

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 7.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEB. 28., 1907.

NO. 10.

LOCKED UP IN FREIGHT CAR.

Small Boy Spends six Days and five nights a prisoner.

Maskogee, I. T. Feb. 18.—It became known here Sunday that Clifford Green, a boy 8 years of age, in this city last Monday morning, drifted into the yards of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad and climbed into a refrigerator car and went to sleep, remaining entombed six days and five nights. When he woke up the car was bumping over the road and was locked fast. The car was sidetracked at Fayetteville, Ark., where it remained until Saturday before being opened. The little fellow was nearly dead from starvation, and his hands were a mass of blood, where he had clawed at the sides of the car in his frantic efforts to escape.

William A. Cocke will be remembered and honored by the people long after O'Neal and his pals are consigned to oblivion. Let the boodlers make a note of this.—Breckenridge Democrat.

It is now up to Senator Bailey to resign. He agreed to if it was established that he drew that \$1,500 draft on H. Clay Pierce. It has been proved up by the books of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, by the officers of the company and by the president of the Gainesville bank through which he made the draft and got the money. It is time for him to make good, or confess that he was only talking to hear his head rattle.—Breckenridge Democrat.

Millinery.

My stock of millinery have arrived and I will open them to the public on Monday, March 4th. Come and get first choice of my Spring hats.

Mrs. N. E. BERRY.

Forty Million Dollars

Represents the aggregate of building in San Francisco for which permits have been applied since last May, when the building inspection bureau resumed its operations.

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Successors to D. Duncan,

The largest line of Furniture ever carried in Big Springs

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Druggists Sundries

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Comfortable Beds
and
Good Table Service.

Neat Sample
and
Lodging Rooms.

Thompson Hotel

T. J. Thompson,

Prop.

Snyder, Texas.

Treasurer's Quarterly Report

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, as County Commissioners within and for said Borden County, and the Hon. E. R. Yellott, County Judge of said Borden County, constituting the entire Commissioners' Court of said County, and each of us, do hereby certify that on this, the 13th day of Feb. 1907, at a regular quarterly term of our said Court, we have compared and examined the quarterly report of D. Dorward Treasurer of Borden County, Texas, for the quarter beginning on the 1st day of Nov. 1906, and ending on the 31st day of Jan., 1907, and finding the same correct have caused an order to be entered upon the minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Borden County, stating the approval of said Treasurer's Report by our said Court, which said order recites separately the amount received and paid out of each fund by said County Treasurer since his last report to this Court, and for and during the time covered by his present report, and the balance of each fund remaining in said Treasurer's hands on the said 1st day of Feb. 1907, and have ordered the proper credit to be made in the accounts of the said County

Treasurer, in accordance with said order as required by Article 867, Chapter 1, Title xxv, of the Revised Statutes of Texas, as amended by an Act of the Twenty-fifth Legislature of Texas, at its regular session, approved March 20, 1897.

And we, and each of us, further certify that we have actually and fully inspected and counted all the actual cash and assets in hands of said Treasurer belonging to Borden County at the close of the examination of said Treasurer's Report, on this the 31st day of Jan., 1907, and find the same to be \$8145.65.

WITNESS OUR HANDS, officially, this 13th day of Feb. 1907

E. R. YELLOTT,
County Judge.

J. A. SCARLETT,
Commissioner Prect. No. 1.

J. H. WICKER,
Commissioner Prect. No. 3.

C. E. REEDER,
Commissioner Prect. No. 4.

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED before me, by E. R. Yellott, County Judge, and J. A. Scarlett and J. H. Wicker and C. E. Reeder County Commissioners of said Borden County, each respectively, on this, the 13th day of Feb. 1907

(SEAL) J. D. BROWN,
Clerk Borden County Texas.

Governor Francis' testimony shows that Baily drew the \$1,500 which Pierce telegraphed for him to loan Stribbling on his note. Also that he drafted on Pierce for the amount, and that Francis afterward got the draft from Pierce and returned it to the Senator. In his speech at Belton, Dec. 14, 1906, Senator Baily denied the existence of the draft. He said: "I say there is no such draft. If they have it, then I have been guilty of duplicity and falsehood, and I will relieve my friends from defending me another day." He knew the draft had been returned to him, and he boldly denied its existence or that he had ever drawn one for the amount on Pierce. Francis' letters were evidently prepared to screen the Senator in an emergency like this, but the one which specifies the return of the draft which Bailey denied making seems to have put the Senator in a box. Senator Bailey, Mr. Pierce and Governor Francis should get together and reconstruct their stories so that they will not conflict on vital points as in this instance. A few more braeks like this might paralyze Chairman O'Neal and cause wild and wooly Wolfe to fall on somebody's bosom and weep.—Breckenridge Democrat.

A Presidential boom is being launched in Washington for Senator Chas. A. Culberson. Prominent democrats are discussing the situation and conferring with members of the party in the north, to find out if a Southern man would be acceptable. Senator Culberson has rendered distinguished services in congress, and has held the front rank among statesmen in the councils of the nation. But it is doubtful whether the Democratic party, under present conditions, could succeed in electing a Southern man, even if the nominee were acceptable to the party in both sections of the country.

The Baily investigation promises to end next week. The Senator doubtless took the stand Tuesday, and a vigorous cross-examination by Representative Coker will probably cause several dramatic scenes in which the Senator will make his usual war bluffs and be restrained from going around the table. Then the majority of the committee will submit a white-wash resolution, which will be contested by a minority report citing the evidence establishing his guilt, but the same majority of the Legislature which declared him not guilty in advance of the investigation, will of course adopt the majority report. This will end the farce, but the boodler has been convicted in the public mind at home

and abroad, and his power for evil as the tool of the trusts is greatly curtailed.—Breckenridge Democrat.

Itch—Ringworm.

E. T. Lucas, Wingo, Ky., writes. April 25, 1902; "For 10 to 12 years I had been afflicted with a malady known as the 'itch.' The itching was most unbearable; I had tried for years to find relief, having tried all remedies I could hear of, besides a number of doctors. I wish to state that one single application of Ballard's Snow Liniment cured me completely and permanently. Since then I have used the liniment on two separate occasions for ring worm and it cured completely." 25, 50, and 1.00. Sold by D. Dorward & Co. and all druggists.

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With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

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

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"Shake me! God! Shake me!"
Then Osgard took him in his strong arms and set him on his feet. He shook him gently at first, but as the dread somnolence crept on he shook harder, until the mutilated inhuman head rolled upon his shoulders.

"It's a sin to let that man live," exclaimed Joseph, turning away in horror.

"It's a sin to let any man die," replied Osgard, and with his great strength he shook Durnovo like a garment.

And so Victor Durnovo died. His stained soul left his body in Guy Osgard's hands, and the big Englishman shook the corpse, trying to awake it from that sleep which knows no earthly waking.

So, after all, heaven stepped in and laid its softening hand on the judgment of men. But there was a strange irony in the mode of death. It was strange that this man, who never could have closed his eyes again, should have been stricken down by the sleeping sickness.

They laid the body on the floor and covered the face, which was less grewsome in death, for the pity of the eyes had given place to peace.

The morning light, bursting suddenly through the trees as it does in equatorial Africa, showed the room set in order and Guy Osgard sleeping in his camp chair. Behind him, on the floor, lay the form of Victor Durnovo. Joseph, less iron nerved than the great big game hunter, was awake and astir with the dawn. He, too, was calmer now. He had seen death face to face too often to be appalled by it in broad daylight.

So they buried Victor Durnovo between the two giant palms at Msala, with his feet turned toward the river which he had made his, as if ready to arise when the call comes and undertake one of those marvelous journeys of his which are yet a household word on the west coast.

The cloth fluttered as they lowered him into his narrow resting place, and the face they covered had a strange mystic grin, as if he saw something that they could not perceive. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he saw the simlaine plateau, and knew that, after all, he had won the last throw, for up there, far above the table lands of central Africa, there lay beneath high heaven a charnel house. Hounded down the slope by his tormentors, he had left a memento behind him surer than their torturing knives, keener than their sharpest steel. He had left the sleeping sickness behind him.

His last journey had been worthy of his reputation. In twenty days he had covered the distance between the plateau and Msala, stumbling on alone, blinded, wounded, sore stricken, through a thousand daily valleys of death. With wonderful endurance he had paddled night and day down the sleek river without rest, with the dread microbe of the sleeping sickness slowly creeping through his veins.

He had lived in dread of this disease, as men do of a sickness which clutches them at last; but when it came he did not recognize it. He was so racked by pain that he never recognized the symptoms. He was so panic stricken, so paralyzed by the nameless fear that lay behind him, that he could only think of pressing forward. In the night hours he would suddenly rise from his precarious bed under the shadow of a fallen tree and stagger on, haunted by the memory of his ruthless foes pressing

through the jungle in pursuit. Thus he accomplished his wonderful journey alone through trackless forests. Thus he fended off the sickness which gripped him the moment that he laid him down to rest.

He had left it, a grim legacy, to his torturers, and before he reached the river all was still on the simlaine plateau.

And so we leave Victor Durnovo. His sins are buried with him, and beneath the giant palms at Msala lies Maurice Gordon's secret.

And so we leave Msala, the accursed camp. Far up the Ogowe river, on the left bank, the giant palms still stand sentry, and beneath their shade the crumbling walls of a cursed house are slowly disappearing beneath luxuriant growths of grass and brushwood.

CHAPTER XXII.

In a dimly lighted room in the bungalow at Loango two women had been astir all night. Now, as dawn approached, one of them, worn out with watching, wearied with that blessed fatigue of anxiety which dulls the senses, had lain down on the curtain covered bed to sleep.

While Marie slept Jocelyn Gordon walked softly backward and forward with Nestorius in her arms. Nestorius was probably dying. He lay in the Englishwoman's gentle arms, a little brown bundle of flexible limbs and cotton nightshirt. It was terribly hot. All day the rain had been pending. All night it had held off until the whole earth seemed to pulsate with the desire for relief. Jocelyn kept moving so that the changing air wafted over the little bare limbs might allay the fever. She was in evening dress, having, indeed, been called from the drawing room by Marie, and the child's woolly black head was pressed against her breast as if to seek relief from the inward pressure on the awakening brain.

A missionary possessing some small knowledge of medicine had been with them until midnight, and, having done his best, had gone away leaving the child to the two women. Maurice had been in twice, clumsily, on tiptoe, to look with ill concealed awe at the child and to whisper hopes to Marie, which displayed a ludicrous, if lamentable, ignorance of what he was talking about.

"Little chap's better," he said; "I'm sure of it. See, Marie, his eyes are brighter. Devilish hot, though, isn't he? Poor little soul."

Then he stood about, awkwardly sympathetic.

"Anything I can do for you, Jocelyn?" he asked, and then departed, only too pleased to get away from the impending calamity.

Marie was not emotional. She seemed to have left all emotion behind, in some other phase of her life which was shut off from the present by a thick curtain. She was patient and calm, but she was not so clever with the child as was Jocelyn. Perhaps her greater experience acted as a handicap in her execution of those small offices to the sick which may be rendered useless at any moment. Perhaps she knew that Nestorius was wanted elsewhere. Or it may only have been that Jocelyn was able to soothe him sooner, because there is an unwritten law that those who love us best are not always the best nurses for us.

When at last sleep came to the child it was in Jocelyn's arms that he lay with that utter abandonment of nose

which makes a sleeping infant and a sleeping kitten more graceful than any living thing. Marie leaned over Nestorius until her dusky cheek almost touched Jocelyn's fair English one.

"He is asleep," she whispered. And her great dark eyes probed Jocelyn's face as if wondering whether her arms, bearing that burden, told her that this was the last sleep.

Jocelyn nodded gravely, and continued the gentle swaying motion affected by women under such circumstances.

Nestorius continued to sleep, and at last Marie, overcome by sleep herself, lay down on her bed.

Thus it came about that the dawn found Jocelyn moving softly in the room, with Nestorius asleep in her arms. A pink light came creeping through the trees, presently turning to a golden yellow, and, behold, it was light! It was a little cooler, for the sea breeze had set in. The cool air from the surface of the water was rushing inland to supply the place of the heated atmosphere rising toward the sun. With the breeze came the increased murmur of the distant surf. The dull continuous sound seemed to live amid the summits of the trees far above the low built house. It rose and fell with a long drawn rhythmic swing. Already the sounds of life were mingling with it—the low of a cow, the crowing of the cocks, the hum of the noisier daylight insect life.

Jocelyn moved to the window, and her heart suddenly leaped to her throat.

On the brown turf in front of the house were two men stretched side by side as if other hands had laid them there dead. One man was much bigger than the other. He was of exceptional stature. Jocelyn recognized them almost immediately—Guy Osgard and Joseph. They had arrived during the night and, not wishing to disturb the sleeping household, had lain them down in the front garden to sleep with a quiet conscience beneath the stars. The action was so startlingly characteristic, so suggestive of the primeval, simple man whom Osgard represented as one born out of time, that Jocelyn laughed suddenly.

While she was still at the window Marie rose and came to her side. Nestorius was still sleeping. Following the direction of her mistress' eyes, Marie saw the two men. Joseph was sleeping on his face, after the manner of Thomas Atkins all the world over. Guy Osgard lay on his side, with his head on his arm.

"That is so like Guy Osgard," said Marie, with her patient smile; "so like, so like. It could be no other man—to do a thing like that."

Jocelyn gave Nestorius back to his mother, and the two women stood for a moment looking out at the sleepers, little knowing what the advent of these two men brought with it for one of them. Then the Englishwoman went to change her dress, awaking her brother as she passed his room.

It was not long before Maurice Gordon had hospitably awakened the travelers and brought them in to change their torn and ragged clothes for something more presentable. It would appear that Nestorius was not particular. He did not mind dying on the kitchen table if need were. His mother deposited him on this table on a pillow, while she prepared the breakfast with that patient resignation which seemed to emanate from having tasted of the worst that the world has to give.

Joseph was ready the first, and he promptly repaired to the kitchen, where he set to work to help Marie with his customary energy.

It was Marie who first perceived a difference in Nestorius. His dusky little face was shining with a sudden, weakening perspiration, his limbs lay lifelessly, with a lack of their usual comfortable looking grace.

"Go!" she said quickly. "Fetch Miss Gordon!"

Jocelyn came, and Maurice and Guy Osgard; for they had been together in the dining room when Joseph delivered

Marie's message.

Nestorius was wide awake now. When he saw Osgard his small face suddenly expanded into a brilliant grin. "Bad case!" he said.

It was rather startling, until Marie spoke.

"He thinks you are Mr. Meredith," she said. "Mr. Meredith taught him to say 'bad case.'"

Nestorius looked from one to the other with gravely speculative eyes, which presently closed.

"He is dying—yes!" said the mother, looking at Jocelyn.

Osgard knew more of this matter than any of them. He went forward and leaned over the table. Marie removed a piece of salted bacon that was lying on the table near to the pillow. With the unconsciousness of long habit she swept some crumbs away with her apron. Osgard was trying to find the pulse in the tiny wrist, but there was not much to find.

"I am afraid he is very ill," he said.

At this moment the kettle boiled over and Marie had to turn away to attend to her duties.

When she came back Osgard was looking, not at Nestorius, but at her.

"We spent four days at Msala," he said in a tone that meant that he had more to tell her.

"Yes?"

"The place is in ruins, as you know."

She nodded with a peculiar little twist of the lips as if he were hurting her.

"And I am afraid I have some bad news for you. Victor Durnovo, your master—"

"Yes. Tell quickly!"

"He is dead. We buried him at Msala. He died in my arms."

At this moment Joseph gave a little gasp and turned away to the window, where he stood with his broad back toward them. Maurice Gordon, as white as death, was leaning against the table. He quite forgot himself. His lips were apart, his jaw had dropped. He was hauging breathlessly on Guy Osgard's next word.

"He died of the sleeping sickness," said Osgard. "We had come down to Msala before him—Joseph and I. I broke up the partnership, and we left him in possession of the simlaine plateau. But his men turned against him. For some reason his authority over them failed. He was obliged to make a dash for Msala, and he reached it, but the sickness was upon him."

Maurice Gordon drew a sharp sigh of relief which was almost a sob. Marie was standing with her two hands on the pillow where Nestorius lay. Her deep eyes were fixed on the Englishman's sunburnt, strongly gentle face.

"Did he send a message for me? Yes?" she said softly.

"No," answered Osgard. "He—there was no time."

Joseph at the window had turned half round.

"He was my husband," said Marie in her clear, deep tones, "the father of this little one which you call Nestorius."

Osgard, bowed his head without surprise. Jocelyn was standing still as a statue, with her hand on the dying infant's cheek. No one dared to look at her.

"It is all right," said Marie bluntly. "We were married at Sierra Leone by the English chaplain. My father, who is dead, kept a hotel at Sierra Leone, and he knew the ways of the half castes. He said that the Protestant church at Sierra Leone was good enough for him, and we were married there. And then Victor brought me away from my people to this place and to Msala. Then he got tired of me; he cared no more. He said I was ugly."

She pronounced it "ogly," and seemed to think that the story finished there. At all events, she added nothing to it. But Joseph thought fit to contribute a post scriptum.

"You'd better tell 'em, mistress," he said, "that he tried to starve yer and them kids; that he wanted to leave yer at Msala to be massacred by the tribes, only Mr. Osgard sent yer down 'ere. You'd better tell 'em that."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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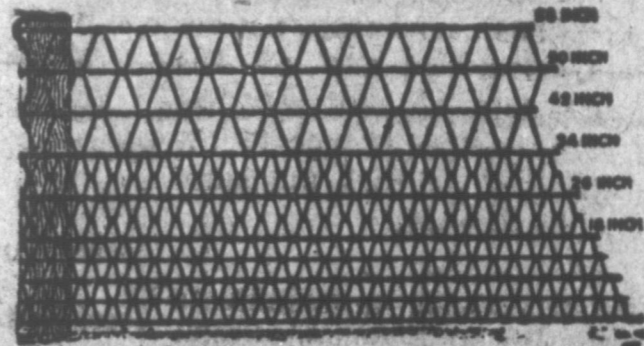
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Beginning with this issue and continuing for a specified time both papers, The Borden Citizen and The Western Breeders' Journal, may be had for the price of The Borden Citizen only, which is One Dollar per year. In other words every one paying One 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 ninety days. Remember the time limit, however, and see to it that your name is enrolled before the expiration.

DIRECTORY.

District Officers.

J. L. Shepherd Judge
M. Carter Attorney
Court convenes seventh 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.
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If you want to sell, tell us your troubles,
If you want to buy, we have it,
Mauldin & Cotten
Land and Insurance
Gail, Texas.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Fresh Meat always on hand.
Highest prices paid for hides
C. S. Brown, Prop. Gail, Texas

CITIZEN \$1.00

Croup
Begins with the symptoms of a common cold; there is chilliness, sneezing, sore throat, hot skin, quick pulse, hoarseness and impeded respiration. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, (the child will cry for it) and at the first sign of a croupy cough apply frequently Ballard's Snow Liniment to the throat.
Mrs. A. Vliet New Castle, Colo., writes, March 19, 1902: I think Ballard's Horehound Syrup a wonderful remedy, and so pleasant to take. Sold by D. Dorward & Co. and all druggists.
Piano for Sale.
A \$300.00 instrument in perfect condition and in good tune, for sale or trade.
Jno. S. Fritz

The Borden Citizen

T. M. JONES, Ed. and Prop.
Published every Thursday.

Entered at the post office at Gail, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Per year\$1.00
Six months50

Advertising rates made known on application.

All Ads. placed in The Citizen without a specified time to run will be charged for till ordered out.

Gail, Texas, Feb. 21, 1907

Running a Newspaper.

The average person thinks there is more glory than work in managing a newspaper. The following from Newspaperdom has reference merely to the writing and news-gathering features, which are only a small part of the labors of a country newspaper man:

People think it is easy to run a newspaper. One week's experience would change the opinion of most people on this subject. Did you ever count the words in a column of ordinary newspaper print? There are about two thousand words in a column. Suppose you sit down and write a thousand words on some subject and then another thousand on another until you have written eight or ten thousand. Try it and see if it is right easy. Keep that gait up for a month, a year and see if it is easy. Then chase a local item all over town, and after you have gotten the facts alright, condense them into a few lines—an hour's work that can be read in a few seconds. Do this for a dozen items that seem insignificant after they are printed, but which you know are important; then have the items criticised and inaccuracies pointed out to you when it is too late to correct them. Oh yes, it is easy to "run" a newspaper.—The Newton Record.

The Sleeping car Hammock

Patrick O'Connor and Dennis Boyle were traveling in a sleeping car. It was a brand new experience for Dennis and fraught with much interest and not a few qualms, but Patrick having once before spent a night in a sleeping car berth, felt himself a seasoned traveler and as such patronized Dennis. When the time for retiring came Patrick stowed himself away in the upper berth, leaving the lower berth for Dennis.

There was much struggling and sighing from behind the curtains of the lower berth. "How ye gettin' on, Dennis?"

called down Pat.

"Shure, Oim all right," replied Dennis. But the disturbance went on.

"Most ready fur slape, Dennis?" said Patrick.

"All roight! All roight!" replied Dennis again. Silence for five minutes.

Finally Dennis' voice came quaveringly in the semi-darkness. "The clothes is here, and me shoes they are here, too, all put away, but how to git meself into the little hammock to slape, begorra, Oi don't know?"—Woman's Homo Companion.

A man may roar
And a man may bore
And a man may blow all day,
But he can't sit around
And build up a town
For towns aren't built that way.
—Cnanning Courier.

A NATIONAL FEEDERS AND BREEDERS SHOW

Will be held at Fort Worth Texas on March 20, 21, 22 and 23.

Every Southern breeder of registered stock of any kind should attend the National Feeders' and Breeders' show to be held at Fort Worth March 20th, 21st and 22d, because that show is the biggest affair of its kind in the South and is interstate in character. Usually the best breeders are the men who are most anxious to learn and it is because of their continued efforts to learn that they have achieved success as breeders.

At Fort Worth there will be on exhibition all breeds of beef cattle both in breeding and fat classes. Various breeds of horses will also be shown there, and one can learn more in one day at Fort Worth, of the changes taking place in the live stock business, than he can learn at home in a month.

Feeders should attend. Indications are that the carlot show will be a record breaker. The fat cattle will be judged and sold on their merits and the feeder can get a line on the kind of cattle the packers pay most for, and at the same time learn how the prize winning loads were fed and handled.

The ranchmen, if he is not a breeder of registered stuff, is a producer of feeding cattle and is interested in both the fat and breeding cattle exhibits.

Every farmer who does not keep stock should attend because seven-cent pork is more profitable than ten-cent cotton. He can get acquainted with men who will tell him how to raise market topping hogs, and he can see for himself the kind of hogs that win the prizes, and that will be most profitable to raise.

F. R. MARSHALL.

HOME STEAM LAUNDRY

Our Motto:

Promptness, Neatness and Accuracy
BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

R.N. Miller, Pres. D. Dorward Jr. Cash. J.D. Brown, Asst. Cash.

GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do a general Banking business.
Exchange drawn on the principal Commercial cities.

Bob's Restaurant

For Regular Meals and Short Orders,
Pies and Cakes,

Table Supplied with best the Market Affords
S. R. CRAWFORD, Propr

Colorado, Texas.

Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

Go to the

\$1.25 per day

STOKES HOUSE

Quiet rooms
and
kind treatment.

Comfortable beds
and
first class meals

A special parlor for ladies

J. B. STOKES, Prop.
GAIL, TEXAS.

South Side of Square.

W. S. MCBUNG,

DEPUTY DISTRICT SURVEYOR,

Gail, Texas.

We Can Take Subscriptions To
NEWSPAPERS,

MAGAZINES OR BOOKS,

And save You both MONEY and TROUBLE.

Come and See Us.



G. W. Chandler
STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER

Dry Goods and Groceries
HARDWARE.

WOMENS' MAYFLOWER \$2.50 SHOE



STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER

Listen to us!

We carry a stock of General Merchandise, Boys' and Gents' Suits, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c. Ladies' Wear and everything included in the Dry Goods line. Also fancy and staple Groceries, Hardware & Queensware. We do business on the basis of quick sales and small profits.

KING OF ALL LINIMENTS
CURES RHEUMATISM AND ALL PAIN

CURES NEURALGIA, SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS, SORES, OLD SORES, CRICK IN BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, CONTRACTED MUSCLES, SPRAINED ANKLES, CORN HUSKER'S SPRAINED WRISTS, FROSTED FEET, CORNS, BUNIONS, CHILBLAINS, AND ALL INFLAMMATIONS OF MAN OR BEAST.

BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

READ THIS REMARKABLE CURE

"I was much afflicted with rheumatism, writes Ed. C. Nud, Iowaville, Sedgwick Co., Kansas, "going about on crutches and suffering a great deal of pain, I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment, which cured me, after using three 50c bottles. IT IS THE GREATEST LINIMENT I EVER USED; have recommended it to a number of persons, all express themselves as being benefited by it. I now walk without crutches, and am able to perform a great deal of light labor on the farm."

THREE SIZES: 25c, 50c AND \$1.00
BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

D. Dorward & Co and all Druggists.

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES

FLOUR, SUGAR,
COFFEE, HAMS,
AND MEAT.

FINE CANDIES,
FRUITS, CIGARS
AND TOBACCO.

Quick Sales and Small Profits, is our Motto.

Call and see us before buying elsewhere

COTTEN & HOWE

Groceries delivered in any part of the city.

SECOND DOOR FROM POST OFFICE, : : : : : GAIL, TEXAS.

H. H. HARDIN & CO.,

LUMBER, WIRE and POSTS.

Full Line of Builder's Material.

BIG SPRINGS AND MIDLAND,

TEXAS.

I have horse Collars I guarantee to be all wool and wool faced and the strongest and best trace chains. H. D. PRUETT

Cotton.

Bring your cotton to me, I am paying the highest market price J. W. Chandler.

Local

G. W. Foster, who lives in the Western part of the county was in town yesterday. He reports stock in fine condition in his locality.

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

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

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

MRS. HORACE HALE.

Messrs. Jesse and Jim York were in town on business last Saturday.

The enterprising firm of H. L. Rix & Co. of Big Springs, have established a branch house, stocked with furnishing goods, in Midland Texas.

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

Mrs. H. C. Jolly and daughter, Miss Myrtle, were visiting in Gail Sunday and Monday.

Our townsman, J. M. Kincaid is building for himself a residence in the north part of town.

Rev. M. C. Bishop, Baptist minister, filled his appointment here Saturday evening and Sunday.

A. H. Hussey, of Hale county, was here prospecting the latter part of last week. He bought some property.—Lubbock Leader.

Warren Bros, of Snyder keep a full line of Drugs and Drug-gist sundries.

N. H. Graham who recently moved back to Garza county from Terry, having bought the S. F. Maxey ranch and cattle, was doing Gail yesterday.

Mr. J. F. Maxey of Garza county was in Gail yesterday.

Ben Allen was united in marriage to a charming young lady of Ballinger last Tuesday, the ceremony was performed at Abilene, Mr. Allen has a host of friends here who offer congratulations.—Enterprise.

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

Thad Durst is up and around again, shaking off the effects of Lagrippe.

Walter Bishop who has been absent for sometime superintending his crop gathering in Howard county is back again looking after his interests here.

Frank Burk who has had the La Grippe, goes off today, to visit his uncle.

Since we are carrying some heavy accounts, all persons indebted to us will please arrange settlement immediately, either by note or cash.

J. J. DODSON & SON.

Tom Cotten who was down with LaGrippe last week, is up again and able to attend to the wants of prospectors, and show them choice locations.

"Freedom shrieked when Kosiusko fell."

The Goddess of justice blushed for shame when the senate stopped the investigation and vindicated Baily.

J. B. Cotten, postmaster at Verbena, was in town today on business. He stopped with Mr. Mauldin and family.

Plainview School House.

We have been having some warm weather of late, a nice rain would be appreciated.

Messrs Wm. Davis and Sam Owens have just returned from Fort Worth and are going to move to Glasscock county.

Mr. and Mrs. John Luttrell made a business trip to Big Springs last week.

Lagrippe is raging over the community.

A young man made his arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed C. Russell and declares himself boss of the ranch. I. C. U.

Warren Bros. handle Dr. Hess' stock food.

Meeting.

There will be a protracted meeting of the Baptist church at Gail, beginning Saturday evening before the 4th Sunday in June, conducted by Revs. Bishop and Hanks.

Big Springs Furniture Company guarantee their goods.

M. J. Thornton has bought lot five on North side of public square, consideration \$125.00. Mr. Thornton is having lumber hauled to build on this lot a Law and Real Estate office 22x30 feet, with 12 foot wall. It will be just East, and adjoining the post office.

Mrs. Austin Sullivan has gone East, to visit relatives, and Mr. Sullivan has gone to Toyah with Dr. McDaniel and Luke Colletti.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hudson last Thursday, a 9 pound girl. Both mother and daughter are doing well.

Mr. John DeShazo is on the sick list this week.

Porter Cotten left today for his home at Vinson.

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 CURREYS.

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

Colorado,

Texas.

J S Cordill, Pres

F M Cordill, V P

C C Connell Sec

CORDILL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—successors to the Roscoe Lumber Company,

DEALERS IN

Sash, Doors and Blinds; LUMBER, Shingles and Moulding;

Posts, Brick, Lime and Cement.

WE GIVE BETTER VALUE THAN ANY YARD IN Big Springs Texas

THE GAIL BLACKSMITH SHOP.

CLARK & NAYLOR, PROP'S.

ALLKINDS OF BLACKSMITHING, REPAIRING, WHEELWRIGHT AND WOODWORK PROMPTLY

DONE IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER.

You cannot get GOOD work done cheaper in Borden

county than at our shop.

West Side of Public Square,

Gail, 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.

Mrs. Bettie Kincaid left last Saturday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Sowell of Garza county.

Miss Kate Turner is visiting her sister, Mrs. Collier, this week.

A El Paso man came home in an intoxicated condition and drank the oil from the lamp. His wife insisted on him swallowing a piece of rope that she might use him for a torch, and got mad when he refused. Those women are terrible unreasonable critters.

Old Girl's Delight.

An old maid at Montgomery recently ate half a pound of cheese for supper and that night dreamed she had a man. Since then the merchants of that village have been unable to supply the demand for cheese.—Conroe Courier.

But what about the man—has anybody supplied the demand for him yet?

The investigating committee has nearly completed its labors and the testimony adduced would fill many large volumes. It has been proven beyond all controversy that Senator Baily is the greatest financier that ever graced the halls of congress. No Congressman before him, ever enjoyed the distinction of being able to borrow unlimited sums of money from all the Trusts of the country and never be required by them to repay, what he chose to borrow. We think the Senator has mistaken his proper field of labor, that the presidency of the New York Life Insurance company would suit him far better, than the impetuous position of senator of the United States.

Mr. H. A. Johnston of Garza county is in town today.

J. N. Gray came in from the Morris neighborhood, today.