answered, "and I am not unattended. This is my attendant."

The woman courtesied and looked uncomfortable, but Neslerov paid her not the least attention.

"Well, since you are here, I am pleased to see you," said the governor. "Your branch of the Neslerov family and mine have not been too friendly. I am glad that at last one of you has had the grace to begin a reconciliation."

Princess Olga smiled.

"Whatever feeling my branch of the family may have for yours could scarcely be said to interest me," she said. "Remember, I have spent much of my time out of Russia, and it happened

twenty years ago.

Neslerov turned to the door and then stopped.

"You refer to the unfortunate mystery of Graslov," he said soberly. "It was that, I fear, that ruptured the former friendships. Yet I have insisted and proved that our family was not to blame. It was either an accident or was done by our enemies. Pardon me! I was so glad to see you that I forgot that you must be weary after your journey. Let me have you shown your rooms, and I will order dinner for you when you wish."

"Thank you. We are both hungry. I will join you in ten minutes, and Therese will be ready to go to the servants' dining room in that time."

"You have become a regular cosmopolitan," laughed Neslerov. "Your visits to America and London have almost taken away the traces of our Russian habits."

"Some of them could be well dispensed with," she answered.

In response to his summons a servant appeared and conducted the women to their rooms.

"Now, what devilish luck could have brought her here at this time?" said Neslerov to himself. "I must be cautious. But it is so long—she was not born—she can know nothing. But I must be discreet."

"Well, we are here," said the princess to her companion when they were alone. "Now, obey me; let me do the planning. Neslerov must not suspect us. It would ruin all, and there is no telling what he might do. The governor of a province in Siberia is almost supreme."

Her attendant shuddered.

"I lived in dread of Siberia for twenty years!" she said, with a shudder. "And now you have brought me here."

"But not as a convict—as a friend, a woman, like myself, resolved to right a wrong."

The princess was soon ready and joined the governor in the dining room. "I have just been thinking, Olga," he said, his face wreathed with smiles, "that it is at least three years since we met. Your face has not changed much, but you are now a woman and were then a little girl. You are one of the most beautiful women in Russia."

"Thank you."

"And, I might say, the richest."

"Nearly so. But the wealth brings its responsibilities. It is difficult in Russia to do those things that are just and proper with our wealth."

"I never found it so," said the governor, with a laugh.

"Perhaps," said Olga, "you are not interested in the question. To me it is a burning one. Our nobles have too much wealth and our lower classes have too little opportunity to rise. It is not so in England, France or America."

"You had better leave those questions for older heads, princess. You will become involved with the government before you know. You were not born to waste your beauty and talents in such matters. You were born to be admired, to enjoy your wealth."

"I do enjoy my wealth and do what good a girl can do with it. As to being admired, I meet few from whom admiration seems to come with sincerity."

"Oh, as to that, you cannot expect to find the courtiers at beauty's court all as gruff and outspoken as a drosky driver."

"I have met some who were," she said, laughing pleasantly.

They ate slowly, chatting the while.

"You have not quenched my thirst for knowledge," said the governor. "If I were in St. Petersburg and you did me the honor to ask me to visit you, it would even then surprise me. But that you have come to Tomsk, more than half way across Siberia, to visit me, is to say the least, amazing."

The princess gave her silvery laugh again.

"You are as conceited at any other nobleman I have met. I did not come to see you. I came, first, to ride on the new railway; second, to study the conditions existing in this part of the empire, and, third, to look into this new proposition of the czar to induce peasants to settle in Siberia along the line of the railway. It is a very good idea, if the country will support settlers."

"It will under proper help from the government at the start," replied Neslerov. "I am glad you came to me. We shall have a fine time making our investigations."

"I notice that you do not seem to have the free use of your arm," said Olga. "Have you been ill or injured?"

"A slight injury. I fell from an unsteady horse."

"You must be more cautious. You must have been a wild beast. You have the

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name of being an excellent horseman. When their meal was finished, they strolled together through the rooms of the palace.

"I am quite interested in your palace," said the princess. "It is not the finest I have seen, but it is excellent."



"My cousin, whom I have never seen!" she exclaimed.

There are some barbarisms, but I presume you get accustomed to them in Siberia."

"Yes, in Siberia one gets accustomed to almost anything," he answered.

She continued her inspection with interest and suddenly came to a stop before a painting. Neslerov's face became a shade paler.

"My cousin, whom I have never seen!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and gazing rapidly at the picture Vladimir had painted. "Surely, Nicholas, that must be Princess Alexandra, who married your elder brother."

"I think you are mistaken," said Neslerov. "You surely must have seen Alexandra."

"Yes, when a mere infant. It is only from other portraits that I recognize her. She was very beautiful. Oh, what a terrible sorrow to her! To lose her child, heir to a fine estate and princely title, and then lose her own life, so young, with the horrible mystery still unsolved as to whether she died of grief and a broken heart or by the hand of an enemy. Oh, that mystery of Graslov! Will it ever be solved?"

"I fear not," said Neslerov solemnly. "I did not know you had this picture," said Olga. "It is much finer than any we have at home. It was done by a master hand."

"It was," assented Neslerov.

The painting had saddened Olga, and she passed on, making no more of her laughing criticisms.

She soon returned to her rooms, where her attendant was awaiting her. The woman's face was pale and she seemed to be struggling with emotion. Olga stood before her, with a peculiar light in her eyes.

"Therese," she said, "an oil painting of my unfortunate cousin, Princess Alexandra, hangs in Neslerov's own room."

"What?" gasped the woman, starting up. Then, as some strange terror overcame her, she shuddered, and with the whispered cry "We are lost!" she fell to the floor unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.  
PRINCESS OLGA BEGINS TO ACT.

NOW, Therese, tell me what you have learned. Why did the fact that the picture of Alexandra hangs upon the wall of Neslerov's room make you faint? You have learned something. Tell me."

Therese was sitting in a chair, her face white and drawn, and in her eyes was a bewildered look.

"It was not so much what I heard, princess, as what I knew and suspected," she answered.

"I know what you know—I suspect what you suspect. Tell me what you heard," she said sternly.

"It was in the serfs' hall," she said in reply to the princess. "I was eating; no one seemed to ask who I was, and they talked as servants do. Vladimir Paulpoff is an danger of his life."

Princess Olga gave a start, but recovered her composure.

"Go on," she said. "Tell me all."

"It seems there is an American—I do not remember what they called him—but he is an American who builds bridges over the rivers for the new railway. He knows Vladimir Paulpoff. He is also a friend of that American girl—you remember—we met at the fair in Moscow."

"Frances Gordon? I remember her. She gave liberally to the charities. Well?"

"It would seem from what I heard that the governor is in love with her, and that she rejected him. These things are well known among the servants. It seems the American and Neslerov had a fight and Neslerov was injured."

"He told me he fell from a horse. Go on."

"It is believed among the servants that Vladimir is also in love with the American girl and that she is in love with him. And the American—I don't know—but he may be in love with her, also."

"Three lovers! She is fortunate—no, I would say most-unfortunate. With one true and honorable lover any woman is fortunate, but with three—and one like Neslerov! It is too much."

"You do not seem to suspect where the picture came from."

"Do you mean the oil-painting of my cousin, the Princess Alexandra?"

"Listen! You say it hangs on the wall of Neslerov's room. It is undoubtedly the one painted by Vladimir."

"And when Vladimir and his parents were sent to Siberia Neslerov took the painting?"

"Yes, Vladimir is talented, as you know—at least as I have told you."

"Then Vladimir must be near this place."

Therese shuddered again.

"He is—he is in the dungeons under this palace," she whispered in terror. A sudden change came over the princess. She walked in agitation to and fro across the room.

"Then Neslerov must suspect that

Vladimir holds the key to the mystery of Graslov," she said, stepping again before Therese.

"I do not know what he thinks. The American also is here under a charge of conspiring against the czar."

"Oh, then it becomes clearer. These Americans are shrewd—this one, perhaps, in order to gratify his love of truth, has set himself the task of discovering the truth about Graslov."

"Who knows?" asked Therese. "But how would he know anything about the mystery of Graslov?"

"True, but you say Vladimir and the American girl are in love. Vladimir may have discovered something and told the girl. She may have told the American, who may not be a lover, but a friend. She may have enlisted his efforts in the task of unraveling the mystery."

"It is possible."

"What else did you hear?"

"Nothing—that is all. The American was arrested as he was about to leave for Perm. Vladimir was brought from Tivolofsky, a small village near here."

"By the orders of Neslerov?"

"It must be, since they are in the dungeons of his palace."

"And that is all you heard?"

"All—everything."

"It is enough to place me upon the right scent. You must not, however, give way to these fits of unconsciousness. Be stronger, be brave."

"It is all very well, princess; but if you had lived for twenty years with the horror of that crime overshadowing you, with a constant fear of the Siberian mines weighing upon you, you would not be calm."

"Poor woman! I appreciate your feelings in the matter. But try to maintain your composure, for one mistake now, the slightest suspicion on the part of Neslerov, may destroy the efforts we have made during the last two years."

"Six months, princess."

"For you, since your husband died, I have been working upon this mystery since I returned from Paris two years ago. If God spares my life, I will avenge the crime that was committed against our branch of the Neslerovs."

That evening the princess met Neslerov in the dining room with no show of emotion. Her smile was as winning and her wit as sharp as ever.

"I have not seen you during the afternoon, fair cousin," said Neslerov. "But I have not forgotten you. I have been gathering the resources of Tomsk to give you a fitting welcome to our city. Tomorrow night there will be a reception and fete here in your honor."

"Tomorrow night? That is quickly done."

"It does not take long to arrange such a thing here. We have so few social pleasures that when the opportunity occurs we grasp it greedily. The officers of the garrison and the head officials, with their families, will attend. You must not expect to see the grandeur of a fete in St. Petersburg or Paris."

"It would weary me," said Olga.

The perfecting arrangements for the fete made Neslerov hurry away, and Olga was soon left to herself. She had resolved upon certain plans, but the activity of the palace in the prepara-

tions for the coming festivities seemed destined to balk her. She roamed through the great rooms alone, scanning the faces of those she met, speaking to few, but watchful for the opportunity she craved.

It was nearly midnight when she became discouraged and went to her room. The servants of the palace were still at work arranging the rooms for the dance.

But the princess did not retire. She sat down near a window and waited. From the ballroom windows the glare of lights spread out upon the surrounding trees and buildings. From below came voices of those who were making ready for the reception.

Therese came in to prepare her mistress for bed.

"Not yet, Therese," said the princess wearily. "I shall not retire."

"You will make yourself ill," said Therese nervously.

"Do not fear—I shall not be ill. But I am not ready for bed. I must wait—and act."

"You will learn nothing tonight."

"It is a night to learn. Leave me alone."

Therese stood a moment watching the princess with a wistful, loving glance, and then she went to her own room.

The princess sat with scarcely a motion for more than two hours. An observer might easily have supposed she had gone to sleep. But suddenly the glare of the lights from the ballroom died away, and the princess rose to her feet.

"It is finished," she said, "and they are weary. Tomorrow night will be a severe one, and they will retire at once. Some one must be on guard—and gold is powerful. Tonight I must learn something."

Still she waited and soon all was silent in the palace.

"I wonder if Neslerov is asleep," she said, "Neslerov! I could almost hate the name, though it is my own. How so cruel and heartless a man became a member of our family I cannot conceive. Even though the relationship is remote, some cousinships removed, I believe, yet I regret that any should exist. No—not now—I am glad; for were he not sufficient relation to warrant my presence in his detestable palace I could not have this opportunity to learn the truth. Oh, Neslerov! Vengeance will be mine and it will be sweet."

She had incased her feet in light Parisian slippers, and in these she stepped noiselessly from the room. The great bare corridor was dimly lighted and no person could be seen.

While caution was necessary, it was not because Olga feared. She was too powerful herself to fear injury in the palace of Neslerov. If the governor suspected the purpose of her visit, she would be no longer welcomed, and the solution she had so long sought would be delayed.

Silently she crept down the great winding stairs into the main hall. This was a wide, high apartment, and from it opened many doors into other apartments. On one side were the offices of

[Continued on next page.]



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The Panama Canal route is now "our'n," and the sooner we get the completed canal the better for Texas.

4,000 newspaper men, of all countries, are expected to attend the Press Congress at the World's Fair this week.

Last week's issue of the Farm and Ranch had a beautiful half-tone illustration of a picnic party in the Palodura Canyon, at the Falls. By-the-way, this is an excellent farm journal and every home-maker in the Panhandle should take it. It is only \$1.00 a year.

The Panhandle was visited the first of the week with light showers of rain. In this immediate section the rainfall was not of sufficient quantity to do any material good.

Some newspaper guy with more humor than poetry said that Port Arthur had been bottled up by the Japs and that the Russians had mislaid the cork-screw. A cork-screw is a mighty handy device, at times.

World's Fair Attendance.  
The actual number of visitors recorded at the World's Fair on opening day is given at 187,793. This beats all other great American fairs as a starter. The comparisons in figures are:  
Philadelphia.....186,672  
Chicago.....137,557  
St. Louis.....187,793

Those in a position to know say that in the way of a great fair, St. Louis has the biggest thing the world has ever interviewed.

The Plains country has not yet had sufficient rainfall to warrant a prediction as to crop certainties for the year, though the pulse of the stock-farmer is yet beating with that regular pulsation which indicates a feeling that there is yet time for a remarkable change in the crop outlook. The local showers that have fallen this month in a measure relieves the trying situation for the stockmen, as the temporary relief thus attained will put new life in grass and with the copious rains that are sure to follow ere the close of this month, all will yet be lovely for those who have the strength and firmness of mind which enables one to encounter adversity with that coolness and courage which puts to shame murmuring, depression, or despondency.

It is customary with the newspaper fraternity to make apologies through the paper for short comings with such excuses as being crippled by the vacation of the senior editor, the illness of the "angel", or "devil", etc., but not the force left in charge of this sheet. Contrary to this time-honored custom, we rise to remark that if the gist of this week's News is above the average in point of excellence, just pat the right party on the head without a fear of creating baldness on the seat of his intellectual powers. The one who steers the helm amid the showers of so many bouquets has successfully sailed through the voyage of matrimonial life for more than a week or two.

A page advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post costs \$1,800 each insertion.

We may rest assured that we will not suffer an inundation in the Panhandle as long as the proverbial rainbow hovers in our clouds.

### Hot Shots.

Atlanta Constitution.  
Some folks is so greedy, ef you wuz ter give 'um a free pass ter heaven dey'd ax fer stop-over privileges ter see de fireworks.

I don't see no use in leavin' dis worl' ter find hell. Some folks manufactur's de giniwine article right here.

Wanted—To trade a team of Shepherd Dogs, trained to work in small wagon either single or double. Will trade team and harness for a good saddle pony. Guaranteed to be absolutely safe and well trained for children to drive. Apply to W. J. Luna.

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A sprained ankle usually treated will disable a man for three or four weeks. This is an unnecessary loss of time, for many cases have recovered in less than one week's time when Chamberlain's Pain Balm was promptly and freely applied. It allays the pain and soreness and quickly restores the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by S. V. Wirt Druggist.

### Are Having A Royal Time.

A letter to the News from its senior editor, dated Quanah, Texas, Sunday, May 13th, has the following to say concerning the N. W. Texas Press Association's meeting at that place. It says:

"Thursday night in company with a fine rain we reached Quanah. The Northwest Texas Press Association convened the following morning at the court house, with some forty members present. By evening this number had increased to about fifty. The representation from our section were: J. Ray of the Brand, J. M. Shafer and wife, of the Plainview Herald, Callahan and Crawford, of the Tulia Standard, and L. B. Russell and wife, of the Amarillo Livestock Champion. All of these except Callahan go the Fair.

The session of the Association was full of interest, lasting from Friday morning until Saturday at 10:30 p. m. We had a royal good time at Quanah, thanks to the good citizens of that town. The next annual session of the Association will be held at Hereford, about the middle of next August.

This morning, (Sunday) about fifty of us, members of the Association, start for St. Louis.

FOR SALE—\$27.50 will buy the very best bicycle on the market for the money. The original cost of this wheel was \$32.50. Been used about two months. Has Coaster Hub and Brake attachment, the famous "G. & J." (Clincher) tires, heavy tread, high frame, for a "tall-legged" man. This is a rare chance to get an absolutely high-grade wheel for less than you could buy one at wholesale. Investigate! Apply at this office.

Dr. Gambrell, superintendent of missions for the Baptist general convention of Texas, stated at the close of business hours, April 30th, that the collections for home and foreign missions were the best ever known in the history of the Baptist denomination in Texas. He sent the home and foreign boards between \$35,000 and \$39,000, the collections for April. The amount previously collected will put the state in advance of anything done heretofore. A number of the strongest churches failed to get their collection in before the books were closed.

### War Speculations.

It is about three and a half months since the Slay and the Jap severed diplomatic relations and began to shoot. The intermittent but frequent shooting has been heard all around the earth and has produced the most intense and unflagging discussion. Few points, however, have been settled. The superiority of the Jap at sea is easily shown. The alertness of the Jap on land is indicated. The first third of the year may be said to mark first blood for the Jap. Beyond these points discussion invades mere speculation. The only thing certain is that the end is not yet in sight.

May 27th and 31st, the Texas & Pacific Railway will sell special excursion tickets to St. Louis and return from all points on their line in Texas at less than the one way rate—tickets good only in chair cars or coaches. Final limit for return, 7 days in addition to date of sale. See any Texas & Pacific Ticket agent.

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**Local.**

H. E. Hume came down from Amarillo Monday.

Get your Bicycle repaired at Merrill's shop.

Earl Cobb went down to Pecos Monday, to be gone about a month.

A new lot of Mattings just received at Thomas Bros.

Price Dockery and family arrived here last Sunday from Oklahoma Territory.

Mrs. Sevall, of Amarillo, visited friends and relatives in town this week.

A. N. Henson went to Portales the first of this week on business.

The extravagance has been squeezed out of all prices at THOMAS BROS. Furniture.

Mrs. Mamie Clemmer, of Benton, Tenn., came in this week for a visit to her brother, J. D. Gamble.

Sam Milliken, an experienced boot and shoemaker, is again at the bench with J. H. Dunbar.

Rev. Richardson, pastor of the M. E. church at Denton, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bates.

Sheriff Upfold, Tax Assessor Luna and Attorney Rollins were in Amarillo this week attending to some business matters.

John Crawford returned Monday from Yuma, Arizona. He says he did not invest in property there, as was reported here by some.

Miss Patton will give a play tonight entitled "The Old Maid's Convention," at the Court House.

You should see that brand new finish lumber at Burton-Lingo's. They have some 1x16's s 2 s, also 1/2 inch poplar, just what you want.

It won't hurt you to look over our stock and get our prices, and it may do you good.

**THOMAS BROS.**

The little 2-year old girl of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cummings who has been quite sick, is reported to be much better.

If we can't do better for you than any other firm we are willing to see you go away.

**THOMAS BROS., Furniture.**

Miss Pearl Redburn, daughter of our popular jeweler, has commenced to study photography at the Studio this week.

"Don't come to town" without listing your land with the Randall Co. Land and Abstract Company before you leave.

Miss Lora Cox of the "Advocate" force in Amarillo, visited her parents in Canyon City Sunday.

If dollars were made of rubber they couldn't stretch beyond our values.

**THOMAS BROS. Furniture.**

A small tent show was the scene of attraction Tuesday night to a few who had 25 cts. to "blow in."

If most of us can't go to the World's Fair this spring, we can have a heap of fun. The fish are biting.

"Are you alive" to your interests, if so have the Randall County Land and Abstract Co. make an abstract of title to your land.

P. Friemel was in the county capital Tuesday from his farm near Umbarger, and purchased a windmill equipment from one of our local dealers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Scott, of Fort Worth, parents of Mrs. L. N. Lochridge, spent several days of last week here visiting their daughter. Mr. Scott owns a ranch in Hale county.

Those subject to road work in Prec. No 1 were put to work last Wednesday improving the condition of the culverts about town and the Plainview and Canyon City road.

Pasturage in Kansas for Texas cattle is costing \$3.50 per head for the season. This is 50 cents in excess of the price that has been paid for grazing heretofore.

The dwelling house with all the contents belonging to Stark Foster, was consumed by fire last Sunday. Mr. Foster lives in the Happy community, in this county, and was attending church at the time the fire occurred.

We propose to prop our business with the two pillars "most" and "best" on the foundation of lowest prices.

**THOMAS BROS. FURNITURE.**

Chas. and James Stratton and Loyd Garrison returned this week from New Mexico, whither they had gone in search of ranch work. Owing to the fact that as yet that country has not been visited with rain, all cattle work is at a standstill and the ranchmen are not putting on any more hands.

Rev. Wright, formerly an old resident of Swisher county, but lately a citizen of Yuma, Arizona, has exchanged his property interests there for property in Tulia and will move back to that place at once. The exchange was made with Schurman Clayton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Greenfield, of Newark, parents of Mrs. B. E. Cobb, arrived here Wednesday and will spend the summer with their daughter. They are thoroughly in love with the plains and have spent the summer months here for several years past.

If you want to save from one to three dollars on a pair of eye glasses, get the very best goods made—get a pair that fits you sure—see D. N. Redburn. If not, see some traveling optician with no object in view except an exorbitant price, which his unlimited nerve enables him to require.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wesley, of the Ceta community, were in town Wednesday making final death proof of their late lamented son, Harry, in order to secure the \$1000 policy which he carried with the Hartford Life Insurance Co., of which our townsman, M. A. Lamkin is the representative.

Measles still reigns a terror in Canyon City. In some families every member of the family has become ill either from the measles or from their ceaseless attendance to the ones who have been stricken with this epidemic. With the exception of one child, the entire family of Rev. J. D. Ballard, including himself, have been in such a condition as to render assistance to one another impossible.

Rev. Ed. R. Wallace, pastor of the M. E. church at Mundy, Texas, and a brother of our townsman, Jno. A. Wallace, is expected here this week and will preach at the church here some time during his stay. Jno. A. expects to entertain his brother with such diversion as Panhandle fishing, which has proven a delightful panacea for drawing the mind from business, care or study—be he clergyman or layman.

Col. C. C. Poole was in town the latter part of last week. He says he will bring Canyon City into notice with one of his weekly letters to the Stockman Journal, at Fort Worth, of which paper he is the traveling representative. The Colonel informed us that a man at Plainview was diligently searching for his lost dog.

Mrs. Jim Grant and Miss Alice Grant left Tuesday evening for Fort Worth, where they go to join their husband and brothers, respectively, who have secured work there and will make that their future home. These estimable young people are related to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Merrill, and have made many friends during their stay in Canyon City. Mr. Merrill accompanied them as far as Amarillo.

**Panhandle Summer Normal**

At Clarendon, Texas, June 23 to July 29. Faculty of Normal-trained teachers. Access to college privileges. Tuition for term: \$5.00. Board \$2.50 per week. Address L. A. Wells, Conductor, Memphis, or M. L. Wells, Bus Man., Clarendon.

**BARGAIN-COUNTER PRICES**

We invite the attention of the public to a few of our many cash bargain prices as follows:

21 lbs good Rice	..... \$1.00
Best Brand Tomatoes, 3-lb cans	..... .10
" " Hominy, 3-lb cans	..... .10
" " String Beans, per case	..... 2.40
" " E. J. Peas, per case	..... 2.40
" " Blackberries, per case	..... 2.00
" " Strawberries, per case	..... 2.40
Dry Salt Bacon, per lb	..... .10
Apples, 1 gallon cans	..... .35
California Peaches, 1 gallon cans	..... .45

150 pairs Ladies' Shoes going at a reduced price in order to make room for our new goods:

Our \$3.50 Shoes for	..... \$3.00
Our \$3.00 Shoes for	..... 2.60
Our \$2.50 Shoes for	..... 2.00

Do not fail to see this elegant line of shoes before buying elsewhere.

If you want the best goods for the least money, we believe that we can please you. Nothing but the freshest goods kept in stock. Try us.

We also have about 250 cedar post for sale at 10c

**R. G. OLDHAM & COMPANY.**

The season of the picnic is at hand though we have heard of no one picnicing. The several Sunday Schools of the town should have a picnic pretty soon, by all means. We older people, in the rush of business, overlook the fact that we were once children and that it was our greatest delight to get out for a day on some cool stream and enjoy an outing. And some of us older people are that way yet, though we won't confess it. School is out and the children need a day of recreation. All it will take to bring this about is for some good Samaritan to take the lead and announce the date. As for the News force, while we are not such good Sunday school scholars, we sincerely pledge our word that all will be on hand when dinner is announced.

**THE SCHOOL WORK.**

The graduating exercises and school entertainment will be held at the auditorium of the school house, Tuesday evening May 24th. A nice program has been arranged and everybody is invited to attend. The pupils are now hard at work on the final examinations, and devoting the odd time to practicing for the closing exercises. The graduating class for this year is composed of some of our brightest boys and girls and they will no doubt leave the school room well equipped for the battle of life, and make heroes in the strife. They are:—Misses Bertha Wallace, Jessie Long, Nellie Dunlap, Dixon Lair, Cora Reynolds, Sadie Montgomery; Elbridge Brodie, Harry Howell, Harry Lair, Nash Hix, Robert Campbell.

The News is of the opinion that all the teachers have done faithful work during the term just coming to a close and considering the inconveniences to which they have been subjected, they have attained most gratifying results.

**TWO DEATHS.**

The first death resulting from the epidemic of measles which has been spreading over the town for the last month occurred last Saturday morning at 5 o'clock, when Roy, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cummings passed from the loved ones in this life into eternity. He had successfully passed the stage of danger in the measles, so the family and physicians thought, when he was stricken again with relapse, creating an affection of the lungs from which a patient rarely recovers, especially those whose organs of respiration are naturally weak. The remains of little Roy were interred Saturday evening in the cemetery south of town.

The same morning, about 11 o'clock, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Duke died of practically the same cause as the one first mentioned—it being a congest-

tion of the lungs causing immediate death, contributory to bronchial pneumonia.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Duke was tenderly laid away in the silence of the grave Sunday afternoon.

The bereaved families, both of whom have the sincere sympathy of the entire community, are not alone in sorrowing the sad death of these two bright, loving children.

**A FINE LECTURER.**

Rev. Jno. R. Morris, pastor of Morrow St., M. E. Church (South), of Waco, Texas, will deliver his famous lecture on Music at the Methodist church, Friday night, May 27th. This will be a great treat. You will laugh and cry. Well worth one dollar to hear this lecture. Admission only 25 cents. See testimonials in this issue.

Ladies H. M. Society, Methodist church.

**SOME TESTIMONIALS.**

As a lecturer, Rev. John R. Morris excels. Those who heard what he had to say last night are not surprised that he has in the past graced the lecture platform and attracted large audiences.—Waco Times Herald.

A full house greeted Rev. John R. Morris at the Methodist church last night, and enjoyed his lecture on "Music." From the poetical sublime to the ridiculous was his scope, and his imaginary descriptions of choirs and singers was laughable, interspersed with tender sentiment that swung to and fro the pendulum of mirth and memory in the hearts and minds of his hearers.—Temple Daily Times.

Rev. John R. Morris lectured last night at the First Methodist Episcopal church, and for about three-quarters of the time the large audience which filled the church was kept in the throes of agonizing laughter. Dr. Morris comes from Waco. He is the pastor of the Morrow St. Methodist Episcopal church of that city, and had been chosen as a fit and proper person to deliver the second lecture in the series given by the church, because of his native wit and his ability to let his hearers have benefit of it.—Dallas News.

The Morris lecture at the First Methodist church last night was another grand triumph for the pastor who is giving these treats to the public. A large audience was present, despite disagreeable weather, and those who went considered themselves very fortunate. Mr. Morris is a good speaker, and possessed of a most brilliant intellect that comprehends the foibles as well as the deepest phases of human existence. His humor is healthful and catching, and the subject "Music," was not by any means a dry discourse.—Temple Daily Tribune.

Our stock is just the stock you want—goods that can't be beat.

THOMAS BROS. Furniture.

**Notice to Breeders.**

For the convenience of breeders, Ranger R 31428 will finish the season of 1904 at Tom Rowans Livery Stable at Canyon Texas. Will be there 6 days in the week, from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

C. P. Money.

**Christian Scientist Meetings.**

The Christian Scientists have moved from the Court House into their new Reading Room south of the Victoria Hotel Services every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Wednesday evening at 8:30. Everybody invited to attend these services. Subject May 22nd, "Ancient and Modern Necromancy; or, Mesmerism and Hypnotism." The Christian Science Free Reading Room will be open every week day from 2 to 5 p. m., except on Saturdays.

I desire to thank the County Officials, through the columns of the News, both in the past and present for the use of the Court House in which we have been holding our religious services.

V. Edna Henson.

**Do You Want the Earth?**

"The Earth" is a new illustrated monthly journal, published by the Santa Fe. Tells the truth about the Great Southwest and California—the truth is good enough. Frequent articles describing your part of the country. Contains letters written by farmers, stockmen and fruit raisers; men who have succeeded and who give the reasons why. Strong editorials and interesting miscellany. A very persuasive immigration helper.

Why not have it sent to friends "back east," to do missionary work for the Southwest? Regular subscription price is 25 cts a year; worth double. Send 50 cents (coin or stamps) with names and addresses of five eastern friends; we will mail "The Earth" to them and you for six months. Write today to "The Earth," 1120 Railroad Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.

**ROGERSON HOTEL**

JOHN ROWAN PROPRIETOR. \$1.00 DAY HOUSE

As good hotel as can be found on the Plains—nice Up-Stairs Rooms.

**W. W. MERRILL, PRACTICAL TINNER**

Manufacturer of Tanks, Flues, and All other Galvanized Iron Works.

SHOP ON S. EVELYN ST.

**SLOVER & MAY, THE BLACKSMITHS.**

We do all kinds of repairing; Farming Implements, wagons; buggies and guns made like new. First-class material, good workmanship. Give us a trial HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

If you cannot go to the World's Fair, do the next best thing, subscribe for the Twice-a-week St. Louis Republic. It is better than ever for this year. One dollar at this office gets it, or it and the Canyon City News—both for one year \$1.80.

The News office can supply you with visiting cards in blank or printed, also with Linen type writer paper, white or colored. You can also get STAR envelopes



**REAL ESTATE AGENCY,**

For Canyon City property and Randall County Lands only.

Property listed with me will be advertised in ways that cannot fail of bringing purchasers. My connection with the Texas Real Estate Exchange, gives me unusual facilities in bringing this about.

NOTARY PUBLIC IN OFFICE Call in and see me and let me tell you what I propose to do.

GEO. A. BRANDON, Office—Canyon City News Building.

**S. V. WIRT, DRUGGIST.**

You will always find our stock of Drugs and Druggist Sundries Fresh and complete

We also carry a nice line of Paints and Oils.

We will appreciate the patronage of the public.

**J. R. HARTER,**

PIONEER BLACKSMITH

Dating from January 1st we cut prices for spot cash on all blacksmith work.

Only the very best of material used. Come in and see us, we will treat you right.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

THOMAS ODELL. D. M. STEWART.

**ODELL & STEWART**

Physicians and Surgeons, Office with Thompson Drug Co. Calls promptly answered night or day

**GEO. A. BRANDON, LAWYER.**

Eighteen years experience in the courts of Central Texas.

Office—Canyon City News Building.



## The Mystery of Graslov

(Continued from 1st page.)

the government of the province on the other the living rooms of the governor's household.

The doors upon the left, leading to the reception room, the governor's room, the great hall and the dining room, were closed. Two of those on the right were open. In one room there was a light, and from it came the subdued voices of two men and the odor of tobacco. The other room was dark.

The princess remembered these rooms. She had seen them in her inspection of the palace. That from which came the voices and in which a light was burning was the office of the superintendent of police. The one next to it was a smaller room, connected with the other by a door, which was locked. This small room had been intended for an office, but was now used for the purpose of storing books, records, police material and desks. It was part of the suit allotted to the superintendent of police.

Olga stood in the hall and listened. She heard the name of Pauloff. With a fluttering heart she darted into the darkened room and took up her position near the closed door between that and the office.

The two speakers sat near that door, with a round table between them, and upon the table was a supply of liquor and cigars.

The work of preparing the palace for the festivities on the following night did not come under the supervision of the police, but all connected with the palace were interested, and these two were the last to retire.

The speakers in that other room were Jansky, superintendent of police, and Inspector Unsethlop.

"The whole thing is a complete mystery to me," said Unsethlop, speaking somewhat thickly, having drunk considerable liquor. "It is a mystery. First we receive one command, then another, and we do not know what to do. The governor is not wont to act thus."

"You are not the first to have felt the influence of this great mystery," said Jansky. "The governor is discreet."

"Oh, I said a complete mystery. I would not call it a great mystery. That would bring it to the dignity of a celebrated case."

"So it is. It is one of the most celebrated cases in all Russia, and they have not been in the dungeons more than three days! The matter could scarcely have gone beyond Tomsk."

"Nevertheless I spoke truly."

"Then there is something about it I do not know. When I reflect, it seems of course that this must be the case."



"It is a mystery. First we receive one command, then another."

Else why should we receive secret orders to capture—arrest, if you like—an American and a convict already punished and—well, see that they become lost to the world?"

Princess Olga gave a gasp as she heard this.

"There is one thing about it," said Unsethlop, who was now getting drunk enough to be independent and indiscreet. "If something is not done soon I shall wash my hands of it. I don't like the looks of it. Of course, one might kill a blacksmith convict and po inquiry would be made, but that American—that is different."

"Keep quiet for a few days. Have you not seen that the governor has a guest?"

"Yes, a beautiful one."

"That is Princess Olga of the great and powerful Neslerovs. She is distinctly related to the governor. As since you are interested, I will tell you the story as I know it."

"Oh, there is a story, then. I thought so."

"There is a story, and it is one which the governor would not like to have brought into prominence while the princess is here. The elder brother of Neslerov married Alexandra, a cousin of Princess Olga. This was something like twenty-three or twenty-four years ago. No, I think it must be twenty-five or six. Well, they were well matched, those two. Prince Alexis was the heir to the great estate of Graslov and his hereditary title, besides being Prince Neslerov, was Duke of Graslov. A year or so after this happy marriage a son was born to this couple. He was named Alexis, after his father. He was a fine young fellow, so I have heard, and grew sturdily. When he was a year old, or perhaps two, Prince Alexis died. Now, if so happened that the old Duke of Graslov, who was still living, had had a quarrel with Princess Alexandra. Her branch of the family was not friendly to his, and things did not go right, and they quarreled. Just what that had to do with the story I do not know, but I am telling you what everybody in Perm knew at that time."

"At that time Prince Nicholas, now governor of Tomsk, was fifteen years of age, and was the favorite of his father. It was commonly reported that the duke preferred to see his younger son inherit the title and estate rather than have it go to the son of the princess. Anyway, one day, twenty years ago, the young prince, then about three years old, or perhaps less, was drowned in the Kama. At least that is what was said. The boy wandered away from his nurse and walked to the river. Some of his garments were found on the river bank, and it would seem as though the little fellow had intended to follow the example of the boys of the serfs he had seen and was going to take a river bath. However, the body was never found and the poor princess was broken hearted. In a year she, too, died, and at the time her branch of the Neslerovs charged foul play. It was openly said they accused the old duke and Prince Nicholas of having murdered her. It was not proved and was not tried. The two branches remained at feud. The old duke died and Prince Nicholas entered into his inheritance, but he has not used the title, probably out of consideration for the feelings of his relatives.

"Now we come down to the present day. It was openly charged by some of the other Neslerovs that the servants of the house of Graslov were involved, and it was thought at one time that certain others not of the household knew something. Among these was the family of an ironworker, Michael Pauloff, consisting of himself, his wife and a child. But the Pauloffs disclaimed all knowledge, and were so stupid and innocent looking that they were dropped from consideration. But it seems that an enmity has long existed in their obscure minds against the governor, and they have been secretly working to fasten the murder of Princess Alexandra upon him. Whether they knew anything at the time or whether some one dying told them, I do not know. Certain it is that they have some knowledge they will use against our governor. They were sent to Siberia and were unable to work at the mystery. But this accused American came and was interested. He swore he would fasten this murder upon Neslerov because Neslerov had loved that American girl, daughter of Gordon, the engineer. Now you see why the American, lieutenant, and the powerful young blacksmith were arrested, and why, even though in the dungeons, nothing more can be done until this princess leaves. Neslerov declares he is innocent, but the power and influence of her family, if joined with the efforts of the American and the Pauloffs, might destroy him. Am I understood?"

"Yes, perfectly. Neslerov is ours, and we are his. We must be loyal. For the prisoners remain in the dungeons until we are free to act. Then—well, even now we might forget to send them food."

"That, Unsethlop, is the very idea. The princess will dance merrily upon this floor while they starve to death on the one below."

The two police officers chuckled, and Olga, having learned enough, crept back to her room. She was passing through the upper corridor when she was startled by a shadow as of a man. A young officer in command of the palace guard was making his rounds. He stopped short when he saw the princess; then, discreet as all young officers about the palace were, he saluted and was about to pass on. She stopped him.

"Lieutenant," she said, "this is my room. I wish to speak to you alone."

He hesitated. He knew that she was the Princess Olga. He knew she would not seek his presence for pleasure. He feared the displeasure of Neslerov, but the winning beauty of Olga conquered, and he slipped into her room.

"What is your name?" she asked, her manner turning at once to that of the stern woman of business.

"Michael Demsky, princess."

"Your position?"

"Lieutenant of the guard."

"How would you like to be a major of cavalry?"

"Major of cavalry? Such a promotion at my age—from a lieutenant?"

"It is possible—even more so possible. But you must obey me."

"You are the Princess Olga, but I must obey the governor of Tomsk."

"Well," she said, and from a secret receptacle she took a folded paper upon which were a few words and a great seal. She held it for him to read. He dropped to his knees.

"The seal of his majesty the czar," he said in an awestricken voice. "I obey—command me—I obey."

"Rise. When will you be relieved?"

"Soon."

"Come to me and say nothing to any one."

"I obey. I will be dumb."

Quickly, though she was weak, Olga sat down and wrote a letter. It was scarcely more than finished when the officer returned.

"Is there not a train to Tobolsk this morning?"

"There is. The train your highness came on today."

"Take this letter to Tobolsk. Give it into my other hand, but that of Count de Mihaloff, governor general of western Siberia. Do you understand?"

"I do. And if the governor should?"

"Remain at Tobolsk—I have arranged for that in the letter. You need never fear the present governor of Tomsk."

He bowed, placed the letter in his bosom and retired. With a sigh of weariness and of relief the princess threw herself upon her bed and was soon asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Say Bill, how about the title to your land? Better have the Randall County Land and Abstract Company make you an Abstract and see how you stand.

# Stringfellow-Hume Hardware Co.

Dealers In

Hardware, Implements, and all kinds of Farming Machinery, Wagons, Buggies, Harness and Saddles. Eclipse wood and Steel Star Windmills, Pipe, Casing and Cylinders, Barb Wire and Nails. In fact everything that is kept in a first-class hardware store. Best line of Queensware and Glassware ever brought to Canyon.

## IN SHELF HARDWARE

Our stock is complete and we can supply your wants at a saving to you. Call for what you want in this line—we have it. We can't enumerate the whole line, but suffice to say we are setting the pace for the great Plains country, especially in Price and Quality. What you need to do is to come into our place and let us convince you.

Now is the time for you to think about putting your home in order for the spring and summer. If your house is not fitted with screen doors and windows, you are not in a position to enjoy the balmy breezes, free from the molestation of the flies and hailstorms. We have 'em, in green and galvanized.

The time for farming is near at hand—let us fit you up with the machinery that will make it a pleasure to work. We will take pleasure in showing you our stock.

STRINGFELLOW-HUME HDW. CO.

### Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, To the sheriff or any constable of Randall County, greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon H. S. Burnham by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 47th Judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 47th Judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the Justice's Court of Precinct No. one, Randall County, to be held at Canyon, in said Randall County, on the 6th day of June A. D. 1904, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 26th day of April A. D. 1904, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 154, wherein Garrison Brothers, a partnership consisting of W. H. Garrison, C. S. Garrison and M. F. Garrison, who reside and are in business at Hereford, Texas, are Plaintiffs, and H. S. Burnham is Defendant, and said petition alleging that said Defendant is indebted to Plaintiffs in the sum of \$171.90, as follows: One note for \$135.00 dated Oct. 19th 1903, due Nov. 15th 1903, with 10 per cent interest after maturity and providing for reasonable attorney's fee if not paid at maturity and suit is brought thereon, signed by H. S. Burnham, payable to International Harvester Company, of America, which note has been transferred for a valuable consideration to Plaintiffs. And suit having been brought thereon, alleging the attorney's fees to be of the reasonable value of \$20.00. And an account rendered to and filed, dated Oct 19th 1903, for \$11.25, for goods, wares and merchandise purchased of Plaintiffs by Defendant.

Herein fail not, but have you before said court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, W. J. Redfeare, Justice of the Peace for Precinct No. 1, Randall County.

Given under my official signature at office in Canyon, this 26th day of April, A. D. 1904.

W. J. REDFEARE, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1, Randall County, Texas.

To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing the blood, and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

Lee Shifflett will pay you 14c per dozen, in cash, for your good fresh eggs. \$3 to \$4 per dozen for chickens. Also will buy your bones, hides, copper, brass, and old rubber shoes. First house east of Bank, Canyon City, Texas.

### THE STATE OF TEXAS, Randall County.

In Commissioners' Court, May term, 1904.

Before Me, J. H. Garrison, Clerk of the County Court in and for said County, personally appeared the members of the Commissioners' Court, whose names are below subscribed, who, upon their oaths, do say: That the requirements of Art. 867, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the Revised Statutes of the State of Texas, as amended by the regular session of the Twenty-Fifth Legislature, have in all things been fully complied with, and that the cash and other assets mentioned in the quarterly report made to and filed in this Court by R. B. Redfeare, County Treasurer of said County, for the quarter ending the 30th day of April, 1904, and held by him for said County have been fully inspected and counted by them at this term of said Court; and that the amount of money and other assets in the hands of said Treasurer are as follows, to-wit:

Total amount of cash in the various funds belonging to the county, Six Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty-Two Twenty-one One Hundredths Dollars; (\$6,252 21-100) Total amount of assets other than actual cash to the credit of the county; Sixteen Thousand Dollars; (\$16,000.)

A. N. Henson, County Judge, Randall Co.

W. J. Redfeare, County Commissioner Randall Co.

J. A. Coffey, County Commissioner Randall Co.

T. F. Gilleland, County Commissioner Randall Co.

F. J. Trigg, County Commissioner Randall Co. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 11th day of May, 1904.

J. H. Garrison, County Clerk, Randall Co. By C. N. Harrison, Deputy.

## Best... Passenger Service IN TEXAS.

4 IMPORTANT GATEWAYS 4



"No trouble to answer questions."

2 FAST TRAINS DAILY 2 to St. Louis, Chicago and the East....

SUPERB PULLMAN VESTIBULE SLEEPERS HANDSOME NEW CHAIR CARS (Seats Free).

FASTEST TIME TO NEW ORLEANS (COMPARE SCHEDULES).

ONLY LINE RUNNING THROUGH COACHEM AND SLEEPERS WITHOUT CHANGE.

INCOMPARABLE PULLMAN SLEEPER AND TOURIST CAR SERVICE TO CALIFORNIA. POSITIVELY NO CHANGE.

Rolling Chair Cars (Seats Free) Daily to ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS AND EL PASO.

See any Ticket Agent, or write U. P. HUGHES, Trav. Passenger Agent, FT. WORTH, TEX. E. P. TURNER, Time-Print and Gen'l Mgr. Gen'l Pass' and Ticket Agt. DALLAS, TEX.

The News office for job work.

## STOP AND THINK!

Before you purchase your tickets for Points North, East, South or West.

THE SOUTHERN KANSAS RY. OF TEX. Is the only direct route to Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and points beyond and

THE PECOS VALLEY LINES Penetrate the heart of the far-famed Pecos Valley, justly reputed to be the finest fruit growing district in the U. S., connecting closely at Pecos, Texas, with the Texas & Pacific Ry. for El Paso and all points in Old Mexico.

All of our trains make close connection at Amarillo with the Ft. Worth & Denver City Ry. trains both north and south, eliminating the necessity for stop-overs enroute for passengers traveling over that line.

Write your friends in the East to ask their local railway agents regarding homeseekers' rates to the Panhandle and Pecos Valley via the Santa Fe System.

A full line of descriptive literature of the Panhandle and Pecos Valley always on hand which may be obtained free by application to this office. DON A. SWEET, TRAF. MAN, AMARILLO, TEXAS.

## "COOL COLORADO"

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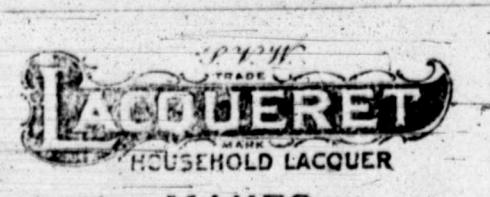
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Leading thereto is "The Line of Least Resistance" and provides double daily solid trains with Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleepers, all meals in Magnificently appointed Cafe Cars (a la carte) at reasonable prices, the privilege of numerous stopovers and schedules saving many hours time. It is shortest by exceeding THREE HUNDRED MILES per round trip (see any map) and is the only line offering solid through trains from the Southwest. Upon postal request we will gladly mail to any address beautifully illustrated information booklets and advice of other special arrangements.

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