

W. S. COOK DIED IN HAPPY LAST FRIDAY

WELL KNOWN RESIDENT OF RANDALL COUNTY SEVERAL YEARS.

Came Here From Nebraska.—Was Member of Commissioners Court For Several Years.

W. S. Cook died in Happy Friday after a lingering illness of several months. Mr. Cook was well known in Randall county, having moved here from Nebraska years ago and during his residence here was one of the leaders of every progressive movement started in the county. He served on the commissioners court for two terms and took a great interest and pride in looking after the business of the people. A year ago he moved to Colorado where he took sick but returned to Happy during the winter where he has spent his last days.

Mr. Cook was born in Susquehanna, Pa., on July 6, 1859. In the spring of 1872, with his parents, he moved to the state of Nebraska, where he lived until 1907, moving then to the Panhandle of Texas. On Oct. 16, 1883, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Berry. To this union were born six children, two boys and four girls, all of whom, with the wife and mother survive him, with the exception of the eldest boy, who died in infancy. Those living are Mrs. Edna Bahls of Happy, Mrs. Mae Stone of Sioux City, Iowa, Geo. W. Cook of Cedaredge, Colo., Sadie Cook of Cedaredge, Colo., and Mrs. Ora M. Innes of Happy. All except Mrs. Stone were at his bedside to the last.

D. F. Cook, father of the deceased, is living at Panhandle, Texas, and is 88 years of age. He was unable to attend the son's funeral.

The funeral services were held from the Baptist church Sunday at 11 o'clock, conducted by the pastor of the Presbyterian church of that place, Rev. W. C. Hogan, and were under the auspices of the Masonic Order of which he was a consistent and respected member and attained a high degree. The remains were laid to rest in the Happy cemetery by the Masonic Order.

In this sad hour of bereavement the sympathy of the entire community, all friends, and of the News, goes out to the loved ones who mourn his departure.

Those who attended the funeral from Canyon were as follows: C. E. Coss, J. W. Reid, T. F. Reid, S. L. Ingham, W. G. Word, J. R. Cullum, S. B. Lofton, J. E. Winkelman, Joe Steel, T. C. Thompson, G. W. Avent, G. R. Reid, R. L. Campbell, C. Eakman, J. S. Christian, J. T. Service, S. C. Whitman, W. J. Flesher, J. G. Holland, G. R. Stratton, L. T. Lester, A. S. Howren, D. M. Stewart, W. A. Jennings, R. B. Redfearn, E. F. Miller, N. Schee, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Burrow, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Neice and Mrs. J. D. Knicely.

Rev. and Mrs. Haynes arrived.

Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Haynes arrived Monday night from Quanah where they were married Sunday morning at the bride's home. The wedding was a quiet home affair and attended by only a few guests. Mrs. Haynes will receive a very hearty welcome to Canyon by the entire citizenship.

Come to Canyon to live.

Few Banquet Tickets.

There will be a few tickets for sale to the Panhandle Press banquet which will be held at the Baltimore Hotel a week from Saturday night. The number is limited and those desiring same must leave their name at the News office by Friday of this week. There will be absolutely no tickets sold next week or the night of the banquet. Those who first leave their names will first be considered. The price is \$1.00 each. Probably not over ten tickets can be spared for Canyon people.

A. S. Rollins' Father Dead.

The news of the death of A. S. Rollins' father, J. Mart Rollins, of Greenville, reached the city Tuesday. Mr. Rollins visited his son in Canyon several times and is well known to many Canyon residents. Mr. Rollins was a very successful farmer in central Texas. He raised a large family and gave all the children a good education. He lived to see all of them successful business men in their various lines. He was a fine moral character and had great influence in his community. The friends of A. S. Rollins in this city extend to him sympathy in this sad hour.

Do You?

Do you take the Randall County News? If not here is your opportunity to get it until January 1, 1914 for only 75 cents. YOU want to keep up with the news of the county. YOU want to know what your neighbors are doing. YOU want to know what business the courts are transacting. YOU want to finish reading that fascinating story, "Molly McDonald." Send in your subscription this week and YOU will derive all these benefits. This offer is good only for new subscribers.

Happy Items.

Misses Neff and Miller were in Tulia the first of the week. Mesdames T. S. Trowbridge and Etta Rusk called on Mrs. J. G. Parsons Tuesday afternoon. C. E. Long made a business trip to Tulia Wednesday. H. McGruell, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa was in Happy Tuesday looking after some land interests. Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Caler returned home from Yuma, Ariz., Tuesday where they had spent the winter. Harvey Likes and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Parsons. David Forsyth and Albert Ruppert dipped cattle at Happy Wednesday. W. T. King is not so well as usual at this writing. The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scoggins is quite ill. Fred Kinslow returned Monday from a visit of several days with relatives and friends at Clarendon. W. W. Stephenson returned Tuesday from a trip to Lockney visiting relatives who are very low with pneumonia.

U. C. V. Notice.

Notice to Stonewall Jackson camp U. C. V. There will be a meeting at the court house Tuesday, April 8, at 4 o'clock p. m. All veterans are requested to be present as there is some important business. T. F. Reid. Sec.

Clovis Here Saturday.

The Clovis baseball team will play the Normal team Saturday at the Normal grounds. A good game is expected.

JUDGES CHOSEN FOR THE DENTON DEBATE

DENTON HERE ONE WEEK FROM SATURDAY NIGHT.

One Debating Team of Normal Goes to San Marcos for Debate on Same Night.

Judge for the Denton Normal debate on Saturday April 12 were chosen this week and will be Hon. F. M. Ryburn and E. E. Robinson, of Amarillo, and Dr. V. V. Clark, of Estelina.

E. D. Condon and R. Guy Rogers will represent the Normal against the Denton team while W. F. Cook and Ohmer Kirk will go to San Marcos to debate the San Marcos team.

The Normal lost both debates last year against these two schools. The teams are said to be strong this year and will put up better debates than the boys last year as, debating in the school was at a minimum last year while it is being very greatly emphasized in the work this year.

Jowel Elected Marshal.

J. H. Jowell won the city marshal's race in the city election Tuesday by a vote of 50 to 66, over C. H. Stratton. The race was good natured throughout but the fact that there was so small a number of votes cast shows that the friends of both men took very little interest in the election. This was the only contest on the ticket. The other members of the city council elected were as follows:

Mayor, Dr. F. M. Wilson. Alderman precinct one, Davie Thomas. Aldermen precinct two, Dr. J. M. Black and R. E. Foster. Alderman precinct three, J. B. Kleinschmidt.

Thank Happy People.

The Masons of Canyon who attended the Cook funeral at Happy Sunday are very grateful to the people of that progressive little town for the fine dinners they had prepared for the guests. All of the visitors were taken to private homes for dinner after the services.

Normal Picnic.

A petition by the Normal students for an April Fool holiday was granted by the faculty and the entire student body went out to the creek just north of town and had a big picnic dinner. A very pleasant day was spent by the entire student body and faculty.

TOAST PROGRAM PRESS BANQUET

PROF. B. A. STAFFORD WILL BE THE TOASTMASTER

Commercial Club Will Give Members of Panhandle Press Association a Big Banquet

The Panhandle Press association will meet in Canyon one week from Saturday and Saturday night the Commercial Club will give a big banquet at the Baltimore Hotel in honor of the visitors. The following is the toast program:

Toastmaster—Prof. B. A. Stafford, West Texas State Normal College.

The Press and Right Popular Education—Rev. J. A. Campbell, Editor of The Antidote, Umparger.

Glad to Meet You—E. W. Julian, Western Newspaper Union, Oklahoma City.

Our Association—J. M. Smith, Pampa News.

"Pi"—Eugene Thompson, Southwestern Paper Company, Dallas.

The Business of Boosting—Seth B. Holeman, Secretary Amarillo Chamber of Commerce.

The Newspaper as a Business—F. B. Baillio, Western Newspaper Union, Dallas.

The Newspaper as a Pleasure—J. D. Baker, Tulia Herald.

The Future—A. C. Elliott, Hereford Brand.

Leg Broken in Amarillo.

Ed Weber had the misfortune of getting his left ankle broken in Amarillo last Wednesday evening when a horse fell on him. He was riding a colt down Polk street when a little girl jumped out in front of the horse. The colt whirled, slipped and fell upon Mr. Weber's ankle, causing the break. He was brought to his father's home north of Canyon the day following. He is resting nicely but it will be several weeks before he can use the injured member.

Miss Skiles to Marry.

W. T. Garrett received an invitation Tuesday to the wedding of Miss Launa Skiles, formerly of this city. Miss Skiles clerked in the Turk & Armstrong store and left just before Christmas. Her marriage will take place April 10 at Blooming Grove in the Presbyterian church at 9 o'clock p. m. Clifford A. Thomas is the name of the young man she will marry.

T. C. Thompson was in Amarillo Monday on business.

Panhandle Teachers Meet.

The Panhandle Teachers association will meet in this city Friday and Saturday of this week. Prof. T. S. Minter, of the Normal, is president of the association and reports that indications are good for a very large attendance although the exact number cannot be ascertained. The program as printed on page seven of this issue will be carried out in full.

Mrs. Hunt to be Here Soon.

Rev. Holmes Nichols returned Friday from Paris where he had gone to attend the funeral of J. C. Hunt. Mr. Nichols says that Mrs. Hunt has gone to spend a week with Dr. Reeves family at Crandell and will then come to Canyon. She has not decided whether she will continue to make her home in Canyon. Mrs. Hunt has had a hard struggle during the past few weeks but has borne her sorrows bravely.

That Special Rate.

The special subscription rate for the News has attracted great attention and many new subscribers have been entered to our lists. We want more. You have a friend in some section of the country who have been wanting to come to Randall county but who wants to investigate a little further. Spend 75 cents and let the News tell them about the country until January 1, 1913. This will be the greatest boosting opportunity you have ever had. Get busy today, the offer closes Saturday night.

The Baptist Church.

The pastor will preach at both hours. The theme for discussion at the morning service will be "The Three Witnesses." After the sermon the benediction will be pronounced and there will be a quiet hour communion service. "Hobble-Skirt Baptists," a theme previously announced, but not discussed on account of an unfavorable evening, will be the theme for the vesper service. All are cordially invited to worship with us. Strangers are welcomed. Special music.

Holmes Nichols, Pastor.

Notice of Special Examination.

An examination will be held in Canyon on May 1, 2 and 3, 1913 for teachers' certificates by order of the state superintendent of public instruction.

C. E. Coss, Ex-Officio Supt. Randall County, Texas. 2t2

High School Wins.

The high school baseball team played the Normal training school team Tuesday afternoon, the high school winning by a score of 40 to 3.

County Court April 14.

The regular April session of the county court will convene one week from Monday morning. The docket will have a number of important cases this term.

Mrs. B. T. Johnson attended the Fifth Sunday meeting of the Tierra Blanca Baptist association at Tulia Thursday and Friday. She reports a very fine meeting was in procession.

A large number of Canyon people went to Amarillo Wednesday to see the Chicago White Sox in action against the Amarillo bunch.

DOUBLE WEDDING HELD WEDNESDAY

OLD FASHIONED GERMAN WEDDING AT SCHROEDER HOME.

Miss Marie Schroeder to William Deeke and Miss Anna Schroeder to Henry F. Miller.

Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock occurred the double wedding of Miss Marie A. Schroeder to William L. Deeke and Miss Anna D. Schroeder to Henry F. Miller at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schroeder, five miles south of the city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O. Schmidt, of Rhea, pastor of the local German Lutheran church. The old German wedding ceremony was used and was very impressive.

Following the ceremony and congratulations by the large company present, a large dance and feast was begun, the equal of which is seldom seen.

True to the German spirit of genial hospitality the festivities lasted far into the night and was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever witnessed in the county.

The brides of this happy occasion are neices of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schroeder. They have lived in the city for a year and have many friends who offer them congratulations. They are natives of Germany coming to America four years ago. They lived three years in Nebraska and then came to Canyon last May. They have quickly learned American ways and are delighted with our land. Each is to be congratulated upon the splendid young man who is to become her husband.

Mr. Miller came to Randall county five years and Mr. Deeke four years ago. They were both born in Illinois but their parents were native Germans. They are two of the most entergetic young farmers in Randall county and are making good here. They like the Plains country fine and have made good money farming ever since they came to this country. Each recently finished a new home for his new bride. Each is to be congratulated for the splendid bride he has won.

The invited guests for the wedding were as follows: Messrs. and Mesdames Henry Meyer, Herman Meyer, E. Edmonds, Wm. Boehning, Paul Flugel, Jake Godwin, C. O. Keiser, L. T. Lester, T. J. Yoe, J. B. Kleinschmidt, D. L. Hickcox, Gus Leseberg, Hirman Wells, Messrs. Herman Kuhlman, Geo. Wendelken, Fred Rogge, Herman Wragge, Chas. Rusk, Oke Nga, Arthur Olson and A. G. Deeke, all of this city, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Miller and son, G. S. Miller, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Engle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Engle, Miss Anna Dinkle, Messrs. Wm. Kuklman and Reinhold Wille, all of Amarillo, Mrs. Dunteman, of Bensonville, Ill., and Miss Elsie Deeke, of Arlington Heights, Ill.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks and gratitude to the many friends, and to the Masons for the many kindnesses they have shown us in the sickness and death of our beloved husband and father. We thank those who gave the many pretty flowers.

Mrs. W. S. Cook and family.

W. J. Flesher was a business caller in Amarillo Monday.



MONEY TO LOAN

ON WELL
SECURED
CATTLE
PAPER
AT

The First State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

Canyon Lumber Co.

Everything in the way of
building material.....

The House Of High Quality.

COMING SOON
THE MISSOURI GIRL
THE BIG FUN SHOW

SEE THE NEWS FOR STATIONERY

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

(Edited by Mrs. C. W. Warwick.)

c—cup
Ts—Tablespoonful
ts—teaspoonful

LOAF SPICE CAKE.

Mrs. L. G. Allen.

1 c butter
2 c sugar
1 c sweet milk
4 1-2 c flour
4 eggs
2 ts baking powder
1 Ts each of cinnamon, cloves,
allspice and nutmeg.
Cream, butter and sugar, add
milk alternating with 3 c flour,
add eggs beaten lightly, lastly 1
c flour in which baking powder
and spices have been, thoroughly
mixed.

METROPOLITAN CAKE.

2 c sugar
1 c butter
1 c milk
3 c flour
Whites of 8 eggs
3 ts baking powder.
Bake one-half of batter in 2
layers then to remaining half
add 1 Ts spice, 1 Ts of cinnamon
and 1 Ts of cloves and 1-4 pound
of chopped raisins. Bake in 2
layers, alternate.

SPONGE CAKE.

Mrs. L. A. Warwick.

4 eggs beaten separately
Beat yolks, then add gradually a
cup of sugar and beat two min-
utes.
3 Ts cold water
1 c flour
1 1-2 Ts corn starch
1 ts baking powder
1-4 ts salt
Dry ingredients all sifted to-
gether
1 ts flavoring
Add whites of eggs
Bake in slow oven about 45 min-
utes. May be baked in layers
or gem tins.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure
The worst cases, no matter of how long standing,
are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr.
Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves
Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

That Special Rate.

The special subscription rate
for the News has attracted
great attention and many new
subscribers have been entered
to our lists. We want more.
You have a friend in some sec-
tion of the country who have
been wanting to come to Randall
county but who wants to investi-
gate a little further. Spend 75
cents and let the News tell them
about the country until January
1, 1913. This will be the great-
est, boosting opportunity you
have ever had. Get busy today,
the offer closes Saturday night.

No Calomel Necessary.

The injurious effects and un-
pleasantness of taking calomel
is done away with by Simmon's
Liver Purifier, the mildest known
Liver medicine, yet the most
thorough in action. Put up in
yellow tin boxes only. Price 25c
Tried once used always.
(Advertisement)

Look to Your Plumbing.

You know what happens in a
house in which the plumbing is
in poor condition—everybody
in the house is liable to contract
typhoid or some other fever.
The digestive organs perform
the same functions in the
human body as the plumbing
does for the house, and they
should be kept in first class
condition all the time. If you
have any trouble with your
digestion take chamberlain's
Tablets and you are certain to
get quick relief. For sale by
all dealers.
(Advertisement)

Severe Rheumatism.

Grove Hill, Ala. Hunts Light-
ning Oil cured my wife of a se-
vere case of Rheumatism and my
friend of toothache. I surely
believe it is good for all you
claim for it—R. A. Stringer.
25c and 50c a bottle. All dealers.
(Advertisement)

RECOGNIZED LEADER AMONG TYPEWRITERS

Leadership means superiority of product---a su-
periority which produces leadership is proved by
leadership.

It means more than this. It means everything
associated with the word FIRST.

The Remington Typewriter is first in history, first
in prestige, first in quality, first in recent improve-
ments, first in size and completeness of organiza-
tion, first in distribution, and first in service to
the customer.

The word FIRST in every department of leader-
ship applies only to the

Remington

Write for Catalogue.

Remington Typewriter Salesrooms
DALLAS, - - - TEXAS

The First National Bank of Canyon

Capital : : \$100,000
Surplus and Profits : \$ 50,000

APPRECIATION

This Bank values the business it receives from its
customers and takes every opportunity of telling
them so. Our customers on the other hand appre-
ciate the fact that the service extended to them is
coupled with security. Any business arrangement
to be permanent must be mutually satisfactory
and profitable. Therefore, in the selection of
your bank have permanency in view
and establish yourself for your
present and future well-
being with a good
sound bank.

United Doctors Come to Grief.

Quannah.—G Schreiber of Kansas City was arrested last Thursday on a charge of practising medicine without license, and arraigned before Judge Banister. The fellow produced an old, obsolete license, issued several years ago by the old eclectic board, and being informed that he had no more business giving medicine to people than the next man, he professed surprise, and plead guilty. His fine and cost amounted to \$72, which was a light sentence, indeed.

Schreiber belongs to the celebrated firm of United Doctors. They have been doing considerable advertising hereabouts, and claim to be able to cure any and everything. The way County Attorney Cowder tricked this rascal gives a very fair idea of the methods these quacks pursue. Hearing that three of these United Doctors had arrived, Mr. Crowder sent Will Ricks the deputy sheriff of Goelett, to the hotel as a patient wanting treatment. Now Will is a blacksmith by profession, and as hale and hearty a specimen of young manhood as one can find. He complained to the learned Doctor about rheumatic pains in his back. Dr. Schreiber examined him minutely, and pronounced a severe case of lumbago, which would develop into something awful, should Ricks fail to take the doctor's treatment. The great man promised to send him a course of medicine from Indianapolis which would knock the disease higher than Gilroy's kite, all for the ridiculously low sum of \$24. The officer excused himself upon the plea that he was going to get the money, and returning presented the surprised Schreiber with a warrant for his arrest. The other two quacks got away before the warrant could be served upon them. It is said there are over two hundred of these "specialists" working Texas at present, and we hope

OPERA HOUSE
CANYON

MON.
APRIL
7th

PRICES 75, 50 & 25 Reservations at Black Bros.



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Grubb, a "woman of few words" Kathryn Cameron
 Silas Grubb, "who can't jest understand" Rex Downs
 Daisy Grubb, "from Missouri!" no question Jack Werner
 Zeke Dobson, a "country lout" Blanche Edwards
 Frank F. Farrell
 Col. Sweatman, "of Chicago" Herbert Harris
 Nora Sweatman, his daughter, Anita James
 Phil Sweatman, the Wayward son of Col. Sweatman G. G. Wright
 Sandy Ragsdale, a "son of rest" Jack Werner
 Squire Brown, "Missouri" Justice of the Peace Wm. Milliken
 Mrs. Brown, "who chews snuff" Maude Rayne
 Musical Director Max Bagley

SYNOPSIS

Act. I.—Home of the Grubb family in South-western Missouri, Ozark Mountains in the distance.
 Act. II.—Interior of the Missouri home of the Grubbs.
 Act. III.—Parlor of Col. Sweatman's Chicago home.
 Act. IV.—Same as Act II.

Musical Interpolations

During the second act, the season's latest song successes and eccentric dances will be introduced by Frank F. Farrell, William Milliken, Blanche Edwards and Anita James.

the example set by Quannah will be followed all over the state, and the rascals driven out before they have been able to harm too many people.—Tribune.

Saved Him.

It didn't kill me but I think it would, if had not been for Hunt's Cure. I was tired, miserable and well nigh used up when I commenced using it for an old severe case of eczema. One application relieved and box cured me. I believe Hunt's Cure will cure any form of itching known to mankind. Clifton Lawrence Helena, Okla. (Advertisement)

Presentation Exercises.

Wishing to leave some token of their esteem and love for their high school, the pupils of the class of 1913, assisted by the

high school will give the following program at the presentation of the relief, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," Monday morning at the chapel exercises from nine to nine thirty o'clock.

Friends of the high school are cordially invited to be present: Piano duet—Zera McReynolds and Willie Mills. "Our Dear Old High," by the high school. Piano solo—Renna Craig. Presentation of cast—Jesse Hicks, class of 1913. Acceptance—Edith Eakman, class of 1914. Placing of cast—Class of 1914

Do You?

Do you take the Randall County News? If not here is your opportunity to get it until January 1, 1914 for only 75 cents. YOU want to keep up with the news of the county. YOU want to know what your neighbors are doing. YOU want to know what business the courts are transacting. YOU want to finish reading that fascinating story, "Molly McDonald." Send in your subscription this week and YOU will derive all these benefits. This offer is good only for new subscribers.

Brought in Fine Hogs.

W. F. Thurman from north of town brought to town Saturday the best load of hogs that have been seen in the city this year and they brought 8 cents, or a quarter more than the market so far paid. Mr. Thurman reports that the ground is plowing nicely. He is farming 1000 acres. He says he is going to plant 100 acres of feterita this year but is going to let the other fellow experiment with sweet clover. Mr. Thurman says he bought 150 head of cattle a few months ago and recently sold them at a clear profit of \$1000. This is the first year he has kept much stock but says he intends to do so in the future as it is better to feed the crop to stock than to sell it. Mr. Thurman says that there is need of improving kaffir seed as it generally matures too late. He is sending to Kansas this year for some new seed with the hopes of getting earlier seed. Mr. Thurman has lived on the Plains for a number of years and likes the country fine.

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

L. E. McDade is in Adrian where he will put down three deep wells. He has just finished one at Umbarger and when he is through with his Adrian work will go to Wildorado where he has three to put down.

Cough Medicine for Children.

Too much care cannot be used in selecting a cough medicine for children. It should be pleasant to take, contain no harmful substance and be most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets these requirements and is a favorite with the mothers of young children everywhere. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

QUININE AND IRON—THE MOST EFFECTUAL GENERAL TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic Combines both in Tasteless form. The Quinine drives out Malaria and the Iron builds up the System. For Adults and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, recognized for 30 years throughout the South as the standard Malaria, Chill and Fever Remedy and General Strengthening Tonic. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic, but you do not taste the bitter because the ingredients do not dissolve in the mouth but do dissolve readily in the acids of the stomach. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE on every box. Cures Cold in One Day. 25c.

RELIEVES PAIN AND HEALS AT THE SAME TIME

The Wonderful, Old Reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. An Antiseptic Surgical Dressing discovered by an Old R. R. Surgeon. Prevents Blood Poisoning.

Thousands of families know it already, and a trial will convince you that DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL is the most wonderful remedy ever discovered for Wounds, Burns, Old Sores, Ulcers, Carbuncles, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Throat, Skin or Scalp Diseases and all wounds and external diseases whether slight or serious. Continually people are finding new uses for this famous old remedy. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

The Easy Laxative

In justice to yourself you should try Rexall Orderlies,—your money back if you don't like them. They are a candy confection that really do give easy relief from constipation.

Good health is largely dependent upon the bowels. When they become sluggish the waste material that is thrown off by the system accumulates. This condition generates poisons which circulate throughout the body, tending to create coated tongue, bad breath, headache, dull brain action, nervousness, biliousness and other annoyances.

Avoid harsh cathartics and physic. They give but temporary relief. They often aggravate the real trouble. They are particularly bad for children, delicate or aged persons.

Rexall Orderlies

Come in tablet form, taste just like candy and are noted for their easy, soothing action upon the bowels. They don't purge, gripe, cause nausea, looseness, or the inconvenience attendant upon the use of purgatives. Their action is so pleasant that the taking of Rexall Orderlies almost becomes a desire instead of a duty.

Children like Rexall Orderlies. They are ideal for aged or delicate

persons as well as for the most robust. They act toward relieving constipation, and also to overcome its cause and to make unnecessary the frequent use of laxatives. They serve to tone and strengthen the nerves and muscles of the bowels and associate organs or glands.

Make Us Prove It

We guarantee to refund every penny paid us for Rexall Orderlies if they do not give entire satisfaction. We ask no promises and we in no way obligate you. Your mere word is sufficient for us to promptly and cheerfully refund the money.

Doesn't that prove that Rexall Orderlies must be right? You must know we would not dare make such a promise unless we were positively certain that Rexall Orderlies will do all we claim for them. There is no money risk attached to a trial of Rexall Orderlies, and in justice to yourself, you should not hesitate to test them.

Rexall Orderlies come in convenient vest-pocket size tin boxes; 12 tablets, 10c; 36 tablets, 25c; 80 tablets, 50c.

CAUTION: Please bear in mind that Rexall Remedies are not sold by all druggists. You can buy Rexall Orderlies only at The Rexall Stores. You can buy Rexall Orderlies in this community only at our store:

CITY PHARMACY

The Rexall Store

CANYON

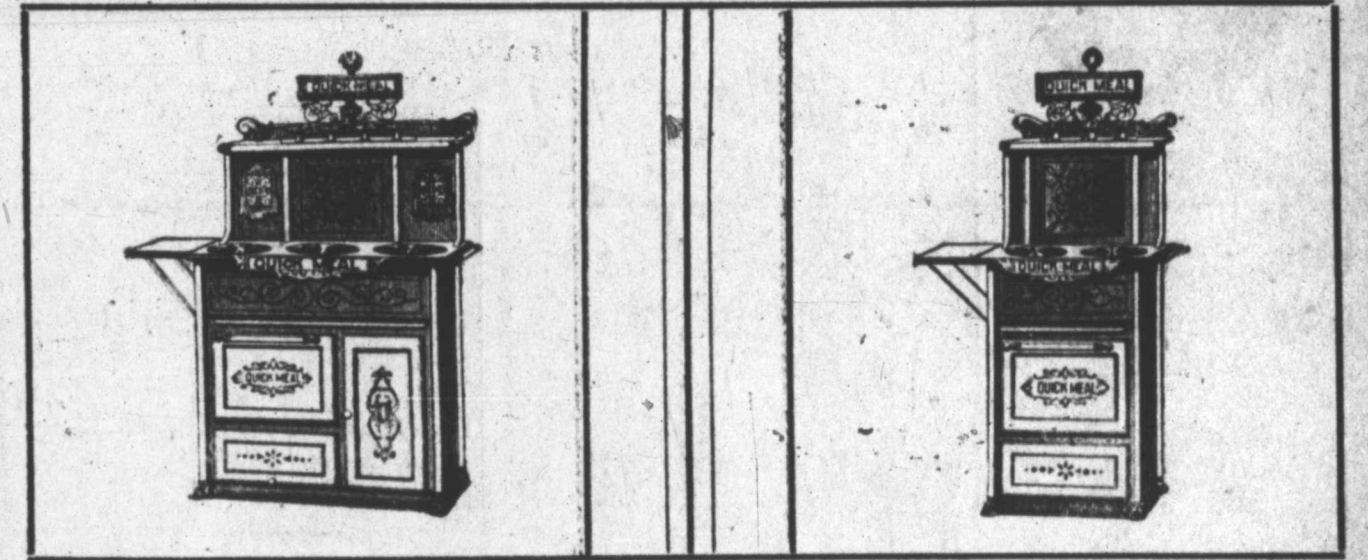
TEXAS

There is a Rexall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Rexall Remedy for nearly every ordinary human ailment especially designed for the particular ill for which it is recommended.

The Rexall Stores are America's Greatest Drug Stores

Quick Meal Gasoline Ranges

Have No Equal



For Cooking and Baking in the Summer time Easy and Safe to Operate. Does not require generating when starting. Ready for use immediately when lighted. Will bake as perfect as any range stove. Will bake and cook with less expense of fuel than any other stove on the market. We have a full stock on hand.

One of our customers bought a Quick Meal Range last summer for \$32.50. She kept accurate account of what it cost to run a cook stove and found it was \$4.00 per month for coal, while the Quick Meal range cost only 90 cents per month for gasoline. She used the gasoline range for six months, costing for fuel \$5.40. If she had used her coal stove all the while the cost for coal would have been \$24.00. She saved last year in fuel \$18.60. She will more than pay for the stove this year in saving of fuel AND THE STOVE IS JUST AS GOOD AS NEW. It will be a good stove for many years yet. GET ONE OF THESE STOVES THIS YEAR. You can do as well as this customer.

THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

The Randall County News.
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

TO THE NEWSPAPER FRATERNITY

The citizens of Canyon will entertain the Panhandle Press association on Saturday, April 12. Each newspaper man and woman in the entire Plains country is expected to be in Canyon on that day to assist in making the program the most interesting of any ever given in Texas.

Mrs. Tucker spent Sunday with her parents in Hereford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Haney, of Amarillo, visited Sunday at the F. P. Luke home.

The new 5 cent pieces have been called in and you had better get one at the Leader.

Mrs. Joe Huffman returned to her home in Woodward, Okla., Wednesday after an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. L. W. Pryor.

Mrs. W. F. Mories, of Amarillo, was in Canyon Wednesday on matters of business.

T. J. Cochran was a business caller in Amarillo Tuesday.

Get some V-AVA at the News office.

Mrs. M. E. Terrell, of Gotobo, Okla., is making an extended visit with her daughter, Miss Drexell Terrell who is attending the Normal.

Mrs. A. M. Cass, of Tulsa, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. McGee.

W. W. Kuehn, from the south part of the county left today for a business trip to Oklahoma.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

THE STOUT HEART WINS

By BYRON WILLIAMS

THE woman to whom has been revealed the truth knows what a mistake it is to give oneself despair. Then everything is lost! History teems with stories of men and women who but for despair might have won. Literature is loaded with instances of individuals who by holding out a little longer might have "lived happily ever after."

Sir Tannhauser, the legendary hero of Germany, escaping from the thralldom of sensual passion, sought absolution at Rome from the pope, who said, "You can no more hope for pardon than this dry wand can bud and bear leaves."

Tannhauser, giving up to despair, went his way, and, behold, the pope's staff miraculously sprouted! Messengers were sent to find Tannhauser, but he was gone. Instead of hoping he had abandoned himself to the awful blackness of sorrow and had disappeared.

Woman, Tannhauser would have been absolved, he would have been restored to happiness and to love, if he had stood out against despair.

Consider the case of the Babylonian lovers Pyramus and Thisbe. To the tryst at Ninus' tomb came Thisbe. Driven away by a lion, she fled to a place of safety. Pyramus, arriving at the tomb and believing his beloved Thisbe was dead, gave himself up to despair and killed himself. Thisbe, returning, found her lover cold in death and took her own life.

Had Pyramus embraced hope instead of despair the story would have had a most delightful ending, or might not have been written at all.

In Matthew Arnold's poem, "Tristram and Iseult," Tristram, lying wounded, awaits the coming of Iseult. If the white flag were hoisted it was she that approached. When told the sail was black Tristram gave up and, courting death, died before Iseult, under the white sail, arrived.

Just a little more hope, just a little more faith, and all would have been well.

How many defeats have been turned into victories by some brave heart that refused to be conquered! How many armies have gone down to defeat because they lacked a leader possessing the characteristic that makes a man fight on and on against great odds, defying defeat, knowing no conqueror, acknowledging no subjugator!

And you, woman, no matter what your fight is, no matter what the load you are carrying, do not enter the slough of despair, do not despair. Some time there will come relief, some

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST ABOUT IT

There is a New Remedy that Takes the Place of Calomet. Recommended and Guaranteed by the Druggists.

The City Pharmacy never sold a remedy that gave more complete satisfaction than Dodson's Liver Tone—a mild vegetable remedy for constipation, sour stomach and a lazy liver.

Folks who have suffered for years rather than resort to dangerous calomet have found after one trial that this pleasant-tasting vegetable liquid gives them a long sought relief without bad after-effects.

Dodson's Liver Tone guaranteed by the City Pharmacy to be a safe liver stimulant and to be absolutely harmless—without bad after-effects. You will find many persons in this locality who have tried it and every user will speak a good word for Dodson's Liver Tone. It livens up a torpid liver and makes you feel fresh, healthy and clean.

The price of a large bottle is 50 cents—money back if not pleased. The success of Dodson's Liver Tone has brought many medicines into the field that imitate its claims, and some have name very similar and package same color, but remember Dodson's Liver Tone is guaranteed by The City Pharmacy who will give you back your money if you want it.

(Advertisement)

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks for the many ways in which our friends have assisted us during my husband's and our father's illness. We especially wish to thank the telephone management and girls for their untiring energy in our troubles.

Mrs. T. A. Foster and family.

Book Club Election.

At the Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Women's Book Club the following officers were elected:

- President—Miss Lola Word.
- Vice Pres.—Mrs. E. A. Stafford.
- Secretary—Mrs. C. W. Warwick.
- Treasurer—Mrs. Oscar Hunt.
- Librarian—Mrs. R. A. Terrell.

Basketball Friday

The girls' basketball team from Plainview will play the high school team Friday afternoon. The Canyon girls won over Plainview just before Christmas and a good game is expected this week.

Ceta Items.

The wheat is growing nicely since the snow last week. Oats is coming up good.

Mr. Schaeffer, who is in the hospital at Ft. Worth is getting along fine.

A large crowd listened to a very fine sermon delivered by Rev. Chas. Knight at Fairview Sunday.

The singing at Gus Lawson's Sunday evening was well attended.

A large crowd attended the baseball game at Fairview Saturday.

TRY SOLACE AT OUR EXPENSE

Money Back for any case of Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Headache that Solace Fails to Remove

Solace Remedy is a recent medical discovery of three German Scientists that dissolves Uric Acid Crystals and Purifies the Blood. It is easy to take, and will not affect the weakest stomach.

It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Law to be absolutely free from opiates or harmful drugs of any description.

Solace is a pure specific in every way, and has been proven beyond question to be the surest and quickest remedy for Uric Acid Troubles known to medical science, no matter how long standing. It reaches and removes the root of the trouble (Uric Acid) and purifies the blood.

The Solace Co., of Battle Creek are the Sole U. S. Agents and have thousands of voluntary testimonial letters which have been received from grateful people Solace has restored to health. Testimonial letters, literature and Free Box sent upon request.

E. Lee Morris, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, Texas, wrote the Solace Company as follows:

"I want you to send a box of Solace to my father in Memphis, Tenn., for which I enclose \$1. This remedy has been used by some friends of mine here and I must say its action was wonderful." (Signed) E. L. Morris.

Put up in 50c, \$1 and \$1.50 boxes.

It's slightly fine to be well and you can soon be so by taking Solace. "No special treatment schemes or fees." Just Solace alone does the work. Write today for the free box, etc.

Solace Remedy Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

HOW TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY

We carry in stock a full assortment of the best staple and fancy groceries to be found in the city, and our prices are always in accord with the quality of the goods. We have scores of pleased customers and we sincerely appreciate their patronage. To those who are not now one of our regular customers, we invite you to visit our store and get our prices. We want 100 new accounts this month and we know we will get them if you will come and see our new line of goods. We have the best, most up-to-date and cleanest meat market ever conducted in Canyon. Our stock is always full of the good things you want. Give us your meat order.

Normal Groc. Co.
Groceries and Meats Phone 27

CLASSIFIED ADS

Ads in this column are 1 cent per word for first insertion, and 1/2 cent per word for succeeding issues. No ad taken for less than 15 cents.

For Sale—My residence in Canyon, or would trade for good vendor lien notes. Address, L. L. Hunt, Lubbock, Texas. It5

For sale—Two horses, one milk cow. I. L. Vansant. It5

For Rent—My farm of 350 acres. W. E. Bates. 2tf

Found—A bunch of keys west of Canyon. Owner may have same by paying for this ad. tf

For Sale—Red top and Amber sorghum seed. Jim Johnson. 2tf

For Sale—Fresh Jersey cow, will give 5 gallons milk a day. E. M. Cornwell, Canyon, Texas. 52p3

For Sale—Fisher's White Plymouth Rock eggs. Fifteen for \$4.00. Three settings for \$2.50. Added fresh stock to flock in Jan. 1913. Mrs. Ida Sluder, Ceta, Texas. 52p4

For Sale—Two tennis rackets, practically new. Call at News office. tf

Wanted—Empty hard buckets. City Meat Market. tf

Estray Notice:

Estrayed before H. T. Shelmutt, J. P., Precinct No. 1, by J. P. Hileman, living about 15 miles South West of Canyon, Randall County, Texas, the following described animal, to-wit:

One bay mare about 14-1/2 hands high about 14 years old branded Z on left shoulder, scar on nose, and One bay colt about 7 months old.

The owner or owners of said animal are requested to claim, prove pay charges on said animal and take it away, or it will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 17th day of March, A. D. 1913.

M. P. Garner, County Clerk, Randall County, Texas. 52p3



BEST For Every Baking CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Best—because it's the purest. Best—because it never fails. Best—because it makes every baking light, fluffy and evenly raised. Best—because it is moderate in cost—highest in quality.



RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to any milk and soda.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY

Has a full line of home grown native trees propagated from the best selected varieties that have fruited on the Plains. Perfectly hardy and free from disease. We grow all kinds of fruits, shade, ornamental trees, evergreens, Privet hedge, flowering shrubs and bulbs, berries, grapes, rhubarb, asparagus. Also a full line of garden plants, tomatoes, cabbage, pepper, celery, etc. We solicit investigation. We are always glad to have anyone visit our nursery.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY
L. N. DALMONT, Prop.

FOR THE SICK

And to prevent you from getting sick you will find many essentials in the way of pure drugs, toilet articles, necessities, conveniences and comforts for the sick room at

OUR MODERN DRUG STORE

You can be sure when you make your purchases here that you are getting the very best of everything. You can absolutely depend on the purity of our drugs and the good quality of the articles you get here. That means a good deal in time of sickness.

Holland-Jarrett Drug Co.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Made from cream of tartar derived solely from grapes, the most delicious and healthful of all fruit acids.

Ladies shirt waists \$1.25 to \$2.25 at The Leader. 1t

Mrs. W. J. Bowen was taken from Canyon Monday to Kansas City for an operation.

Neat styles in middy blouses \$1.00 at The Leader. 1t

G. R. Reid left Monday for Salido, Colorado, where he intends to work for the D. and R. G. Railway.

Children's dresses in white and colors, all sizes. The Leader. 1t

Miss Ida Rowan has returned to Canyon after a successful years teaching at Panhandle.

Calomel! Dangerous!

Is a warning that should be placed on every package of that drug. Any reputable physician will tell you that mercury should not be taken into the system and that it is only used by Doctors in extreme cases and then great care is used to eliminate it as soon as possible on account of the danger, both of salivation and the bad after effects of the drug. The frequent use of calomel, or mercury in any form, generally causes Rheumatism and other ills as an old age heritage.

Don't take Calomel, Salts, Castor Oil or nasty tasting Mineral Waters. When you are sick tongue coated, your head aches, and you feel bad generally, your Liver is out of order. You need **PODOLAX**. **PODOLAX** does not gripe nor sicken, tastes good and every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or you get your money back. 36mf. (Advertisement)

Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

Panhandle Hardware and Implement Dealers association Amarillo April 7-8, ticket sale April 6-7, limit April 9, round trip 70c.

Meeting Amarillo Presby Plainview April 8-10, ticket sale April 7-8-9, limit April 12, round trip \$2.30

Colonist's Fare Racite Coast, Spring 1913. Low one way second-class colonists fare will be in effect at approximately \$30 for spring, California and Northwest. Tickets on sale March 15 to April 15. Call agent for particulars.

R. McGee, Agt.

Mammoth Tennessee Jack

Formerly owned by W. S. Melroy Stands 15 1-2 hands high Large bone and young.



TERMS: \$10.00 to insure a colt to stand. Parting with mare or removing same from county forfeits insurance and payment becomes due. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible if any occur.

J. M. MYERS

2 miles north and one mile west of Canyon, Texas.

The Leader wants your produce. Bring it to them. 1t

Miss Frankie Gober, of Tullia, visited over Sunday with her parents in the city.

If its an Emerson its alright. Green Hwd. Co. 1t

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park Sunday afternoon.

H. C. Chapman has been transferred from Canyon to Amarillo by the Western Union Telegraph Co. Mack Durr, of Ethel Mo., takes the position in the local office.

One hundred cent values for your dollar and sixteen ounces to the pound at The Leader.

John A. Wallace went to Clarendon Tuesday to meet with the other members of the Board of Trustees of Clarendon College.

A. S. Howren was in Amarillo Tuesday on business.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Grady Holland Monday.

Ladies we have what you want in white china, plain white Haviland for painting. Green Hwd. Co. 1t

Mrs. Homer Richards left Tuesday for Illinois where she will spend three months with friends and relatives.

Mrs. C. O. Keiser and daughter, Phyllis, Mrs. L. A. Briar and Mrs. C. W. Warwick were Amarillo callers Tuesday.

A full line of every thing new in shadow laces, embroidered voiles, Bulgarian trimmings, etc., at The Leader. 1t

Miss Maud Stuart who is teaching in the Park's Districts near Amarillo came home Friday on a visit at the parental home.

J. L. Stuart made a trip to Big Spring Saturday and bought a car load of cattle which he brought with him Monday.

J. D. Stratton has moved to Tullia where he will go into the stock farming business. He says that he couldn't rent a place near Canyon.

Why It Succeeds.

Because It's For One Thing Only, and Canyon People Appreciate This.

Nothing can be good for everything.

Doing one thing well brings success.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for one thing only.

For weak or disordered kidneys.

Here is Canyon evidence to prove their worth.

G. R. Turner, Canyon, Texas, says: "I am quite free from lumbago now and every sign of kidney trouble, since I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured this remedy at Thompson's Drug Store and heartily recommend it."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name." Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Turner had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

SWEET CLOVER A GREAT FORAGE PLANT FOR THE PLAINS

Similar to hardy dry-land alfalfa, only yields more hay and pasturage and grows better under arid conditions. Price of seed and circular how to grow it, on request.

Bokhara Seed Farms, Falmouth, Ky. JFD 5

Fresh groceries at The Leader all the time. 1t

L. N. George has returned to Canyon after a very successful school year at Panhandle.

Miss McMillan has gone from Panhandle to Washburn where she will take charge of a school. The Panhandle school being out on March, 28.

Painting time is here. A full line of the best paints and oils at S. V. Wirt's. 2tf

Mrs. J. M. Gorman and daughter Miss Caddo, made a visit to Amarillo Saturday.

J. C. Billingly, of Big Spring, is visiting his sister Mrs. J. L. Stuart this week.

Mrs. J. M. Gorman left Sunday to visit her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Twedt, of Ft. Sumner, New Mexico.

The Leader will give Saturday a new 1913 nickel with every \$1.00 cash purchase. 1t

Miss Omaha Johnson left Monday morning for Amarillo where she intends to make an extended visit with friends and relatives.

Joe Steel left Monday for Des Moines, New Mexico, where he intends starting a barber shop of his own and also proving up on his claim.

How about that new wall paper? S. V. Wirt has just what you want. See him today. 2tf

Be sure that you get one of the new 5 cent pieces at the Leader. 1t

Miss Ruth Nichols and Marpha were in Amarillo Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Otto of Happy visited her sister at Mrs. Henson's Saturday.

Mrs. Susan Mersfelder of this place is visiting her son, Lewis, at Clovis this week.

W. H. Lehman, of Shamrock, is visiting his brother, Dan, at the Baltimore this week.

Sam Lehman, formerly of Canyon, was in the city Saturday on business.

Get your paint brushes of S. V. Wirt. 2tf

Mrs. Ione Ashby and girls are in Sayre, Okla., this week for a short visit at the parental.

Will A. Miller, Jr., and brother, Stewart, were in Canyon two days of this week. They are pushing the oil project.

Mrs. V. Edna Henson went to Amarillo Tuesday afternoon returning Tuesday night.

Phone any news you know to 41.

J. W. Turner was a business caller in the News office Monday.

He is working on W. B. Campbell's new house and says that it is certainly going to be a fine one. There are nine rooms and a large basement. Mr. Turner just completed a little job of repairing at the Canyon City Club grounds.

Mrs. F. M. Taylor reports that her new house near the Normal is progressing nicely. She is going to have a modern bungalow when it is completed.

G. R. Turner has resigned his position as janitor of the court house on account of failing health. Mr. Turner is fixing up a fine chicken ranch north of the city and will go into the chicken business extensively. He is succeeded by J. W. Cummings and E. Yates takes Mr Cummings' place at the public school building.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NEW BUGGIES

Call in and let us show you the best line of buggies ever shown in this market, in Runabouts, Top Buggies, Heavy Concords, Ranch Buggies, Spring Wagons, and Breaking Carts

We can supply your needs in plow and lister shares, rope, doubletrees, single-trees, wrenches, hammers, harness or anything you need on the farm. Give us a chance at your next bill and let us prove to you that we can save you money.

THE GREEN HARDWARE CO.

West Side Square

Canyon, Texas

W. S. Melroy has accepted a position with Green Bros. at Amarillo and begun work Monday morning. His family will continue to live in Canyon.

Jim Redfern and Rector Lester were in Plainview the first of the week on business.

Miss Pearl Hensley has gone from Panhandle, where she has been teaching, to Pool Ranch where she will take charge of a school. The Panhandle school closed on March, 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Cochell, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Cochell and Geo. Brant, of Hereford, spent Sunday in the city at the M. P. Garner home.

C. F. Rudolph, of Stratford, visited Sunday at the D. K. Usery home.

D. K. Usery was an Amarillo caller Sunday.

J. D. Johnson visited Wednesday and Thursday at the parental B. T. Johnson home. He is attending school at Goodnight.

"The Missouri Girl" which was advertised to be at the opera house Tuesday night was postponed until next Monday night. The play is pleasing at every town and since it is the last show of the season a big attendance is assured.

Fay Gober went to Wichita Falls Sunday to accept a position as bookkeeper in a bank.

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

Leader Grocery Dept.

Market Report for Week
Ending, April 10th, 1913

Potatoes	-	\$1.25 per cwt.
Onions	-	\$2.50 per cwt.
Cabbage	-	2.00 per cwt.
Belle of Wichita	-	3.50 per cwt.

BRING US MORE EGGS AND BUTTER

Fat hens - 9 cts Best country butter 25 cts
Frying chicks 11 cts Eggs, per doz. 12 1-2 cts

Remember we guarantee quality, and anything you buy that is not up to your standard bring it back and get your money.

THE LEADER

C. N. HARRISON & CO.

All Kinds of
INSURANCE

Don't wait until you have had a fire before insuring. Only the very best companies are represented through our agency. Here they are.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Amazon | New York Underwriters |
| American Central | North River |
| Continental | National Union |
| Commercial Union | Northern Assurance |
| Detroit Fire and Marine | North British and Mercantile |
| Firemen's Fund | Providence of Washington |
| German American | Phoenix of Hartford |
| Hartford | Phoenix of Brooklyn |
| Home | Queen |
| Insurance Co. of North America | Royal |
| Liverpool, London & Globe | Springfield |
| Mechanics and Traders | St. Paul Fire and Marine |
| | Westchester |

J. E. Winkelman

Read the ads in this issue.

The Citizens Lumber Co.

QUALITY---Our
First Consideration

Phone 9

The Twentieth Century Light

Is Electric Light. It is the safest, the cheapest and the best. No danger of explosions. No danger of fire if properly installed and used. You get more light for your money than any other can give. Don't live in the Dark Ages! Let us furnish you with the Twentieth Century Light.

Canyon Power Company
Office in First National Bank

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail
Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger
Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

COMING SOON
THE MISSOURI GIRL
THE BIG FUN SHOW

Return of "Zeke" and "Daisy."



Frank F. Farrell as "Zeke."

Monday April 7th, "The Missouri Girl" will be seen at the Opera house, it is an attraction which should require no boosting in order to fill the playhouse. The vehicle was presented here two or three seasons ago and left a splendid impression, and long after the company were here words of praise of the bill and the performers were heard, in fact it was one of the most pleasing thing things ever seen at the theater, it is a clean, wholesome and fun-making attraction with just enough thrills and pathos to round out a delightful evening of mingled emotions.

The company carries its own special scenery and the cast is said to be the best yet. Frank F. Farrell, the droll comedian will be seen as "Zeke Dobson" and is supported by Blanche Edwards as "Daisy" the Missouri Girl, G. G. Wright is clever in the role of "Phil Sweatman" the wayward son of Col Sweatman, and the well known ex-clown William Milliken commands considerable attention as "The Missouri Justice" with his catchy songs and dances, Jos Rith as the Missouri farmer has a true conception of the part, Kathryn Cameron sustains a difficult role in a creditable manner of "Mrs. Grubb" the balance of the cast is good and there should be an old-time rousing house to greet the production here next Monday night.

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

Found a Cure for Rheumatism.

"I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes Lee L. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I suffered terrible pain so I could not sleep or lie still at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." -For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Straight at It.

There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a world wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

How Foolish.

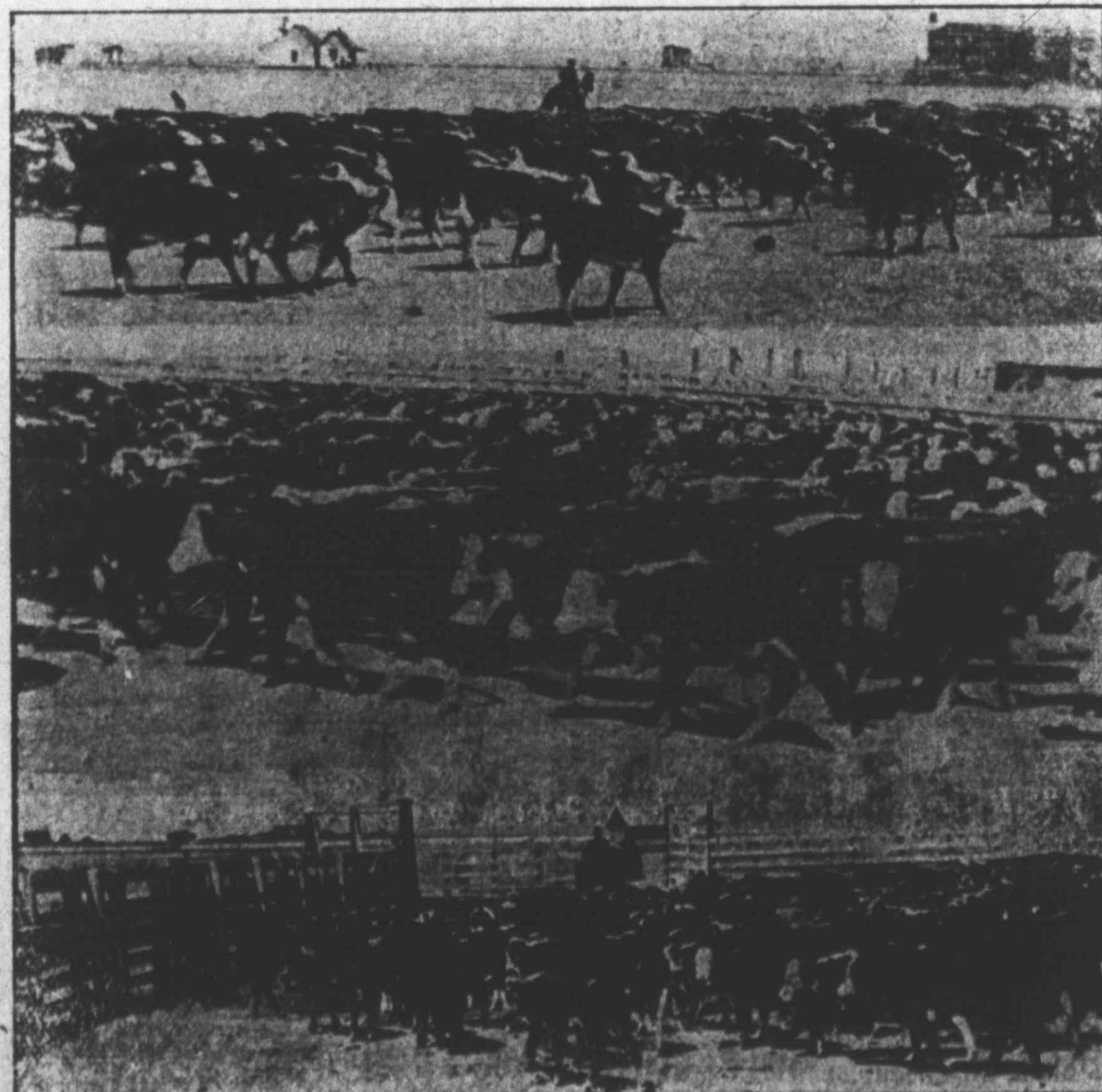
To suffer from Skin Diseases Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, etc. when one 50c box of "Hunt's Cure" is positively guaranteed to cure or your money back. Every retail druggist in the state stands behind this guarantee. Ask your druggist and see the guarantee with each box. You don't risk anything in giving it a trial.

(Advertisement)

Get some V-AVA at the News office.



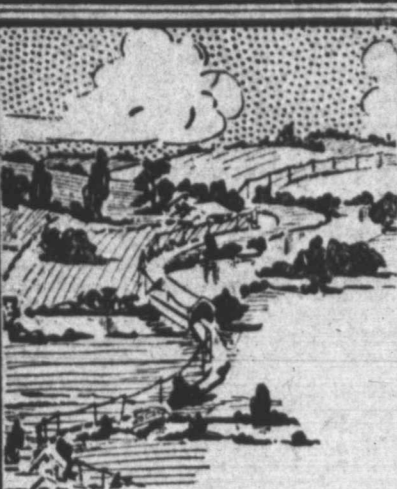
Improved and
Unimproved Farms
PRICES REASONABLE
Terms to Suit Purchaser
Location and Quality
of Farms Cannot
be Excelled
C. O. KEISER
Canyon, Texas
Keota, Iowa



Canyon Tannery

Moved from east side to Thompson building on south side. We are prepared to do all kinds of tanning with hair on or off. We invite investigation.

Canyon Tannery



All Bound Round with a Telephone Line

In a Bell connected community it's not "how far is it to neighbor Perkins?" But "is neighbor Perkins' ring three?" The ring of a bell and you have him.

In marketing, in matters of farm routine, in emergencies, the telephone adds to the farmer's ease and profit.

Are you connected with the Bell system?

Ask our nearest Manager for information or write to

THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE COMPANY
DALLAS, TEXAS

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

S. L. INGHAM, Dentist

First State Bank building. All work warranted.

DR. G. J. PARSONS

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Reid Building
Office Phone 235 Residence Phone 195

B. FRANK BUIE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office in Lair Building
Phone 84 Canyon Texas

Special attention will be given to District Court practice along the Santa Fe R. R., from Canyon on the north to Post City and Lamesa on the south, including the intervening towns of Tulia, Plainview, Floydada, Lubbock and Tahoka. The same careful attention will be given to the interest of his clients whether living inside or outside of Texas.

Business in either of said Courts solicited.

Claude Walcott, Physician

Practice limited to the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat
CATARRH GLASSES FITTED
Suite 2, Fuqua Bldg. Phone 606
Amarillo, Texas

The Canyon City Abstract Company

Work Promptly Done

FLESHER BROS. Managers

Office in Court House. Phone 210

SEEDS

Garden, Field and Flower Seed. Vegetable Plants. Poultry and Bee-keepers Supplies. Ask for Catalogue and Price List

ROSWELL SEED CO.

115-117 So. Main. - Roswell, N. M.
Seed adapted to the Southwest.

MOLLY McDONALD
A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By **RANDALL PARRISH**
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by **V. L. Barnes**

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY A. C. MCCLURG & CO.



Even as the unrestrained words leaped from his lips he realized the only hope—the reins still dangled, caught securely in the brake lever. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he wiggled out; Moylan, comprehending, caught his legs, holding him steady against the mad pitching. His fingers gripped the iron top rail, and, exerting all his strength, he slowly pulled his body up, until he fell forward into the driver's seat. Swift as he had been, the action



"There is Hell to Pay West of Here."

was not quickly enough conceived to avert disaster. He had the reins in his grip when the swinging pole struck the steep side of the bluff, snapping off with a sharp crack, and flinging down the frightened animals, the wheels crashing against them, as the coach came to a sudden halt. Hamlin hung on grimly, swung forward to the footrail by the force of the shock, his body bruised and aching. One horse lay motionless, head under, apparently instantly killed; his mate struggled to his feet, tore frantically loose from the traces, and went flying madly down the slope, the broken harness dangling at his heels. The Sergeant sat up and stared about, sweeping the blood from a slight gash out of his eyes. Then he came to himself with a gasp—understanding instantly what it all meant, why those men had cut loose the horses and ridden away.

CHAPTER V.

The Defense of the Stage.

There were times when Hamlin's mental processes seemed slow, almost sluggish, but this was never true in moments of emergency and peril. Then he became swift, impetuous, seemingly borne forward by some inspiring instinct. It was for such experiences as this that he remained in the service—his whole nature responding almost joyously to the bugle-call of action, of imminent danger, his nerves steadying into rock. These were the characteristics which had won him his chevrons in the unwarded service of the frontier, and when scarcely more than a boy, had put a captain's bars on the gray collar of his Confederate uniform.

Now, as he struggled to his knees, gripping the iron foot-rail with one hand, a single glance gave him a distinct impression of their desperate situation. With that knowledge, there likewise flashed over his mind the only possible means of defense. The Indians, numbering at least thirty, had ridden recklessly out from under the protection of the river bank, spreading to right and left, as their ponies' hoofs struck the turf, and were now charging down upon the disabled coach, yelling madly and brandishing their guns. The very reckless abandon of their advance expressed the conception they had of the situation—they had witnessed the flight of the two fugitives, the runaway of the wheelers, and believed the remaining passengers would be helpless victims. They came on, savage and confident, not anticipating a fight, but a massacre—shrieking prisoners, and a glut of revenge.

With one swing of his body, Hamlin was upon the ground, and had jerked open the inside door of the coach, forcing it back against the dirt of the bluff which towered in protection above. His eyes were quick to perceive the peculiar advantage of position; that their assailants would be compelled to advance from only one direction. The three within were barely struggling to their feet, dazed, bewildered, falling as yet to comprehend fully those distant yells, when he sprang into their midst, uttering his swift orders, and unconsciously jerking the men into position for defense.

"But—but I will not!" and she faced him, her face white, but her eyes shining. "I can shoot! See!" and she flashed a pearl-handled revolver defiantly. The Sergeant thrust her unceremoniously aside and plunged across to the opposite window, gripping his Henry rifle.

"Do as I say," he growled. "This is our fight. Get down! Now, you terriers, let them have it!"

There was a wild skurrying of mounted figures almost at the coach wheels, hair streaming, feathers waving, lean, red arms thrown up, the air vocal with shrill outcries—then the dull bark of a Henry, the boom of a Winchester, the sharp spitting of a Colt. The smoke rolled out in a cloud, pungent, concealing, nervous fingers pressing the triggers again and again. They could see reeling horses, men gripping their ponies' manes to keep erect, staring, frightened eyes, animals flung back on their haunches, rearing madly in the air. The fierce yell of exultation changed into a savage scream, bullets crashed into the thin sides of the coach; it rocked with the contact of a half-naked body flung forward by a plunging horse; the Mexican swore wildly in Spanish, and then—the smoke blew aside and they saw the field; the dead and dying ponies, three motionless, bodies huddled on the grass, a few dismounted stragglers racing on foot for the river bank, and a squad of riders circling beyond the trail. Hamlin swept the mingled sweat and blood out of his eyes, smiled grimly, and glanced back into the coach, instinctively slipping fresh cartridges into his hot rifle.

"That's one time those fellows ran into a hornet's nest," he commented quietly. All trace of excitement vanished. "Better load up, boys, for we're not through yet—they'll only be more careful next time. Anybody hurt?"

"Somethin' creased my back," replied Moylan, complainingly, and trying vainly to put a hand on the spot. "Felt like a streak o' fire." The Sergeant reached across, fingering the torn shirt cautiously.

"Scared the flesh, pardner, but no blood worth mentioning. They've got some heavy artillery out there from the sound—old army muskets likely. It is our repeating rifles that will win out—those red devils don't understand them yet."

"Sensor, you tink we win out den?" and Gonzales peered up blinking into the other's face. "Acree! dey vil fight lefeerder de nex' time. Ze Ameri-caine musketeer, eet carry so far—ess set not so?"

Hamlin patted his brown barrel affectionately as if it were an old friend, and smiled across into the questioning eyes of the girl.

"I'm willing to back this weapon against the best of them for distance," he replied easily, "and it's accurate besides. How about it, Moylan?"

"I'd about as soon be in front as behind one of them cannon," answered the sutler soberly. "I toted one four years. But say, pardner, what's yer name? Yer a cavalryman, ain't yer?"

"Sergeant—forgot I wasn't properly introduced," and he bent his head slightly, glancing again toward the girl. "Hamlin is the rest of it."

"Breck' Hamlin?"

"Sometimes—delicate reference to my hair, miss," and he took off his hat, his gray eyes laughing. "Born that way, but doesn't seem to interfere with me much, since I was a kid. You've heard of me then, Moylan? So has our little friend, Gonzales, here."

The sober-faced sutler merely nodded, evidently in no mood for pleasantries.

"Oh, ye're all right," he said finally. "I've heard 'em say you was a fighter down round Santa Fe, an' I know it myself now. But what the hell are we goin' to do. This yere stagecoach ain't much of a fort to keep off a bunch o' redskins once they git their mad up. Them musket bullets go through like the sides was paper, an' I reckon we ain't got no oversupply o' ammunition—I know I ain't fer this Winchester. How long do yer reckon we kin hold out?"

Hamlin's face became grave, his eyes also turning toward the river. The sun was already sinking low in the west, and the Indians, gathered in council out of rifle-shot, were like shadows against the glimmering water beyond.

"They'll try us again just before dark," he affirmed slowly, "but more cautiously. If that attack falls, then they'll endeavor to creep in, and take



"Do As I Say," He Growled. "This is Our Fight."

us by surprise. It's going to be a clear night, and there is small chance for even an Indian to hide in that buffalo-grass with the stars shining. They have got to come up from below, for no buck could climb down this bluff without making a noise. I don't see why, with decent luck, we can't hold out as we are until help gets here; those fellows who rode away will report at Canon Bluff and send a rider on to Dodge for help. There ought to be soldiers out here by noon tomorrow. What troops are at Dodge now?"

"Only a single company—infantry," replied Moylan gloomily. "All the rest are out scouting 'long the Solomon. Darned if I believe they'll send us a man. Those two cowards will likely report us all dead—otherwise they wouldn't have any excuse for runnin' away—and the commander will satisfy himself by sendin' a courier to the fellows in the field."

"Well, then," commented the Sergeant, his eyes gleaming, "we've simply got to fight it out alone, I reckon, and hang on to our last shots. What do you make of those reds?"

The three men stared for some time at the distant group over their rifles, in silence.

"They ain't all Arapahoos, that's certain," said Moylan at last. "Some of 'em are Cheyennes. I've seen that chief before—it's Roman Nose."

"The big buck humped up on the roan?"

"That's the one, and he is a bad actor; saw him once over at Fort Kearney two years ago. Had a council there. Say!" in surprise, "ain't that an Ogalla Sioux war bonnet bobbin' there to the right, Sergeant?"

Hamlin studied the distant feathered head-dress indicated, shading his eyes with one hand.

"I reckon maybe it is, Moylan," he acknowledged at last gravely. "Those fellows have evidently got together; we're going to have the biggest scrap this summer the old army has had yet. Looks as though it was goin' to begin right here—and now. See there! The lance is on, boys; there they come; they will try it on foot this time."

He tested his rifle, resting one knee on the seat; Moylan pushed the barrel of his Winchester out through the ragged hole in the back of the coach, and the little Mexican lay flat, his eyes on the level with the window-casing. The girl alone remained motionless, crouched on the floor, her white face uplifted.

The entire field stretching to the river was clear to the view, the short, dry buffalo-grass offering no concealment. To the right of the coach, some fifty feet away, was the only depression, a shallow gully leading down from the bluff, but this slight advantage was unavailable. The sun had already dropped from view, and the gathering twilight distorted the figures, making them almost grotesque in their savagery. Yet they could be clearly distinguished, stealing silently forward, guns in hand, spreading out in a wide half-circle, obedient to the gestures of Roman Nose, who, still mounted upon his pony, was traversing the river bank, his every motion outlined against the dull gleam of water behind him. From the black depths of the coach the three men watched in almost breathless silence, gripping their weapons, fascinated, determined not to waste a shot. Gonzales, under the strain, uttered a fierce Spanish curse, but Hamlin crushed his arm between iron fingers.

"Keep still, you fool!" he muttered, never glancing around. "Let your gun talk!"

The assailants came creeping on, snakes rather than men, appearing less and less human in the increasing shadows. Twice the Sergeant lifted his Henry, sighting along the brown barrel, lowering the weapon again in doubt of the distance. He was conscious of exultation, of a swifter pulse of the heart, yet his nerves were like steel, his grip steady. Only a dim fleeting memory of the girl, half hidden in the darkness behind, gave him uneasiness—he could not turn and look into her eyes. Roman Nose was advancing now at the center of that creeping half circle, a hulking figure perched on his pony's back, yet well out of rifle range. He spread his hands apart, clasping a blanket, looking like a great bird flapping its wings, and the ground in front flamed, the red flare splitting the gray gloom. The speeding bullets crashed through the leather of the coach, splintering the wood; the Mexican rolled to the floor, uttering one inhuman cry, and lay motionless; a great volume of black smoke wavered in the still air.

"Wait! Wait until they get to their feet!" Hamlin cried eagerly. "Ah! there they come—now unlimber."

(Continued on page 8)

Panhandle Teachers Association

The following is the program of the Panhandle Teachers Association which meets in Canyon April 4 and 5.

FRIDAY MORNING 10:10. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

Prayer, Rev. A. B. Haynes, Canyon.
Welcome address, Judge C. E. Coss and B. A. Stafford, Canyon.
Response, Dr. B. G. Lowry, Amarillo.

EQUIPMENT FOR A ONE ROOM SCHOOL.

Judge J. L. Jennings, Canadian.
Judge J. S. Stallings, Claude.
Miss Belle Shotwell, Amarillo.

ADEQUATE EQUIPMENT FOR A PLAINS HIGH SCHOOL.

Miss Ella Robertson, Supt. Plainview Schools.
Supt. C. W. Foote, Canadian.
Supt. T. J. Yoe, Canyon City Schools.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

SCHOOL SANITATION.

Dr. F. M. Wilson and R. L. Marquis, Canyon.

THE RURAL HIGH SCHOOL LAW OF TEXAS.

J. W. Reid, Canyon.
Judge W. M. Jeter, Amarillo.

THE NUMBER OF GRADES THAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT IN A SCHOOL OF FIVE TEACHERS

Prin. D. A. Shirley, Hereford.
Supt. L. N. George, Panhandle.

FRIDAY NIGHT

Music.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS IN RELATION TO SCHOOL IMPROVEMENT.

Supt. S. M. Byrd, Amarillo.
Supt. M. B. Johnson, Sweetwater.

AIMS AND PURPOSES OF THE WEST TEXAS STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

President R. B. Cousins.

SATURDAY MORNING.

CORRELATION OF HIGH SCHOOLS WITH NORMAL SCHOOLS.

L. G. Allen, Canyon.
Supt. W. T. Tulia.
Supt. E. A. Watson, Snyder.

WHAT SHOULD BE ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH IN THE HIGH SCHOOL?

- a. From the point of view of the Normal School, H. W. Morelock, Canyon.
- b. From the point of view of the Junior College, S. E. Burkhead, Clarendon.
- c. From the point of view of the High School, J. T. Claggett, Memphis.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

PRIMARY WORK IN ENGLISH.

Mrs. J. K. Wester, Lubbock.
Miss Katie Stout, Clarendon.

Business session.

Railroads have granted reduced rates on the 3rd and 4th of April. Board may be had from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day.

A reception committee will meet all trains.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED
I Will Prove It to You Free

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are miserable, whose nights are made sleepless by the terrible itching, burning pains, let me send you a trial of a soothing, healing treatment which has cured hundreds, which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

J. C. HUTZELL, 112 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name..... Age.....
Post Office.....
State..... Street and No.....

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News.

Your Home Should Not Be Without

Randall County News	-	\$1.50 a year
Holland's Magazine	-	\$1.00 a year
Farm and Ranch	-	\$1.00 a year

All Three a Year To You For Only \$2.25

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS gives you all the local news and items of interest. HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE fills a place in the southwestern home. FARM AND RANCH is necessary to every Banker, Merchant and Farmer. : : :

You Ought to Have These Three Order Today.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

Molly McDonald
A TALE OF THE FRONTIER
By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Death," "My Lady of the North," etc., etc.
Illustrations by V. L. BARNES
Copyright, 1912, by A. C. McGraw & Co.

He saw only those black, indistinct figures, leaping out of the smoke, converging on the coach, their naked arms uplifted, their voices mingling in savage yells. Like lightning he worked his rifle, heart throbbing to the excitement, oblivious to all else; almost without realization he heard the deeper bellow of Moylan's Winchester, the sharp bark of a revolver at his very ear. Gonzales was all right, then! Good! He never thought of the girl, never saw her grip the pistol from the Mexican's dead hand, and crawl white-faced, over his body, to that front seat. All he really knew was that those devils were coming, leaping, crowding through the smoke wreaths; he saw them stumble, and rise again; he saw one leap into the air, and then crash face down; he saw them break, circling to right and left, crouching as they ran. Two reached the stage—only one! One pitched forward, a revolver bullet between his eyes, his head wedged in the spokes of the wheel; the other Hamlin struck with emptied rifle-barrel as his red hand gripped the door, sending him sprawling back into the dirt. It was all the work of a minute, an awful minute, intense, breathless—then silence, the smoke drifting away, the dark night hiding the skulking runners.

CHAPTER VI.

The Condition in the Coach.
Mechanically—scarcely conscious of the action—the Sergeant slipped fresh cartridges into the hot rifle chamber, swept the tumbled hair out of his eyes with his shirt sleeve, and stared into the night. He could hardly comprehend yet that the affair was ended, the second attack repulsed. It was like a delirium of fever; he almost expected to see those motionless bodies outstretched on the grass spring up, yelling defiance. Then he gripped himself firmly, realizing the truth—it was over with for the present; away off there in the haze obscuring the river bank those indistinct black smudges were feeling savages, their voices wailing through the night. Just in front, formless, huddled where they had fallen, were the bodies of dead and dying, smitten ponies and half-naked men. He drew a deep breath through clenched teeth, endeavoring to distinguish his comrades.

The interior of the coach was black;



All He Really Knew Was That Those Devils Were Coming, Leaping, Crowding.

and soundless, except for some one's swift, excited breathing. As he extended his cramped legs to the floor he touched a motionless body. Not until then had he realized the possibility of death also within. He felt downward with one hand, his nerves suddenly throbbing, and his finger touched a cold face—the Mexican. It must have been that last volley, for he could distinctly recall the sharp bark of Gonzales' revolver between his own shots.

"The little devil," he muttered soberly. "It was a squarer death than he deserved. He was a game little cock."

Then he thought of Moylan, wondering why the man did not move, or speak. That was not like Moylan. He bent forward, half afraid in the stillness, endeavoring to discover space on the floor for both his feet. He could perceive now a distant star showing clear through the ragged opening jabbed in the back of the coach, but no outline of the sutler's burly shoulders.

"Moylan!" he called, hardly above a whisper. "What is the trouble? Have you been hit, man?"

There was no answer, no responding sound, and he stood up, reaching kindly over across the seat. Then he knew, and felt a shudder run through

him from head to foot. Bent double over the iron back of the middle seat, with hands still gripping his hot rifle, the man hung, limp and lifeless. Almost without realizing the act, Hamlin lifted the heavy body, laid it down upon the cushion, and unclasped the dead fingers gripping the Winchester stock.

"Every shot gone," he whispered to himself dazedly, "every shot gone! Ain't that hell!"

Then it came to him in a sudden flash of intelligence—he was alone; alone except for the girl. They were out there yet, skulking in the night, planning revenge, those savage foemen—Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Ogallas. They had been beaten back, defeated, smitten with death, but they were Indians still. They would come back for the bodies of their slain, and then—what? They could not know who were living, who dead, in the coach; yet must have discovered long since that it had only contained three defenders. They would guess that ammunition would be limited. His knowledge of the fighting tactics of the Plains tribes gave clear vision of what would probably occur. They would wait, scattered out in a wide circle from bluff to bluff, lying snake-like in the grass. Some of the bolder might creep in to drag away the bodies of dead warriors, risking a chance shot, but there would be no open attack in the dark. That would be averse to all Indian strategy, all precedent. Even now the mournful wailing had ceased; Roman Nose had rallied his warriors, instilled into them his own unconquerable savagery, and set them on watch. With the first gray dawn they would come again, leaping to the coach's wheels, yelling, triumphant, mad with new ferocity—and he was alone, except for the girl.

And where was she? He felt for her on the floor, but only touched the Mexican's feet. He had to lean across the seat where Moylan's body lay, shrouded in darkness, before his groping fingers came in contact with the skirt of her dress. She was on the front seat, close to the window; against the lightness of the outer sky, her head seemed lying upon the wooden frame. She did not move, he could not even tell that she breathed, and for an instant his dry lips failed him utterly, his blood seemed to stop. Good God! Had she been killed also? How, in Heaven's name, did she ever get there? Then suddenly she lifted her head slightly, brushing back her hair with one arm; the faint starlight gleamed on a steel barrel. The Sergeant expelled his breath swiftly, wetting his dry lips.

"Are you hurt?" he questioned anxiously. "Lord but you gave me a scare!"

She seemed to hear his voice, yet scarcely to understand, like one aroused suddenly from sleep.

"What! you spoke—then—then—there are others? I—I am not here all alone?"

"Not if you count me," he said, a trace of recklessness in the answer. "I haven't even a scratch so far as I know. Did they touch you?"

"No; that is, I am not quite sure; it—it was all so horrible I cannot remember. Who are you? Are you the—the soldier?"

"Yes—I'm Hamlin. Would you mind telling me how you ever got over there?"

She straightened up, seemed to notice the heavy revolver in her fingers, and let it fall to the floor.

"Oh, it is like a dream—an awful dream. I couldn't help myself. When the Mexican rolled off on to the floor, I knew he was dead, and—and there was his revolver held right out to me in his hand. Before I realized I had it, and was up here—I—I killed one—he fell in the wheel; I—I can never forget that!"

"Don't try," broke in Hamlin earnestly. "You're all right," he added, admiration in his voice. "And so it was you there with the small gun. I heard it bark, but never knew Gonzales was hit. When did it happen?"

"When—when they fired first. It—it was all smoke out there when I got to the window; they—they looked like—like wild beasts, and it didn't seem to me I was myself at all."

The man laughed lightly.

"You did the right thing, that's all," he consoled, anxious to control her excitement. "Now you and I must decide what to do next—we are all alone."

"Alone! Has Mr. Moylan been hit, also?"

"Yes," he answered, feeling it was better to tell her frankly. "He was shot, and is beyond our help. But come," and he reached over and took her hand, "you must not give up now."

She offered no resistance, but sat motionless, her face turned away. Yet she knew she trembled from head to foot, the reaction mastering her. A red tongue of flame seemed to silt the outside blackness; there was a single sharp report, echoing back from the bluff, but no sound of the striking bullet. Just an instant he caught a glimpse of her face, as she drew back, startled.

"Oh, they are coming again! What shall we do?"

"No," he insisted, still retaining her hand, confident in his judgment.

"Those fellows will not attempt to rush us again tonight. You must keep cool, for we shall need all our wits to get away. An Indian never risks a night assault, unless it is a surprise. He wants to see what he is up against. Those bucks have got all they want of this outfit; they have no reason to suppose any of us were hit. They are as much afraid of us as we are, but when it gets daylight, and they can see the shape we're in, then they'll come yelling."

"But they can lie out there in the dark and shoot," she protested. "That

shot was aimed at us, wasn't it?"

"I reckon it was, but it never got here. Don't let that worry you; if an Indian ever hits anything with a gun it's going to be by pure accident." He stared out of the window. "They're liable to bang away occasionally, and I suppose it is up to us to make some response just to tell them we're awake and ready. But they ain't fir-

all this was impersonal; however pretty she might be, the fact was nothing to him and never could be. Knowing who she was, he comprehended instantly the social gulf stretching unbridged between them. An educated man himself, with family connections he had long ago ceased to discuss, he realized his present position more keenly than he otherwise might. He had enlisted in the army with no misunderstanding as to what a private's uniform meant. He had never heretofore supposed he regretted any loss in this respect, his nature apparently satisfied with the excitement of active frontier service, yet he vaguely knew there had been times when he longed for companionship with women of the class to which he had once belonged. Fortunately his border stations offered little temptation in this respect, and he had grown to believe that he had actually forgotten. That afternoon even—sweetly fair as Miss McDonald undoubtedly appeared—he had looked upon her without the throb of a pulse, as he might upon a picture. She was not for him even to admire—she was Major McDonald's daughter, whom he had been sent to guard. That was all then.

Yet he knew that somehow it was different now—the personal element had entered unwelcomed, into the equation. Sitting there in the dark, Gonzales' body crumpled on the floor at his feet, and Moylan lying stiff and cold along the back seat, with this girl grasping his sleeve in trust, she remained no longer merely the Major's daughter—she had become herself. And she did not seem to care and did not seem to realize that there were barriers of rank, which under other circumstances must so utterly separate them. She liked him, and frankly told him so, not as she would dismiss an inferior with kindness, but as though he was an equal, as though he was a gentleman. Somehow the very tone of her voice, the clinging touch of her hand, sent the blood pumping through his veins. Something besides duty inspired him; he was no longer merely a soldier, but had suddenly become transformed into a man. Years of repression, of iron discipline, were blotted out, and he became even as his birthright made him. "Molly McDonald," "Molly McDonald," he whispered the name unconsciously to himself. Then his eyes caught the distant flicker of Indian fire, and his teeth locked savagely.

There was something else to do besides dream. Because the girl had spoken pleasantly was no reason why he should act the fool. Angry at himself, he gripped his faculties, and faced the situation, aroused, intent. He must save himself—and her! But how? What plan promised any possibility of success? He had their surroundings in a map before his eyes. His training had taught him to note and remember what others would as naturally neglect. He was a soldier of experience, a plainsman by long training, and even in the fierceness of the Indians' attack on the stage his quick glance had completely visualized their surroundings. He had not appreciated this at the time, but now the topography of the immediate region was unrolled before him in detail; yard by yard it reappeared as though photographed. He saw the widely rutted trail, rounding the bluff at the right a hundred yards away, curving sharply down the slope and then disappearing over the low hill to the left, a slight stream trickling along its base. Below, the short buffalo-grass, sunburned and brittle, ran to the sandy edge of the river, which flowed silently in a broad, shallow, yellow flood beneath the star gleam. Under the protection of that bank, but somewhat to the left, where a handful of stunted cottonwood trees had found precarious foothold in the sand, gleamed the solitary Indian fire. About its embers, no doubt, squatted the chiefs and other warriors, feasting and taking council, while the younger bucks lay, rifles in hand, along the night-enshrouded slope, their cruel, vengeful eyes seeking to distinguish the outlines of the coach against the black curtain of the bluff.

This had proven thus far their salvation—that steep uplift of earth against which the stage had crashed in its mad dash—for its precipitant front had compelled the savages to attack from one direction only, a slight overhang, not unlike a roof, making it impossible even to shoot down from above. But this same sharp incline was not likewise a preventive of escape. Hamlin shook his head as he recalled to mind its steep ascent, without root or shrub to cling to. No, it would never do to attempt that; not with her. Perhaps alone he might scramble up somehow, but with her the feat would be impossible. He dismissed this as hopeless, his memory of their surroundings drifting from point to point aimlessly. He saw the whole barren vista as it last stood revealed under the glow of the sun—the desolate plateau above, stretching away into the dim north, the brown level of the plains, broken only by sharp fissures in the surface, treeless, extending for unnumbered leagues. To east and west the valley, now scarcely more green than those upper plains,

bound by its verdureless bluffs, ran crookedly, following the river course, its only sign of white dominion the rutted trail. Beyond the stream there extended miles of white sand-dunes, fantastically shapen by the wind, gradually changing into barren plains of alkali. Between crouched the vigilant Indian sentinels, alert and vengeful.

Certain facts were clear—to remain meant death, torture for him if they were taken alive, and worse than death for her. Perspiration burst out

upon his face at the thought. No! Great God! not that; he would kill her himself first. Yet this was the truth, the truth to be faced. The nearest available troops were at Dodge, a company of infantry. If they started at once they could never arrive in time to prevent an attack at daybreak. The Indians undoubtedly knew this, realized the utter helplessness of their victims, and were acting accordingly. Otherwise they would never have lighted that fire nor remained on guard. Moreover if the two of them should succeed in stealing forth from the shelter of the coach, should skulk unseen amid the dense blackness of the overhanging bluff, eluding the watchers, what would it profit in the end? Their trail would be clear; with the first gray of dawn those savage trackers would be at work, and they would be trapped in the open, on foot, utterly helpless even to fight.

The man's hands clenched and unclenched about his rifle-barrel in an agony of indecision, his eyes perceiving the silhouette of the girl against the lighter arc of sky. No, not that—not that! They must hide their trail, leave behind no faintest trace of passage for these hounds to follow. Yet how could the miracle be accomplished? Out from the mist of tortured memory came, as a faint hope, a dim recollection of that narrow gully cutting straight down across the trail, over which the runaway had crashed in full gallop. That surely could not be far back, and was of sufficient depth to hide them in the darkness. He was uncertain how far it extended, but at some time it had been a water-course and must have reached the river. And the river would hide their trail! A new hope sprang into his eyes. He felt the sudden straightening up of his body.

"What—what is it?" she questioned, startled. "Do you see anything? Are they coming?"

"No, no," almost impatiently. "It is still as death out there, but I almost believe I have discovered a means of escape. Do you remember a gully we ran over while I was on top of the stage?"

"I am not sure; was it when that awful jolt came?"

"Yes, it swung me to the foot-board just when I had untangled the lines. We could not have traveled a dozen yards farther before we struck this bluff—could we?"

"I hardly think so," yet evidently bewildered by his rapid questioning. "Only I was so confused and frightened I can scarcely remember. Why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because," he returned earnestly, bending toward her, "I believe that gash in the earth is going to get us out of here. Anyhow it is the only chance I can figure. If we can creep through to the river, undiscovered, I'll agree to leave Mister Indian guessing as to where we've gone."

The new note of animation in the man's voice aroused her, but she grasped his arm tighter.

"But—but, oh, can we? Won't they be hiding there too?"

"It's a chance, that's all—but better than waiting here for a certainty. See here, Miss McDonald," and he caught her hand in his own, forgetful of all save his own purpose and the necessity of strengthening her to play out the game, "the trend of that gully is to the west; except up here close to the bluff it runs too far away for a guard line. The Indians will be lying out here on the open prairie; they will

creep as close in as they dare under cover of darkness. I'll bet there are twenty red snakes now within a hundred feet of us—oh, don't shiver and lose your nerve! They'll not try to close that gap yet; it's too dangerous with us on guard and only one side of the coach exposed. That fellow was trying us out a while ago, and they've kept quiet ever since I let drive at him. They know the limits of the safety zone, and will keep there until just before daylight. That is when they'll try to creep up upon us. Have you got the time?"

She opened her watch, feeling for the hands with her fingers, wondering vaguely at her own calmness. The cool resourcefulness of Hamlin was like a tonic.

"It—it is a little after one o'clock," she said slowly, "although I am not sure my watch is exactly right."

"Near enough; there are signs of daylight at four—three hours left; that ought to be sufficient, but with no darkness to spare. Will you go with me? Will you do exactly as I say?"

bound by its verdureless bluffs, ran crookedly, following the river course, its only sign of white dominion the rutted trail. Beyond the stream there extended miles of white sand-dunes, fantastically shapen by the wind, gradually changing into barren plains of alkali. Between crouched the vigilant Indian sentinels, alert and vengeful.

Certain facts were clear—to remain meant death, torture for him if they were taken alive, and worse than death for her. Perspiration burst out

upon his face at the thought. No! Great God! not that; he would kill her himself first. Yet this was the truth, the truth to be faced. The nearest available troops were at Dodge, a company of infantry. If they started at once they could never arrive in time to prevent an attack at daybreak. The Indians undoubtedly knew this, realized the utter helplessness of their victims, and were acting accordingly. Otherwise they would never have lighted that fire nor remained on guard. Moreover if the two of them should succeed in stealing forth from the shelter of the coach, should skulk unseen amid the dense blackness of the overhanging bluff, eluding the watchers, what would it profit in the end? Their trail would be clear; with the first gray of dawn those savage trackers would be at work, and they would be trapped in the open, on foot, utterly helpless even to fight.

The man's hands clenched and unclenched about his rifle-barrel in an agony of indecision, his eyes perceiving the silhouette of the girl against the lighter arc of sky. No, not that—not that! They must hide their trail, leave behind no faintest trace of passage for these hounds to follow. Yet how could the miracle be accomplished? Out from the mist of tortured memory came, as a faint hope, a dim recollection of that narrow gully cutting straight down across the trail, over which the runaway had crashed in full gallop. That surely could not be far back, and was of sufficient depth to hide them in the darkness. He was uncertain how far it extended, but at some time it had been a water-course and must have reached the river. And the river would hide their trail! A new hope sprang into his eyes. He felt the sudden straightening up of his body.

"What—what is it?" she questioned, startled. "Do you see anything? Are they coming?"

"No, no," almost impatiently. "It is still as death out there, but I almost believe I have discovered a means of escape. Do you remember a gully we ran over while I was on top of the stage?"

"I am not sure; was it when that awful jolt came?"

"Yes, it swung me to the foot-board just when I had untangled the lines. We could not have traveled a dozen yards farther before we struck this bluff—could we?"

"I hardly think so," yet evidently bewildered by his rapid questioning. "Only I was so confused and frightened I can scarcely remember. Why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because," he returned earnestly, bending toward her, "I believe that gash in the earth is going to get us out of here. Anyhow it is the only chance I can figure. If we can creep through to the river, undiscovered, I'll agree to leave Mister Indian guessing as to where we've gone."

The new note of animation in the man's voice aroused her, but she grasped his arm tighter.

"But—but, oh, can we? Won't they be hiding there too?"

"It's a chance, that's all—but better than waiting here for a certainty. See here, Miss McDonald," and he caught her hand in his own, forgetful of all save his own purpose and the necessity of strengthening her to play out the game, "the trend of that gully is to the west; except up here close to the bluff it runs too far away for a guard line. The Indians will be lying out here on the open prairie; they will

creep as close in as they dare under cover of darkness. I'll bet there are twenty red snakes now within a hundred feet of us—oh, don't shiver and lose your nerve! They'll not try to close that gap yet; it's too dangerous with us on guard and only one side of the coach exposed. That fellow was trying us out a while ago, and they've kept quiet ever since I let drive at him. They know the limits of the safety zone, and will keep there until just before daylight. That is when they'll try to creep up upon us. Have you got the time?"

She opened her watch, feeling for the hands with her fingers, wondering vaguely at her own calmness. The cool resourcefulness of Hamlin was like a tonic.

"It—it is a little after one o'clock," she said slowly, "although I am not sure my watch is exactly right."

"Near enough; there are signs of daylight at four—three hours left; that ought to be sufficient, but with no darkness to spare. Will you go with me? Will you do exactly as I say?"

bound by its verdureless bluffs, ran crookedly, following the river course, its only sign of white dominion the rutted trail. Beyond the stream there extended miles of white sand-dunes, fantastically shapen by the wind, gradually changing into barren plains of alkali. Between crouched the vigilant Indian sentinels, alert and vengeful.

Certain facts were clear—to remain meant death, torture for him if they were taken alive, and worse than death for her. Perspiration burst out

upon his face at the thought. No! Great God! not that; he would kill her himself first. Yet this was the truth, the truth to be faced. The nearest available troops were at Dodge, a company of infantry. If they started at once they could never arrive in time to prevent an attack at daybreak. The Indians undoubtedly knew this, realized the utter helplessness of their victims, and were acting accordingly. Otherwise they would never have lighted that fire nor remained on guard. Moreover if the two of them should succeed in stealing forth from the shelter of the coach, should skulk unseen amid the dense blackness of the overhanging bluff, eluding the watchers, what would it profit in the end? Their trail would be clear; with the first gray of dawn those savage trackers would be at work, and they would be trapped in the open, on foot, utterly helpless even to fight.

The man's hands clenched and unclenched about his rifle-barrel in an agony of indecision, his eyes perceiving the silhouette of the girl against the lighter arc of sky. No, not that—not that! They must hide their trail, leave behind no faintest trace of passage for these hounds to follow. Yet how could the miracle be accomplished? Out from the mist of tortured memory came, as a faint hope, a dim recollection of that narrow gully cutting straight down across the trail, over which the runaway had crashed in full gallop. That surely could not be far back, and was of sufficient depth to hide them in the darkness. He was uncertain how far it extended, but at some time it had been a water-course and must have reached the river. And the river would hide their trail! A new hope sprang into his eyes. He felt the sudden straightening up of his body.

"What—what is it?" she questioned, startled. "Do you see anything? Are they coming?"

"No, no," almost impatiently. "It is still as death out there, but I almost believe I have discovered a means of escape. Do you remember a gully we ran over while I was on top of the stage?"

"I am not sure; was it when that awful jolt came?"

"Yes, it swung me to the foot-board just when I had untangled the lines. We could not have traveled a dozen yards farther before we struck this bluff—could we?"

"I hardly think so," yet evidently bewildered by his rapid questioning. "Only I was so confused and frightened I can scarcely remember. Why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because," he returned earnestly, bending toward her, "I believe that gash in the earth is going to get us out of here. Anyhow it is the only chance I can figure. If we can creep through to the river, undiscovered, I'll agree to leave Mister Indian guessing as to where we've gone."

The new note of animation in the man's voice aroused her, but she grasped his arm tighter.

"But—but, oh, can we? Won't they be hiding there too?"

"It's a chance, that's all—but better than waiting here for a certainty. See here, Miss McDonald," and he caught her hand in his own, forgetful of all save his own purpose and the necessity of strengthening her to play out the game, "the trend of that gully is to the west; except up here close to the bluff it runs too far away for a guard line. The Indians will be lying out here on the open prairie; they will

creep as close in as they dare under cover of darkness. I'll bet there are twenty red snakes now within a hundred feet of us—oh, don't shiver and lose your nerve! They'll not try to close that gap yet; it's too dangerous with us on guard and only one side of the coach exposed. That fellow was trying us out a while ago, and they've kept quiet ever since I let drive at him. They know the limits of the safety zone, and will keep there until just before daylight. That is when they'll try to creep up upon us. Have you got the time?"

She opened her watch, feeling for the hands with her fingers, wondering vaguely at her own calmness. The cool resourcefulness of Hamlin was like a tonic.

"It—it is a little after one o'clock," she said slowly, "although I am not sure my watch is exactly right."

"Near enough; there are signs of daylight at four—three hours left; that ought to be sufficient, but with no darkness to spare. Will you go with me? Will you do exactly as I say?"

bound by its verdureless bluffs, ran crookedly, following the river course, its only sign of white dominion the rutted trail. Beyond the stream there extended miles of white sand-dunes, fantastically shapen by the wind, gradually changing into barren plains of alkali. Between crouched the vigilant Indian sentinels, alert and vengeful.

Certain facts were clear—to remain meant death, torture for him if they were taken alive, and worse than death for her. Perspiration burst out

upon his face at the thought. No! Great God! not that; he would kill her himself first. Yet this was the truth, the truth to be faced. The nearest available troops were at Dodge, a company of infantry. If they started at once they could never arrive in time to prevent an attack at daybreak. The Indians undoubtedly knew this, realized the utter helplessness of their victims, and were acting accordingly. Otherwise they would never have lighted that fire nor remained on guard. Moreover if the two of them should succeed in stealing forth from the shelter of the coach, should skulk unseen amid the dense blackness of the overhanging bluff, eluding the watchers, what would it profit in the end? Their trail would be clear; with the first gray of dawn those savage trackers would be at work, and they would be trapped in the open, on foot, utterly helpless even to fight.

The man's hands clenched and unclenched about his rifle-barrel in an agony of indecision, his eyes perceiving the silhouette of the girl against the lighter arc of sky. No, not that—not that! They must hide their trail, leave behind no faintest trace of passage for these hounds to follow. Yet how could the miracle be accomplished? Out from the mist of tortured memory came, as a faint hope, a dim recollection of that narrow gully cutting straight down across the trail, over which the runaway had crashed in full gallop. That surely could not be far back, and was of sufficient depth to hide them in the darkness. He was uncertain how far it extended, but at some time it had been a water-course and must have reached the river. And the river would hide their trail! A new hope sprang into his eyes. He felt the sudden straightening up of his body.

shot was aimed at us, wasn't it?"

"I reckon it was, but it never got here. Don't let that worry you; if an Indian ever hits anything with a gun it's going to be by pure accident." He stared out of the window. "They're liable to bang away occasionally, and I suppose it is up to us to make some response just to tell them we're awake and ready. But they ain't fir-

all this was impersonal; however pretty she might be, the fact was nothing to him and never could be. Knowing who she was, he comprehended instantly the social gulf stretching unbridged between them. An educated man himself, with family connections he had long ago ceased to discuss, he realized his present position more keenly than he otherwise might. He had enlisted in the army with no misunderstanding as to what a private's uniform meant. He had never heretofore supposed he regretted any loss in this respect, his nature apparently satisfied with the excitement of active frontier service, yet he vaguely knew there had been times when he longed for companionship with women of the class to which he had once belonged. Fortunately his border stations offered little temptation in this respect, and he had grown to believe that he had actually forgotten. That afternoon even—sweetly fair as Miss McDonald undoubtedly appeared—he had looked upon her without the throb of a pulse, as he might upon a picture. She was not for him even to admire—she was Major McDonald's daughter, whom he had been sent to guard. That was all then.

Yet he knew that somehow it was different now—the personal element had entered unwelcomed, into the equation. Sitting there in the dark, Gonzales' body crumpled on the floor at his feet, and Moylan lying stiff and cold along the back seat, with this girl grasping his sleeve in trust, she remained no longer merely the Major's daughter—she had become herself. And she did not seem to care and did not seem to realize that there were barriers of rank, which under other circumstances must so utterly separate them. She liked him, and frankly told him so, not as she would dismiss an inferior with kindness, but as though he was an equal, as though he was a gentleman. Somehow the very tone of her voice, the clinging touch of her hand, sent the blood pumping through his veins. Something besides duty inspired him; he was no longer merely a soldier, but had suddenly become transformed into a man. Years of repression, of iron discipline, were blotted out, and he became even as his birthright made him. "Molly McDonald," "Molly McDonald," he whispered the name unconsciously to himself. Then his eyes caught the distant flicker of Indian fire, and his teeth locked savagely.

There was something else to do besides dream. Because the girl had spoken pleasantly was no reason why he should act the fool. Angry at himself, he gripped his faculties, and faced the situation, aroused, intent. He must save himself—and her! But how? What plan promised any possibility of success? He had their surroundings in a map before his eyes. His training had taught him to note and remember what others would as naturally neglect. He was a soldier of experience, a plainsman by long training, and even in the fierceness of the Indians' attack on the stage his quick glance had completely visualized their surroundings. He had not appreciated this at the time, but now the topography of the immediate region was unrolled before him in detail; yard by yard it reappeared as though photographed. He saw the widely rutted trail, rounding the bluff at the right a hundred yards away, curving sharply down the slope and then disappearing over the low hill to the left, a slight stream trickling along its base. Below, the short buffalo-grass, sunburned and brittle, ran to the sandy edge of the river, which flowed silently in a broad, shallow, yellow flood beneath the star gleam. Under the protection of that bank, but somewhat to the left, where a handful of stunted cottonwood trees had found precarious foothold in the sand, gleamed the solitary Indian fire. About its embers, no doubt, squatted the chiefs and other warriors, feasting and taking council, while the younger bucks lay, rifles in hand, along the night-enshrouded slope, their cruel, vengeful eyes seeking to distinguish the outlines of the coach against the black curtain of the bluff.

This had proven thus far their salvation—that steep uplift of earth against which the stage had crashed in its mad dash—for its precipitant front had compelled the savages to attack from one direction only, a slight overhang, not unlike a roof, making it impossible even to shoot down from above. But this same sharp incline was not likewise a preventive of escape. Hamlin shook his head as he recalled to mind its steep ascent, without root or shrub to cling to. No, it would never do to attempt that; not with her. Perhaps alone he might scramble up somehow, but with her the feat would be impossible. He dismissed this as hopeless, his memory of their surroundings drifting from point to point aimlessly. He saw the whole barren vista as it last stood revealed under the glow of the sun—the desolate plateau above, stretching away into the dim north, the brown level of the plains, broken only by sharp fissures in the surface, treeless, extending for unnumbered leagues. To east and west the valley, now scarcely more green than those upper plains,

bound by its verdureless bluffs, ran crookedly, following the river course, its only sign of white dominion the rutted trail. Beyond the stream there extended miles of white sand-dunes, fantastically shapen by the wind, gradually changing into barren plains of alkali. Between crouched the vigilant Indian sentinels, alert and vengeful.

Certain facts were clear—to remain meant death, torture for him if they were taken alive, and worse than death for her. Perspiration burst out

upon his face at the thought. No! Great God! not that; he would kill her himself first. Yet this was the truth, the truth to be faced. The nearest available troops were at Dodge, a company of infantry. If they started at once they could never arrive in time to prevent an attack at daybreak. The Indians undoubtedly knew this, realized the utter helplessness of their victims, and were acting accordingly. Otherwise they would never have lighted that fire nor remained on guard. Moreover if the two of them should succeed in stealing forth from the shelter of the coach, should skulk unseen amid the dense blackness of the overhanging bluff, eluding the watchers, what would it profit in the end? Their trail would be clear; with the first gray of dawn those savage trackers would be at work, and they would be trapped in the open, on foot, utterly helpless even to fight.

The man's hands clenched and unclenched about his rifle-barrel in an agony of indecision, his eyes perceiving the silhouette of the girl against the lighter arc of sky. No, not that—not that! They must hide their trail, leave behind no faintest trace of passage for these hounds to follow. Yet how could the miracle be accomplished? Out from the mist of tortured memory came, as a faint hope, a dim recollection of that narrow gully cutting straight down across the trail, over which the runaway had crashed in full gallop. That surely could not be far back, and was of sufficient depth to hide them in the darkness. He was uncertain how far it extended, but at some time it had been a water-course and must have reached the river. And the river would hide their trail