

# Canyon City News.

VOL VIII. CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1905. NO. 47.

## NO COST SALE MOONSHINE!

## WE MEET ALL PRICES FOR CASH!!

### And Will Not Be Undersold!!!

Good Patent Soft Wheat Flour per cwt. . . . \$2.80	Sample PRICES Changed EVERY WEEK.	25-lb Box Prunes for 35 lbs Rice for	\$1.25 \$1.00
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We mean what we say--we will not be undersold--one trial is all we ask.  
**THOMAS & ORR.** Canyon City, Texas.

## The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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### CHAPTER XXVI.

IN the meantime the main body of the crew under Thorpe and his foremen were briskly tumbling the logs into the current. The men had continually to keep alert, for at any moment they were called upon to exercise their best judgment and quickness to keep from being carried downward with the rush of the logs. Not infrequently a frowning sheer wall of forty feet would hesitate on the brink of plunge. Then Shearer himself proved his right to the title of river man.

Shearer wore calks nearly an inch in length. He had been known to ride ten miles without shifting his feet on a log so small that he could carry it without difficulty. For cool nerve he was unexcelled.

"I don't need you boys here any longer," he said quietly.

When the men had all withdrawn he walked confidently under the front of the rollway, glancing with practiced eye at the perpendicular wall of logs over him. Then as a man pries jackstraws he clamped his peavey and tugged sharply. At once the rollway fattened and toppled. A mighty splash, a puff of flying foam and crushing timbers, and the spot on which the river man had stood was buried beneath twenty feet of solid green wood. To Thorpe it seemed that Shearer must have been overwhelmed, but the river man always mysteriously appeared at one side or the other, nonchalant, urging the men to work before the logs should have ceased to move. History stated that Shearer had never lost a man on the river simply and solely because he invariably took the dangerous tasks upon himself.

In three days the rollways were broken. Now it became necessary to start the rear.

For this purpose Billy Camp, the cook, had loaded his cook stove, a quantity of provisions and a supply of bedding aboard a scow. At either end were long sweeps to direct its course. The craft was perhaps forty feet long, but rather narrow, in order that it might pass easily through the shoot of a dam. It was called the "wanigan."

The huge, unwieldy craft from that moment was to become possessed of the devil. Down the white water of rapids it would bump, smashing obstinately against bowlders, against the branches of the stream side it would scrape, in the broad reaches it would sulk, refusing to proceed, and when expediency demanded its pause it would drag Billy Camp and his entire crew at the rope's end, while they tried vainly to snub it against successively uprooted trees and stumps. When at last the wanigan was moored fast for the night—usually a mile or so below the spot planned—Billy Camp pushed back his battered old brown derby hat, the badge of his office, with a sigh of relief. To be sure, he and his men had still to cut wood, construct cooking and camp fires, pitch tents, snip browse and prepare supper for seventy men, but the hard work of the day was over.

Along either bank, among the bushes, on sand bars and in trees, hundreds and hundreds of logs had been strand-

ed when the main drive passed. These logs the rear crew were engaged in restoring to the current.

And, as a man had to be able to ride any kind of log in any water, to propel that log by jumping on it, by rolling it squirrel fashion with the feet, by punting it as one would a canoe, to be skillful in pushing, prying and poling other logs from the quarter deck of the same cranky craft; as he must be prepared at any and all times to jump waist deep into the river, to work ice water hours at a stretch; as he was called upon to break the most dangerous jams on the river, representing, as they did, the accumulation which the jam crew had left behind them, it was naturally considered the height of glory to belong to the rear crew. Here were the best of the Fighting Forty; men with a reputation as "white water birlers," men afraid of nothing.

Every morning the crews were divided into two sections under Kerlie and Jack Hyland. Each crew had charge of one side of the river. Scotty Parsons exercised a general supervisory eye over both crews. Shearer and Thorpe traveled back and forth the length of the drive, riding the logs down stream, but taking to a partly submerged pole trail when ascending the current. On the surface of the river in the clear water floated two long, graceful boats called bateaux. These were in charge of expert boatmen. They carried in racks a great supply of pike poles, peaveys, axes, rope and dynamite for use in various emergencies.

Intense rivalry existed as to which crew "sacked" the farthest down the stream in the course of the day. There was no need to urge the men. Some stood upon the logs, pushing mightily with the long pike poles. From one end of the rear to the other shouts, calls, warnings and jokes flew back and forth. Once or twice a vast roar of Homeric laughter went up as some unfortunate slipped and soured into the water. When the current slackened and the logs hesitated in their run the entire crew hastened, bobbing from log to log, down river to see about it. Then they broke the jam, standing surely on the edge of the great darkness, while the ice water sucked in and out of their shoes.

Behind the rear Big Junko poled his bateau backward and forward exploding dynamite. Many of the bottom tiers of logs in the rollways had been frozen down, and Big Junko had to loosen them from the bed of the stream. He was a big man, this, as his nickname indicated, built of many awkwardnesses. His cheek bones were high, his nose flat, his lips thick and slabby. He sported a wide, ferocious straggling mustache and long eyebrows, under which gleamed little fierce eyes. His forehead sloped back like a beast's, but was always hidden by a disreputable felt hat. Big Junko did not know much and had the passions of a wild animal, but he was a reckless river man and devoted to Thorpe. Just now he exploded dynamite.

The sticks of powder were piled amidships. Big Junko crouched over them, inserting the fuses and caps, closing the openings with soap, finally

lighting them and dropping them into the water alongside, where they immediately sank. Then a few strokes of a short paddle took him barely out of danger. He huddled down in his craft, waiting. One, two, three seconds passed. Then a hollow boom shook the stream. A cloud of water sprang up, strangely beautiful. After a moment the great brown logs rose suddenly to the surface from below, one after the other, like leviathans of the deep.

Thorpe and Tim Shearer nearly always slept in a dog tent at the rear, though occasionally they passed the night at Dam Two, where Bryan Moloney and his crew were already engaged in sluicing the logs through the shoot.

The affair was simple enough. Long booms arranged in the form of an open V guided the drive to the sluice gate, through which a smooth apron of water rushed to turmoil in an eddying pool below. Two men tramped steadily backward and forward on the booms, urging the logs forward by means of long pike poles to where the suction could seize them. Below the dam the push of the sluice water forced them several miles down stream, where the rest of Bryan Moloney's crew took them in charge.

Thus through the wide gate nearly three-quarters of a million feet an hour could be run, and at length the last of the logs drifted into the wide dam pool. The rear had arrived at Dam Two, and Thorpe congratulated himself that one stage of his journey had been completed.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE rear had been tenting at the dam for two days and was about ready to break camp when Jimmy Powers swung across the trail to tell them of the big jam.

Ten miles along the river bed the stream dropped over a little half falls into a narrow, rocky gorge. It was always an anxious spot for river drivers. The plunging of the logs head on over the fall had so gouged out the soft rock below that an eddy of great power had formed in the basin. Here, in spite of all efforts, the jam had formed. The bed was completely filled, far above the level of the falls, by a tangle that defied the jam crew's best efforts.

The rear it once took the trail down the river. Thorpe and Shearer and Scotty Parsons looked over the ground.

Without delay the entire crew was set to work. Nearly a hundred men can pick a great many logs in the course of a day. Several times the jam started, but always "plugged" before the motion had become irresistible.

"We'll have to shoot," Shearer reluctantly decided.

The men were withdrawn. Scotty Parsons cut a sapling twelve feet long and trimmed it. Big Junko thawed his dynamite at a little fire, opening the ends of the packages in order that the steam generated might escape. When the powder was warm, Scotty bound twenty of the cartridges around the end of the sapling, adjusted a fuse in one of them and soaped the opening to exclude water. Then Big Junko thrust the long javelin down into the depths of the jam, leaving a thin stream of smoke behind him as he turned away, zigzagging awkwardly over the jam, the long, ridiculous tails of his brown outaway coat flopping behind him as he leaped. A scant moment later the hoarse dynamite shouted.

Great chunks of timber shot to an inconceivable height. Entire logs lifted bodily into the air with the motion of a fish jumping. A fountain of water gleamed against the sun and showered down in fine rain. The jam shrugged and settled. That was all. The "shot" had failed.

The men ran forward, examining curiously the great hole in the log formation.

"We'll have to flood her," said Thorpe. So all the gates of the dam were raised, and the torrent tried its hand. It had no effect. Evidently the affair was not one of violence, but of patience. The crew went doggedly to work.

Day after day the clank, clank, clink of the peaveys sounded with the regularity of machinery. It was cruel, hard work. A man who has lifted his utmost strength into a peavey knows that. Any but the Fighting Forty would have grumbled.

Collins, the bookkeeper, came up to view the tangle. Later a photographer from Marquette took some views, and by the end of the week a number of curiosity seekers were driving over every day to see the big jam. A certain Chicago Journalist in search of balsam



Threw his battered old felt hat defiantly.

health of lungs even sent to his paper a little item. This unexpectedly brought Wallace Carpenter to the spot. The place was an amphitheater for such as chose to be spectators. They could stand or sit on the summit of the gorge cliffs, overlooking the river, the fall and the jam.

At last Shearer became angry.

"We've been monkeying long enough," said he. "Next time we'll leave a center that will go out. We'll shut the dams down tight and dry pick out two wings that'll start her."

The dams were first run at full speed and then shut down. Hardly a drop of water flowed in the bed of the stream. The crews set laboriously to work to pull and roll the logs out in such flat fashion that a head of water should send them out.

This was even harder work than the other, for they had not the floating power of water to help them in the lifting. As usual, part of the men worked below, part above.

Jimmy Powers, curly haired, laughing faced, was irrepressible. He badgered the others until they threw bark at him and menaced him with their peaveys. Always he had at his tongue's end the proper quip for the occasion, so that in the long run the work was lightened by him. When the men stopped to think at all they thought of Jimmy Powers with very kindly hearts, for it was known that he had had more trouble than most and that coin was not made too small for him to divide with a needy comrade.

Thorpe approved thoroughly of Jimmy Powers. He thought him a good

influence. He told Wallace so, standing among the spectators on the cliff top.

"He is all right," said Thorpe. "I wish I had more like him. The others are good boys too."

Five men were at the moment tugging futilely at a reluctant timber. They were attempting to roll one end of it over the side of another projecting log, but were continually foiled, because the other end was jammed fast. Each bent his knees, inserting his shoulders under the projecting peavey stock, to straighten in a mighty effort.

It was a fine spring day, clear eyed and crisp, with a hint of new foliage in the thick buds of the trees. The air was so polluted that one distinguished without difficulty the straight entrance to the gorge a mile away, and even the West Bend, fully five miles distant.

Jimmy Powers took off his cap and wiped his forehead.

"You boys," he remarked politely, "think you are boring with a mighty big auger."

"My God!" screamed one of the spectators on top of the cliff.

At the same instant Wallace Carpenter seized his friend's arm and pointed.

Down the bed of the stream from the upper bend rushed a solid wall of water several feet high. It flung itself forward with the headlong impetus of a cascade. Even in the short interval between the visitor's exclamation and Carpenter's rapid gesture it had loomed in sight, twisted a dozen trees from the river bank and foamed into the entrance of the gorge. An instant later it collided with the tail of the jam.

Even in the railroad rush of those few moments several things happened. Thorpe leaped for a rope. The crew working on top of the dam ducked instinctively to right and left and began to scramble toward safety. The men below, at first bewildered and not comprehending, finally understood and ran toward the face of the jam with the intention of clambering up it. There could be no escape in the narrow canyon below, the walls of which rose sheer.

Then the flood hit square. A great sheet of water rose like surf from the tail of the jam; a mighty catract poured down over its surface, lifting the free logs, from either wing timbers crunched, split, rose suddenly into wracked prominence, twisted beyond the semblance of themselves. Here and there single logs were even projected bodily upward, as an apple seed is shot from between the thumb and forefinger. Then the jam moved.

Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Red Jacket and the forty or fifty men had reached the shore. By the wriggling activity which is a river man's alone they succeeded in pulling themselves beyond the snap of death's jaws. It was a narrow thing for most of them and a miracle for some.

Jimmy Powers, Archie Harris, Long Pine Jim, Big Nolan and Mike Moloney; the brother of Bryan, were in worse case. They were, as has been said, engaged in "fattening" part of the jam about eight or ten rods below the face of it. When they finally understood that the affair was one of escape, they ran toward the jam, hoping to climb out. Then the crash came. They heard the roar of the waters, the wrecking of the timbers; they saw the logs lunge outward in anticipation of the break. Immediately they turned and fled, they knew not where.

All but Jimmy Powers. He stopped short in his tracks and threw his battered old felt hat defiantly full into the face of the destruction hanging over him. Then his bright hair blowing in the wind of death, he turned to the spectators standing helpless and paralyzed forty feet above him.

It was an instant's impression—the arrested motion seen in the flash of lightning—and yet to the onlookers it

(Continued on 4th page.)



By GEO. A. BRANDON,

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SUBSCRIPTION.

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

**STOCKRAISING,  
PAST--PRESENT.**

In the eighties and early nineties and prior thereto, stock-raising in Texas, southwest, west and northwest of the State Capitol was a problem far different from what it is today. Then, stock roamed at will over vast areas of territory covered with the native nutritious grasses in their primitive perfect state—all free to the stockman. In those days, Texas, or a vast portion of it was indeed "turned loose" and the more stock you possessed the less it cost you to graze them. The rule then was as in the time of Abraham and Lot—the stockmen divided up the country as though they were owners of it in fee simple and none dare say them nay. As recent as '79, The News man remembers a meeting at Coleman City in which the Wileys, Coggines, Fountains, Days, Matthews, Duns, Marcoses Pullens, Coates, Connells, and some others, divided up among themselves all of Texas west of them, extending south to the breaks of the Devils River country and north beyond where Abilene is now. What a picnic the cowman, horseman and hogman had in those days; most of them, including the writer, thought it would last forever and acting accordingly failed to make "hay while the sun shined." Any kind or breed of stock did then. What if they were worth nothing?—they cost less—rounding up some in the spring, and a little salt, that's about all. The longhorn, broncho and razor-back happily fit the conditions then—feed was free—but now how different.

Under the old order of things, now passed away forever in so far as West Texas is concerned, the native stock fit in very well; they were used to roughing it and were as much a natural growth of forest, mountain and plain as were the deer, antelope and bear, and cost their owners very little, if any more. They, the longhorn, the mustang and the rooper, were just the very thing for the free grass era, but they won't answer for now.

But, the question is even now asked by some why is there no money in the native, (called scrub now) under present conditions? The answer is clearly expressed in the following words—because we have to pay for what they eat. What under the old regime was once free—the grass—we now have to buy, and it don't pay to feed the scrub as compared to the improved breeds. The ordinary Texas range cattle and horses, the scrubs if you please, are strictly grass animals; made so by natural conditions and it don't begin to pay to monkey with them when grass land passes the dollar mark. And, when it comes to putting the scrub at the trough alongside of a well-bred animal of the same species, he may eat as much, but will weigh less and sell far under in the markets. Experience has proven this beyond doubt and the wonder is that so many people, in other matters

**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.**

STRINGFELLOW-HUME HDW. CO.

of good business sense, think otherwise today.

The logic of the case, is then, that with the passing of "free grass" and also we might say cheap grass, that the scrub must also go. And with these changed conditions will come the stockfarm.

No portion of Texas offers better opportunities for stock-farming than does the Plains. There is money in it, as much so as in Kentucky, Illinois or Indiana, and more, the present price of lands considered, and in future issues The News proposes to show that this is gospel truth.

We send, of this issue of The News, a few sample copies to a few old settlers whom we think should subscribe. We know the paper is "small potatoes" in size and likely in some other particulars, but it's strictly a Randall county institution and can be much better with the aid of all Randall county citizens—those who are interested in building up the county and our town are especially solicited to aid The News by subscribing for it.

**Amarillo Land Men Organize.**

We see from the Amarillo Herald that the real estate men of that town have gotten together for their own as well as the public benefit, and have organized as the Amarillo Real Estate & Livestock Association. To quote the language of the Herald, "property can be listed with but one member of the Association, but all the rest will assist in its sale giving a promptitude of sales never before attained."

The plan is a good one, look at it as you may, either as a property owner, real estate agent or would-be purchaser. The real estate men of this place saw it that way and organized on the same basis as Amarillo has done in the early part of last year. And if, as the Amarillo declaration goes, the prime object be the "exploitation of the Panhandle in general" why not go one step further and co-operate with associations of neighbor towns?

If only the real estate men of the Plains towns would act together, and local associations are the first correct steps in that direction, it would not be long before this country, the best part of the best State in the Union, would come to the front as its merits deserve.

Our representative, W. B. Ware, is the author of a bill providing that in counties where the population is under 400 the County Judge may, at

his own sweet pleasure, move a misdemeanor case to any other county of the district. This would indeed furnish a County Judge a beautiful chance to unload and at the same time be of particular advantage to lawyers in the favored counties, but how about the poor defendant and all the witnesses?

Owing to the low price of cotton there is a proposition on foot in this county to reduce the production for the coming season at least one-half. If every other county in the State would do as well The News will guarantee the price of cotton this fall to reach fifteen cents.

The largest diamond ever discovered is said to have been taken out of the ground near Pretoria, in the Transvaal a short time ago. Its weight is given at over 3,000 karats and its value is placed at four millions.

**League Program.**

- For Sunday, Feb. 5.
- Subject—"With Jesus in the City—the preacher."
- Leader—Minnie West.
- Song.
- Prayer.
- Scripture lesson, by the leader.
- Song.
- Teaching is necessary to effective preaching.—Three minutes talk by A. S. Rollins.
- The miracles and the message.
- Paper by Miss Jennie Thompson.
- Duett—Mrs. Jessie Coffee and Miss Minnie West.
- A chain of sentence prayers.
- Words of Jesus to Nicodemus are universal.—Paper by Miss Maud Brandon.
- Song.
- As League leaders and Sunday school teachers, in what sense do we preach?—General discussion.
- Song.
- Benediction.
- Minnie West, first Vice-Pres.

**News Roll of Honor.**

Under this heading will be found the amounts received on subscription to the News during the past week, and names of the parties paying. This will serve as a receipt to those of our subscribers forwarding money by mail.

- J L Wilson.....\$1 00
- J A Page.....1 00
- Miss Cora Reynolds......50
- H W Key......25
- G W West.....1 00

Trees add wonderfully to the value of a place and especially so in this the case in a prairie country—now is a good time to plant a few about your home.

H. C. Williams

**NEW BARBER SHOP**  
SHAVE, HAIR TRIM AND SHAMPOOING.

Razors and Scissors always Sharp Represent Fort Worth Acme Laundry. Give me a part of your patronage. In Crawford building south side street.

**FARM LANDS**  
ALONG  
**"THE DENVER ROAD"**  
IN  
**NORTHWEST TEXAS**  
(THE PANHANDLE)

Are advancing in value at rate of 20 per cent. per annum.

**DO YOU KNOW OF ANY EQUAL INVESTMENT?**

As our assistance may be of great value toward securing what you need or wish, as regards either Agricultural Properties or Business Opportunities; and will cost nothing, why not use us? Drop us a postal.

A. A. GLISSON, GEN'L. PASSGR. AGENT  
FORT WORTH TEXAS.

**When to go Home.**

From the Bluffton, Ind., Banner: "When tired out, go home. When you want consolation, go home. When you want fun, go home. When you want to show others that you have reformed, go home and let your family get acquainted with the fact. When you want to show yourself at your best go home and do the act there. When you feel like being extra liberal go home and practice on your wife and children first. When you want to shine with extra brilliancy go home and light up the whole household." To which we would add, when you have a bad cold, go home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and a quick cure is certain. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. For sale by S. V. Wirt, druggist.

J. P. Burch returned Thursday from Kansas City where he went to market a bunch of steers which he had been feeding at home. They were in fine shape and sold readily on the market at \$3.90 per hundred. Mr. Burch is greatly encouraged over his success at finishing for the market and will continue the good work along this line.—Hereford Brand.

**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 12 1/2 c

A large soap manufacturer in a western town on being asked recently why he did newspaper advertising altogether and didn't use sign boards, etc, replied that in his experience he had found the person who does not read a newspaper doesn't use any soap.—Ex.

A government "expert" says the only way to solve the boll weevil question is to starve them, and to do this the farmers should not plant any cotton at all for five years. The only fault we have to find with the plan is that the "expert" fails to state who is to feed the farmers and the rest of us dependent upon them while the experiment is in progress.—Ex.

The Dallas Semi-weekly News and this paper one year for \$1.50.



## Local.

321 polls were paid up to the first. See changes in Thomas & Orr Ad this week.

Lots doing but The News doesn't seem to find it out.

Witherspoon & Gough.

T. H. Rowan and wife spent Saturday and a portion of Sunday in Amarillo.

Sheriff Slover was at Amarillo Saturday night trying to catch up with some poor unfortunates wanted by the State.

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

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

R. E. Foster.

Another new trial in the "Sowder case"—set for Monday.

### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Robt. Reid of Silverton, and Jacob Hoffman, of the Hoffman neighborhood, entered our High School recently.

T. F. Reid moved into town last week.

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

Mrs. G. C. Long left last week to join her husband at Mineral Wells. They expect to return home together in about a month.

Tuesday the merchandise stock of R. G. Oldham & Co., was moved to and merged into the Canyon Mercantile Co. stock, leaving the Wansley building vacant.

### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Acres and acres of Plains land being turned over these times—with the plow.

Several "bad colds" in town but no real sickness aside from two chronic cases of lung troubles, that this paper knows of.

Nobody at the Court House these days seems to have anything to do except the Collector.

Witherspoon & Gough.

Rich Redfean returned Friday from his visit to relatives in South Carolina.

The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good. 19tf  
Mrs. S. V. Wirt and little boy went up to Amarillo Saturday on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Patton, but returned on finding out that some of her sister's children had the scarlet fever.

From Monday morning until Thursday evening of last week over sixty inland freight outfits with an average of about 6,000 pounds each, loaded at and went South from this town.

Several houses for rent or sale. B. Frank Buie.

J. H. Whitworth left Wednesday evening for Lampasas, having accepted a position tendered him by the hardware firm of Fox & Mills, at that place. Whitworth is a useful man and badly wanted at his old home, Lampasas, and it looks like he could secure employment closer by his new home in Randall county.

C. H. White and Skinner Crawford, of Tulsa, spent all day Saturday in Amarillo arranging for the bringing in of a string of prospectors from the North to purchase Swisher county lands. Excursions were secured for Feb. 7th and 21st, and on Sunday Mr. White left for northern fields to round 'em in. Coming to and returning by Canyon City may be of some advantage to us.

Beginning with the first issue in this month, The News thought, that—that—but shucks!—!!—!!!

## 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 for hides.



## CANYON CITY HARDWARE AND GRAIN COMPANY.

### Board Trade Notice.

Monday night, Feb. 6, at 7:30 p. m. at the Court House there will be a meeting of the Board of Trade. Come out!

Geo. A. Brandon, Pres.

### The Weather.

Monday and Tuesday we had an east wind with drizzly, damp, piercing weather, a very unusual thing for the plains—so the old settlers say. It was ideal weather for pneumonia and colds and suggested Chamberlain's cough medicine and doctors—no charge for this.

Wednesday, the wind veered round to its natural direction for this time of year,—the north—and coming, accompanied with sleet and snow, it perhaps, reminded us of those sheds we were going to build to protect "old pipe," now to be observed seeking the warmth afforded by the south side of a wire fence.

Thursday, ground covered with snow and still coming. Not so cold as yesterday—wind "sorter" layed.

Sunday, Judge Randolph and L. G. Wilson of Plainview, returned from a trip to the State Capitol. Judge Randolph especially had been there in the interest of the Ware bill creating a new judicial district for the South Plains. He says there is practically no opposition to it and that the only one at Austin who said nay to the bill in its present form was John P. Slaton of Hereford, who desired to "butt in" with Deaf Smith county.

### 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.

Plenty of mountain cedar posts at Burton-Lingo Co.

### 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.

## THE RAILROAD IS COMING!

And so is our new stock of all kinds of Building Material. No one CAN undersell us and no one SHALL do it.

## CANYON LUMBER CO.

CANYON CITY, TEXAS.

### Water Works.

Thos. R. Reagan is putting in a water works system this week for the protection of the business portion of Hereford. A large tank and windmill will be erected at the Hereford Sheet Metal Works and a three-inch water way will be put in along main street with a two-inch hose for each place of business.

This will be a source of great convenience in furnishing water for domestic purposes as well as a great protection against the loss of property by fire and the business men are readily taking up the proposition.—Hereford Brand.

Something of this kind ought to be done here. The east portion of town is, to some extent, provided for from the Rogerson well, but around the square we are frequently without as much as a drink. There is hardly a business house but what would gladly pay a reasonable price for tapping the main.

Regular water works are of course best, and will no doubt come in time, but private enterprises of this character give some relief and are generally good paying propositions for the owners.

It has been said that "all things come to them who wait," but The News doesn't stand by that doctrine—it believes in reaching out for some of them.

Jack Pipkin and George Jones and their families shipped their household goods and left Wednesday evening for Marietta, I. T., where they will engage in farming. The News is sorry to see these good people leave Canyon City, but wishes them well in their new home.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

In the lower grades at school, there is nothing of as much importance as the reading and spelling lessons. The work done in the first two or three years of a child's reading has much to do with the rest of his school life. If the pupil is properly started, half the battle is won. One of the great needs is, not more advanced reading, not rapid promotions, but more reading, suitable to the ability of the pupil. For a primary pupil, one reader to the grade is not enough, because he becomes acquainted with the subject by means of the picture and position of the words on the page, before he has the ability to call the words, if differently arranged, or if in different type. Farther, the subject matter gets old, and the pupil loses interest by going over the same lessons too often. Hence, the need of more reading matter.

Some think, if a pupil drags through a reader once, he must have a higher book. No greater mistake could be made. The child must be able to read with ease and emphasis, before he is ready for a more difficult book. It is not uncommon to find pupils trying to read in the third reader, not able to read well in the second. A poor third reader pupil would learn much more in a second reader in one month than in a third reader in two months, besides making a better reader.

In the primary grades, a pupil makes much better progress in reading by learning the spelling connected with the reading lesson. With but few exceptions, good spellers make good read-

ers, and poor spellers make poor readers. This being the case, when we speak of teaching primary reading, we mean reading and spelling.

Sometimes pupils are kept in a grade too long, but this is rare. I have known pupils to get into the third reader in four months, and the same pupils be in the fourth reader two or three years, and then be poor readers.

What we need is not promotion to higher readers, but more supplementary work. More reading, more spelling, more thorough preparation for the higher grade. Then the pupil will be able to master the grade in which he is placed.

A. Ernsberger, Supt.—

### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

J. A. Gaut of Colorado Springs, Colo., was arrested by the sheriff of Randall county Tuesday, under an indictment found by the last grand jury charging him with swindling. The transaction grew out of Gaut drawing a check upon a bank at Colorado Springs in which it is alleged said Gaut had no funds. Mr. Gaut claims there is nothing in it. He gave bond for his appearance at court in the sum of \$200.

### LINGERING COLD

Withstood Other Treatment But Quickly Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"Last winter I caught a very severe cold which lingered for weeks," says J. Urquhart, of Zephyr, Ontario. "My cough was very dry and harsh. The local dealer recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and guaranteed it, so I gave it a trial. One small bottle of it cured me. I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have ever used." This remedy is for sale by S. V. Wirt, druggist.

Witherspoon & Gough.

Geo. W. Eagle resigned his position as salesman for B. Barnard this week to accept the management of the pumping stations at Hereford and Canyon City. Mr. Eagle is an engineer of old and is perfectly at home in his new work.—Hereford Brand.

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



## "The Blazed Trail"

[Continued from 1st page]

had somehow the quality of time. For perceptible duration it seemed to them they stared at the contrast between the raging hell above and the yet peaceable river below.

Yet afterward, when they attempted to recall definitely the impression, they knew it could have lasted but a fraction of a second.

"So long, boys!" they heard Jimmy Powers' voice. Then the rope Thorpe had thrown fell across a cañon of tortured waters and of tossing logs.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

**D**URING perhaps ten seconds the survivors watched the end of Thorpe's rope trailing in the flood. Then the young man with a deep sigh began to pull it toward him.

At once a hundred surmises, questions, ejaculations, broke out.

"What happened?" cried Wallace Carpenter.

"What was that man's name?" asked the Chicago journalist, with the eager instinct of his profession.

"This is terrible, terrible, terrible!" a white haired physician from Marquette kept repeating over and over.

A half dozen ran toward the point of the cliff to peer down stream, as though they could hope to distinguish anything in that waste of flood water.

"The dam's gone out," replied Thorpe. "I don't understand it. Everything was in good shape as far as I could see. It didn't act like an ordinary break. The water came too fast. Why it was as dry as a bone until just as that wave came along. An ordinary break would have eaten through little by little before it burst, and Davis should have been able to stop it. This came all at once, as if the dam had disappeared. I don't see."

His mind of the professional had already begun to query causes.

"How about the men?" asked Wallace. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"You can head a hunt down the river," answered Thorpe. "I think it is useless until the water goes down. Poor Jimmy! He was one of the best men I had. I wouldn't have had this happen."

The horror of the scene was at last beginning to filter through numbness into Wallace Carpenter's impressionable imagination.

"No, no!" he cried vehemently. "There is something criminal about it to me! I'd rather lose every log in the river!"

Thorpe looked at him curiously. "It is one of the chances of war," said he.

"I'd better divide the crew and take in both banks of the river," suggested Wallace.

"See if you can't get volunteers from this crowd," suggested Thorpe. "I can let you have two men to show you trails. I need as many of the crew as possible to use this flood water."

"Oh, Harry!" cried Carpenter, shocked. "You can't be going to work again today, before we have made the slightest effort to recover the bodies!"

"If the bodies can be recovered, they shall be," replied Thorpe quietly. "But the drive will not wait. We have no dams to depend on now, you must remember, and we shall have to get out on the freshest water."

"Your men won't work. I'd refuse just as they will!" cried Carpenter, his sensibilities still suffering.

Thorpe smiled proudly. "You do not know them."

"By Jove!" cried the journalist in sudden enthusiasm. "By Jove, that is magnificent!"

The men on the river crew had crouched on their narrow footholds while the jam went out. Each had clung to his peavey, as is the habit of river men. Down the current past their feet swept the debris of flood.

Soon logs began to swirl by—at first few, then many—from the remaining rollways which the river had automatically broken. In a little time the eddy caught up some of these logs, and immediately another jam threatened. The river men, without hesitation, as calmly as though catastrophe had not thrown the weight of its moral terror against their stoicism, sprang, peavey in hand, to the insistent work.

Thorpe's face lit with gratification. He turned to the young man.

"You see," he said in proud simplicity. With the added danger of fresher water, the work went on.

At this moment Tim Shearer approached from inland, his clothes dripping wet, but his face retaining its habitual expression of iron calmness. "Anybody caught?" was his first question as he drew near.

"Five men under the face," replied Thorpe briefly.

Shearer cast a glance at the river. He needed to be told no more.

"I was afraid of it," said he. "The rollways must be all broken out. It's saved us that much, but the freshest water won't last long. It's going to be a close squeak to get 'em out now. Don't exactly figure on what struck the dam. Thought first I'd go right up that way, but then I came down to see about the boys."

"Where were you?" asked Thorpe.

"On the pole trail. I got in a little, as you see."

In reality the foreman had had a close call for his life.

"We'd better go up and take a look," he suggested. "The boys has things going here all right."

The two men turned toward the

brush.

"Hi, Tim!" called a voice behind them.

Red Jacket appeared, clambering up the cliff.

"Jack told me to give this to you," he panted, holding out a chunk of strangely twisted wood.

"Where'd he get this?" inquired Thorpe quickly. "It's a piece of the dam," he explained to Wallace, who had drawn near.

"Picked it out of the current," replied the man.

The foreman and his boss bent eagerly over the morsel. Then they stared with solemnity into each other's eyes.

"Dynamite!" exclaimed Shearer.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

**F**OR a moment the three men stared at each other without speaking.

"What does it mean?" almost whispered Carpenter.

"Mean? Foul play!" snarled Thorpe. "Come on, Tim."

The two struck into the brush, threading the paths with the ease of woodsmen. It was necessary to keep to the high inland ridges. The pole trail had by now become impassable. Thorpe and his foreman talked briefly.

"It's Morrison & Daly," surmised Shearer. "I left them 'count of a trick like that. I been suspecting something. They've been laying too low."

Thorpe answered nothing. Through the site of the old dam they found a torrent pouring from the narrowed pond, at the end of which the dilapidated wings flapping in the current attested the former structure. Davis stood staring at the current.

Thorpe strode forward and shook him violently by the shoulder.

"How did this happen?" he demanded hoarsely.

The man turned to him in a daze. "I don't know," he answered.

"You ought to know. How was that shot exploded? How did they get in here without your seeing them? Answer me."

"I don't know," repeated the man. "I jest went over-in-th' brush to kill a few partridges, and when I come back I found her this way."

"Were you hired to watch this dam, or weren't you?" demanded the tense voice of Thorpe. "Answer me, you fool."

"Yes, I was," returned the man, a shade of aggression creeping into his voice.

"Well, you've done it well. You've cost me my dam, and you've killed five men. If the crew had got out about you, you'll go over the falls sure. You get out of here! Pike! Don't you ever let me see your face again!"

The man blanched as he thus learned of his comrades' death. Thorpe thrust his face at him, lashed by circumstances beyond his habitual self control.

"It's men like you who make the trouble," he stormed. "Stupid fools who say they didn't mean to! It isn't enough not to mean to; they should mean not to! I don't ask you to think. I just want you to do what I tell you, and you can't even do that."

He threw his shoulder into a heavy blow that reached the dam-watcher's face, and followed it immediately by



"You must not go!" he commanded.

another. Then Shearer caught his arm, motioning the dazed and bloody victim of the attack to get out of sight.

Thorpe shook his foreman off with one impatient motion and strode away up the river, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended.

"I reckon you'd better mosey," Shearer dryly advised the dam watcher, and followed.

Late in the afternoon the two men reached Dam Three, or rather, the spot on which Dam Three had stood. The same spectacle repeated itself here, except that Ellis, the dam watcher, was nowhere to be seen.

"The dirty whelps!" cried Thorpe. "They did a good job!"

He thrashed about here and there and so came across Ellis blindfolded and tied. When released the dam watcher was unable to give any account of his assailants.

"They came up behind me while I was cooking," he said. "One of 'em grabbed me, and the other one Eivered my eyes. Then I hears the 'shot' and knows there's trouble."

Thorpe listened in silence. Shearer

asked a few questions. After the low voiced conversation Thorpe arose abruptly.

"Where you going?" asked Shearer.

But the young man did not reply. He swung, with the same long, nervous stride, into the down river trail.

Until late that night the three men—for Ellis insisted on accompanying them—hurried through the forest. Thorpe walked tirelessly, upheld by his violent but repressed excitement. Shearer noted the fire in his eyes and, from the coolness of his greater age, counseled moderation.

"I wouldn't stir the boys up," he panted, for the pace was very swift. "They'll kill some one over there; it'll be murder on both sides."

He received no answer. About midnight they came to the camp.

Two great fires leaped among the trees, and the men were grouped between them, talking. Evening had brought its accumulation of slow anger against the perpetrators of the outrage. Even as the woodsmen joined their group they had reached the intensity of execution. Across their purpose Thorpe threw violently his personality.

"You must not go!" he commanded.

Through their anger they looked at him askance.

"I forbid it!" Thorpe cried.

They shrugged their indifference and arose. This was an affair of caste brotherhood, and the blood of their mates cried out to them.

"The work!" Thorpe shouted hoarsely. "The work! We must get these logs out! We haven't time!"

Then swiftly between the white, strained face of the madman trying to convince his heart that his mind had been right and the fanatically exalted river men interposed the sanity of Radway. The old jobber faced the men calmly, almost humorously, and somehow the very bigness of the man commanded attention.

"You fellows make me sick," said he. "You haven't got the sense God gave a rooster. Don't you see you're playing right in those fellows' hands? What do you suppose they dynamited them dams for? To kill our boys? They never dreamed we was dry pickin' that dam. They sent some low lived whelp down there to bang our drive, and it looks like they was going to succeed, thanks to you mutton heads."

"Spose you go over and take 'em apart. What then? Then have a scrap. Probably you'll lick 'em. You whole daylight out of a lot of men who probably don't know any more about this here shooting of our dams than a hog does about a ruffled shirt. Meanwhile your drive hangs. Well? Well, do you suppose the men who were back of that shooting—do you suppose Morrison & Daly give a tinker's dam how many men of theirs you lick? What they want is to bang our drive. If they bang our drive, it's cheap at the price of a few black eyes."

The speaker paused and grinned good humoredly at the men's attentive faces. Then suddenly his own became grave.

"Do you want to know how to get even?" he asked. "Do you want to know how to make those fellows sing so small you can't hear them? Well, I'll tell you. Take out this drive! Do it in spite of them. Show them they're no good when they buck up against Thorpe's One. Our boys died doing their duty, the way a river man ought to. Now hump yourselves! Don't let them die in vain!"

The crew stirred uneasily, looking at each other for approval of the conversion each had experienced. Radway turned easily toward the blaze.

"Better turn in, boys, and get some sleep," he said. "We've got a hard day tomorrow." He stooped to light his pipe at the fire. When he had again straightened his back after rather a prolonged interval the group had already disintegrated. A few minutes later the cookey scattered the brands of the fire from before a sleeping camp.

Before daylight Injun Charley drifted into camp to find Thorpe already out. With a curt nod the Indian seated himself by the fire and, producing a square plug of tobacco and a knife, began leisurely to fill his pipe. Finally Injun Charley spoke in the red man's clear cut, imitative English, a pause between each sentence.

"I find trail three men," said he. "Both dam, three men. One man go down river. Those men have cork boot. One man no have cork boot. He boss."

The Indian suddenly threw his chin out, his head back, and half closed his eyes in a cynical squint. As by a flash Dyer, the scaler, leered insolently from behind the Indian's stolid mask.

"How do you know?" said Thorpe.

For answer the Indian threw his shoulders forward in Dyer's nervous fashion.

"He make trail big by the toe, light by the heel. He make trail big on inside."

Charley arose and walked after Dyer's springy fashion, illustrating his point in the soft wood ashes of the immediate fireside.

Thorpe looked doubtful. "I believe you are right, Charley," said he. "But it is mighty little to go on. You can't be sure."

"I sure," replied Charley.

He puffed strongly at the heel of his smoke, then arose and without farewell disappeared in the forest.

[To Be Continued]

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