

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1908.

NO. 9.

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 Ct as

CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year

ADVERTISE BIG SPRINGS.

Commercial Club Rapidly Increases Membership.

Big Springs, Tex, Feb, 18.—The Big Springs Commercial Club, recently organized, is rapidly increasing in membership and the association is planning to send out circulars advertising the resources and enterprise of this city. A committee of seven was appointed to collect an exhibit of live stock and agriculture for the Dallas fair next fall.—Dallas News

Why should not our stockmen and farmers who are achieving quite as great things as their neighbors, prepare to make some exhibits at the Dallas Fair next fall. A prize would not only be a great advertisement of what Borden county can do, but an advertisement quite as profitable to you. We have a good grain and stock country, and all that is required of us to make a good exhibit, is a little enterprise and effort on our part. Will you not interest yourself in this matter? for your own good and that of the country at large.

Another Notice of the Gail—Morris Debate.

Owing to the delay of some understanding between the debaters, the debate will not be on Feb. 29th but will be on March 7th,

Subject: Resolved that the United States Government should own and operate all railroads within its borders. Affirmative, Proffs. McKay, and Debenport. Negative, Messrs. T. P. Blankenship and W. S. McClung. Everybody come out.

Prohibition.

I am requested by the Committee on arrangements, to mention the meeting of Democrats favoring prohibition, in the City Hall, Fort Worth, Saturday February 29; 10 a. m, to devise ways and means for getting an expression on State Prohibition in the Democratic Primary this year. The committee regards prohibition this year as the paramount political issue in Texas. One and one-third fare has been secured for round trip.

H. G. 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 and Regular meals
 Fish and Oysters always on hand
 Nice lodging rooms Beds 25 and 50 cts.

Pool Hall on second floor

Clairmonte St. North of Snyder Merc. Co.

Snyder,

Texas

Annual Report.

Clerks annual of report of assets, receipts and disbursements of the different County funds, and bonded indebtedness of Borden county for the year beginning the 1st day of February A. D, 1907, and ending the 31st day of Jan. A. D. 1908.

JURY FUND, 1ST. CLASS.

To balance on hand	\$ 357.93	
To Amount received	434 33	
By amount paid out		\$ 150.58
By amount to balance		641.68
Balance	792.26	792.26

ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND 2D. CLASS.

Balance on hand	\$1778.86	
To amount received	1579.38	
By amount paid out		\$ 893.09
Amount to balance		2465.15
Balance	3358.24	3358.24

GENERAL FUND 3D CLASS.

Balance last quarter	\$294 47	
To amount received	4117.42	
By amount paid out		\$4216.04
Amount to balance		195.85
Balance	4411.89	4411.89

COURT HOUSE FUND 4TH CLASS.

Balance last quarter	\$3032.14	
To amount received	1052.92	
By amount paid out		\$385.96
Amount to balance		3699.10
Balance	4085.06	4085.06

To balance on hand at close of year 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	\$1306.79	
To amount received	631.79	
By amount paid out		247.87
Amount to balance		1609.71
Balance	1938.58	1938.58
To balance on hand at close of year	1690.71	
ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND NO. 2 6TH CLASS		
Balance last quarter	\$ 252.75	
To amount received	1422.58	
By amount paid out		1651.54
Amount to balance		23.79
Balance	1675.33	1675.33
To balance on hand at close of year	23.79	
SCHOOL FUND 7TH CLASS		
Balance last quarter	\$1022.89	
To amount received	1422.51	
By amount paid out		\$2864.20
Amount to balance		1380.20
Balance	4244.40	4244.40
To balance on hand at close of year	1380.20	
BONDED INDEBTEDNESS		
Court House	\$7000.00	
Road and Bridge	4500.00	

Jail	2900.00
Total	14400.00

The State of Texas }
County of Borden } I, Rodway Keen, County Clerk in and for the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct statement of the assets, receipts and disbursements, and bonded indebtedness of Borden county, for the year beginning the 1st day of Feb. A. D. 1907 and ending the 31st day of Jan. A. D. 1908.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF OFFICE, this 25th day of February A. D. 1908.

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

Sam Keen was in town Friday.

N. T. Biffle and family attended services in Gail Sunday.

Troy Bullard of the plains was in town Saturday.

Elzie Creighton was here Saturday.

Sam Sanford was in town Saturday.

Homer West and Clyde Creighton were in Gail Saturday.

Jim Jolly was in Gail Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Taylor visited the home of W. A. Sealy Saturday and Sunday, returning Sunday evening accompanied by Miss Alma Sealy.

J. S. York of Durham was in Gail Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Cotten of Vincent, Texas visited relatives in Gail last week.

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-gen-
eral 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 ad-
vance. 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
hills, 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
factor in the progress of our
county. Borden county takes
pride in raising some of the best
horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry
does extremely well in this local-
ity.
The development of this county
has been quite rapid the last six
months. During that time there
has been a nice little town 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. Rates
Bath and sample rooms \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day
Nunn Building Northeast Cor. Pulic 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

Glasses Fitted 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-
to fore been for sale, hence the
slow development. At present
some of the pastures are for sale
in small tracts.

Dick Wynne of Fort Worth,
more familiarly known as "Windy
Dick," has announced for Attor-
ney General. It has been known
for some time that the oil inter-
ests had become convinced that
Looney wasn't "in it" against
Davidsou and were beating the
bushes for a more available candi-
date. "Windy Dick" is the out-
come, and the selection shows the
straits under which the "interests"
are laboring in this campaign.
Looney was at least recognized as
a lawyer, but the "faithful" will
be expected to throw him down
and rally around the standard of
this old wind-bag. That is Bail-
eyism!—Breckenridge Democrat.

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

If you like to read, come around
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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"Where am I at this time?" said he as he took in the view. "Oh, I remember!" and his heart leaped. "I'm in my own home, by the Lord!"

He went down to the brook and washed, drying hands and face on the silk neckerchief, which is meant for use as well as for decoration.

In the meantime Miss Mattie had awakened with a sense of something delightful at hand, the meaning of which escaped her for the time. And then she remembered and sprang out of bed like a girl. She went to the window, threw open the shutters and let the stirring morning air flow in. This had been her habit for a long time. The window faced away from the road, and no one could see who was not on Miss Mattie's own premises.

But this morning Red had wandered around. Stopping at the rosebushes, he picked a rose.

"That has the real old time smell," he said as he held it to his nose. "Sweetbriars are good, and I don't go back on 'em, but they ain't got the fram these fellers have."

Bud in hand, he walked beneath Miss Mattie's windows, and he was the first thing her eye fell upon.

Her startled exclamation made him look up before she had time to withdraw.

"Hello, there!" he called joyfully. "How do you open up this day? You look pretty well!" he added, with a note of admiration. Miss Mattie had the wavy hair which is never in better order than when left to its own devices. Her idea of coiffure was not the most becoming that could have been selected, as she felt that a "young" style of hairdressing was foolish for a single woman of her years. Now, with the pretty soft hair flying, her eyes still humid with sleep and a touch of color in her face from the surprise, relieved against the fleecy shawl she had thrown about her shoulders, she was incontestably both a discreet and pretty picture. Yet Miss Mattie could not forget the bare feet and nightgown, although they were hidden from masculine eyes by wood and plaster, and she was embarrassed. Still, with all the supersensitive fancies, Miss Mattie had a strong backbone of New England common sense. She answered that she felt very well indeed and, to cover any awkwardness, inquired what he had in his hand.

"Good old rose," replied Red. "Old time smell—better suited to you than to me—ketch!"

At the word he tossed it, and Miss Mattie caught it dexterously. Red had an exceedingly keen eye for some things, and he noticed the certainty of the action. He hated fumbler. "A person can do things right if they've got minds that work," was one of his pet sayings. "Taint the muscles at all; it's in the head, and I like the kind of head that's in use all the time." Therefore this small affair made an impression on him.

"Why, you could be a baseball player," said he.

"I used to play with Joe when I was a girl," said Miss Mattie, smiling. "I always liked boys' play better than I did girls'. Joe taught me how to throw a ball too. He said he wouldn't play with me unless I learned not to 'scoop it' girl fashion. I suppose you will be wanting breakfast." There was a hint of sarcasm in the doubt of the matter.

"That's what I do," said Red. "You must just hustle down and get things to boiling or I'll throw bricks through the windows. I've been up for the last two hours."

"Why, I don't believe it!" said Miss Mattie.

"No more do I, but it seems like it," replied Red. "Don't you want the fire started? Come down and open up the house."

When Miss Mattie appeared at the door in he strode with an armful of wood, dropping it, man fashion, crash, on the floor.

"Skip out of the way," said he. "I'll show you how to build a fire."

The early morning had been the most desolate time to Miss Mattie. As the day warmed up the feeling of loneliness vanished, perhaps to return at evening, but not then with the same absoluteness as when she walked about the kitchen to the echo of her own footsteps in the morning.

Now the slamming and the banging which accompanied Red's energetic actions rang in her ears most cheerily. She even found a relish in the smothered oath that heralded the thrust of a splinter in his finger. It was very wicked, but it was also very much alive.

Red arose and dusted off his knees. "Now we're off!" he said as the fire began to roar. "What's next?"

"If you'd grind the coffee, Will?" she suggested.

"Sure! Where's the hand organ?" He put the mill between his knees and converted the beans to powder to the tune of "Old Dog Tray" through his nose, which Miss Mattie found very amusing.

She measured out the coffee, one spoonful for each cup and one for the pot. Red watched her patiently, and when she had finished he threw in the rest of the contents of the mill drawer. "I like it fairly strong," said he in explanation.

"Now, Will!" protested Miss Mattie. "Look at you! That will be as bitter as boneset!"

"Thin her up with milk and she'll be all right," replied Red.

"Well, such wasteful ways I never did see. Nobody'd think you were a day over fifteen."

"I'm not," said Red stoutly, "and," catching her chin in his hand and turning her face up toward him, "nobody'd put your score much higher than that neither if they trusted to their eyes this morning."

The compliment hit so tender a place that Miss Mattie lacked the resolution to tear it out; besides, it was so honest that it sounded much less like a compliment than a plain statement of fact. She bent hastily over the fire. "I'm glad I look young, Will," she said softly.

"So'm I!" he assented heartily. "What's the sense in being old, anyhow? I'm as limber and good for myself as ever I was in spite of my forty years."

"You're not forty years old!" exclaimed Miss Mattie. "You're joking."

"Nary joke—forty round trips from flying snow to roses since I hit land, Mattie—why, you were only a little girl when I left here—don't you remember? You and your folks came to see us the week before I left. I got a thrashing for taking you and Joe to the millpond and helping you to get good and wet. The thrashing was one of the things that gave me a hankering for the west. Very liberal man

with the nickory, rather. Spare the clothes and spoil the skin was his motto. He used to make me strip to the waist—phee-hew! Even a light breeze rested heavy on my back when dad got through with me. Say, Mattie, perhaps I oughtn't to say so, now that he's gone, but I don't think that's the proper way to use a boy, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Mattie. "Your father meant well, but his way was useless and cruel."

"I've forgiven him the whole sweep," said Red. "But, d-n me, if I had a boy I wouldn't club the life out of him; I'd try to reason with him first, anyhow. Makes a boy as ugly as anybody else to get the hide whaled off his back for nothing—once in awhile he needs it. Boy that's got any life in him gets to be too much occasionally, and then a warming is healthful and nourishing. Lord, you'd think I was the father of my country to hear me talk, wouldn't you? If somebody'd write a book, 'What Red Saunders Don't Know About Raising Children' it would be full of valuable information. How's that breakfast coming on?"

"All ready—sit right down, Will."

"Go you!" cried Red, and incautiously flung himself upon one of the kitchen chairs, which collapsed instantly and dropped him to the floor.

"Mercy on us! Are you hurt?" cried Miss Mattie, rushing forward.

"Hurt?" said Red. "Try it! Just jump up in the air and sit on the floor where you are now, and see if you get hurt! Oh, no! I'm not hurt, but I'm astonished beyond measure, like the man that tickled the mule. I'll take my breakfast right here—shouldn't wonder a bit if the floor went back on me and landed me in the cellar. No, sir! I won't get up! Hand me the supplies. I know when I'm well off. If you want to eat breakfast with me, come sit on the floor. I'm not going to have my spine pushed through the top of my head twice in the same day."

"Will, you are the most ridiculous person I ever did see!" said Miss Mattie, and she laughed till she cried in sheer lightheartedness. "But there's a chair you can trust. Come on now."

"Well, if you'll take your solemn oath that this one has no mustache to deceive me," said Red doubtfully. "It looks husky. Well, I'll try it. Hooray! She didn't give an inch! This kind of reminds me of the time Jimmy Hendricks came back from town and walked off the edge of the bluff in the dark. It just happened that Old Scotty Ferguson's cabin was underneath him. Jim took most of the roof off with him as he went in. He sat awhile to figure out what was trumps, having come 150 feet too fast to do much thinking. Then, 'Hello!' he yells. Old Scotty was a sleeper from way back, but this woke him up."

"Hello!" says he. "Was'er matter?"

"Jim saw he wasn't more than half awake yet, so he says, 'Why, I was up on the bluff there, Scotty, and, seeing it was such a short distance, I thought I'd drop in!'"

"Aw ri," grunted Scotty. "Make y'self t' home, and with that he rolls over."

"Jim couldn't wait for morning, and, though his leg was pretty badly sprained, he made the trip all the way round the trail and woke us up to tell us how he'd gone through Ferguson's roof and the old man asked him to make himself at home. Next morning there was Scotty out in front of his cabin, his thumbs in his vest holes, looking up."

"What's the matter, Scotty?" says I.

"Well, I wisht you'd tell me what in the name of God went through that roof?" says he.

"I swallered a laugh crossways and put on a serious face. 'Must have been a rock,' says I."

"Rock nothin!" says he. "If it had been a rock 'twould have stayed in the cabin, wouldn't it? Well, there ain't the first blasted thing of any shape nor description in there but the hole. You can go in and look for yourself."

"It cost Scotty one case of rye to make us forget those circumstances."

"I should have thought the man would be killed, striking on the roof that way," said Miss Mattie.

"Oh, no! Roof was made of quaking asp saplings, just about strong enough to break his fall. Scotty was the sleeper, though! It wasn't hardly natural the way that man could pound his ear through thick and thin. He had quite a surprising time of it once. He'd been prospecting round the Ruby refractory ore district and he came out at Hank Cutter's sawmill just at sundown. Hank's place was full of gold rushers, so Old Scotty thought he'd sleep outdoors in peace and quiet. He discovered some big boxes that Hank was making for ore bins for the new mill, and as the ground was kind of damp from a thunder shower they had that day he spreads his blanket inside the box and goes to sleep. Ore bins have to be smooth and dust tight, so it wasn't a bad shanty."

"Well, there came a jar and waked him up. The box was rolling a little and going along, going along forty mile an hour. Scotty lit a match and found he was in a kind of big tunnel, but the wall was flying by so fast he couldn't make out just what kind of a tunnel it was. Now, he'd gone to sleep in peace and quiet on a side hill, and to wake up and find himself boat riding in a tunnel was enough to surprise anybody. First he pinched himself to see if it was Hank's pie or a cold fact; found it was a fact; then he lit another match and leaned over and looked at the black water underneath, but this made the box tip so it scared him, and he settled down in the bottom again. He didn't try to think. What was the use? No man living could have figured things out with the few facts Scotty had before him. All

of a sudden the box made a rush and shot out into the air, and Scotty felt they were falling. "God sakes!" he says to himself. "What's next, I wonder?" Then they hit the water below with a kerflap that nearly telescoped Scotty and sent the spray flying. After that they went along smooth again. "Well," says Scotty, "I don't know where I am, nor who I am, nor what's happened, nor who's it, nor nothing about this game. So far I ain't been hurt, though, and I might just as well lie down and get a little more rest."

"It was broad daylight when he woke up again, and a man was looking into the box. 'Hello, pardner!' he says. 'I hope you've had a pleasant journey. Do you always travel this way?'"

"Scotty raised up and found his craft was aground, high and dry—no water within a hundred feet of it. On one side was quite a little town."

"Say," says he, "could I trouble you to tell me where I am, friend?"

"You're at Placerville," answers the other.

"Placerville!" yells Scotty. "And I went to sleep at Cutter's mill, sixty-five miles from here! What are you giving us, man?"

"I'm putting it to you straight," says the stranger. "Take a look around you."

"Scotty looked, and there was all kinds of wreckage, from a dead beef critter to a wheelbarrow."

"What in nation's all this?" says he.

"Washout," says the man. "Cloudburst up on the divide—worst we've ever had—your box is about high water mark—you see there was water enough for awhile—I reckon you're about the only thing that came through alive."

"Well, wouldn't that knock you?" says Scotty.

"While the rest of the folk at the mill was taking to the high ground for their lives, with the water roaring and tearing through the gulch, Scotty had

peacefully gone off in his little boat down the creek and, instead of going over the rapids, where he'd have been done, for all his luck, the box ambles through the flume where it was building for the new mill. Of course there was the jounce over the tall race, but that hadn't hurt him much, and after he

...in the cradle of the deep until he got beached at Placerville.

"Come along, friend," says Scotty to the feller. "You and me are going to have a little drink on this, if it is the last act." And I reckon probably they made it two, for when Scotty got back again he was in a condition that made everybody believe that he'd only guessed at the story he told. But they found out afterward it was a solemn fact. Mattie, give us some more coffee."

Thus abruptly recalled to Fairfield, Miss Mattie started up.

"Well, Will, it does seem as if that was a dangerous country to live in," said she.

"Oh, not so awful," said Red. "Just as many people die here as they do there. This world's a dangerous place to live in wherever you strike it, Mattie."

"That's so," said she thoughtfully.

"And now," said Red, pushing back his chair, "it's time I got to work and left you to do the housework undisturbed."

"What are you going to do, Will?"

"First place, there's fences and things to be tinkered up. I see, I suppose a millionaire like me ought to hire those things done, but I'd have measles of the mind if I sat around doing nothing."

"I have been wanting to get the place in good order for some time," said Miss Mattie, "but what with the money I had to spend for this and that, and not being able to get Mr. Joyce to come in for a day's work when I wanted him, it's gone on until there is a good deal of wrack to it."

"We'll wrack it t'other way round in no time. Got any tools here?"

"Out in the barn is what's left of father's tools. People have borrowed 'em and forgot to return 'em, and they've rusted or been lost until I'm afraid there ain't many of 'em left."

"Well, I'll get along today somehow, and later on we'll stock up. Want any help around the house?"

"Thank you, no, Will."

"Then I'm off."

It was almost with a feeling of terror that Miss Mattie beheld him root up the fence. Her idea of repairing was to put in a picket here and there where it was most needed. Red's was to knock it all flat first and set it up in A1 condition afterward. So in two hours' time he straightened up and



"What in nation's althist?" says he.

snapped the sweat from his brow, beholding the slain pickets prone on the grass with thorough satisfaction. Yet he felt tired, for the day was already hot with a racist and soaking seacoast heat, to which the plainsman was unaccustomed. A three-quarter grown boy passed by, lounging on the seat of a farm wagon.

"Hey!" hailed Red. The boy stopped and turned slowly around.

"Yes, sir," he answered courteously enough.

"Want a job?" said Red.

"Well, I dunno," replied the boy. He was much astonished at the appearance of his interrogator, and he was a cautious New England boy to boot.

"You don't know?" retorted Red. "Well," with some sarcasm, "d'ye suppose I could find out at the postoffice?"

The boy looked at Red, with a twinkle in his eye and a comical drawing of his long mouth.

"I calculate if you cud fin' out anyw'eres 'twould be there," said he.

Red laughed. He had noticed the busy postmistress rushing out of her store to waylay any one likely to have information on any subject, a stream of questions proceeding from her through the door.

"Say, you got anything particular to do?"

"No, sir; leastways th'ain't no hurry about it."

"Can I buy stuff to make a fence with around here?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Pettigrew's got all kinds of bulldin' material at his store—two mife over yonder," pointing with the whip.

"You drive over there for me and get some—just like this here—pickets and posts and whatever you call them long pieces, and I'll make it right with you."

"Yes, sir. How much will I get?"

"Oh, tell him to fill the wagon up with it, and I'll send back what I don't want. Hustle, now, like a good boy; I want to get shut of this job; I liked it better before I begun."

When his Mercury had speeded on the journey at a faster gait than Red would have given him credit for the architect strode down to the blacksmith's shop. There was a larger crowd than usual around the forge, as the advent of the stranger had got into the wind, and the village Vulcan was a person who not only looked the whole world in the face, but no one of the maiden ladies of Fairfield could have excelled his interest in looking the whole world as much in the inside pocket as possible. The blacksmith was emphatically a man of gossip, as well as a hardworking, God fearing man.

"Say, there he comes now, Mr. Tuttle!" cried one of the loungers, and nudged the smith to look.

"Well, let him come!" retorted the smith testily, jamming a shoe in the fire with unnecessary force; as a matter of fact he was embarrassed. The loungers huddled together for moral support as the big cowman loomed through the doorway.

"Good morning, friends!" said he.

"Good morning, sir!" replied the blacksmith, rubbing his hands on his apron. "Nice day, sir."

"For the sake of good fellowship I'll say 'yes' to that," responded Red, "but if you want my honest opinion on the subject it's d-u hot."

"Tis that," assented the smith, and a silence followed.

"Say, who's your crack fence builder around here," asked Red—"the man that can make two pickets grow where only one grew before and do it so easy that it's a pleasure to sit and look at him?"

"Hey?" inquired the smith, not precisely getting the meaning of the address.

"Why, I've got a fence to build," exclaimed Red, "and now I want some help—want it so bad I'll produce to the extent of three a day and call it a day from now till 6 o'clock. Any takers here? Make your bets while the little ball rolls."

The loungers understood the general drift of this and pricked up their ears, as did the blacksmith. "Guess one of the boys will help you," said the latter.

"Well, who's it?" asked Red, glancing at the circle of faces. Three dollars a day was enormous wages in that part of the country. Nobody knew just what to say.

"Oh, well," cried Red, "let's everybody run! I reckon I can find some-

thing to do for the five of you. Are you with me?"

"Yes, sir," they said promptly.

"Can I borrow a hammer or so off you, old man?" questioned Red of the smith.

"Certainly, sir," returned the latter heartily. "Take what you want."

"Much obliged. And the gate hinges are out of whack. Miss Saunders' place, you know. Come over and take a squint at 'em in the near by and by, will you? May as well fix it up all at once. Come on, boys!"

It was thus that the greatest enterprise that Fairfield had seen in many a day was undertaken. Miss Mattie was simply astounded as the army bore down upon the house.

"Whatever in the world is Cousin Will doing?" said she, but resting strong in the faith that it was necessarily all right she was content to wait for dinner and an explanation. Not so the postmistress. The agonies of unrequited curiosity the worthy woman suffered that morning until she at last summoned up her resolution and asked the smith plump out and out what it all meant would have to be experienced to be appreciated. And the smith kept her hanging for awhile, too, saying to himself in justification that it wasn't right the way that old gal had to get into everybody's business. The smith was like some of the rest of us—he could see through a beam if it was in his own eye.

CHAPTER VI.

HERE was a great din of whacking and hammering that morning. Red worked like a horse now, that he had company. A sudden thought struck him, and he went into the house.

"Mattie," said he.

"Well, Will?"

"I see a use for the rest of that nice big roast of beef I smell in the oven—let's have all these fellers stay to dinner and give 'em one good feed. What do you say?"

"Why, I'd like to, Will, but I don't know—where'll I set them?"

"Couple of boards outside for a table—let them sit on boxes or something. Got plates and things enough?"

"My, yes! Plenty of such things, Will."

"Then if it ain't too much trouble for you we'll let it go."

"No trouble at all, Will—it will be a regular picnic."

"Boys, you'll eat with me this day," said Red.

They spread the board table beneath an old apple tree and cleaned up for the repast in the kitchen storm shed with an apologetic "Sorry to trouble you, Miss Saunders," or such a matter as each went in.

Just as Miss Mattie was withdrawing the meat from the oven there came a knock at the door.

"Goodness, gracious!" she exclaimed.

"Who can that be now? Will, will you see who that is? I can't go."

"Sure!" said Red and went to the door. There stood two women of that indefinite period between forty and sixty, very decently dressed and with some agitation visible in the way they fussily adjusted various parts of their attire.

They started at the sudden spectacle of the huge man who said pleasantly, "How der do, ladies?"

"Why, how do you do?" replied the taller instantly and in a voice she had never heard before. "I hope you're well, sir," a remark which filled her with surprise.

"Thanks, I'm able to assume the perpendicular, as you can see," responded Red, with a handsome smile of welcome. "How do you find yourself?"

"I'm pretty well," said the flustered lady. "How do you do?"

"Durned if we ain't right back where we started from," moped Red to himself. "If it's one of the customs of this country saying 'how der do' an hour at a stretch, I pass it up." Aloud he said: "Coming along fine. How's your father?" "Cuss me if I don't

sniff the cut a little anyhow," he added mentally.

"Why, he's very well indeed!" exclaimed the lady, with fervor. "How"—She got no further on the query, for the other woman interrupted in a tone of scandal. "Mary Ann Demilt, how can you talk like that? Your father's been dead this five year last August!"

The horror of the moment was broken by the appearance of Miss Mattie, crying hospitably on seeing the visitors, "Why, Mary and Pauline, how do you do?"

The shorter one, Pauline, looked up and said sharply, "We're well enough, Mattie." She was weary of the form.

"Come right in," said Miss Mattie. "You're just in time for dinner."

There was a great protest at this. They "hadn't a moment to spare;" they were "just going down to the corner and had stopped to say," etc.

"You've got to help me," said Miss Mattie. "Will here has invited the boys who are working for him to stay to dinner, and it won't be any more than Christian for you to help me out."

"Ladies," said Red, "if you don't want to starve a man who's deserving of a better fate take off your fixings and come out to dinner. No," he continued to their protests, which he observed were growing weaker, "it's no trouble at all. There's plenty for everybody. Come one, come all, this house shall fly clean off its base as soon as I! Now, for heaven's sake, ladies, it's all settled—come on!"

Whereat they laughed nervously and took off their hats.

It was a jolly dinner party. The young fellows Red had picked up in the blacksmith's shop were not the ordinary quality of loungers. They were boys of good country parentage, with a common school education, who unfortunately could find nothing to do but the occasional odd job. Of course it would not take long to transform them into common ne'er do wells, but now they were merely thoughtless boys.

The whole affair had an al fresco flavor which stoppered convention. The two women visitors pitched in and had as good a time as anybody.

In the middle of the festivities a young man walked past the front fence—a stranger evidently, for his clothes wore the cut of a city, and a cosmopolitan, up to date city at that. He stopped and looked at the house, hesitated a moment and then walked in, back to where the folk were eating.

"Excuse me," said he as they looked up at him, "but isn't this Mr. Demilt's house?"

A momentary silence followed, as it was not clear whose turn it was to answer. Miss Mattie glanced around and, finding Red's eye on her, replied: "No, sir. Mr. Demilt's house is about a mile farther up the road."

"Dear me!" said the young man ruefully. He was a spick and span, intelligent looking man, with less of the dandy about him than the air of a man who had never worn anything but clothes of the proper trim and become quite used to it. Nevertheless the sweat stood out in drops on his forehead, for Fairfield's front "street" savored of a less moral region than it really was on a broiling summer day.

The young man sighed frankly and wiped his head. "Well, that's too bad," he said. "I'm a stranger here—would you kindly tell me where I could get some dinner?"

"What's the matter with that?" inquired Red, pointing to the roast, which still preserved an air of fallen greatness. He had liked the look of the other instantly.

The stranger looked first at Red, and then at the roast. "The only thing I can see the matter with that," he answered, "is that it is a slice too thick."

"Kenol!" cried Red. "You get it, Mattie, another plate and weapons to fit. Sit down, sir, and rest your fevered feet. If you don't like walking any better than I do, you've probably strewn fragments of one of the com-

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 months50

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, Feb. 27, 1908.

VINCENT'S BUDGET.

Kindness the Greatest Thing in the World—The seeds most Worth Cultivating.

The farmers who win are those who grow the crops folks want. And there is one crop which farmers grow that people want more than they want any other thing, and that is the crop of kindness.

This old world of ours is always hungry,—hungry for corn and wheat, for potatoes and all the rest of the good things that come from the earth: but the hunger for these is nothing by the side of that for good old fashioned kindness.

And what a grand thing it is that there is so much of it on the farms of this country, to help to bless and cheer all the poor, sick and sorrowing who need it.

A man I know of was so sick, that he could not do anything for himself. The sunshine had almost gone out of that home.

The wife herself was in poor health; shadows here, everywhere, for the moment. It was hard work for the wife to care for her husband and watch over the things that needed to be cared for.

The cow got out; fence down somewhere. Then came the man with the big stock of kindness in his heart. "I'll take care of the cow for you; just leave her to me. And I will see to some of the other things around here too."

How warmly was this hand held out. How it helped and blessed and cheered the anxious woman who took that hand. When the heart is tired and the body ready to give up the battle,

it is splendid to reach out and grasp the helping hand. That man stood by until the storm blew over.

There is always some one to come in and sit by you when you are sick, no matter where your home may be. Friends will drive miles to care for you and say a kind word when kind words are sorely needed.

There is something beautiful about this. I know there are those who say that the stock of kindness is getting low all over the world. They seem to get a lot of comfort out of saying this. Queer, isn't it that any should find the least mite of happiness in thinking that his fellows are growing cold and heartless?

But are not these the men who have themselves grown bitter through some misdeed of their own? If we want to keep sunshine in the heart, we must shut the door to every evil thing that knocks for admission.

One man I know loves a dog with all his heart. That little bit of a dog is about the only thing he has to love. And I am glad he loves that dog as he does; it shows that his heart is good and warm. By and by other things will come into his life that he can love more than he does the dumb animal which is so dear to him.

The way to get a crop of wheat is to make the soil ready and sow the seed. How can any man fail to grow a good stock of kindness on the farm? Here are the neighbors that are fairly longing for all the goodness he has to spare. He must be a hard-hearted man who would shut up his storehouse and see his neighbors starve in the face of his plenty. Some crops yield a hundredfold; some a thousand; some, no one knows what increase.

Does it pay to raise this crop on the farm? Does it pay to live? Then surely there is a great reward in making preparation for a big crop of kindness. The pay for the grain and the apples and the vegetables we grow comes in gold and silver which soon tarnishes, but the pay we get for our kind deeds never does that. It grows brighter and brighter as the days go by. The stars will be gone sometime, but kindness will last forever.

NOTICE.

All parties traveling through my pasture are asked to be cautious in regard to fire as the grass is very dry and easily set on fire.

J. N. O. B. SLAUGHTER.

D. Dorward & Co.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,
Druggists Sundries

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:

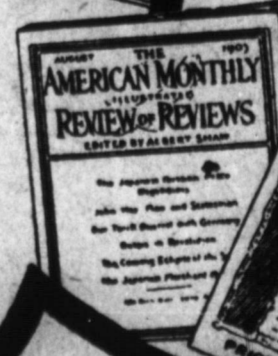
The Borden Citizen	1.00
Western Breeders' Journal	.25
Woman's Home Companion	1.00
American Review of Reviews	3.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1.00

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

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Creighton were in Gail Tuesday.

Jess Walker of Loving County returned to Gail Tuesday.

Wili Hester, Jr, was in our town Tuesday.

Mr. Glasscock of Big Springs is visiting his daughter Mrs. P. L. Dillahunt this week.

Fred Parks was in Gail Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark spent the day out of town Sunday at Mr. Millers.

Joe Miller was in town Monday.

Miss Cora McCorkle, was shopping in town Monday.

Rufus Whitaker was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Coates were trading in Gail Monday.

Mrs. Jean Wicker of Durham was in Gail Saturday.

W. H. Willis was here Saturday.

Mrs. Finis Sigler and Miss Mryrtle Moore of Tredway were in Gail last week.

Mrs. Dave West of Tredway was in Gail Tuesday.

Tolbert Benton was in town last Friday.

S. E. Marley was in Gail Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Jones were shopping in Gail Tuesday.

Harris Chandler made a trip to Big Springs for the Blue Front store this week.

Messrs. Bean Cathey and E. W. Guber left Gail for Post City Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Abney were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Everett were in Gail Tuesday.

Mrs. M. A. Lyons her son Roy and Miss Eula and grandson Claud stopped at H. D. Pruetts Tuesday Evening. Mrs. Lyons was moving to her son's, Coss Lyons in Dawson County and will locate there.

A phone message from Lubbock brings tidings of a very serious character, the killing of Jim Haynes Saturday night, by Sheriff L. W. Roberts. It is reported that Haynes who had recently been a deputy of Roberts, had had a difficulty with some one, and when Sheriff Roberts undertook to arrest him, resisted, and was shot and killed by the sheriff.

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.

Does it pay to Raise Hogs.

To the Kansas farmer such a question would seem absurd so profitable to him is hog raising that deprived of this industry he would regard farming as almost a failure. Converting his corn, clover and alfalfa into pork on the farm, he saves the cost of transportation and disposes of it at a better profit than by selling the crops in their natural state. There the hog is aptly termed the mortgage lifter and it has proven so in many instances in that section.

But the West Texas farmer may raise the objection that this is not a corn country like Kansas and Missouri, true, it is not so well adapted to this crop, but good crops of corn are raised here when the seasons are good—besides we can raise just as good hog feed and perhaps more successfully, of peanuts, maize, potatoes and watermelons. Hogs require some attention and are

subject to disease more so than other stock, as for the drudgery, are they handled with less trouble and expense than other stock? Farm labor is so high and so hard to get now a man in the hog business can raise quite a number of hogs by himself, and market them. The hog is saleable at a profit from four weeks old, and up, and the price of pork is steadier than than of any other meat. Less money is required to start the business of hog raising than that of any other stock. Now one can take 40 acres of land provide it with a tank of water, fence it for a hog pasture, sow it in grain for winter pasturage, and peas for summer and fall. Also devote some portion of it to corn and peanuts for fattening purposes, or for finishing the hog for market, which is a very important item to the hog raiser.

You can sell some of the hogs for breeding purposes, and always realize a nice profit, in fact quite as much as does the selling them for pork.

We believe hogs properly managed will prove here, the most profitable of all stock.

The bank is having a cistern made this week by J. H. Smoot and Jesse Walker,

H. A. Kincaid is having a dwelling put up on his ranch East of Gail, which his mother will occupy.

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

Lost

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

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. CHRISTOPHER.
- 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.

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

J. K. Mitchell.
Gail, 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.

Citizen it is called
the **WHEEL** and **WAGON** 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

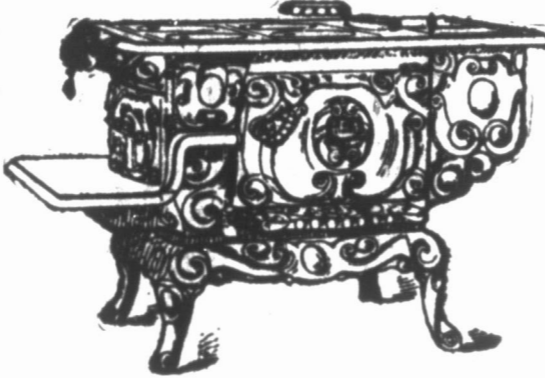
Light Texas

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 STATE OF TEXAS

To the sheriff or any constable
of Borden county greeting:

You are hereby commanded,
that by making publication of this
citation in some newspaper pub-
lished in the county of Borden, if
there be a newspaper published in
said County, (but if not, then in
the nearest County where a news-
paper is published,) for four weeks
previous to the return day hereof,
you summon O. B. Sterling whose
residence is unknown, to be and
appear before the Hon. Justice
Court, at the next regular term
thereof, to be holden in the Coun-
ty of Borden at the Court
House thereof in Gail on the
6th day of April 1908 File
number being 134, then and
there to answer the petition of
Gail Bank (Unincorporated) plain-
tiff, filed in said Court, on the 22nd
day of February A. D. 1908,
against the said O. B. Sterling De-
fendant and alleging in substance as
follows, to wit: Suit upon
promissory note of date Sept. 26th,
1907, payable to said Bank 30
days thereafter for \$31.00 with
interest from maturity at 10 per
cent, and 10 per cent additional
as attorney fees if sued upon or
placed in the hands of an attorney
for collection. Total amount of
principal, interest and attorney
fees 36.36. To secure said note
the said Gail Bank or D. Dorward
trustee for said Bank retained a
mortgage on following described
property: One Iron Gray Mare

5 years old, 16 hands high, brand-
ed "k" on left shoulder, also one
rubber tired buggy and harness.
Plaintiff asks judgement for said
amount together with costs of
court in this behalf expended and
the foreclosure of said mortgage
as above described.

Herein fail Not, but have you
then and there before said Court
this Writ, with your return thereon
showing how you have executed
the same.

Given under my hand this 20th
day of Feb., A. D. 1908.

Attest: J. A. SCARLETT,
Justice of the peace Prec. No. 1
Borden County, Texas.

STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of
Garza county Greeting:

You are hereby commanded,
that by making publication of this
Citation in some newspaper pub-
lished in the County of Borden,
once in each week for four con-
secutive weeks, previous to the
return day hereof, you summon
W. E. Alexander, Jr. whose resi-
dence is unknown, to be and ap-
pear before the Justice Court of
Precinct No. 1, Garza County,
Texas, at a regular term thereof,
to be holden at my office in the
city of Post on the 1st Saturday
in April A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock
a. m., it being the 4th day of
April A. D. 1908 then and there
to answer the suit of Double U
Company, filed in said Court on
the 18th day of February A. D.
1908, and numbered 1 on the

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 Rates
Good service \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day
Comfortable beds \$5.00 per week

Sample Rooms

MRS. W A WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder.

Texas

docket of said Court, against W.
E. Alexander, Jr for the sum of
61.75, besides interest, cost and
instituted upon an account due
plaintiff by defendant for money
wrongfully and illegally collected,
by said defendant from Plaintiff
wherefore Plaintiffs pray for
Judgment for amount sued for
and all cost of suit.

Herein fail not. But have you
before said Court this writ, with
your return thereon, showing how
you have executed the same, at
the April term, A. D. 1908.

Given under my hand officially
at Post City, Texas, this 18th day
of Feb, A. D. 1908

SIDNEY GARRETT,
Justice of the Peace Prec. No. 1
Garza County, Texas.

A Big Show.

The National Feeders and
Breeders Show will be held in the
Coliseum at Fort Worth, March
11th to 17th inclusive. Upon this
occasion there will be a great dis-
play of Coach and Draft Horses,
fine cattle, swine, sheep and poul-
try

Twenty thousand dollars in
premiums will be offered. The
five million club band of 36 pieces
will furnish music for the oc-
casion. Attractive night shows
will afford unique entertainment
each night of the show, with an
ex confederate drill on night of
the 16th of March.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack
Rogers, Feb. 22, a fine boy.

Coahoma has organized a com-
mercial club with forty charter
members. Bully for our hustling
little neighbor - Big Springs Her-
ald.

Mr. Joe Roper of Tredway, was
in town Tuesday.

Burson & Williamson, pho-
tographers, who have been in our
town for the past two weeks, left
Monday for Ira, where they will
remain several days. Their work
was nice and they did considerable
business while here. Mr. Burson
and wife and Mr. Williamson
made many friends during their
short stay in Gail, who regret they
could not stay longer.

Miss Jessie Hill was shopping in
town Friday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. T.
Dodson Tuesday Feb. 25th a
girl.

Gov. Campbell occupies a most
comfortable position in the pres-
ent political muddle. The Gov-
ernor reminds one of the woman
up in the loft looking at the fight
between her lazy husband and the
bear. "Lay on husband, lay on
bear. It's the first fight I ever
saw in my life where I didn't care
which whipped." But can Gov.
Campbell afford to be neutral
when big slush funds are being
sent to Texas by the Standard
Oil Company for the purpose of
defeating Attorney General David-
son? Thousands of dollars being
utilized to pay writers and the
organs of the interests to misrep-
resent and defeat, if possible, the
people's choice, R. V. Davidson,
the best attorney general Texas
has had since the days of the
lamented James Stephen Hogg.—
Grand view Tribune,