

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1908.

NO. 8.

## Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Standard and Canton Implements

Success Sulkey Plows

Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed

Mills &c.

SNYDER,

TEXAS

C C Connell, pres.

J P Smith, Sec

## CONNELL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—Successors to the cordill Lumber Company

DEALERS IN

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

Posts, Brick, Lime and Cement.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS

Big Springs Texas

## CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year

We are settling down again to the routine of the printing office, having just returned from a trip to Big Springs, Colorado and Snyder, three of the most flourishing towns in this part of the State. We found business conditions pretty good tho presenting a perceptible falling off in trade since the beginning of the financial stringency.

Very little improvement is being made at Colorado, but Big Springs and Snyder are still building apace. The former having completed a block of handsome two story brick business houses since the panic began, is continuing to build new dwellings for its steadily increasing population. Snyder, in anticipation of the coming of the Roscoe & Snyder railroad which is now within 12 miles of the town, has erected about 25 handsome concrete business houses, and more than doubled its population, now claiming 4000 people.

In one of the new concretes,—the Nunn building, is the Hotel Snyder, a model of neatness and excellent accomodation. Here the traveling man finds all his wants supplied, and a hotel near the business center. The rail road is expected to be completed to Snyder by the middle of August, in time to move next Fall crops.

In anticipation of the coming of the railroad the towns has had a phenomenal growth and when that much longed for event is realized, Snyder will take on new life, and her sister town will have to hustle to outstrip her in growth and business prosperity.

For the benefit of those who abhor printers ink as a prime factor to the advancement of their interests, we should state that Samson—the strong party—was the first man to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, and several thousand people “tumbled” to the scheme. He brought down the house.

H. B. TWOLE

JAMES T. JOHNSON.

See us for everything in the Jewelry line all kinds of watches, Clocks and jewelry repaired in first class manner and guaranteed.

Yours to Please

## Towle & Johnson,

Snyder, Texas.

When you come to Colorado, Texas ask for the

## HOLLOWELL RESTAURANT

where the cooking is done by white ladies and you get all you can eat for 25 cts. Rooms near by at 50 cts. per night.

JESSE B. HOLLOWELL

Opposite Light Plant

Colorado, Texas.

## Garrett & Carlson Restaurant

Short orders

Fish and Oysters

Nice lodging rooms

and

always

Beds 25 and 50 cts.

Regular meals

on hand

Pool Hall on  
second floor

Clairmonte St.  
North of Snyder Merc. Co.

Snyder,

Texas

## Quarterly Report.

Quarterly report of the Commissioner's Court of Borden County Texas, of assets, receipts and disbursements of the different County funds of Borden County for the quarter beginning the 1st. of November A. D. 1907, and ending the 31st of January A. D. 1908

### JURY FUND, 1ST. CLASS.

To balance on hand last qr,	\$ 647.03	
Amount received during quarter	42.87	
By amount paid out during quarter		\$ 48.22
By amount to balance		641.68
Balance	689.90	689.90

### ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND 2D. CLASS.

To balance on hand at close of quarter	641.68	
Balance last quarter	\$1977.57	
To amount received during quarter	500.08	
By amount paid out during quarter		\$ 12.50
Amount to balance		2465.15
Balance	2477.65	2477.65

### GENERAL FUND 3D CLASS.

To balance on hand	2465.15	
Balance last quarter	\$166.66	
To amount received during quarter	842.52	
By amount paid out during quarter		\$ 813.33
Amount to oalance		195.85
Balance	1009.18	1009.18

### COURT HOUSE FUND 4TH CLASS.

To balance on hand	195.85	
Balance last quarter	\$3374.06	
To amount received during quarter	333.37	
By amount paid out during quarter		\$ 8.33
Amount to balance		3699.10
Balance	3707.43	3707.43
To balance on hand	3699.10	

when In Big Springs Call and see The  
**New Jim Located in the Alderman Building**

Our methods are fair dealing and the best goods, at as low a price as legitimate business methods will permit  
**THE BEST ALWAYS IN STOCK.**

DRY GOODS  
 GROCERIES

FURNISHINGS  
 HARDWARE

CROCKERY  
 GLASSWARE  
 STATIONARY

**Sneed Brothers**

Telephone 444.

Big Springs, Texas.

**Big Springs is The best Town in The Middle west**

It is the most enterprising and progressive and offers you the best that the market affords in merchandise, at the most reasonable prices. The same thing applies to our Drug Business. we have the most Up to-date Drug Store in Big Springs and endeavor to always have in stock whatever you may want in our line.

Phone or write us your orders and let us send you whatever you need in Drugs and Drug Sundries, Freshest Goods—Fairest Prices.

**WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS**

**Arnold Tankersley Drug Co.**

THE PROGRESSIVE DRUGGISTS  
 BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

**JAIL FUND 5TH CLASS**

Balance last quarter	\$1505.68	
To amount received during quarter	200.03	
By amount paid out during quarter		\$ 5.00
Amount to balance		1700.71
Balance	1705.71	1705.71
To balance on hand	1700.71	

**ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND NO. 2 6TH CLASS**

Balance last quarter	\$ 344.34	
To amount received during quarter	171.93	
By amount paid out during quarter		\$492.48
Amount to balance		23.79
Balance	516.27	516.27
To balance on hand	23.79	

**SCHOOL FUND 7TH CLASS**

Balance last quarter	\$1534.44	
To amount received during quarter	540.47	
By amount paid out during quarter		\$ 694.71
Amount to balance		1380.20
Balance	2074.91	2074.91
To balance on hand	1380.20	

The State of Texas }  
 County of Borden } I, Rodway Keen, County Clerk of the County  
 of Borden, and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that the above and  
 foregoing is a true and correct statement of the assets, receipts and

disbursements of the different County funds of Borden County, for the quarter beginning the 1st. of November 1907, and ending the 31st. of January A. D. 1908.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF OFFICE, this 18th day of February A. D. 1908.

RODWAY KEEN, Clerk  
 County Court, Borden County, Texas.

**PROFESSIONAL**

**E. R. YELLOTT**

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT  
 Will Practice in District and  
 Higher courts only.  
 GAIL, TEXAS.

**J. H. HANNABASS M. D.**

Special attention given to diseases of  
 women and children.  
 Office at Drug Store,  
 Gail, Texas.

S. T. Whitaker and wife were  
 shopping in Gail Monday

Miss Eunice Nisbitt is on the  
 sick list this week.

**Small Pox.**

There were five cases of small Pox at the Pinson Hotel in Rotan and there was strict quarantine maintained last Friday.

The singing at the Stokes House Sunday night was an enjoyable affair.

J. S. Crumpton of Lamesa informs us he has been quite sick for the past six weeks, but that as soon as he recovers sufficiently will address the people here in behalf of his candidacy for District attorney.

A number of the young folks went upon the mountain Sunday evening and had some pictures made.

**PETTUS MERCANTILE CO.**

**SNYDER, TEXAS.**

**Dry Goods, Fine Clothing,**

**Queen Quality and Stacy Adams Shoes**

**Implements and Wagons**

**We solicit Your Business.**

**DIRECTORY.**

**District Officers.**

J. L. Shepherd ..... Judge  
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  
No Attorney.

Court convenes first Monday in  
February, May, August and Novem-  
ber.

**Commissioners.**

J. A. Scarlett ..... Precinct No. 1  
W. P. Coates ..... Precinct No. 2  
J. H. Wicker ..... Precinct No. 3  
C. E. Reader ..... 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, Preach-  
er 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 Wednes-  
day night.

**A SAFE COMBINATION.**

**READ YOUR HOME PAPER.**

No argument is needed to prove  
this statement correct. You also  
need a paper for world-wide-gener-  
al news. You cannot choose a  
better one—one adapted to the  
wants of all the family—than The  
Dallas Semi-Weekly News. By  
subscribing for the BORDEN CITI-  
ZEN and the Semi-Weekly News  
together, you get both papers one  
year for \$1.75. No subscription  
can be accepted for less than one  
year at this special rate and the  
amount is payable cash in advan-  
ce. Order now. Do not de-  
lay.

**1908 will be Presidential Year.**

Your order will receive prompt  
attention. BORDEN CITIZEN.

**BORDEN COUNTY.**

Borden county is located part-  
ly below and partly above the  
"cap rock". The altitude below  
the cap rock is about 2300 feet.  
Soil fertile, climate pleasant. A-  
bout 25 per cent of the land to  
some extent is rough and better  
adapted to stock raising than to  
farming. Timber for fuel is  
plentiful, below the foot of the  
lains, mesquite being the most  
abundant. This country is well  
set in good grass, the principa-

grasses being the needle and mes-  
quite.

The rainfall here is sufficient  
for abundant and successful  
farming. The products of the  
farm are cotton, corn, maize, cane  
Kaffir, wheat and oats. Wheat  
and oats have not been grown  
extensively in this county, but  
some parts are specially adapted  
to the raising of small grain. We  
find the gardens bedecked with  
beans, peas, turnips, onions rad-  
ishes, beets, potatoes, peanuts  
and watermelons. The orchards  
furnish peaches, pears, apples,  
grapes, plums and apricots. The  
wild fruits are grapes, plums and  
mulberries. At present orchards  
are comparatively few, but bear  
good and abundant fruit. Agri-  
culture is fast becoming the lead-  
ing industry. The lands which

only a few years since were trod-  
den 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  
actor 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 build-

**Harness & Repair Shop  
and**



Made to Order.

**H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gall, Texas.**

**Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado**

**FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.**

**HOTEL SNYDER**

Everything nice new and neat.

Bath and sample rooms

Rates

\$1.50 to \$2.00 per day

Nunn Building Northeast Cor. Public Square,

**MRS. O. V. JOHNSON, Prop.**

Snyder, Texas.

**WINDMILLS**

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

**Leroy Johnson**

—Proprietor of—

**Farmers and Merchants Gin Company**

—Also—

**The Snyder Gin Company**

Snyder,

Texas.

Fine Watch repairing

Engraving

**J. P. INMAN**

**Jeweler and Optician**

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

At B Reagans Drug Store

Goldsmithing

Gold fatted Right

up. The Methodist 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 eight business houses,  
besides a bank, two hotels, a  
restaurant, a livery stable and  
a wagon yard, two blacksmith  
shops and a new gin. Several  
of these improvements have  
been recently 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 here-  
tofore been for sale, hence the  
slow development. At present  
some of the pastures are for sale  
in small tracts.

**The Candidate.**

Dear friends, remember and do  
not "guy" the poor candidate.  
He may wear a bright smile and  
grasp your hand with the grip of  
a drowning man seizing a grape-  
vine, but his soul is full of trouble  
and his nights full of worried  
wakefulness. He has taken one  
voting box after another and al-  
lotted to his opponents all that  
should be coming to them and has  
left himself a safe majority, but  
in the wee sma' hours of the night,  
when there is nothing to distract  
his attention, those figures have a  
horrible habit of becoming "pied"  
and dancing before his vision in  
any but a reassuring manner.  
Yes, treat him kindly. A fellow  
afflicted with the itch for office  
has a distressing malady,—Teague  
Chronicle.

**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 mag-  
azines 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**

The CITIZEN and either the Western  
Breeder's Journal, a good well illustrat-  
ed livestock paper, or the Kansas City  
Journal which contains the world news,  
good letters, interesting stories and the  
full market reports.

**For \$1.75**

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

**FORTUNES UNDER YOUR FEET!**

The Geological formation of Texas indicates  
enormous undiscovered mineral resources.  
People pass daily, valuable beds of cement  
shale, salt, gypsum, coal, clay, kaolin, iron,  
lead, silver, sulphur, copper, gold and quick-  
silver—all of which are known to be in Texas,  
as well as other valuable minerals. You see a  
rock, clay or other substance "out of the ordi-  
nary," and may pass for days with a fortune  
under your feet. Send me samples of these  
"out of the ordinary" stones, clays and earths.  
A pound package by mail will cost you 16 cents  
in postage. I may be able to help you to a for-  
tune. No charges to you. Buyers pay all  
charges. Address  
Milton Everett, Box 1065 Dallas, Texas

# Red Saunders

... By ...  
**HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS**

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"Of course! But, Will—I suppose I should call you Will? I am so flustered—not expecting you—and it's been so warm today. Won't you come in and take a chair?" wound up Miss Mattie in desperation and fury at herself for saying things so different from what she meant to say.

There was a twinkle in the man's eyes as he replied in an injured tone: "Why, good Lord, Mattie! I've come 2,000 miles or more to see you, and you ask me to take a chair just as if I'd stepped in from across the way! Can't you give a man a little warmer welcome than that?"

"What shall I do?" asked poor Miss Mattie.

"Well, you might kiss me for a start," said he.

Miss Mattie was all abroad. Still one's half cousin, who has come such a distance and been received so very oddly, is entitled to consideration. She raised her agitated face and for the first time in her life realized the pleasure of wearing a mustache.

Then Red Saunders, late of the Chanta Seechee ranch, North Dakota, sat him down.

"I'm obliged to you, Mattie," he said in all seriousness. "To tell you the truth, I felt in need of a little comforting—here I've come all this distance—and, of course, I heard about father and mother—but I couldn't believe it was true. Seemed as if they must be waiting at the old place for me to come back, and when I saw it all gone to ruin— Well, then I set out to find somebody, and do you know, of all the family there's only you and me left? That's all, Mattie, just us two! While I was growing up out west I kind of expected things to be standing still back here and be just the same as I left them—hum— Well, how are you, anyhow?"

"I'm well, Will, and"—laying her hand upon his, "don't think I'm not glad to see you—please don't. I'm so glad, Will, I can't tell you—but I'm all confused—so little happens here."

"I shouldn't guess it was the liveliest place in the world, by the look of it," said Red. "And as far as that's concerned, I kinder don't know what to say myself. There's such a heap to talk about it's hard to tell where to begin. But we've got to be friends, though, Mattie—we've just got to be friends. Good Lord, we're all there's left! Funny I never thought of such a thing! Well, blast it! That's enough of such talk. I've brought you a present, Mattie." He stretched out a leg that reached beyond the limits of the front porch and dove into his trousers pocket, bringing out a buckskin sack. He fumbled at the knot a minute and then passed it over, saying, "You untie it—your fingers are snoopier than mine." Miss Mattie's fingers were shaking, but the knots finally came undone, and from the sack she brought forth a chain of rich, dull yellow lumps fashioned into a necklace. It weighed a pound. She spread it out and looked at it astounded. "Gracious, Will! Is that gold?" she asked.

"That's what," he replied. "The real article, just as it came out of the ground; I dug it myself. That's the reason I'm here. I'd never got money enough to go anywhere farther than a horse could carry me. If I hadn't taken a fly at placer mining and hit her to beat her—the very witchief!"

Miss Mattie looked first at the barbaric, splendid necklace and then at the barbaric, simple-looking Will. She

grew confused before her in trying to realize that it was real. What two planets so separated in their orbits as her world and his? She had the imagination that is usually lacking in small communities, and the feeling of a fairy story come true possessed her.

"And now, Mattie," said he, "I don't know what's manners in this part of the country, but I'll make free enough on the cousin part of it to tell you that I could look at some supper without flinching. I've walked a heap today, and I ain't used to walking."

Miss Mattie sprang up, herself again at the chance to offer hospitality.

"Why, you poor man!" said she. "Of course you're starved! It must be nearly 8 o'clock. I almost forget about eating, living here alone. You shall have supper directly. Will you come in or sit a spell outside?"

"Reckon I'll come in," said Red. "Don't want to lose sight of you now that I've found you."

It was some time since Miss Mattie had felt that any one had cared enough for her not to want to lose sight of her, and a delicate warm bloom went over her cheeks. She hurried into the little kitchen.

"Mattie!" called Red.

"What is it, Will?" she answered, coming to the door.

"Can I smoke in this little house?"

"Certainly. Sit right down and make yourself comfortable. Don't you remember what a smoker father was?"

Red tried the different chairs with his hand. They were not a stalwart lot. Finally he spied the homemade rocker in the corner. "There's the lad for me," he said, drawing it out. "Got to be kinder careful how you throw 250 pounds around."

"Mercy!" cried Miss Mattie, pan in hand. "Do you weigh as much as that, Will?"

"I do," returned Red, with much satisfaction. "And there isn't over two pounds of it fat at that."

"What a great man you have grown up to be, Will!"

Red took in a deep draft of tobacco and sent the vapor clear across the little room.

"On the hay scales, yes," he answered, with a sort of joking earnestness, "but otherwise I don't know."

The return to the old home had touched the big man deeply, and as he leaned back in his chair there was a shade of melancholy on his face that became it well.

Miss Mattie took in the mass of him stretched out at his ease, his legs crossed, and the patrician cut of his face, to which the upturned mustache gave a cavalier touch. They were good stock, the Saunders, and the breed had not declined in the only two extant.

"He's my own cousin," she whispered to herself.

"Supper's ready, Will," she said. Red responded instantly. He took a look at the board and understood. He



"He's my own cousin," she whispered to herself.

ate the little cakes and biscuit and said they were the durned best he ever tasted. He also took some pot cheese under a misapprehension, swallowed it and said to himself that he had been through worse things than that. Then, when his appetite had just begun to develop, the inroads on the provisions warned him that it was time to stop. Meanwhile they had ranged the fields of old times at random, and as Red took in Miss Mattie, pink with excitement and sparkling as to eyes, he thought, "Blast the supper! It's a square meal just to look at her. If she ain't pretty good people, I miss my guess."

It was a merry meal. He had such a way of telling things! Miss Mattie hadn't laughed so much for years, and she felt that there was no one that she had known so long and so well as Cousin Will. There was only one jarring note—Red spoke of the vigorous celebration that had been followed by the finding of gold. It was certainly well told, but Miss Mattie asked in soft horror when he had finished, "You didn't get—intoxicated—Will?"

"Did I?" said he, lost in memory and not noticing the tone. "Well, I put my hand down the throat of that man's town and turned her inside out! It was like as if Christmas and Fourth of July had happened on the same day."

"Oh, Will," cried Miss Mattie, "I can't think of you like that—rolling in the gutter!" Her voice shook and broke off. Her knowledge of the effect of stimulants was limited to Fairfield's one drunkard—old Tommy McKee, a disreputable old Irishman—but drunkenness was the worst vice in her world.

"Rolling in the gutter!" cried Red in astonishment. "Why, girl, what for would I roll in the gutter? What's the fun in that? Jiminy Christmas! I wanted to walk on the telegraph wires. There wasn't anything in that town high enough for me. What put gutters into your head?"

"I—I supposed people did that when they were—like that."

"I wouldn't waste my money on whisky if that's all the inspiration I got out of it," replied Red.

"Well, of course I don't know about those things, but I wish you'd promise me one thing."

"Done!" cried Red. "What is it?"

"I wish you'd promise me not to touch whisky again."

"Phew! That's a pretty big order!" He stopped and thought a minute. "If you'll make that never touch it when it ain't needed, leaving when it's needed to what's my idea of the power"

using on a promise, I'll go you, Mattie. There's my hand."

"Oh, I shouldn't have said anything at all, Will. I have no right, but it seemed such a pity such a splendid man—I mean—I think— You mustn't promise me anything, Will," stammered Miss Mattie, shocked at her own daring.

"Here!" he cried, "I'm no little kid! When I promise I mean it! As for your not having any right, ain't we all there is? You've got to be mother and sister and aunt and everything to me. I ain't as young as I have been, Mattie, and I miss she-ways terrible at times. Now, put out your fin like a good partner, and here goes for no more rhinoceroses for Chanta Seechee Red—time I quit drinking, anyhow," he slipped a ring off his little finger. "Here, hold out your hand," said he. "I'll put this on for luck and the sake of the promise—by the same token, I've got a noose on you now, and you're my property."

This of course was only Cousin Will's joking, but Miss Mattie noticed with a sudden hot flush that he had chosen the engagement finger—in all ignorance, she felt sure. The last thing she could do would be to call his attention to the fact or run the risk of hurting his feelings by transferring the ring; besides, it was a pretty ring, a rough ruby in a plain gold band—and looked very well where it was.

Then they settled down for what Red called a good medicine talk. Miss Mattie found herself boldly speaking of little fancies and notions that had remained in the inner shrine of her soul for years, shrinking from the matter-of-fact eye of Fairfield; yet this big, ferocious looking Cousin Will seemed to find them both sane and interesting, and as her self respect went up in the arithmetical her admiration for Cousin Will went up in the geometrical ratio. He frankly admitted weaknesses and fears that the males of Fairfield would have rejected scornfully.

Miss Mattie spoke of sleeping upstairs, because she could not rid herself of the fear of somebody coming in.

"I know just how you feel about that," said Red. "My hair used to be on its feet most of the time when we were in the hay camp at the lake beds. Gee whiz! The rattlers! We put hair ropes around—but them rattlers liked to squirm over hair ropes for exercise. One morning I woke up and there was a crawler on my chest. 'For God's sake, Pete!' says I to Antelope Pete, who was rolled up next me, 'come take my friend away!' and I didn't holler very loud neither. Pete was chain lightning in pants, and he grabs Mr. Rattler by the tail and snaps his neck, but I felt lonesome in my inside till dinner time. You bet! I know just how you feel exactly. I didn't have a man's sized night's rest while we was in that part of the country."

It struck Miss Mattie that the cases were hardly parallel. "A rattlesnake on your chest, Will!" she cried, with her hands clasped in terror.

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as it sounds. He was asleep, coiled up there to get warm—sharpish nights on the prairie in August—but darn it, Mattie," wrinkling up his nose in disgust, "I hate the sight of the brutes!"

"But you wouldn't be afraid of a man, Will!"

"Well, no," admitted he. "I've never been troubled much that way. You see, everybody has a different fear to throw a crimp in them. Mine's rattlesnakes and these little bugs with forty million pairs of legs. I pass right out when I see one of them things. They give me a feeling as if my stummick had melted."

"Weren't the Indians terrible out there, too?" asked Miss Mattie. "I'm sure they must have been."

"Oh, they ain't bad people if you use 'em right," said Red. "Not that I like 'em any better on the ground than in it," he added hastily, fearful

...the sentiment of his country. "but I never had but one real argument man to man. Black Wolf and I come together over a matter of who owned my cayuse, and from words we backed off and got to shooting. He raked me from knee to hip, as I was kneeling down, doing the best I could by him and wasting ammunition because I was in a hurry. Still, I did bust his ankle. In the middle of the fuss a stray shot hit the cayuse in the head, and he croaked without a remark, so there we were, a pair of fools miles from home with nothing left to quarrel about! You could have fried an egg on a rock that day, and it always makes you thirsty to get shot anyways serious, thinking of which I hollered peace to old Black Wolf and told him I'd pull straws with him to see who took my canteen down to the creek and got some fresh water. He was agreeable and we hunched up to each other. It ain't to my credit to say it, but I was worse hurt than that Injun, so I worked him. He got the short straw, and had to crawl a mile through cactus, while I sat comfortable on the cause of the disagreement and yelled to him that he looked like a badger and other things that an Injun wouldn't feel was a compliment." Red leaned back and roared. "I can see him now putting his hands down so careful and turning back every once in awhile to cuss me. Turned out that it was his cayuse too. Feller that sold it to me had stole it from him. I oughtn't to laugh over it, but I can't help but snicker when I think how I did that Injun."

Generally speaking, Miss Mattie had a lively sense of humor, but the joke of this was lost on her. Her education had been that getting shot was far from funny.

"Why, I should have thought you would have died, Will!"

"What! For a little crack in the leg?" cried Red, with some impatience. "You people must quit easy in this country. Die nothin'. One of our boys came along and took us to camp, and we was up and doing again in no time. 'Course, Black Wolf has a game leg for good, but the worst that's stuck to me is a yank or two of rheumatism in the rainy season. I paid Wolf for his cayuse," he finished shamefacedly. "I had the laugh on him anyhow."

Miss Mattie told him she thought that was noble of him, which tribute Red took as medicine and shifted the subject with speed to practical affairs. He asked Miss Mattie how much money she had and how she managed to make out. Now, it was one of the canons of good manners in Fairfield not to speak of material matters, perhaps because there was so little material matter in the community, but Miss Mattie, doomed to a thousand irksome petty economies, had often longed for a sympathetic ear to pour into it a good honest complaint of hating to do this and that. She could not exactly go this far with Cousin Will, but she could say it was pretty hard to get along and gave some details. She felt that she knew him so very well in those few hours! Red heard with nods of assent. He had scented the conditions at once.

"It ain't any fun skidding on the thin ice," said he when they had concluded the talk. "I've had to count the beans I put in the pot, and it made me hate arithmetic worse than when I went over yonder to school. Well, them days have gone by for you, Mattie." He reached down and, pulling out a green roll, slapped it on the center table. "Blow that in and lumber up and remember that there's more behind it."

Miss Mattie's pride rose at a leap. "Will," she said, "I hope you don't think I've told you this to get money from you."

He leaned forward, put his hand on her shoulder and held her eyes with a sudden access of sternness and authority.

"And I hope, Mattie," said he, "that you don't think that I think anything of the kind."

The cousins stared into each other's

eyes for a full minute; then Miss Mattie spoke. "No, Will," said she, "I don't believe you do."

"I shouldn't think I did," retorted Red. "What in thunder would I do with all that money? Why, good Lord, girl, I could paper your house with \$10 bills! Now you try to fly them green kites, like I tell you."

Miss Mattie broke down. The not fully realized strain of fifteen years had made itself felt when the cord snapped. "I don't know how to thank you. I don't know what to say. Oh, Willam, it seems too good to be true!"

"What you crying about, Mattie?" said he, in sore distress. "Now hold on! Listen to me a minute! There's something I want you to do for me."

"What is it?" she asked, drying her eyes.

"For dinner tomorrow," he replied. "let's have a roast of beef about that size," indicating a washtub.

The diversion was complete.

"Why, Will! What would we ever do with it?" said she.

"Do with it? Why, eat it!"

"But we couldn't eat all that!"

"Then throw what's left to the cats."

You ain't going to fall down on me the first favor I ask?" with mock seriousness.

"You shall have the roast of beef. 'Pears to me that you're fond of your stomach, Will," said Miss Mattie, with a recovering smile.

"I have a good stomach that's always done the right thing by me when I've done the right thing by it," said Red. "And, moreover, just look at the constitution I have to support. But say, old lady, look at that!" pointing to the clock. "Eleven-thirty; time decent people were putting up for the night."

The words brought to an acute stage a wandering fear which had passed through Miss Mattie's mind at intervals during the evening. Where was she to look for sleeping accommodations for a man? She revolted against the convention that in her own mind as well as the rest of Fairfield forbade the use of her house for the purpose. Long habit of thought had made these niceties constitutional. It was almost as difficult for Miss Mattie to say "I'll fix up your bed right there on the sofa" as it would have been for Red to pick a man's pocket, yet when she thought of his instant and open generosity and what a dismal return therefor it would be to thrust him out for reasons which she divined would have no meaning for him, she heroically resolved to throw custom to the winds and speak.

But the difficulty was cut in another fashion.

"There's a little barn in the backyard that caught my eye," said Red. "and if you'll lend me a blanket I'll roll it out there."

"Sleep in the barn! You'll not do any such thing!" cried Miss Mattie. "You'll sleep right here on the sofa or upstairs in my bed, just as you choose."

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. So help me Bob, I'd smother in here. Had the darnedest time coming on that ever was—hotels. Little white rooms with the walls coming in on you. Worse than rattlesnakes for keeping a man awake. Reminds me of the hospital. Horse fell on me once and smashed me up so that I had to be sent to get putted up again, and I never struck such a month as that since I was born. The doc told me I mustn't move, but I told him I'd chuck him out of the window if he tried to stop me, and up I got. I'd have gone dead sure if they'd held me a week more. I speak for the barn, Mattie, and I speak real loud; that is, I mean to say I'm going to sleep in the barn, unless there's somebody a heap larger than you on the premises. Now, there's no use for you to talk—I'm going to do just as I say."

"Well, I think that's just dreadful!" said Miss Mattie. "I'd like to know what folks will think of me to hear I turned my own cousin out in the barn." Her voice trailed off a little at the end as the gist of what they

might say if he stayed in the house occurred to her. "Well," she continued, "if you're set I suppose I can't object." Miss Mattie was not a good hand at playing a part.

"I'm set," said Red. "Get me a blanket." As she came in with this he added, "Say, Mattie, could you let me have a loaf of bread? I've got a habit of wanting something to eat in the middle of the night."

"Certainly! Don't you want some butter with it? Here, I'll fix it for you on a plate."

"No, don't waste dish washing. I'll show you how to fix it." He cut the loaf of bread in half, pulled out a portion of the soft part and filled the hole with butter. "There we are, and nothing to bother with afterward."

"That's a right smart notion, Will, but you'll want a knife."

In answer he drew out a leather case from his breast pocket and opened it.



Miss Mattie stood in the half opened door and listened.

Within was knife, fork, spoon and two flat boxes for salt and pepper. "You see, I'm fixed," said he.

"Isn't that a cute trick?" she cried admiringly. "You're ready for most anything."

"Sure," said Red. "Now, good night, old lady." He bent down in so natural a fashion that Miss Mattie had kissed him before she knew what she was going to do.

Down to the barn, through the soft June evening, went Red, whistling a Mexican love song most melodiously.

Miss Mattie stood in the half opened door and listened. Without was balm and starlight, and the spirit of flowers breathed out in odors. The quaint and pretty tune rose and fell, quavered.

lilted along as it listed without regard for law and order. It struck Miss Mattie to the heart. Her girlhood, with its misty dreams of happiness, came back to her on the wings of music.

"Isn't that a sweet tune?" she said, with a lump in her throat.

She went up into her room and sat down a moment in confusion, trying to grasp the reality of all that had happened. In the middle of the belief that these things were not so came the regret of a sensitive mind for errors committed. She remembered, with a sudden sinking, that she had not thanked him for the necklace. And the money lay even now on the parlor table where he had cast it! This added the physical fear of thieves. Down she went and got the money, counted out, to her unmitigated astonishment, \$500 and thrust it beneath her pillow, with a shiver. She wished she had thought to tell him to take care of it. But suppose the thieves were to fall on him as he slept? Red's friends would have spent their sympathy on the thieves. She rejoiced that the money was

where it was. Then she tried to remember what she had said throughout the evening.

"Well, I suppose I must have acted like a ninny," she concluded. "But isn't he just splendid! And as Cousin Will's handsome face, with its daring, kind eyes, came to her vision she felt comforted. "I don't believe but what he'll make every allowance for how excited I was," said she. "He seems to understand those things for all he's such a large man. Well, it doesn't seem as if it could be true." With a half sigh, Miss Mattie knelt and sent up her modest petition to her Maker and got into her little white bed.

In the meantime Red's actions would have awakened suspicion. He hunted around until he found a tin can, then lit a match and rummaged the barn amid terror stricken squawks from the inhabitants, the hens.

"One, two, three, four," he counted. "Reckon I can last out till morning on that. Mattie, she's white people—just the nicest I ever saw—but she ain't used to providing for a full grown man."

He stepped to the back of the barn and looked about him. "Nobody can see me from here," he said in satisfaction. Then he scraped together a pile of chips and sticks and built a fire, filled the tin can at the brook, sat it on two stones over the fire, rolled himself a cigarette and waited. A large, yellow tomcat came out of the brush and threw his green headlights on him, meowing tentatively.

"Hello, pussy!" said Red. "You hungry too? Well, just wait a minute and we'll help that feeling. Like bread, pussy?" The cat gobbled the morsel greedily, came closer and begged for more. The tin can boiled over. Red popped the eggs in, puffed his cigarette to a bright coal and looked at his watch by the light. "Gee! Ten minutes more now!" said he. "Hardly seems to me as if I could wait." He pulled the watch out several times. "What's the matter with the d—n thing? I believe it's stopped," he growled. But at last "Time!" he shouted gleefully, kicked the can over and gathered up its treasures in his handkerchief.

"Now, Mr. Cat, we're going to do some real eating," said he. "Just sit right down and make yourself at home. This is kind of fun, by Jinks!" Down went the eggs, and down went the loaf of bread in generous slices, never forgetting a fair share for the cat.

"Woosh! I feel better!" cried Red. "And now for some sleep." He swung up into the hayloft, spread the blanket on the still fragrant old hay and rolled himself up in a trice.

"I did a good turn when I came on here," he mused. "If I have got only one relation, she's a dandy—so pretty and quiet and nice. She's a marker for all I've got, is Mattie."

The cat came up, purring and "making bread." He sniffed feline fashion at Red's face.

"Foo! Shoo! Go 'way, pussy! Settle yourself down and we'll pound our ear for another forty miles. I like you first rate when you don't walk on my face." He stretched and yawned enormously. "Yes, sir, Mattie's all right!" said he. "A-a-a-ll ri!"—And Chanta Seechee Red was in the land of dreams. Here, back in God's country, within twenty miles of the place where he was born, the wanderer laid him down again, and in spite of raid and foray, whisky and poker cards, wear and tear, hard times and, hardest test of all, sudden fortune, he was much the same impulsive, honest, generous, devil-may-care boy who had left there twenty-four years ago.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE next morning when Red awoke arrows of gold were shooting through the holes in the old barn, and outside the bird life, the twittering and chirping, the fluent whistle and the warble, the cackle and the pompous crow, were in full chorus.

To be continued.

**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 months ..... .50

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Display adds, one inch per double column, \$1.00. per month.

Local adds, first insertion 10 cents per line, five cents per line for each insertion thereafter.

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

Gail, Texas, Feb. 20, 1908.

**Candidates and Baileyism.**

The Farmersville Times, in a long article on the subject, takes the position that Baileyism should be made an issue all along the line and says:

"All honest men endowed with real statesmanship qualities should be proud that such a question as anti-Baileyism has at last appear in the domain of popular political discussion. They should rejoice in the manhood of their souls that the consciences of people have been quickened to a higher conception and mission of civil government, so that long-practiced vices now appear to them in their true viciousness. And they should have the nerve to squarely face this opportunity leading to better government and more heroic statesmanship if heroically met, but to worse government and more corrupt statesmanship if cowardly evaded. The candidate who hasn't the judgement and nerve to take advantage of this unusual opportunity to help promote a better status in government and statesmanship, thinks a great deal more of his own selfish promotion, than of the people's obtaining worthy and competent public servants.

"Baileyism is not merely a matter of bribe-taking in exchange for official influence and favors by U. S. senators, congressmen and legislators only but bribe-taking in exchange for official influence and favors by all other public officials. This evil practice is as old as human government itself, Senator Bailey being merely an incident, directing public attention to this form of maladministration in office, by exhibiting such a brazen, shameful and flagrant example of it. Since the issue has come out of its own force of development caused by its great exploiter, it should be dealt with just like any other political disturbance—and dealt with now while it is before the people. To evade it is to either endorse, condone or fear it. If a candidate en-

dorses or condones Bailey or Baileyism, let him have the audacity to tell the people so; if he condemns Bailey or Baileyism, let him assert his manhood by saying so. Baileyism is either right or wrong, and voters have the right to bring candidates out on the question as a solution. Evasion only prolongs the life of the issue, and especially so long as the corrupt usurper who exploited it sits unworthily in one of Texas' highest offices of trust, for his advocates or codoners may just as well understand that baileyism will continue for five years longer to be a live—yes, the paramount—issue in this State unless his resignation or removal from office, some way mitigates interest in its consideration. Honest men will never submit to the political domination of the man Bailey nor to the nefarious, flagrant statesmanship of Baileyism, and county candidates had just as well enter heartily into the solution of the question they would have the unpleasant matter removed most speedily possible from current politics in Texas."—Breckenridge democrat.

**The Time to Advertise.**

"We continue to do things—ridiculous things—because our fathers did them," remarked a man today, "and we go on doing them year after year without asking ourselves why we do so. A case in point is the matter of advertising, which today is a thing of necessity in the business world. If you will notice it you will find that the average business man in periods of dullness and financial depression, begins to retrench in the matter of his expense account by curtailing his advertising. He does it because he argues that he can lop it off and restore it again with less inconvenience than he can other expenses. But, if he will think for a moment and weigh the matter as a cold business proposition involving dollars and cents, he is bound to admit his retrenchment had best begin at another point.

"If advertising is a good business practice at any time surely it is most valuable when the people are buying least for if its object is to attract the purchaser and get him into the store, naturally there must be greater effort expended in that direction when the public is buying least. No matter how severe periods of depression are, and how stringent the money market may be, people will spend what they must, and naturally they are at such times more quickly attracted by the offerings of advertisers, as they are eager to have their expenditures bring the best results."—Ex.

**D. Dorward & Co.**

**PURE FRESH DRUGS,**

**Druggists Sundris**

Furniture

Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

We are here to do business and meet competition. If you want building material of any kind, come and figure with us before buying elsewhere. and we will save you money.

**H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.**

Big Springs,

Texas

**We don't own a Saw Mill but we have Saw Mill Prices**

**Come and get our Cash Prices**

**The Hinds Lumber Company,**

**Big Springs, Texas.**

**\$3.25 GIVEN AWAY**

**To Those Who Love Good Literature**

We will save you that much on the price of the Citizen, the Western Breeders' Journal, the Woman's Home Companion, the American Monthly Review of Reviews and the Cosmopolitan Magazine if you order them through us. Let the figures talk.

**Price Each per Year Taken Separately:**

The Borden Citizen 1.00  
Western Breeders' Journal .25  
Woman's Home Companion 1.00  
American Review of Reviews 3.00  
Cosmopolitan Magazine 1.00

**TOTAL \$6.25**

These fine periodicals conform to the highest standard of literary merit in their respective fields and are well worth the above named prices, but since nothing is too good for our patrons, we have made arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer you

**All 5 for \$3.00**

And we save you all the trouble of writing letters and sending money.



## Local and Personal

W. A. Clark and family went to Park school house Sunday to attend services.

Mr. Olen Keen was in Gail Saturday

Mr. E. Paige was in town Saturday.

Mr. Walter Jolly was here Sunday.

Mr. W. Walker was in town Sunday.

Mr. J. M. Evans was in Gail Saturday.

Miss Bessie Stevens took dinner with Mrs. Pruitt Monday.

Mr. Ploma Parker of Lamesa was in Gail this week.

Mr. Tim B. Conovers of Durham was in Gail Saturday.

J. F. Maxey was shaking hands with friends in our town Saturday.

Mr. Munroe Blackwood was in Gail Sunday.

A good place to spend your cash is at J. D. McDonald's, dealer in Fruits, Candies, Groceries and Notions Crockery and Tinware. One door east of A. G. Halls store, Big Springs, Texas.

### Lost

The opportunity of having Bursor and Williamson to make you a fine photograph of yourself or home. If you fail to see them within the next 10 days

John Cranfill was here Monday morning.

Mr. Fred Coats and father were in Gail Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Olive of Durham took dinner with Mrs. Lee Pearce Saturday.

Mr. Earl Sealy was in town Friday.

Messrs. Graham and Eli Whitaker and Homer Nisbett were in Gail Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sanford attended church in Gail Sunday.

Miss Mae McClinton of Snyder is visiting her sister Mrs. J. H. Hannat this week.

Mr. Bean Cathey of Post City is in Gail this week.

Miss Myrtle Jolly spent Friday night in Gail the guest of Miss Ethel Blankenship.

Messrs. Love and McClung and Misses Nellie Hale and Ethel Atwood attended the Literary at the Parks school house Saturday night. They report the Society progressing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleburn Stevens of Tredway were in Gail last week.

S. A. Morrow Made a trip to Post City this week.

Charlie Taylor returned Sunday evening from a few days visit to his daughter Mrs. Tom Hudson,

T. L. Kennedy of Lawson county was in Gail Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Hallie Hill was shopping in town Monday.

John Blackwood of Post City arrived in Gail this week.

Mr. Wesley Berry is suffering with a severe case of the mumps this week.

Mr. Lorry Carter is visiting relatives in Gail this week.

### NOTICE.

I will stand my horse Canadian Reno at my place 15 miles Northwest of Gail from April 1st, 1908, at \$10.00 per season, insured, also a fine Jack at \$8.00 insured,

JAMES PRATT.

### ST. VALENTINE PARTY

At the Home of J. G. Taylor, Misses Katie Turner, Alma Sealy and Eunice Nisbett entertained a number of their friends with a Valentine party the 14th.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with hearts, cupids and many other things tended to represent St. Valentine day.

The guests did not arrive until near 9:30, they were ushered in by Miss Katie Turner and as each came in they were asked to make a guess as to who a certain girl was, who was dressed as a "dummie," Cora Berry was the lucky one, guessing this person to be Zettie Cathey. Miss Cora received a nice box of candy as a prize. After this we were ushered in to supper by Miss Eunice Nisbett, where cake and delicious fruit punch was served by Miss Alma Sealy.

Master Boyd Cotten, dressed to suit the occasion was post-

name being read would come forward and draw a sentence from a number of others and read to the young man, this sentence being what she would say to him sometime in future life.

Some enjoyment was derived from the game "Making love in the dark" Many other interesting games were played and enjoyed by all,

Messrs. J. G. Taylor and W. S. McClung. E.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP

E. R. YELLOTT

For County and District clerk.

T. R. MAULDIN

RODWAY KEEN

J. S. WEATHERFORD

For county Treasurer.

D. DORWARD.

For Sheriff and Tax collector.

W. A. CLARK.

J. R. WILLIAMS

J. C. OLIVE

For Tax Assessor.

W. A. BEDELL

J. C. HOWE

S. L. JONES

For Justice of Peace prect. 1.

T. M. JONES.

For Commissioner Prect. 1

F. M. CHISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prect. 2

For commissioner Prect. 3

For commissioner Prect. 4

### NOTICE.

All persons getting wood on the pastures of A. J. Long are notified that they will hereafter be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

SAM SANFORD.

All persons indebt to us will please call and settle at once as we are indebt for materials, and cannot get any now except for cash.

J. A. SMITH & BRO.

I have got 24 extra fine Registered Hereford Bull calves for sale from 8 to 12 months old.

J. K. Mitchell.

Gail, Texas.

Get my prices on cattle Dip Paint, Wall paper (Phonographs and records a specialty.)

W. L. Doss.

Colorado, Texas.

## THE WIGWAUM RESTAURANT

Is the only First Class restaurant in Big Springs with Ladies dining room. Cold Drinks and Ice Cream. Regular Dinners 25 cts. Short orders day and night. Come and See Us.

J. C. Horn, Pro.

BIG SPRINGS.

TEXAS.

## The Western Windmill Company

HOUSES	WHOLESALE AND RETAIL	WINDMILLS
Colorado	Windmills, Hardware,	Eclipse
Big Springs	Implements, Wagons,	Leader
Midland	Queensweare. Cut	Sampson
Odessa	Glas and China	Star
Lubbock		Ideal

R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

TELEPHONE NO. 51

## Gail Blacksmith Shop

J. C. Babb, Prop.

All kinds of Blacksmithing Wheelright and Woodwork also Horse shoeing promptly done and satisfaction guaranteed.

West side public square

Gail Texas

H. D. Pruett left here Tuesday on a visit to a nephew, Robet Gray who lives 25 miles from Fort Stockton.

Mr. J. H. Doyle of Big Springs was doing business in Gail last week.

Henry Johnston of Post City was in Gail Saturday

Mrs. D. Dorward has been quite sick this week.

master and received the valentines which he reserved in his keeping until the time appointed and distributed them to the ones they were mailed for. A great deal of amusement was had at the opening of the Valentines received by some.

The most interesting feature of the evening was the solving of puzzles by the young men, which if correctly solved would be a girls name. The girl whose

## WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Horse Shoeing  
a specialty

For Cash only  
Work Guaranteed

**Smith & Ross Pro's.**

East of Public Square

Gail, Texas.

**Full line of Groceries and Hardware  
Buggies Wagons, Farm Implements  
and General Merchandise.**

**WILSON & STEPHENSON**

Light

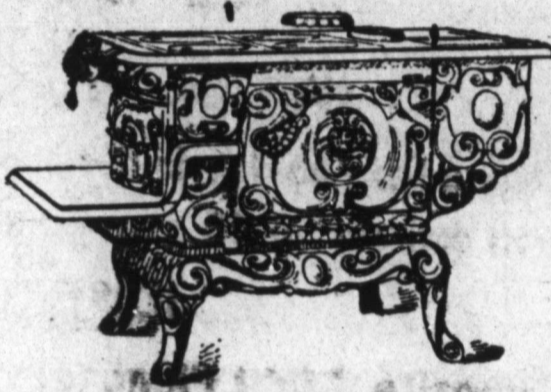
Texas

## H. L. RIX & Co.

Carry the best assortment of Furniture,  
stove etc. ever offered to the people of West  
Texas. Second hand goods bought and sold  
Write or call and see us when in the  
city.

Undertakers goods.

Big Springs, Texas



**Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.**

The day has come, and some time ago, that the farmer must study his land as does the merchant his stock of goods, as does the manufacturer his machinery. Our land here is rich and fertile, but it must be carefully looked after or shortly our farmers will abandon it as "killed out," when the fact will be that it is only tired of poor tilling. When our farmers look after their land

carefully studying its adaptation, weigh carefully their stock and feed and get the best possible results from the combination—then will land pay a high rate of interest on a value of \$150 or even more per acre.

At the February term of the Commissioner's Court a contract was made with W. S. McClung Deputy District Surveyor to es-

tablish the boundary line between Borden and adjoining counties; to place durable monuments at each mile of said boundary. The work to be done for \$1750.00, \$1200.00 of which sum to be paid out as the work progressed for labor and equipments. It was further stipulated that the survey should be made as soon as practicable,

D. H. Pruett who has been confined in the Jail here having been tried and adjudged a lunatic was taken last Monday by Sheriff Clark to the asylum at Terrell.

### Lost

One Black and red tan hound. Information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated by  
J. Y. EVERETT,  
Gail, Texas.

## Burton Lingo Co.

DEALERS IN

Lumber and all kinds of building material

**High Grades Low Prices**

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

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

## GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do a general Banking business.

Exchange drawn on the principal Commercial cities.

## THOMPSON HOTEL.

Excellent Fare  
Good service  
Comfortable beds

Rates  
\$1.00 to \$1.50 per day  
\$5.00 per week

Sample Rooms

MRS. W. A. WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder,

Texas

**Mammoth  
Removal Sale**

**Removal Sale**

**Mammoth  
Removal Sale**

## The best and Greatest Values

On Earth Now Stare You in The Face

The Big Springs Dry Goods Co. are going to move in the new Ward Building  
**We are going to make a clean sweep regardless of former selling prices or Cost**  
Well selected Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Gents Furnishings and Youths Clothing

so cheap that you will ever believe us when we tell you we are going to do a thing. It was once said by the public that Dry Goods are higher in Big Springs than any place in Texas. We are glad to say in has ceased to be a fact since we opened our business here. We have shown the public that we sell it for less. You will always find the Big Springs Dry Goods Co., selling more goods for less money than any dry goods store on the T. & P. R. R. Don't forget the opening date of our Removal sale, Feb. 15th. It is during this Extra Special sale we will put to shame any former prices you ever heard of on Dry goods; the only question is, in justice to yourself and family, can you dare to miss this great price slaughter sale; we will make you say from now on Big Springs is the cheapest place to buy dry good you ever saw in your life; we resort to no schemes but do business on strictly up-to-date methods combined with simply the old fashioned honorable straight forward man to man way like our ancestors used to do when truth was cherished more than gold—when the people lose confidence in a merchant it is because that Merchant is not a deserver of confidence—we have but one way of dealing and that is honest. It will pay you to come miles to attend this Mammoth Removal sale

Opnes Saturday Feb. 15th, 9 a. m. Closes Saturday Feb. 29th.

**Big Springs Dry Goods Company**