

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 7.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, APR. 11., 1907.

NO. 16.

Big Springs Furniture Company

Successors to D. Duncan,

The largest line of Furniture ever carried in Big Springs

UNDERTAKERS GOODS SOLD NIGHT OR DAY.

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Full Line of Builder's Material.

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Everything new
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Table supplied with
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Just opened one block South of the depot

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

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All guests are given the same consideration

Mrs. J. S. Cordill, Proprietor.

Pass on the Praise.

"You're a great little wife and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her and she forgot all but one in that moment. And, forgetting all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang on as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain and sang also, and two homes were happier because he had told her the sweet old story—the story of a love of a husband for a wife. As she sang the butcher boy who called for the order heard it, and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man hearing it thought, "Here is one lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented."

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So, because he kissed her and praised her the song came and the influence went out and out.

Pass on the praise.

A word and you make a rift in the cloud, a smile and you may create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may recover a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise.

Does your clerk do well?

Pass on the praise.

Tell him that you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a rise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Fruit.

The prospect for fruit in this locality is at present excellent. It has so far escaped the frost, and trees are quite full, though high winds last week blew off some still enough is left to mature well.

Mail Route Changed

The Lubbock mail hack changed its route Monday and now goes by DeShaz's ranch and through Holloway canon, having the stage stand between Gail and Tahoka at the DeShazo ranch.

Having a phone and daily mail from both north and south makes it very convenient for Mr. DeShazo and family also their neighbors.

Why some People don't Attend Church.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., received a shock recently at the meeting of his Bible class. The New York world says that Mr. Rockefeller invited a free discussion on why young men do not go to church more. The last of the story is told by The World in this way: "A young man named Smythe, who has been a member of the class for several months and who is known to hold socialistic views, was immediately on his feet. Addressing Mr. Rockefeller, he said: 'I want to warn you in advance, Mr. Rockefeller, that I am an outspoken man, and may say things to offend some people here. The church has not outgrown its usefulness, and the reason why young men do not go to church is because the churches of this city are too fashionable and the young man is expected to pay a certain sum each Sunday, and if the young man is poorly dressed he feels that he is looked down upon. If the church was run on the old time idea of one person being as good as another in God's house you would get the young men. We all have some pride, and if a man is forced to wear a seedy suit of clothes he knows that his better dressed brother would not sit on the bench beside him in Sunday-school or church. This is one solid reason. A hard-working man who has little money cannot stand being preached to on an empty stomach. If you fill his stomach before you preach to him he'll be more likely to listen to you and will come again. It is all very well to tell about the glory of the future life, but if you help him to get comfort and happiness in this World he'll appreciate it more than your promising happiness in the world to come.'"

No More Dust.

The people of Big Springs have at last settled the dust question. Committees have been appointed and the best methods to inaugurate a sprinkling service discussed.

It was decided that should the artesian well in the court house yard prove to have force to carry water to a sufficient height a tank will be erected and a contract let immediately for the sprinkling of the streets, and if not a pump will be installed.

With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From
One Generation to Another," Etc.

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John. "When I was younger I thought as you do. I thought that a man must needs bring a clean slate to the woman he asks to be his wife. It is only his hands that must be clean. Women see deeper into these mistakes of ours than we do. They see the good of them where we only see the wound to our vanity. Sometimes one would almost be inclined to think that they prefer a few mistakes in the past because it makes the present surer. Their romance is a different thing from ours. It is a better thing, deeper and less selfish. They can wipe the slate clean and never look at it again. And the best of them rather like the task."

Jack made no reply. Sir John Meredith's chin was resting on his vast necktie. He was looking with failing eyes into the fire. He spoke like one who was sure of himself—confident in his slowly accumulated store of that knowledge which is not written in books.

"Will you oblige me?" he asked.

Jack moved in his chair, but he made no answer. Sir John did not indeed expect it. He knew his son too well.

"Will you," he continued, "go out to Africa and take your lame story to Jocelyn—just as it is?"

There was a long silence. The old worn-out clock on the mantelpiece wheezed and struck 6.

"Yes," answered Jack at length. "I will go."

Sir John nodded his head with a sigh of relief. All, indeed, comes to him who waits.

"I have seen a good deal of life," he said suddenly, arousing himself and sitting upright in the stiff backed chair, "here and there in the world, and I have found that the happiest people are those who began by thinking that it was too late. The romance of youth is only fit to write about in books. It is too delicate a fabric for everyday use. It soon wears out or gets torn."

Jack did not seem to be listening.

"But," continued Sir John, "you must not waste time. If I may suggest it, you will do well to go at once."

"Yes," answered Jack, "I will go in a month or so. I should like to see you in a better state of health before I leave you."

Sir John pulled himself together. He threw back his shoulders and stiffened his neck.

"My health is excellent," he replied sturdily. "Of course I am beginning to feel my years a little, but one must expect to do that after—eh—sixty C'est la vie."

He made a little movement of the hands.

"No," he went on, "the sooner you go the better."

"I do not like leaving you," persisted Jack.

Sir John laughed rather testily.

"That is rather absurd," he said. "I am accustomed to being left. I have always lived alone. You will do me a favor if you will go now and take your passage out to Africa."

"Now—this evening?"

"Yes. At once. The offices close about half past 6, I believe. You will just have time to do it before dinner."

Jack rose and went toward the door. He went slowly, almost reluctantly.

"Do not trouble about me," said Sir John. "I am accustomed to being left."

He repeated it when the door had closed behind his son.

The fire was low again. It was almost dying. The daylight was fading

every moment. The embers ran together with a crumbling sound, and a grayness crept into their glowing depths. The old man sitting there made no attempt to add fresh fuel.

"I am accustomed," he said, with a half cynical smile, "to being left."

CHAPTER XXV.

THEY tell me, sir, that Missis Marie—that is, Missis Dur-novo—has gone back to her people at Sierra Leone."

Thus spoke Joseph to his master one afternoon in March, not so many years ago. They were on board the steamer Bogamayo, which good vessel was pounding down the west coast of Africa at her best speed. The captain reckoned that he would be anchored at Loango by half past 7 or 8 o'clock that evening. There were only seven passengers on board, and dinner had been ordered an hour earlier for the convenience of all concerned. Joseph was packing his master's clothes in the spacious cabin allotted to him. The owners of the steamer had thought it worth their while to make the funder of the hammock as comfortable as circumstances allowed. The noise of that great drum had directed toward the west coast of Africa that floating scum of ne'er-do-well-dom which is ever on the alert for some new land of promise.

"Who told you that?" asked Jack, drying his hands on a towel.

"One of the stewards, sir; a man that was laid up at Sierra Leone in the hospital."

Jack Meredith paused for a moment before going on deck. He looked out through the open parthole toward the blue shadow on the horizon which was Africa, a country that he had never seen three years before and which had all along been destined to influence his whole life.

"It was the best thing she could do," he said. "It is to be hoped that she will be happy."

"Yes, sir, it is. She deserves it, if that goes for anything in the heavenly reckoning. She's a fine woman; a good woman that, sir."

"Yes."

Joseph was folding a shirt very carefully.

"A bit dusky," he said, smoothing out the linen folds reflectively, "but I shouldn't have minded that if I had been a marryin' man, but I'm not."

He laid the shirt in the portmanteau and looked up. Jack Meredith had gone on deck.

While Maurice and Jocelyn Gordon were still at dinner that same evening a messenger came, announcing the arrival of the Bogamayo in the roads. This news had the effect of curtailing the meal. Maurice Gordon was liable to be called away at any moment thus by the arrival of a steamer. It was not long before he rose from the table and lighted a cigar preparatory to going down to his office, where the captain of the steamer was by this time probably awaiting him. It was a full moon, and the glorious golden light of the equatorial night shone through the high trees like a new dawn. Hardly a star was visible; even those of the southern hemisphere pale beside the southern moon.

Maurice Gordon crossed the open space of cultivated garden and plunged into the black shadow of the forest. His footsteps were inaudible. Suddenly he ran almost into the arms of a man.

"Who the devil is that?" he cried.

"Meredith," answered a voice.

"Meredith—Jack Meredith, is that you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm blown," exclaimed Maurice Gordon, shaking hands; "like-wise glad. What brought you out here again?"

"Oh, pleasure!" replied Jack, with his face in the shade.

"Pleasure? You've come to the wrong place for that. However, I'll let you find that out for yourself. Go on to the bungalow. I'll be back in less than an hour. You'll find Jocelyn on the veranda."

When Maurice left her Jocelyn went out into the veranda. It was the beginning of the hot season. At midday the sun on his journey northward no longer cast a shadow. Jocelyn could not go out in the daytime at this period of the year. For fresh air she had to rely upon a long, dreamy evening in the veranda.

She sat down in her usual chair while the moonlight, red and glowing, made a pattern on the floor and on her white dress with the shadows of the creepers. The sea was very loud that night, rising and falling like the breath of some huge sleeping creature.

Jocelyn Gordon fell into a reverie. Life was very dull at Loango. There was too much time for thought and too little to think about. This girl had only the past, and her past was all comprised in a few months—the few months still known at Loango as the simiacine year. She had lapsed into a bad habit of thinking that her life was over, that the daylight of it had waned

and that there was nothing left now but the gray remainder of the evening. She was wondering now why it had all come, why there had been any daylight at all. Above these thoughts she wondered why the feeling was still in her heart that Jack Meredith had not gone out of her life forever. There was no reason why she should ever meet him again. He was, so far as she knew, married to Millicent Chyne more than a year ago, although she had never seen the announcement of the wedding. He had drifted into Loango and into her life by the merest accident, and now

that the simiacine plateau had been finally abandoned there was no reason why any of the original finders should come to Loango again.

And the creepers were pushed aside by one who knew the method of their growth. A silver glory of moonlight fell on the veranda floor, and the man of whom she was thinking stood before her.

"You!" she exclaimed.

"Yes."

She rose, and they shook hands. They stood looking at each other for a few moments, and a thousand things that had never been said seemed to be understood between them.

"Why have you come?" she asked

"To tell you a story."

She looked up with a sort of half smile, as if she suspected some plesantry of which she had not yet detected the drift.

"A long story," he explained, "which has not even the merit of being amusing. Please sit down again."

She obeyed him.

The curtain of hanging leaves and flowers had fallen into place again. The shadowed tracery was on her dress and on the floor once more.

He stood in front of her and told her his story, as Sir John had suggested. He threw no romance into it, attempted no extenuation, but related the plain, simple facts of the last few years with the semi-cynical suggestion of humor that was sometimes his. And the cloak of pride that had fallen upon his shoulders made him hide much that was good, while he dragged forward his own shortcomings. She listened in silence. At times there hovered round her lips a smile. It usually came when he represented himself in a bad light, and there was a suggestion of superior wisdom in it as if she knew something of which he was ignorant.

He was never humble. It was not a confession. It was not even an explanation, but only a story, a very lame story indeed, which gained nothing

by its telling. And he was not the hero of it.

And all came about as wise old Sir John Meredith had predicted. It is not our business to record what Jocelyn said. Women—the best of them—have some things in their hearts which can only be said once to one person. Men cannot write them down; pictures cannot print them.

The lame story was told to the end, and at the end it was accepted. When Sir John's name was mentioned—when the interview in the library of the great London house was briefly touched upon—Jack saw the flutter of a small lace pocket handkerchief, and at no other time. The slate was wiped clean, and it almost seemed that Jocelyn preferred it thus with the scratches upon it where the writing had been.

Maurice Gordon did not come back in an hour. It was nearly 10 o'clock before they heard his footsteps on the gravel. By that time Jocelyn had heard the whole story. She had asked one or two questions which somehow cast a different light upon the narrative, and she had listened to the answers with a grave, judicial little smile—the smile of a judge whose verdict was preordained, whose knowledge had nothing to gain from evidence.

Because she loved him she took his story and twisted it and turned it to a shape of her own liking. Those items which he had considered important she passed over as trifles; the trifles she magnified into the cornerstones upon which the edifice was built. She set the lame story upon its legs, and it stood upright. She believed what he had never told, and much that he related she chose to discredit—because she loved him. She perceived motives where he assured her there were none; she recognized the force of circumstance where he took the blame to himself—because she loved him. She maintained that the past was good; that he could not

have acted differently; that she would not have had it otherwise—because she loved him.

And who shall say that she was wrong?

Jack went out to meet Maurice Gordon when they heard his footsteps, and as they walked back to the house he told him. Gordon was quite honest about it.

"I hoped," he said, "when I ran against you in the woods that that was why you had come back. Nothing could have given me greater happiness. Hang it, I am glad, old chap!"

They sat far into the night arranging their lives. Jack was nervously anxious to get back to England. He could not rid his mind of the picture he had seen as he left his father's presence to go and take his passage to Africa—the picture of an old man sitting in a stiff backed chair before a dying fire. Moreover, he was afraid of Africa. The irritability of Africa had laid its hand upon him almost as soon as he had set his foot upon its torrid strand. He was afraid of the climate for Jocelyn; he was afraid of it for himself. The happiness that comes late must be firmly held to. Nothing must be forgotten to secure it or else it may slip between the fingers at the last moment.

Those who have snatched happiness late in life can tell of a thousand details carefully attended to, a whole existence laid out in preparation for it, of health fostered, small pleasures relinquished, days carefully spent.

Jack Meredith was nervously apprehensive that his happiness might even now slip through his fingers. Truly, climatic influence is a strange and wonderful thing. It was Africa that had done this, and he was conscious of it. He remembered Victor Dur-novo's strange outburst on their first meeting a few miles below Muala on the Ogowe river, and the remembrance only made him the more anxious that Jocelyn and he should turn their backs upon the accursed west coast forever.

Before they went to bed that night it was all arranged. Jack Meredith

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 5.



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Try us for any kind of building material, and realize fully what a square deal means in reducing the cost of your new house.

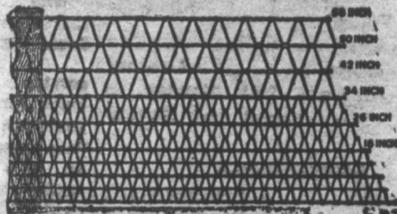
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All heights from 18 to 58 inches.

Heavy Steel Cables

Tied together securely with steel wire stays in uniform meshes make the substantial, solid, handsome

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M. Carter Attorney
Court convenes eighth Monday after first Monday in February and September.

County Officers.

E. R. Yellott Judge
W. K. Clark, Sheriff & Tax Collector
J. D. Brown Clerk
D. Dorward, Jr. Treasurer
S. L. Jones Tax Assessor
M. J. Thornton Attorney
Court convenes first Monday in February, May, August and November.

Commissioners.

J. A. Scarlett Precinct No. 1
W. P. Coates Precinct No. 2
J. H. Wicker Precinct No. 3
C. E. Read Precinct No. 4

Secret Orders.

Mason.—Meets Saturday night on or preceding full moon.

W. O. W.—Meets first Saturday night after each full moon, and on Saturday night two weeks thereafter.

Churches.

Methodist: Preaching every first Sunday. Rev. J. W. Childers, Preacher in Charge.

Church of Christ: Preaching every second Sunday. Eld. H. D. Pruett, Pastor.

Presbyterian: Preaching every third Sunday. Rev. W. W. Werner, Pastor.

Baptist: Preaching day every fourth Sunday.

Baptist Sunday School, at 3 p. m. T. R. Mauldin, Supt.

M. C. Bishop, Pastor

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednesday night.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME.
Practical Ideas Free for Western Farmers.

In this age of progress and advancement in all kinds of business the successful farmer and stock raiser is compelled to put more brains into his business than ever before. The price of land is increasing every year, and better and more improved methods of farming must be and are being inaugurated. There are many great problems to solve, and one of the greatest exponents of new practical ideas for the western farmer is the Western Breeders' Journal, published at Clay Center, Kansas.

We have succeeded in making arrangements with that valuable publication, whereby we can furnish it absolutely free to every reader of The Borden Citizen.

Beginning with this issue and continuing for a specified time both papers, The Borden Citizen and The Western Breeders' Journal, may be had for the price of The Borden Citizen only, which is One Dollar per year. In other words every one paying One Dollar on subscription during the next ninety days will receive both the aforesaid mentioned papers one year. The Western Breeders' Journal is conceded to be the most practical, up-to-date farm and stock paper in this territory. It gives the experience and reflects the ideas of those who have made a success of farming and stock raising under conditions that exist here.

Sample copies may be seen at this office at any time within the next thirty days. Remember the time limit, however, and see to it that your name is enrolled before the expiration.

Continued from page 3.

had carried his point. Maurice and Jocelyn were to sail with him for England by the first boat. Jocelyn and he compiled a telegram to be sent off first thing by a native boat to St. Paul de Loanda. It was addressed to Sir John Meredith, London, and signed "Meredith, Loango." The text of it was:
I bring Jocelyn home by first boat.

And the last words, like the first, must be of an old man in London. We found him in the midst of a brilliant assembly. We leave him alone. We leave him lying stiffly on his solemn four post bed, with his keen, proud face turned fearlessly toward his Maker. His lips are still. They wear a smile which even in death is slightly cynical. On the table at his bedside lies a submarine telegram from Africa. It is unopened.

THE END.

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

If you like to read, come around to the Citizen office and let us fix you up with a great big pile of papers and magazines for a very small amount of cash. Just look at our liberal offers. When reading matter is so cheap, you are not doing yourself justice unless you avail yourself of these rare opportunities to become and remain well-informed.

For \$1.00

We will send the citizen and the Western Breeders' Journal for one year.

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We will send both the above papers and the Dallas Semi-Weekly News for a whole year. You can't afford to miss it.

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A. SID GARRETT,
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Big Springs Furn. Co.

BORDEN COUNTY.

been for sale, hence the slow development. At the present some of the pastures are for sale in small tracts.

Dairying is the best line of farming because it best maintains the fertility of the soil, gives constant and steady employment and produces the best type of manhood. On the dairy farm we find better homes, better social and political conditions and better and higher development of mankind. The government is well situated to the present day dairy man are many. The business affords a great opportunity for improvement in increasing soil fertility, in securing better farm equipment and in breeding and selection of the working herd. The salvation of the country depends on agriculture and the foundation of all agriculture is the soil. Dairying is the greatest wealth producing industry in the country and is needed everywhere, as everywhere there is a constant demand for dairy products.—American Farmer.

The winds of last Thursday and Friday correctly speaking wild fruits are grapes, plums and mulberries. At present orchards are comparatively few, but bear good and abundant fruit. Agriculture is fast becoming the leading industry. The lands which only a few years since were trodden under the foot of the buffalo and mustang pony, and the howl of the lobo and the yelp of the coyote were the only signs of life now are under fence and the soil beneath the plow. At present the whistle of the farm boy, the songs of the milk maid, the bark of the neighbor's dog, the rattling of wagons, and the hum of gins are some of the indications of life and civilization.

Stock raising is still a leading factor in the progress of our county. Borden county takes pride in raising some of the best horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry does extremely well in this local-ity. The development of this county has been quite rapid the last six months. During that time there has been a nice little town built up. The Methodists have erected a handsome church building at Durham in the South-Eastern part of this county. Gail, the county seat, is a small town but is building fast. There are four new business houses and a new gin, all of which have recently been erected. Borden county is almost sure to average one-half bale per acre to all lands planted in cotton. I have lived in Borden county for eight years and have never witnessed a complete failure in crops. The lands about Gail have not heretofore

PROFESSIONAL
 Please overlook all short comings this week, as the editor has gone off on a trip to Big Springs and Colorado.
D. E. A. LANG
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 Office with Mitchell & Park, Big Springs, Texas.

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 Will Practice in District and Higher courts only
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 Second hand goods bought and sold.
 Write or call and see us when in the City.
 Undertakers goods.
 Big Springs, Texas.

Don't Preach About Him Trade
 and at the same time send your orders for job printing out of town. Your home printer can do your work just as good, and in nine cases out of ten he can beat the city man's prices, because he pays much less for running expenses. By sending your next printing order to this office you'll be satisfied all around, and you'll be keeping the money at home.
 Every one is interested in an item of local news. If you know of any local happening that is not generally known communicate the fact to this office.

Local

Mr. Sam Burk left Monday for Midland, where he has accepted a position with his cousin Mr. Cotten. Mr. Burk has many friends here who regret to see him leave.

New Leather, Buggie and Wagon harness just received at H. D. Pruett's. He invites inspection.

Extra high patent flour at Dodsons, for \$3.00. 4t

Mr. John Arnett has rented the property of John DeShazo's, and moved his family in Monday.

H. C. Keunday made a trip to Big Springs this week.

Warren Bros. of Snyder keep a full line of Drugs and Druggists sundries.

White Wyandotte eggs for sale, \$2.00 per 15.

MRS. HORACE HALE.

Big Springs Furniture Company guarantee their goods.

Warren Bros. will be glad to see you when you come to Snyder.

H. A. Kincaid who was here last Friday said his two little boys, Mikie and Alvin had the measles and tomorrow (Saturday) was the time for the other members of the family to take them.

WANTED—1000 dozen eggs a 10 cents a dozen.

DODSON & SON.

The following citizens of Borden were summoned as jurors of the Federal Court at Abeline: H. C. Dillahunt, Vestal Hood, H. S. Bolin, Mat Cathey, H. H. Nesbitt and J. Y. Everett.

Mr. J. H. Berry is improving his residence with a nice coat of paint.

E. C. Loggins and I. L. Burk of Tahoka were here last week from Big Springs, having laid in a stock of goods and supplies there for a market, confectionary and restaurant they will open in Tahoka.

Warren Bros. handle Dr. Hess' stock food.

Mrs. Bettie Kincaid returned home Saturday after a weeks visit to her son.

Mrs. J. B. Slaughter, and daughter of Fort Worth, and her nephew of Big Springs, passed through Gail Sunday on their way to Mr. Slaughters ranch.

J. H. Doyle who lives about 12 miles North of Gail raised 15 bales of cotton on 11 acres of land. The land by careful measurement was found to be only 11 acres.

H. H. Haley of Robert Lee was in Gail last week on his returned home from Tahoka. Mr. Haley carries with him a stock of eye glasses, and fits them to those who need them. He supplied the writer with a nice pair.

When you come to Snyder don't fail to call on Warren Bros.

Go to W. R. Cole and Strayhorn of Big Springs, Texas, for Buggies, wagons, and the best implements on Earth.

Mr. S. A. Morrow and daughter, Miss Sammie, were in our town Monday on business.

Mose Walls brought his son Mack in Saturday for medical treatment. The young man is quite a sufferer with rheumatism.

J. G. Taylor has built a nice addition to his dwelling in North Gail

Phone 262 Big Springs, Texas for Undertakers goods. Open night or day.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. Collier and baby are doing well under the treatment of Dr. Hannabass. The doctor has nearly always been successful in his cases here, both of surgery and general practice.

Julia.

This week is very dry needing rain badly. People are planting in dust, cotton is being planted in every section but will not come to stand until it rains. I have 40 acres planted in dust.

Mr. Wughten has a nice stock of groceries on hand and sells as cheap as a railroad town as he hauls his own freight.

J. M. E.

Plainview School House.

Left over from Last Week.

A few cases of measles in this community.

Singing at Mr. J. B. Miles last Sunday night was well attended and enjoyed.

No school at Plainview Friday, on account of the teachers Institute at Lamesa.

The Beach girls were shopping in Tahoka last Friday.

Mr. Ben Summers made a flying trip down in this community last Sunday.

Mrs. E. W. Slover of Tahoka visited Mrs. A. H. Moyers Sunday.

Mr. R. I. Rains made a business trip to Gail last week.

Mr. Will Salyer and Tom King are drilling a well for Mr. Faires.

Mr. M. Walls' son has been real sick, but is improving.

Mrs. A. L. Jones has returned to Light.

Mr. Griff Berry is on the sick list this week. I. C. U.

Colorado Mercantile Co.

We carry a large and complete stock of GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS

STUDEBAKER AND OLD HICKORY WAGONS

The best Made. Sold by us under a strict Guarantee

ALSO FULL LINE BUGGIES, HACKS AND SURREYS.

"Colorado's Busiest Store on Colorado's Busiest Street"

Colorado.

Texas.

NEW BOWLING ROOM

Come around to the new Amusement Hall and see them play

BOX BALL,

The Latest and Most Fascinating Game.

NO BETTING, BOISTEROUS TALKING, OR PROFANE LANGUAGE ALLOWED. LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED

J. H. Sneed, Proprietor.

AT CUNNINGHAM BUILDING.

BIG SPRINGS.

TEXAS.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Fresh Meat always on hand.

Highest prices paid for hides

C. S. Brown, Prop.

Gail, Texas

Mr. Maxey, Mr. Perry Crowley, Mr. Harry Johnson and Mr. Graham, from near Litwalton were in town Wednesday.

Mr. Arnett and wife of the Nunn ranch were here Tuesday. They were returning from a trip to Colorado.

Tridway Items.

Weather is still cold and dry. But farming is going on just the same on the plains. Mr. D. C. Stephens having just planted 40 acres of cotton.

Ed Baldrige of Tahoka passed through our community last week buying cattle.

Tom Smith of Gail made a trip to the plains this week.

Elis Tredway and family visited in Gail last Sunday.

Mr. Jerry Kelly made a flying trip to Gail Saturday, with a couple of donkeys to Elmer Russell's Spaulding.

Miss Myrtle Moore entertained a number of friends at her home last Friday night. Cake and fruit were served as refreshments and every one thanks their fair hostess for an enjoyable evening.

Sunday School was reorganized at Mesquite school house last Sunday afternoon. Also the Plainview Sunday school was organized Sunday morning.

Mrs. J. H. Doyle visited Mr.

and Mrs. E. H. Russell Sunday.

We had quite a severe storm last Thursday in which Walter Turner's house was blown from the blocks.

Mack Wall is suffering from rheumatism this week.

Miss Mattie Moore who has been visiting her brother has returned to her home in Farmer-ville. Miss Myrtle Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Sigler accompanied her to Big Springs.

Annie Bell Jones who has been spending the past week with her sister, Mrs. Bullard, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Mattie Bullard returned to Gail to spend a few weeks with her brother Troy Bullard.

Cor.

A BIG FARM PAPER WITHOUT COST TO YOU.

The Western Breeders Journal published at Clay Center, Kansas, is one of the most instructive and up-to-date papers of its class in the country. It is full of good things which any farmer or stock man wants to know. It contains the ideas and experiences of those who have made a study of farming and breeding of pure bred live stock. Every one who subscribes for or renews for The CITIZEN will receive The Western Breeders Journal one year without any additional cost. Could you get a better offer than this?