

Canyon City News.

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NO. 44.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XVIII.

PENDING the call of trial Thorpe took a three weeks' vacation to visit his sister. Time, filled with excitement and responsibility, had, erased from his mind the bitterness of their parting. Now he found himself so impatient that he could hardly wait to get there.

He learned on his arrival that she was not at home. Mrs. Renwick proved not nearly so cordial as the year before, but Thorpe, absorbed in his eagerness, did not notice it. Mrs. Renwick thought Helen had gone over to the Hugheses.

Thorpe found the Hugies residence without difficulty and turned up the straight walk to the veranda. On the steps of the latter a rug had been spread. A dozen youths and maidens lounged on its soft surface. Thorpe, as he approached the light from a tall lamp just inside the hall, hesitated, vainly trying to make out the figures before him.

So it was that Helen Thorpe saw him first and came fluttering to meet him.

"Oh, Harry! What a surprise!" she cried, and flung her arms about his neck to kiss him.

"How do you do, Helen?" he replied sedately.

This was the meeting he had anticipated so long. The presence of others brought out in him irresistibly the repression of public display which was so strong an element of his career.

A little chilled, Helen turned to introduce him to her friends. He took a place on the steps and sat without saying a word all the evening. There was nothing for him to say. These young people talked thoughtlessly, as young people do, of the affairs belonging to their own little circle. He had thought pine and forest and the trail so long that he found these square elbowed subjects refusing to be jostled aside by any trivialities.

He took Helen back to Mrs. Renwick's about 10 o'clock. They walked slowly beneath the broad leaved maples, whose shadows danced under the tall electric lights, and talked.

"How have you done, Harry?" she inquired anxiously. "Your letters have been so vague."

"Pretty well," he replied. "If things go right I hope some day to have a better place for you than this."

Her heart contracted suddenly. It was all she could do to keep from bursting into tears. The indefiniteness of his answer exasperated her and filled her with sudden despair. She said nothing for twenty steps. Then:

"Harry," she said quietly, "can you take me away from Mrs. Renwick's?"

"I don't know, Helen. I can't tell yet. Not just now, at any rate."

"Harry," she cried, "you don't know what you're doing. I tell you I can't stand Mrs. Renwick any longer. I know you've worked hard and that you'd give me more if you could. But so have I worked hard. Now we ought to change this in some way. I can get a position as teacher or some other work somewhere. Won't you let me do that?"

Thorpe was thinking that it would be easy enough to obtain Wallace Carpenter's consent to his taking \$1,000 from the profits of the year. But he knew also that the struggle in the courts might need every cent the new company could spare. It would look much better were he to wait until after the verdict. If favorable, there would be no difficulty about sparing the money. If adverse, there would be no money to spare. And so until the thing was absolutely certain he hesitated to explain the situation to Helen for fear of disappointing her.

"I think you'd better wait, Helen," said he. "There'll be time enough for all that later when it becomes necessary."

"And in the meantime stay with Mrs. Renwick?" flashed Helen.

"Yes. I hope it will not have to be for very long."

"How long do you think, Harry?" pleaded the girl.

"That depends on circumstances," replied Thorpe.

"Oh!" she cried indignantly.

"Harry," she ventured after a time, "why not write to Uncle Amos? His wanting us to come to him seems to me very generous."

"You will do nothing of the kind," commanded Thorpe sternly. "Amos Thorpe is an unscrupulous man who became unscrupulously rich. He delib-

erately used our father as a tool and then destroyed him. I consider that any one of our family who would have anything to do with him is a traitor!"

The girl did not reply.

Next morning Thorpe felt unaccountably repentant for his strong language. After all, the girl did lead a monotonous life, and he could not blame her for rebelling against it from time to time. Her remarks had been born of the rebellion; they had meant nothing in themselves. He could not doubt for a moment her loyalty to the family.

That night he wrote Wallace Carpenter for \$1,000.

Wallace Carpenter was not in town. Before the letter had followed him to his new address and the answer had returned a week had passed. Of course the money was gladly put at Thorpe's disposal. The latter at once interviewed his sister.

"Helen," he said, "I have made arrangements for some money. What would you like to do this year?"

She raised her head and looked at him with clear, bright gaze. If he could so easily raise the money, why had he not done so before? He knew how much she wanted it. Her happiness did not count. Only when his quixotic ideas of family honor were attacked did he bestir himself.

"I am going to Uncle Amos," she replied distinctly.

"What?" asked Thorpe incredulously. For answer she pointed to a letter lying on the table. Thorpe took it and read:

My Dear Niece—Both Mrs. Thorpe and myself more than rejoice that time and reflection have removed that, I must confess, natural prejudice which the unfortunate family affair, to which I will not allude, raised in your mind against us. As we said long ago, our home is yours when you may wish to make it so. You state your present readiness to come immediately. Unless you wire to the contrary we shall expect you next Tuesday evening on the 1:30 train. I shall be at the Central station myself to meet you. If your brother is now with you I should be pleased to see him also and will be most happy to give him a position with the firm. Aff. your uncle,
AMOS THORPE.

New York, June 6, 1883.

On finishing the last paragraph the reader crumpled the letter and threw it into the grate.

"I am sorry that you did that, Helen," said he, "but I don't blame you, and it can't be helped. We won't need to take advantage of his kind offer now."

"I intend to do so, however," replied the girl coldly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," she cried, "that I am sick of waiting on your good pleasure. I waited and slaved and stood unbecomingly for two years. I did it cheerfully, and in return I don't get a civil word, not a decent explanation, not even a caress!" She fairly sobbed out the last word. "I can't stand it any longer. I have tried and tried and tried, and then when I've come to you for the slightest word of encouragement you have told me I was young and ought to finish my education. You haven't a cent when it is a question of what I want, but you raise money quick enough when your old family is insulted. Isn't it my family too? And then you blame me because, after

waiting in vain for two years for you to do something, I start out to do the best I can for myself. I'm not of age, but you're not my guardian."

During this long speech Thorpe had stood motionless, growing paler and paler. Like most noble natures, when absolutely in the right he was incapable of defending himself against misunderstandings.

"You know that is not true, Helen," he replied, almost sternly.

"It is true," she asseverated, "and I'm through."

"It's a little hard," said Thorpe, passing his hand wearily before his eyes, "to work hard this way for years and then—"

She laughed with a hard little note of scorn.

"Helen," said Thorpe, with new energy, "I forbid you to have anything to do with Amos Thorpe. I think he is a scoundrel and a sneak."

"I shall do as I please," she replied, crossing her hands behind her.

Thorpe's eyes darkened.

"We have talked this over a great many times," he warned, "and you've always agreed with me. Remember, you owe something to the family."

"Most of the family seem to owe something," she replied, with a flip-pant laugh. "I'm sure I didn't choose the family. If I had I'd have picked out a better one."

"You may take your choice, Helen," he said formally. "If you go into the household of Amos Thorpe, if you deliberately prefer your comfort to your honor, we will have nothing more in common."

They faced each other with the cool, deadly glance of the race, so similar in appearance, but so unlike in nature.

"I, too, offer you a home, such as it is," repeated the man. "Choose."

At the mention of the home for which means were so quickly forthcoming when Thorpe, not she, considered it needful, the girl's eyes flashed. She stooped and dragged violently from beneath the bed a flat steamer trunk, the lid of which she threw open. A dress lay on the bed. With a fine gesture she folded the garment and laid it in the bottom of the trunk. Then she knelt and without another glance at her brother standing rigid at the door began feverishly to arrange the folds.

The choice was made. He turned and went out.

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CHAPTER XIX.

WITH Thorpe there could be no halfway measure. He saw that the rupture with his sister was final, and the thrust attacked him in one of his few unprotected points. At first the spring of his life seemed broken. He did not care for money, and at present disappointment had numbed his interest in the game. It seemed hardly worth the candle.

Then in a few days he began to look

about him mentally. Unconsciously the combative instinct was aroused. In lack of other object on which to expend itself Thorpe's fighting spirit turned with energy to the subject of the lawsuit.

After his sister left the Renwicks Thorpe himself went to Detroit, where he interviewed at once Northrop, the brilliant young lawyer whom the firm had engaged to defend its case.

"I'm afraid we have no show," he replied to Thorpe's question. "You see, you fellows were on the wrong side of the fence in trying to enforce the law yourselves. Of course you may well say that justice was all on your side. That does not count. The only recourse recognized for injustice lies in the law courts. I'm afraid you are due to lose your case."

"Well," said Thorpe, "they can't prove much damage."

"I don't expect that they will be able to procure a very heavy judgment," replied Northrop. "The facts I shall be able to adduce will cut down damages. But the costs will be very heavy."

"Yes," agreed Thorpe.

"And," then pursued Northrop, with a dry smile, "they practically own Sherman. You may be in for contempt of court—at their instigation. As I understand it, they are trying rather to injure you than to get anything out of it themselves."

"That's it," nodded Thorpe.

"In other words, it's a case for compromise."

"Just what I wanted to get at," said Thorpe, with satisfaction. "Now answer me a question. Suppose a man injures government or state land by trespass. The land is afterward bought by another party. Has the latter any claim for damage against the trespasser? Understand me, the purchaser bought after the trespass was committed."

"Certainly," answered Northrop without hesitation. "provided suit is brought within six years of the time the trespass was committed."

"Good! Now, see here. These M. & D. people stole about a section of government pine up on that river, and I don't believe they've ever bought in the land it stood on. In fact, I don't believe they suspect that any one knows they've been stealing. How would it do if I were to buy that section at the land office and threaten to sue them for the value of the pine that originally stood on it?"

The lawyer's eyes glimmered behind the lenses of his pince-nez.

"It would do very well indeed," he replied, "but you'd have to prove they did the cutting, and you'll have to pay experts to estimate the probable amount of the timber. How much, on a broad guess, would you estimate the timber to come to?"

"There ought to be eight or ten millions," guessed Thorpe after an in-

stant's silence, "worth in the stump anywhere from sixteen to twenty thousand dollars. It would cost me only eight hundred to buy it."

"Do so by all means. Get your documents and evidence all in shape and let me have them. I'll see that the suit is discontinued then."

The next day Thorpe took the train north. By the time he had bought the sixteen forties constituting the section, searched out a dozen witnesses to the theft and spent a week with the Marquette expert in looking over the ground he had fallen into the swing of work again. His experience still ached, but dully.

Only now he possessed no interests outside of those in the new country. No affections save the half protecting, good natured comradeship with Wallace, the mutual self restraint respect that subsisted between Tim Shearer and himself and the dumb, unreasoning dog liking he shared with Injun Charley. His eye became clearer and steeper, his methods more simple and direct. The taciturnity of his mood redoubled in thickness. He was less charitable to failure on the part of subordinates. And the new firm on the Ossawinamakee prospered.

CHAPTER XX.

FIVE years passed. In that time Thorpe had succeeded in cutting 100,000,000 feet of pine. The money received for this had all been turned back into the company's funds. From a single camp of twenty-five men the concern had increased to six large, well equipped communities of 80 to 100 men apiece, using nearly 200 horses and hauling as far as eight or nine miles.

Near the port stood a mammoth saw-mill capable of taking care of 22,000,000 feet a year, about which a lumber town had sprung up. Besides its original holding the company had acquired about 150,000,000 more back near the headwaters of the Ossawinamakee.

During the four years in which the Morrison & Daly company shared the stream with Thorpe the two firms lived in complete amity and understanding. Northrop had played his cards skillfully. The older capitalists had withdrawn suit. Afterward they kept scrupulously within their rights and saw to it that no more careless openings were left for Thorpe's shrewdness.

And as the younger man on his side never attempted to overstep his own rights the interests of the rival firms rarely clashed. As to the few disputes that did arise Thorpe found Mr. Daly singularly anxious to please. In the desire was no friendliness, however, Thorpe was watchful for treachery and could hardly believe the affair finished when at the end of the fourth

(Continued on 4th page.)



By GEO. A. BRANDON,

Entered at Postoffice at Canyon City, as Second-Class Matter. Office of Publication, West Evelyn Street.

Papers sent out of the county promptly discontinued at expiration of time paid for.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six months..... .50

COTTON.

The feecy staple is disturbing the world, just now—the amount of this year's crop, 12,000,000 bales is staggering it.

Not many months back the boll weevil was about to get away with the bulk of it—it was sure, so the experts said, to cut down production at least one-third, and the balance, the other two-thirds, was going to bring fifteen cents anyway, if not twenty. These same government experts we are gravely informed are now "getting matters in shape" to save next year's crop. Bless us! What on earth is to become of the planter if he is saved again? The truth of the matter is, 'tis a pity the boll weevil didn't get more of the present crop.

"Cut down production"—decrease the acreage—say some. "Burn a part of the present crop" advise others, and strange as it may seem, there are folks who are doing this very thing. The newspapers state that in Clay county, Georgia, the merchants and farmers, met, resolved and actually did burn what they claimed was their part of the alleged two million bale surplus.

This burning business is the very rankest kind of folly—better, far better cut down the acreage or turn the boll weevil loose. But no, the boll weevil has been loose all the time—the experts have already sworn, or in words to that effect, that he can't be killed, except with a hammer or pair of tongs. What then, perhaps his being so lively and unkillable accounts in some measure for this twelve million bale crop—a crop that beats all previous records. Who knows? The experts may be able to tell.

Heretofore, some of our readers have accused The News of being daft on cotton. Well, we won't argue this now and cotton below the cost of production. The News has said, and sticks to it, that cotton can be raised profitably on the Plains when the price is right, but when the price is not right there are other things.

Chief among these other things for the Plains is stock-farming. It may be raising horses, cattle, sheep, or hogs; one or all of these, or it may consist in raising feed for others to put into stock.

How can a farmer of limited means make a comfortable living on the Plains? This is the question for us to solve and in future issues of The News it is proposed to show how this may be done.

For the present The News will leave cotton to the experts and the boll weevils.

Cigarette smoking is one of the greatest evils going. It confuses the brain and makes the user not only incapable of proper physical effort, but weakens his moral character.

Our legislature convened Monday, and Austin is said to be full of people who are after the pickings.

Nobody bothered about our fine snow Monday night—more would be welcome.

Ready For Winter And Spring Business

We have anticipated the varied wants of our many customers in the way of Winter & Spring supplies and are ready to serve you in the best possible manner when you happen to be in need of

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.

Stringfellow-Hume Hardware Co.

1904

Canyon City School



A student can become thorough in Grammar and Rhetoric, accurate in Arithmetic, master a principle in Algebra, demonstrate a proposition in Geometry, learn Latin, or become proficient in any study as well in the Canyon City school as elsewhere. A specialty of all grades from the primary to the college department.

A new brick building, convenient, comfortable and commodious.

A. ERNSBERGER, A. M., Supt.
B. F. HODGES, Prin.

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HERE AND THERE.

"Uncle Zekiel" of the Boyd Index states that he has recently refused an "urgent invitation" to attend a "religious discussion" between Methodist and Baptist ministers. His ideas on the subject line up well with the thoughts of this writer, who for years has known little but discord result from the so-called religious controversies. Uncle Zekiel comments in part as follows:

"The most profitable service ministers of the Gospel of either of these denominations, can possibly render their fellowmen, is to devote their entire time and talents to the earnest study of the Word, and preaching Christ and Him crucified to the people who will give them audience, while doing which, they should cultivate the broadest charity toward those who differ from them on little minor denominational doctrines or dogmas, and the closest possible fellowship and co-operation in teaching sinners the essential doctrines of salvation, 'the way of life and salvation,' each being con-

tent to preach what he earnestly believes to be the truth with respect to doctrines applicable to the saved sinner, to his hearers in a spirit of love and forbearance, but avoiding "all doubtful disputations," and when they wish to benefit each other, let them privately "reason one with another" but steer clear of "quarreling one with another," as is almost invariably done by those professing to "discuss" their differences.

"If you want to enjoy (?) the companionship, and association of sceptics, engage in season and out of season, in so-called religious discussions, and get mixed up with a lot of hair brained touts, just settle in a community where for years it has been the stamping ground of a few or many little bigots who, because of their ability to commit to memory and repeat readily a few things said by men of real brain power, and still more of little catch phrases, the emanations of small calibre Smart Alecks, and can refer you to a few passages of Scripture they have committed to memory for "special use," while as ignorant as any other braying ass of the great body of God's Goss, and your "Uncle" will guaran-

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tee you full satisfaction, unless you are really more swinishly inclined than the average hog.

"I would respectfully commend to those ministers who go about over our country with chips on their shoulders, perpetually challenging and accepting challenges to debate, and who remind one of what the Irishman said of his captious wife, 'she's never in a good humor only when she's mad,' that they re-read their commission and see if it says: "go debate with other disciples," or "go quarrel or dispute with thy brother," and if they can't find it, leave off these abominable practices."

Both fall and winter up to the present date have been exceptionally fine for all purposes. The range is not overstocked as in the two preceding years. There is plenty of grass, water and feed all over Randall county, and stock generally, except perhaps, a few walking carcasses with the foretorn look of orphans that range the streets of town, are in good condition. There should be no losses among stock in this county this winter no matter how tough it may be from this on.

We wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and hope to contribute to your prosperity during the year 1905 by supplying your lumber requirements.

CANYON LBR. CO.

CITY MEAT MARKET.

Beef by hind quarter, 6 cents
" " fore " 4 cents
Beef, yearling or calf
hind quarter 7 cents
fore quarter 5 cents
Pork, half or whole hog 7 cts.
Delivered at your house.
Fresh Lard, cans at 14 cts
Fresh Lard, 50 lbs or over at 12½c

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

The Methodist revival meeting that was to be this week, you might say, was "snowed under." Presiding Elder Sherman came in Monday but left for home Wednesday. As Bro. Stephens put it, this Thursday, the meeting had adjourned "subject to call." Rev. J. A. Wallace will preach Sunday morning owing to absence of Bro. Stephens.

Walter R. Brandon of this office is not going to leave just now—he still has charge of our Job department and will be pleased to attend to your wants in this line.

Subscribe for the News.

STOCK SHIPMENTS.

From this point to Kansas City and other markets, as follows:

SATURDAY

J. B. Shannon..... 4 cars
David Tudor..... 4 cars
—This about closes the cattle shipments for this season. The run to date, beginning in the fall has been 975 cars.

Panhandle Cotton.

O. B. Burnett, living near Memphis, made a fine record on his cotton this year. On 83 acres, without fertilizers, he made 73 bales, for which he received 10c per lb. The land was worth before planting \$6 per acre. The cost of picking was 3c per pound, netting 7c per pound. Averaging the bales at 450 pounds, Mr. Burnett cleared \$2,229.50 on his investment. This was in a section of the state heretofore considered useless for any other purpose than cattle raising.—Memphis Herald.

We learn that Joe Frazier, one of the most experienced cattlemen and ranch managers of this section, has been secured as resident manager of the XIT. Mr. Frazier has had wide experience as a cowman, and possesses, in a marked degree, those executive qualities which are so necessary in the management of large affairs. His selection for the position meets with general satisfaction.—Channing Courier.

NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Randall;

By virtue of an execution, issued out of the Honorable Justice Court of Prec. No. 1 Randall Co. on 11 day of January, A. D. 1905, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of J. A. Wansley & Co., a firm composed of J. A. Wansley and J. E. Wansley versus P. C. Davidson No. 172, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in February A. D. 1905, it being the Seventh day of said month, before the Court House door of said Randall county, in the city of Canyon the following described property, to wit:

An undivided ½ interest to W ¼ of Abs. 1390, Cer. 15-3573, Survey 68, Randall county, Texas, levied on as the property of P. C. Davidson to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$45.00 in favor of J. A. Wansley & Co., a firm composed of J. A. Wansley and J. E. Wansley and costs of suit.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January A. D. 1905.

M. F. SLOVER, Sheriff.

Local.

A three inch snow on Monday night.

Mrs. R. W. Foster spent the holidays with relatives at Ben Franklin, returning home last week.

C. R. Burrow made a business trip to Amarillo Friday, returning next day.

James King returned to Bluffdale last week expecting to return here about March 1st.

Dick Sanford spent Christmas times at the old home in Burnet county.

Major Gordon carried away with him samples of the brick dirt. Canyon City will get an up-to-date brickyard yet.

Scott & Roland finished the Burch Campbell residence Friday and returned to town.

W. B. Walters has moved from the east part of town to the West end.

Mrs. Bell and her sister from Hereford have been visiting Mrs. Jordan this week.

Mr. Miers and wife have moved into the house formerly occupied by grandpa Jones.

Don't forget the lecture at the Court House next Thursday night at 8 o'clock, by Judge Wm. G. Ewing, of Chicago.

Prof. John Rogers of Ceta is in town the guest of John Rowan. He is taking lessons in telegraphy at the depot.

Geo. Chesser is now working in the J. R. Harter shop.

L. T. Lester left Saturday for Tulia, Lockney and other points south to be absent several days.

If it's candy you want see Wilson or the best kind. 19 tf

Mrs. M. C. Reeves has returned home after a prolonged visit to her daughter in Mexico.

H. C. Williams, formerly of the free state of Van Zandt, will open up a barber shop in the Crawford building this week. Mr. Williams is a brother-in-law of our grocerman E. E. Lee.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

The Sowder case was tried de novo last week by the same court and resulted in a judgment for the defendants.

Last Friday at Hereford, fire destroyed the residence owned by D. F. Ellis, and occupied by the Pecos Valley station agent.

Congressman Stephens has introduced his bill providing for a government park on the Paloduro, as asked for in the petition gotten up at our last reunion, and expresses himself as being sanguine of its success.

R. W. (Will) Foster has improved his premises recently in the way of buggy house, sheds and stall room so that the north and west ends of his quarter block have the appearance of a wagon yard.

Our efficient and enterprising Public School Supt., A. Ernsberger, has had made at his own expense two half-tone cuts of the school building. The larger one appears in this issue of The News, the other being reserved for stationery pertaining to the school.

W. H. Waller was a welcome visitor Saturday, paying The News two dollars on subscription, one for himself and one for his mother, at Ben Franklin,—all in advance too. "Big risk this, on a Panhandle paper," some would say—it may "peter out" before twelve months. But The News has said it is here to stay, and our friend Waller is one of the men who believe it, and his faith in this direction is well founded.

The Place To Buy the best Coal



The Genuine Maitland,

The Genuine McAlester,

Rugby, "Niggerhead" and

Piedmont Smithing Coal.

Now is the time to get your winter's supply of coal while the weather is good. Why not now? Our prices are right.

Our stock of Corn, Oats, Bran, Corn chops and Hay is fresh and good.

Don't forget that our stock of Shelf Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Implements, Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Saddles, Windmills, Piping, Casing, Cylinders, all kinds of Water Supplies, Wire and Nails is second to none on the Plains in point of quality, cheapness and quantity.



Give us a chance to save you money on such articles.

We pay the highest market price to hides.

CANYON CITY HARDWARE AND GRAIN COMPANY.

The prospects for business in this town for the present good year of 1905 are fine.

Col. Rusk after going through the experience of a relapse is now fairly on the way to complete recovery. It requires something more than one or two doses of "newmony" to get away with a fellow built on the plan of Rusk and no older than he is—angular folks are fearful hard to kill unless first worn out.

C. N. Harrison reports that while up north he made arrangements for several strings of prospective land buyers to visit this section. Of the two that came with him they sold to one of them, Geo. H. Youngman, of Armington, Illinois, the Broyles section S. W. of town at \$1340 bonus.

Mr. Winter, a builder and contractor from Abilene was in Lockney, Monday, and stated that Abilene had completed its \$190,000 bonus for the Amarillo Southern Railroad. He said that Haskell had up a \$40,000 bonus. The work is likely to begin at both ends of the line soon.—Beacon.

Wanted, Calves or Yearlings—200 of them to feed this winter. Plenty of feed, grass and water.

R. E. Foster.

What was once the Hale Center Messenger is now "The Messenger" published at Hagerman, New Mexico, and by the same J. E. Wimberly. Its first issue at Hagerman spells more money in the way of Ads than it ever did at Hale Center. Success to you Bro. Wimberly.

Pat Young and several other citizens have been adding to their barn and shed departments recently. It pays! It pays big all round, for added comfort to stock not only shows the required feeling for our dumb animals but saves a big item of the feed bill.

Wilson carries a nice line of Tablets, Pencils, Pens, Ink, etc. for the School children.

One of the Plainview hotel men was up here last week on a deal for a lease on the Rogerson House. With the right sort of a man in charge—an experienced and practical man—the Hotel Rogerson could be made to pay.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

1905

At the beginning of a New Year, you will find it difficult to remember the above figures, and perhaps all too frequently will be inclined to make use of last year's figures. Even so it is where business relations have been established. Years must change—but relations will exist. We trust that you, one of our customers, will always find it a source of pleasure to address us as often as you are in the market for building material. Equipped as we are with a complete assortment, we feel that we are in a position to meet the demands of our numerous customers.

To our many customers—and to the public in general—we extend our best wishes for a Happy and prosperous New Year.

CANYON LUMBER CO.

Coming to Canyon City.

Frank DeWitt, manager of the Crowds Bros. wholesale grain and hide house, in this city, informed a Herald representative that he had received a letter from the Pecos Valley officials to the effect that they had granted his request for a site on which to locate a branch house at Canyon City, and that he would at once erect a large warehouse at that point, between the depot and the water tank. They will carry a large stock of grain at this Canyon branch, for the accommodation of the town and the freighters and buyers of the several south plains towns, and will pay the highest market price for hides. Inasmuch as they will be located along the line of the railroad, they will be well prepared to take care of the business that will develop and a successful trade is anticipated from the first.—Amarillo Herald.

J. M. Renshaw and wife have returned from Estacado where they have been visiting their daughter Mrs. Wm. Garten.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

For Sale Cheap.

A second-hand two-horse grain crusher in good condition—been used one season. Apply to R. A. Campbell.

Mrs. Umbarger and Mrs. Smart expect to leave this week probably for Amarillo. Their three-room house on the southwest lot is for rent,—apply at this office.

COUNTY COURT.

Mrs. E. C. Long, widow of S. L. Long was appointed guardian of the personal estate of her minor children and bond fixed at \$200.

The case of Crawford & Luna vs The Pecos Valley road et als—for damages, was continued.

The cause of Scott & Roland vs. F. J. Trigg, for breach of contract was continued.

Court adjourned Wednesday.

J. F. Newsome of Ft. Worth, is visiting B. Frank Bule and family this week.

To Our Friends.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of Iron and Wood work at the old Pioneer shop with promptness. We use the best of material and all work guaranteed. Horse Shoeing a specialty. Our best endeavors will be to please.

HARTER & CHESSEY.

GROCERIES AT COST.

Best Grade Cal. Can Goods.

	Per Doz.
Cal. Swiss White Cherries	\$2 00
Cal. Swiss Black Cherries	2 00
Cal. Swiss Muscat Grape	1 50
Cal. Lemon-Gling Peach	1 90
Cal. Plums	1 50
Best Corn	1 00
Best Tomatoes	1 00
Pine Apple	1 20
Pie Apple	.85
Ribbon cane Syrup	.50 per gal.
1 gal. jug Ketchup	.75
1 lb can Baking Powder	.65
30 lbs Cracked Rice	\$1 00
24 lbs Full head Rice	1 00

All Can Goods will go at cost until January 25th.

This sale will continue until January 25th both in dry goods and groceries and no goods will be charged for a longer period of time. Please remember this.

CANYON MER. CO.

Several brick men, two doctors, three real estate men, two lawyers, one dentist and three barbers, are among the folks recently inquiring about Canyon City and vicinity.

Public Lecture.

On Saturday night January 21, inst., Chas. R. Gibson, Editor of the "Texas Odd Fellow" and one of the ablest exponents of the principles of the order in Texas will deliver a public lecture at the Court House in Canyon. Everybody cordially invited. Admission free. By the Committee.

TELEPHONE CO. ORGANIZED.

There was organized here this week the Canyon City Telephone Company, with R. W. O'Keefe president, J. N. Donohoo secretary and L. T. Lester treasurer. A charter has been applied for. The capital stock is put at \$12,000, \$10,000 of which is already taken and subject to call as available funds. The News is informed that another local system will be put in and metallic circuit connections made with other towns. Work is to begin at once.

J. M. Shafer of the Plainview Herald, passed through town last Friday with the corpse of his little grandchild, George Hall, who was killed while with his mother on a visit to relatives at Altus, by being thrown out of a buggy. He was a pretty child and an unusually bright one. His mother, Mrs. Hall, and grandparents are almost prostrated with grief over the untimely loss. Earthly ties are strong to be sure, and in the very nature of things should be, but 'tis written of just such little boys as George—"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

A cordial invitation is extended to everyone to attend the services to be held at the Christian church next Sunday, Jan. 5th and a full attendance of the membership is specially desired.

Misses Jeanette and Wilida Blackburn, of Amarillo, delighted our city with their fair presence during a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Faulkner from Friday morning until Tuesday evening. Their too early departure left certain of the strong sex exclaiming with the poet, "Is all that we see and seem only a dream within a dream?"—so says one who speaks as having authority.

For Sale or Trade—1 Incubator, 1 cook stove, and 2 Sewing Machines. See D. N. Redburn.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good. 19tf

This week C. T. Word is moving his cattle from his Castro and Swisher county ranches to his winter quarters in Potter county. He says all are in fine fix—or, to use his own words, "fat."

The Blazed Trail

(Continued from 1st page)

year the M. & D. transferred its operations to another stream a few miles east.

"They're altogether too confounded anxious to help us on that freight, Wallace," said Thorpe, wrinkling his brow uneasily. "I don't like it. It isn't natural."

Thorpe's Camp One was celebrated in three states. Thorpe had set out to gather around him a band of good woodsmen. Except on a pinch he would employ no others.

"I don't care if I get in only 2,000 feet this winter, and if a boy does that," he answered Shearer's expostulations. "It's got to be a good boy."

The result of his policy began to show even in the second year. Men were a little proud to say that they had put in a winter at "Thorpe's One." Those who had worked there during the first year were loyally enthusiastic. As they were authorities others perforce had to accept the dictum. There grew a desire among the better class to see what "Thorpe's One" might be like. In the autumn Harry had more applicants than he knew what to do with. Eighteen of the old men returned. He took them all, but when it came to distribution three found themselves assigned to one or the other of the new camps. And quietly the rumor gained that these three had shown the least willing spirit during the previous winter.

Tim Shearer was foreman of Camp One. Scotty Parsons was drafted from the veterans to take charge of Two. Thorpe engaged two men known to him as Three and Four, but in selecting the "push" for Five he sought out John Radway and induced him to accept the commission.

"You can do it, John," said he, "and I know it. I want you to try, and if you don't make her go I'll call it nobody's fault but my own."

The result proved his sagacity. Radway was one of the best foremen in the outfit. He got more out of his men, he rose better to emergencies, and he accomplished more with the same resources than any of the others excepting Tim Shearer. As long as the work was done for some one else he was capable and efficient. Only when he was called upon to demand on his own account did the paralyzing shyness affect him.

But the one feature that did more to attract the very best element among woodsmen was Camp One. Old woodsmen will still tell you about it, with a longing-reminiscent glimmer in the corners of their eyes as they recall its glories and the men who worked in it. To have "put in" a winter in Camp One was the mark of a master and the ambition of every raw recruit to the forest.

But Camp One was a privilege. A man entered it only after having proved himself; he remained in it only as long as his efficiency deserved the honor. Its members were invariably recruited from one of the other four camps, never from applicants who had not been in Thorpe's employ.

So Shearer was foreman of a picked crew. Probably no finer body of men was ever gathered at one camp. Some of them had the reputation of being the hardest citizens in three states; others were mild as turtledoves. They were all pioneers. They had the independence, the unabashed eye, the insubordination even, of the man who has drawn his intellectual and moral nourishment at the breast of a wild nature. They were afraid of nothing alive. From no one, were he chore boy or president, would they take a single word, with the exception always of Tim Shearer and Thorpe.

And they were loyal. It was a point of honor with them to stay "until the last dog was hung." He who deserted in the hour of need was not only a renegade, but a fool, for he thus earned a magnificent licking if ever he ran up against a member of the "Fighting Forty." A band of soldiers were they, ready to attempt anything their commander ordered, and, it must be confessed, they were also somewhat on the order of a band of pirates. Marquette thought so each spring after the drive, when, but tilted, they surged, swearing and shouting, down to Denny Hogan's saloon. Denny had to buy new fixtures when they went away, but it was worth it.

Proud! It was no name for it. Boast! The fame of Camp One spread abroad over the land. Some people thought Camp One must be a sort of hellhole of roaring, fighting devils. Others sighed and made rapid calculations of the number of logs they could put in if only they could get hold of help like that.

Thorpe himself, of course, made his headquarters at Camp One. During the five years he had never crossed the strait of Mackinaw. The rupture with his sister had made repugnant to him all the southern country. All winter long he was more than busy at his logging. Summers he spent at the mill. Occasionally he visited Marquette, but always on business.

He was happy because he was too busy to be anything else. The insistent need of success which he had created for himself absorbed all other sentiments. He demanded it of others rigorously. He could do no less than demand it of himself. The chief end of any man, as he saw it, was to do well and successfully what his life found ready.

Success, success, success. Nothing could be of more importance. Its attainment argued a man's efficiency in the scheme of things. Anything that

inclination, affection, desire, love of ease, individual liking—was bad.

Thorpe cared for just three people, and none of them happened to clash with his machine. They were Wallace Carpenter, little Phil and Injun Charley.

Wallace was always personally agreeable to Thorpe. Latterly, since the erection of the mill, he had developed unexpected acumen in the disposal of the season's cut to wholesale dealers in Chicago. Thereafter he was often in the woods both for pleasure and to get his partner's ideas on what the firm would have to offer. The entire responsibility of the city end of the business was in his hands.

Injun Charley continued to hunt and trap in the country round about. Once or twice a month the lumberman would snowshoe down to the little cabin at the forks. Entering, he would nod briefly and seat himself on a cracker box.

"How do, Charley?" said he.

"How do?" replied Charley.

They filled pipes and smoked. At rare intervals one of them made a remark tersely:

"Catch um beaver las' week," remarked Charley.

"Good haul," commented Thorpe.

Or:

"I saw a mink track by the big bowl-der," offered Thorpe.

"It'm" responded Charley in a long drawn falsetto whine.

Yet somehow the men came to know each other better and better, and each felt that in an emergency he could depend on the other to the uttermost in spite of the difference in race.

As for Phillip, he was like some strange, shy animal, retaining all its wild instincts, but led by affection to become domestic. He drew the water, cut the wood—none better. In the evening he played atrociously his violin—none worse—bending his great white brow forward with the wolf glare in his eyes, swaying his shoulders with a fierce delight in the subtle dissonances of the horrible tunes he played. And often he went into the forest and gazed wondering at occult things. Above all he worshiped Thorpe. And in turn the lumberman accorded him a good natured affection.

Financially the company was rated high and yet was heavily in debt. This condition of affairs by no means constitutes an anomaly in the lumbering business.

The profits of the first five years had been immediately reinvested in the business. Thorpe intended to establish in a few years more a big plant which would be returning benefits in proportion not only to the capital originally invested, but also in ratio to the energy, time and genius he had himself expended.

Every autumn the company found itself suddenly in easy circumstances. At any moment that Thorpe had chosen to be content with the progress made he could have, so to speak, declared dividends with his partner. Instead of undertaking more improvements, for part of which he borrowed some money, he could have divided the profits of the season's cut. But this he was not yet ready to do.

He had established five more camps; he had acquired over 150,000,000 more of timber lying contiguous to his own; he had built and equipped a modern high efficiency mill; he had constructed a harbor breakwater and the necessary booms; he had bought a tug; built a boarding house. All this cost money. He wished now to construct a logging railroad. Then he promised himself and Wallace that they would be ready to commence paying operations. He had made all the estimates and even the preliminary survey. He was therefore the more grievously disappointed when Wallace Carpenter made it impossible for him to do so.

It was about the middle of July. He was sitting back idly in the clean painted mill office with the big square desk and the three chairs. Through the door he could see Collins perched on a high stool before the shelf-like desk. From the open window came the clear, musical note of the circular saw, the fresh, aromatic smell of new lumber, the bracing air from Superior sparkling in the offing. He felt tired. In rare moments such as these, when the muscles of his striving relaxed, his mind turned to the past. Old sorrows rose before him and looked at him with their sad eyes. He wondered where his sister was. She would be twenty-two years old now. A tenderness, haunting, tearful, invaded his heart. At such moments the hard shell of his rough woods life seemed to rend apart. He longed with a great longing for sympathy, for love.

The outer door, beyond the cage behind which Collins and his shelf desk were placed, flew open. Thorpe heard a brief greeting, and Wallace Carpenter stood before him.

"Why, Wallace, I didn't know you were coming!" began Thorpe, and stopped. The boy, usually so fresh and happily buoyant, looked ten years older. Wrinkles had gathered between his eyes. "Why, what's the matter?" cried Thorpe.

He rose and swiftly shut the door into the outer office. Wallace seated himself mechanically.

"Everything! Everything!" he said in despair. "I've been a fool. I've been blind."

So bitter was his tone that Thorpe was startled. The lumberman sat down on the other side of the desk.

"That'll do, Wallace," he said sharply. "Tell me briefly what is the matter."

"I've been speculating" burst out the boy.

"Ah," said his partner.

a stamp. I met the margins because I am sure there will be a rally, but now all my fortunes is in the thing. I'm going to be penniless. I'll lose it all."

"Ah!" said Thorpe.

"And the name of Carpenter is so old established, so honorable!" cried the unhappy boy. "And my sister!"

"Easy!" warned Thorpe. "Being penniless isn't the worst thing that can happen to a man."

"No, but I am in debt," went on the boy more calmly. "I have given notes. When they come due I'm a goner."

"How much?" asked Thorpe laconically.

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"Well, you have that amount in this firm."

"What do you mean?"

"If you want it you can have it."

Wallace considered a moment.

"That would leave me without a cent," he replied.

"But it would save your commercial honor."

"Harry," cried Wallace suddenly, "couldn't this firm go on my note for



Wallace Carpenter stood before him. "thirty thousand more? Its credit is good, and that amount would save my margins."

"You are partner," replied Thorpe. "Your signature is as good as mine in this firm."

"But you know I wouldn't do it without your consent," replied Wallace reproachfully. "Oh, Harry!" cried the boy. "When you needed the amount I let you have it!"

Thorpe smiled.

"You know you can have it if it's to be had, Wallace. I wasn't hesitating on that account. I was merely trying to figure out where we can raise such a sum as \$60,000. We haven't got it."

"But you'll never have to pay it," assured Wallace eagerly. "If I can save my margins I'll be all right."

"A man has to figure on paying whatever he puts his signature to," asserted Thorpe. "I can give you our note payable at the end of a year. Then I'll hustle in enough timber to make up the amount. It means we don't get our railroad; that's all."

"I knew you'd help me out. Now it's all right," said Wallace, with a relieved air.

Thorpe shook his head. He was already trying to figure how to increase his cut to 30,000,000 feet.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself after Wallace had gone out to visit the mill. "I've been demanding success of others for a good many years; now I'll demand it of myself."

[To Be Continued]

Get Your Trees From the Hereford Nursery.

Over 100 varieties growing here; 100,000 trees in stock, all of which are Plains' grown. Have had 14 years experience in Texas. Write me for catalogue. Visitors welcome. L. P. LANDRUM, Proprietor, Hereford, Texas.

SOME LAND BARGAINS.

1—An improved section one mile from Ceta, \$2500.

2—640 acres patented land 8 miles S. E. of town, fenced, fine well of water, windmill and tank, \$4 per acre.

—200 acres patented land under fence and on public road 6 miles South of town, 90 per cent tillable, 60 acres already in cultivation, house of 2 rooms, outhouses, two good wells of fine water and over one of them, a 2-inch pump outfit and 12-foot Red Cross Windmill—640 acres adjoining lease goes with it—all for \$1250. If taken at once 60 acres of cane that will make about 100 tons will be included.

Each of above tracts of land is choice—all fit for cultivation—we have others.

THE FIRST NAT'L BANK

(Successor to Stockmens National Bank.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$85,000.00

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We invite you to open an account with us. We guarantee as liberal accommodations as are warranted by the account and prudent banking.

L. G. CONNER,

LAND, LIVE STOCK AND CANYON CITY PROPERTY.

Thousands of acres of fine Grazing and Agricultural lands at from \$1 to \$5 an acre, owing to location and improvements.

Notary Public, Abstracters in office opposite Northeast corner of Square. Inquiry Solicited.



"COMING AND GOING"

During the year 1904, the Pecos Valley Lines and Southern Kansas Railway of Texas have been making Railroad History in the Southwest.

COMING:

We have brought to the Panhandle of Texas and Pecos Valley more than our share of the great army of homeseekers now attracted to this part of the world where there still remains opportunity to acquire cheap and productive lands.

GOING:

We have maintained the record of the "Cattle Trail Route" in handling the one great export of this region. Requests for information should be addressed to

A. L. CONRAD
Traffic Manager.

Amarillo, Texas.

T. H. ROWAN, LIVELY FEED AND SALE STABLE

Bus meets all trains. Best teams and rigs always on hand. DRUMMER'S RIGS A SPECIALTY.

—The Dr. Odell residence: An almost new, and substantial 7 room frame house; desirable location; large lot, fine well and new windmill, garden, outhouses etc. Will sell at much less than real value or exchange for land near town.

3—Seven-room frame house, east front, good outhouses, fine well water. A very desirable location.

5—Two 2-room residences, close in at low prices.

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D. M. STEWART,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office with Thompson Drug Co.
Calls promptly answered night or day

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LAWYER.
Office—Canyon City News Building.

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



Home and Farm, one of the best agricultural papers in the world and the Canyon City News one year for \$1.35.

The St. Louis Republic and Canyon City News both one year for \$1.80.