

Canyon City News.

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A VERY GOOD INVESTMENT-A HOME IN RANDALL COUNTY.

HOLDING THE LIGHTHOUSE

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As a sergeant in a Federal infantry regiment I had been detailed to take charge of a lighthouse on the North Carolina coast, and one evening during the last year of the war I was driven inside by seven Confederates, who had landed from a sloop near by and whose mission was to destroy the light. I was well provided with arms and ammunition, and as they came within shooting distance I opened fire and wounded one of them. All of them at once moved to the left to get out of range, and five minutes later there was a demand that I surrender. In case of refusal they would burn me out.

As the lower door was a stout one and loopholed for musketry and as there was no drift stuff within a mile of us to make a fire, I was not greatly worried over the appearance of the men and their threats. I made the door secure and then climbed to the top of the lighthouse, and just as I got there the sloop from which the soldiers had landed and which had been left to take care of itself was floated off the beach by the rising tide and soon passed beyond recovery. The situation now presented was a rather curious one. I was a prisoner inside the lighthouse, but the gang were prisoners outside as well. We were on an island, and there was no escape for them without a boat.

I expected to be fired on when I lighted the lantern, which was in an exposed position, and, sure enough, they opened on me with their muskets and shaved me pretty close three or four times. I got down safely, however, and then had only the door to look after during the night. I got another demand to surrender, but only laughed at it, though two of the men crept softly up and gave me several bullets through the loopholes, which might have finished me had I been standing erect.

The fellows could not tell whether I had been hit or not, and about 9 o'clock I heard them crawling up again to listen. As one of them rubbed against the door I fired through a loophole, and the yell which answered the shot was proof that I had wounded another. What the unwounded would do during the night I could only guess at and be on the watch to checkmate. The two wounded men must have suffered a great deal, but the leader was a determined fellow and bound to carry out his orders.

Soon after the wounding of the second man I heard the whole party moving away, and it was a matter of two hours before they returned. They had searched the shores for driftwood and brought back loads of it.

Of a sudden, while I was listening with the closest attention, the loopholes were stopped up with sticks thrust into them, and then the supply of firewood was heaped against the door. There were three men engaged in this work, and all at once I threw the door wide open and blazed away at them with my revolver. All went down, and before the others could come up I had the door shut again. It was not until two hours later that I knew whether I had killed or wounded the three. I had managed to clear the loopholes and was on the alert for any further move when one of the gang crawled as near as he dared and shouted:

"Say, you in there, we want to surrender!"

"How many of you?" I asked in reply.

"Seven, and five are wounded and suffering. The sergeant will be a dead man unless we can get help pretty soon."

"Where are the two unwounded men?"

"They swam off to get the sloop and have either been eaten by the sharks or drowned. Say, sergeant, for heaven's sake don't go back on us! We were sent to capture and destroy the lighthouse, but we have got the worst of it and are ready to surrender to you."

I looked on it as a plot to take me off my guard and refused to open the door.

Twice more before daylight the same man came and again appealed to me, but he received the same answer. The ones I feared were the two unwounded ones. I believed they were in ambush instead of going off after the boat.

When daylight came I went upstairs and looked down from the parapet and soon made out that there was one man dead and no others about except the wounded. Before descending and opening the door I made them disarm, and just as I was going out to them my assistant, who had been away ever since the morning before to secure fresh supplies, ran his boat upon the beach. We took the wounded in hand together. The sergeant in command of the squad had bled to death during the night of his wound, and some of the others were in a very weak condition. We bound up their hurts and made them as comfortable as possible, and that afternoon a Federal craft was signaled, and she ran in and conveyed the living to Georgetown as prisoners of war.

About the same time the Confederate sloop came driving back with the tide and was easily secured. Several surprising discoveries awaited us. She had about \$500,000 of Confederate money aboard, which was entirely worthless as currency, but we also found \$900 in gold and greenbacks, jewelry which afterward sold for over \$600 and a number of firearms of a new pattern.

M. QUAD.

Japanese Patriotism.

Consul General Uchida of New York city gave, perhaps unconsciously, a fine illustration of what the strength of Japan consists when, in speaking of a possible celebration by the Japanese in this city of the fall of Port Arthur, he remarked: "Any dinner or reception would cost money, and we could use that money to better advantage in relieving the families of the soldiers who were killed at the siege. I think that our commemoration of the fall will take the form of another collection, the money to go to the fatherland." That is the spirit of heroism such as Europe for thousands of years has admired in heroes of the Greek and Roman world. An entire nation that possesses it, as Japan seems to, is invincible.—New York Tribune.

Freezing Weather and Washing.

A handful of salt in the last rinsing water greatly simplifies the hanging out of clothes in freezing weather. As salt prevents water from freezing at the usual temperature, clothes thus treated cannot only be hung on the line before they freeze, but if the sun is shining on them they will partially dry before doing so, a circumstance which prevents much wear and tear. The laundress ought to wear white wool gloves when hanging out clothes in winter.

A Merry War.

The warfare of the sexes has taken a new turn in Knoxville, Tenn. A gambling house there was recently raided by the police, and a number of well known young men were arrested. The girls of the city are demanding that the police make public the names of the men, threatening to cut the offenders' acquaintance. The men treat the matter as a joke and have asked the hairdressers of the city to publish the names of all the girls who wear "switches."

This office is under obligations to Photographer Lusby for rhubarb of his own raising sufficient to make a large pie. Nothing heads rhubarb tarts and pies, in the estimation of this writer, when properly made.

The rains of last Friday, Saturday and Sunday were exceedingly heavy in the central portion of the state. At Austin the Colorado came within a few feet of the record breaker which tore out the big dam some five years ago.

THE "OUTDOOR"

Registered Hereford Herd

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STOCK FOR SALE

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Fourth Annual Commencement

OF THE

Canyon City High School,

Canyon City, Texas.

Methodist Church, Monday Evening,
May 8, 1905, at 8:30 o'clock.

Program.

- INVOCATION, Rev. J. D. Ballard.
- MALE QUARTET, "Hear Our Prayer,"
Messrs. Thompson,
Ernsberger, Stephens,
and Wilson.
- SALUTATORY, Willie Grandison Word.
- QUEEN ELIZABETH, Leava Isabel Prichard.
- "THE READING HABIT," J. P. Hix.
- MUSIC, "ECHOES FROM CASINO," Orchestra.
- "GREAT EVENTS IN HISTORY,"
Benjamin Aubrey McLarry.
- "STEP BY STEP," Roberta See Wilson.
- VOCAL SOLO, (Selected), Mrs. A. Ernsberger.
- CLASS POEM, Annie Laurie Buie.
- PROGRAM CONTINUED.
- "ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE,"
Anna Laura Wiggins.
- "WHAT AN AMERICAN BOY CAN DO,"
John Wesley Wiggins.
- PIANO SOLO, "Spilled," Miss Pearl Gilliam.
- "WHAT AN AMERICAN GIRL CAN DO,"
Lola Otillee Word.
- CLASS HISTORY AND PROPHECY,
Minnie Maria Willard.
- FEMALE TRIO, "Serenade,"
Misses Long,
Brandon, and
Mrs. Rose Howell.
- VALEDICTORY, Maud Brandon.
- PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS, A. Ernsberger.
- CLASS SONG, "Life's Sea Shore."
- BENEDICTION.

SCHOOL NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the School Board, the following was agreed upon.

The Commencement exercises to be held in the Methodist church, Monday night, May 8, an admission fee will be charged as follows: Children 15 cts. Adults, 25 cts.

All who take part on the program, and all the pupils of the Canyon City Public School who continue in school till the close, and take the final examinations will be admitted free.

The door fees to go toward defraying the expenses of the Commencement.

On account of its largest size the Methodist church would have been the better place for the Commencement sermon. There is yet time for the trustees to make the change, should they deem it necessary for the comfort of those likely to attend—no other preaching in town that day, "you know."

Revival Notice.

The Revival services at the Methodist church will begin Sunday night, 8:30, and will continue mornings 10 o'clock and 8:30 in the evening for two weeks, Monday morning and evening excepted. Rev. G. S. Hardy, President of Clarendon College, will have charge of the services. The singers and all Christian workers are requested to assist us. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

J. E. STEPHENS, Pastor.

At request of several persons we have concluded to publish the program this week anyway and will do so again next issue. Extra copies 5 cents.

There will be one or more tickets out for school trustees in the Saturday election. Scratch and write if the printed names don't suit.

J. W. Yearby of Denton, Texas, is in town this week on a visit to his son-in-law, J. E. Coleman, and looking over the country with a view to purchase lands.

Revival Meeting.

The Revival meeting will begin at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Thursday night, June 15. Rev. F. P. Franklin of Ardmore, I. T., will do the preaching. Everyone asked to pray for and attend the meetings.

A. B. HAYNES.

M. S. Park received a telegram yesterday morning from Laredo announcing the death of his mother, Mrs. S. S. Park, at the Laredo seminary, which she built many years ago. She requested to be buried beside her husband in Galveston, who died there fifty years ago, and Mr. Park has gone down to the burial. She was 82 years old and had lived in Texas since childhood.—Amarillo Herald.

C. W. Slover, of Nazareth, is in town the guest of his brother, our sheriff.