

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 7.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAR. 7., 1907.

NO. 11.

Head all O. K., but Hurl his Leg.

Jos. Skerkenb went to the fair last Monday at Hales Corner, and while in at a saloon, Vincent Palmer and some of his friends came in. When they seen Jos one of them took the bottom end of the whip and hit Jos Sherkenb on the head. He dropped in front of the bar and hurt his leg very badly. The boys escaped.

Don't profess too much. Be careful how you give in your holdings.

The man who now plants a tree is doing an act for future generations that is worth more than the storage of money or the accumulation of vast estates. The most vital question now before the world is that of a timber supply. Going on at the present rate, and it is a fact in the history of this country that the rate is being accelerated rather than diminished within twenty-five years there will be very little first-rate timber available. Twenty-five years are not very far away, either.—Haskell Free Press.

Notice.

The Commissioners Court of Borden county Texas will receive bids, on the second Monday in May from any banking incorporation, association, or individual banker, in Borden county, as the depository of the funds of said county.

E. R. YELLOTT.

County Judge.

Died.

J. E. Woods, Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Lump Woods, last Monday night at the home of its grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Berry.

We sympathize with the bereaved parents, but hope their loss will be its gain.

Milinery.

I have a nice assortment of Easter hats and hat trimmings. Can also dress hats to suit customers.

Mrs. M. E. BERRY.

Big Springs Furniture Company

Successors to D. Duncan,

The largest line of Furniture ever carried in Big Springs

UNDERTAKERS GOODS SOLD NIGHT OR DAY.

Big Springs

Texas

McClure, Basden & Co.

Furniture and House Furnishings,

Coffins, Caskets and Robes,

Big Stock and Low Prices.

J. J. McClure, Licensed Embalmer,

COLORADO, TEXAS.

Harness & Repair Shop

and

Made to Order.

H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gail, Texas.

Singing School.

On the 3rd of June next Mr. J. B. Easterling of Clyde Texas, will open a singing school here for a twenty day and ten night term. We understand Prof. Easterling is a fine instructor of vocal music and those who love to sing cannot afford to lose the opportunity of learning to sing well, and correctly.

Too Proud to Beg.

Two boys decided that they would "see the world," as they put it, and left home with very little money. They spent what they had for a ticket, and were in a quandary what to do for something to eat.

As they were walking along the street they spied a very poor cat. The older of the boys, about fifteen years of age, picked up the cat, went to the back door of a large house and knocked. A lady came to the door and asked what was wanted.

"Lady," he replied, "we are boys away from home and without money, but we are too proud to beg, so if you will kindly give us some salt we will eat this cat."—Lubbock Leader.

The Calamity Auto.

Prominent at the annual toy show in Paris is a motor car called the "catastrophe automob-

bile." When wound up this machine runs a few paces, then a crack is heard, the car falls to pieces, and its little passengers are flung out. The machine can be quickly put together again and is then ready for another catastrophe. Another device is an alarm clock which fires off a pistol and then lights a lamp under the sleeper's breakfast. The inventor asserts that next year he will improve it by inventing a lever bedstead in connection with it. If the sleeper does not rise after the firing of the pistol the mechanism will let down the bed, rolling him out on the floor.

Big Money in Hens.

Last year hens produced \$143,000,000 worth of eggs; fowls of all kinds in this country are worth \$86,000,000. Besides the egg production, there were chickens for eating to the value of \$136,000,000. To sum up, the hen is a 400 per cent investment.—Ex

A Hawkshaw got 'em.

There was a cow stolen from Mr. Adler last Friday Feb 28th one mile south of Leydon park. He took the cow to the slaughterhouse where he was arrested, he asked 18 dollars for the cow, and it was worth 40 So they arrested him right away.

SEE

THE HINDS LUMBER CO.

For Good Lumber and Satisfaction.

BIG SPRINGS.

TEXAS.

D. Dorward & Co.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

Druggists Sundries

Furniture

Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

Neat Sample
and
Lodging Rooms.

Thompson Hotel

T. J. Thompson,

Prop.

Snyder, Texas.

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DEPUTY DISTRICT SURVEYOR,

Gail, Texas.

We Can Take Subscriptions To
NEWSPAPERS,
MAGAZINES OR BOOKS,
And save You both MONEY and TROUBLE.
Come and See Us.

Will a merchant who is wise ever cease to advertise? Yes—when the trees grow upside down; when the beggar wears a crown; when ice forms on the sun; when the sparrow weighs a ton; when gold dollars get too cheap; when women, secrets keep; when a fish forgets to swim; when Satan sings a hymn; when the girls go back on gum; when the small boy hates a drum; when no politician schemes; when mince pie makes pleasant dreams; when it is fun to break a tooth; when all lawyers tell the truth; when cold water makes you drunk; when you love to smell a skunk; when the drummer has no brass—when these things all come to pass; then man that's wise will neglect to advertise.

Itch—Ringworm.

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

Getting a Fit.

"What's the matter across the way?" asked the tailor of a bystander, as the ambulance backed up to the door of his rival. "A customer fell in a fit, and they are taking him to the hospital," was the reply. "That's strange," said the tailor. "I never knew a customer to get a fit in that establishment before."

ECZEMA and PILE CURE

FREE Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. Williams, 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

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I have a good Black Spanish Jack for sale, or trade for good horses. For particulars call on or address

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Good rigs, good teams and careful drivers
Traveling men's trade solicited.

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Try us on Everything For we are
the Store That Sells Everything.

J. & W. FISHER. BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Hardware, Staple and Fancy Groceries and Feed Stuff,
Complete Stock of Shelf Hardware

We handle the Famous Charter Oak cook Stove
Come and learn our Prices

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to the people of West Texas. Second hand goods bought and

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Undertakers goods.

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ware in plate and Sterling, best gold filled
and solid gold jewelry on market. Rich cut
glass and hand painted china. Solid gold
wedding rings, engraved free and sold by weight. If your watch,
clock or jewelry needs any repairing, send it to me, it will receive
prompt attention and every watch or clock guaranteed to be a
timer for one year or your money back.

Eyes tested free and satisfaction guaranteed.

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when you are in need of Dental
work call and see me. All
work first class and prices right.
J. A. Harlan, D. D. S.**

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First-class

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the best
the market affords

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BIG SPRINGS,

Rates \$1.50 per day

All guests are given the same consideration

Mrs. J. S. Cordill, Proprietor.

With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

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

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"No," she replied, with a faint smile. "No, because he was my husband."

Guy Osgard was looking very hard at Joseph, and, catching his eye, made a little gesture commanding silence. He did not want him to say too much. Joseph turned away again to the window and stood thus apart till the end.

"I have no doubt," said Osgard to Marie, "that he would have sent some message to you had he been able, but he was very ill—he was dying—when he reached Msala. It was wonderful that he got there at all. We did what we could for him, but it was hopeless."

Marie raised her shoulders with a pathetic gesture of resignation.

"The sleeping sickness," she said, "what will you? There is no remedy. He always said he would die of that. He feared it."

In the greater sorrow she seemed to have forgotten her child, who was staring open eyed at the ceiling. The two others, the boy and girl, were playing on the doorstep with some unconsidered rifles from the dust heap, after the manner of children all the world over.

"He was not a good man," said Marie, turning to Jocelyn, as if she alone of all present would understand. "He was not a good husband, but"—she shrugged her shoulders with one of her patient, shadowy smiles—"it makes so little difference—yes?"

Jocelyn said nothing. None of them had aught to say to her, for each in that room could lay a separate sin at Victor Durnovo's door. He was gone beyond reach of human justice to the higher court where the extenuating circumstance is fully understood. The generosity of that silence was infectious, and they told her nothing. Had they spoken she would perforce have believed them, but then, as she herself said, it would have made so little difference. So Victor Durnovo leaves these pages, and all we can do is to remember the writing on the ground. Who among us dares to withhold the extenuating circumstance? Who is ready to leave this world without that crutch to lean upon? Given a mixed blood—evil black with evil white—and what can the result be but evil? Given the climate of western Africa and the mental irritation thereof, added to a lack of education and the natural vice inherent in man, and you have—Victor Durnovo.

Nestorius—the shameless—stretched out his little bare limbs and turned half over on his side. He looked from one face to the other with the grave wonder that was his. He had never been taken much notice of. His short walk in life had been very near the ground, where trifles look very large, and from whence those larger stumbling blocks which occupy our attention are quite invisible. He had been the third—the solitary third child who usually makes by far the most interest in life, and is left by or for the rest of his family.

It was not quite clear to him why he was the center of so much attention. His mind did not run to the comprehension of the fact that he was the wearer of borrowed plumes—the sable plumes of King Death.

He had always wanted to get on to the kitchen table. There was much there that interested him and supplied him with food for thought. He had risked his life on more than one occasion in attempts to scale that height with the assistance of a saucepan that

turned over and poured culinary delicacies on his toes, or perhaps a sleeping cat that got up and walked away much annoyed. And now that he was at last at this dizzy height he was sorry to find that he was too tired to crawl about and explore the vast possibilities of it. He was rather too tired to convey his forefinger to his mouth, and was forced to work out mental problems without that aid to thought.

Presently his eyes fell on Guy Osgard's face, and again his own small features expanded into a smile.

"Bad case!" he said, and, turning over, he nestled down into the pillow, and he had the answer to the many questions that puzzled his small brain.

As through an opera runs the rhythm of one dominant air, so through men's lives there rings a dominant note, soft in youth, strong in manhood and soft again in old age. But it is always there, and whether soft in the gentler periods or strong amid the noise and clang of the perihelion, it dominates always and gives its tone to the whole life.

The dominant tone of Sir John Meredith's existence had been the high, clear note of battle. He had always found something or some one to fight from the very beginning, and now, in his old age, he was fighting still. His had never been the din and crash of warfare by sword and cannon, but the subtler, deeper combat of the pen. In his active days he had got through a vast amount of work; that unchronicled work of the foreign office which never comes through the cheap newspapers to the voracious maw of a chattering public. His name was better known on the banks of the Neva, the Seine, the Bosphorus, or the swift rolling Iser, than by the Thames, and grim Sir John was content to have it so.

His face had never been public property; the comic papers had never used his personality as a peg upon which to hang their ever changing political principles. But he had always been "there," as he himself vaguely put it. That is to say, he had always been at the back—one of those invisible powers of the stage—by whose command the scene is shifted, the lights are lowered for the tragedy or the gay music plays on the buffoon. Sir John had no sympathy with a generation of men and women who would rather be laughed at and despised than unnoticed. He belonged to an age wherein it was held better to be a gentleman than the object of a cheap and evanescent notoriety, and he was at once the despair and the dread of newspaper interviewers, enterprising publishers and tuft hunters.

He was so little known out of his own select circle that the porters in Euston station asked each other in vain who the old swell waiting for the 4 o'clock "up" from Liverpool could be. The 4 o'clock was, moreover, not the first express which Sir John had met that day. His stately carriage and pair had pushed its way into the crowd of smaller and humbler vehicular fry earlier in the afternoon, and on that occasion also the old gentleman had indulged in a grave promenade upon the platform.

He was walking up and down there now, with his hand in the small of his back, where of late he had been aware of a constant aching pain. He was very upright, however, and supremely unconscious of the curiosity aroused by his presence in the mind of the station "cansille." His lips were rather more troublesome than usual, and his keen

eyes twinkled with a suppressed excitement.

In former days there had been no one equal to him in certain diplomatic crises, where it was a question of browbeating suavely the uppish representative of some foreign state. No man could then rival him in the insolently aristocratic school of diplomacy which England has made her own. But in his most dangerous crisis he had never been restless, apprehensive, pessimistic, as he was at this moment. And, after all, it was a very simple matter that had brought him here. It was merely the question of meeting a man as if by accident, and then afterward making that man do certain things required of him. Moreover, the man was only Guy Osgard, learned, if you will, in forest craft, but a mere child in the hands of so old a diplomatist as Sir John Meredith.

That which made Sir John so uneasy was the abiding knowledge that Jack's wedding day would dawn in twelve hours. The marglu was much too small, through, however, no fault of Sir John's. The west African steamer had been delayed, unaccountably, two days. A third day lost in the Atlantic would have overthrown Sir John Meredith's plan. He had often cut things fine before, but somehow now—not that he was getting old, oh, no—but somehow the suspense was too much for his nerves. He soon became irritated and distrustful. Besides, the pain in his back wearied him and interfered with the clear sequence of his thoughts.

The owners of the west African steamer had telegraphed that the passengers had left for London in two separate trains. Guy Osgard was not in the first—there was no positive reason why he should be in the second. More depended upon his being in this second express than Sir John cared to contemplate.

The course of his peregrinations brought him into the vicinity of an inspector whose attitude betokened respect while his presence raised hope.

"Is there any reason to suppose that your train is coming?" he inquired of the official.

"Signaled now, my lord," replied the inspector, touching his cap.

"And what does that mean?" uncompromisingly ignorant of technical parlance.

"It will be in in one minute, my lord."

Sir John's hand was over his lips as he walked back to the carriage, casting as it were the commander's eye over the field.

"When the crowd is round the train you come and look for me," he said to the footman, who touched his cockaded hat in silence.

At that moment the train lumbered in, the engine wearing that innately self important air affected by locomotives of the larger build. From all quarters an army of porters besieged the platform, and in a few seconds Sir John was in the center of an agitated crowd. There was one other calm man on that platform—another man with no parcels, whom no one sought to embrace. His brown face and close cropped head towered above a sea of agitated bonnets. Sir John, whose walk in life had been through crowds, elbowed his way forward and deliberately walked against Guy Osgard.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, turning round. "Ah—Mr. Osgard—how d'ye do?"

"How are you?" replied Guy Osgard, really glad to see him.

"You are a good man for a crowd. I think I will follow in your wake," said Sir John. "A number of people, of the baser sort. Got my carriage here somewhere. Fool of a man looking for me in the wrong place no doubt. Where are you going? May I offer you a lift? This way. Here, John, take Mr. Osgard's parcels."

He could not have done it better in his keenest day. Guy Osgard was seated in the huge, roomy carriage before he had realized what had happened to him.

"Your man will look after your traps, I suppose?" said Sir John, hospitably drawing the fur rug from the opposite

seat. "Yes," replied Guy; "although he is not my man. He is Jack's man Joseph."

"Ah, of course! Excellent servant too. Jack told me he had left him with you."

Sir John leaned out of the window and asked the footman whether he knew his colleague Joseph, and upon receiving an answer in the affirmative he gave orders, acting as Guy's mouth-piece, that the luggage was to be conveyed to Russell square. While these orders were being executed the two men sat waiting in the carriage, and Sir John lost no time.

"I am glad," he said, "to have this opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness to my son in this wild expedition of yours."



"Ah—Mr. Osgard—how d'ye do?"

"Here we are at Lady Cantourne's," continued Sir John, "where, as it happens, I expect to meet Jack. Her ladyship is naturally interested in the affair of tomorrow, and has kindly undertaken to keep us up to date in our behavior. You will come in with me?"

Osgard remembered afterward that he was rather puzzled, that there was perhaps in his simple mind the faintest tinge of suspicion. At the moment, however, there was no time to do anything but follow. The man had already rung the bell and Lady Cantourne's butler was holding the door open. There was something in his attitude vaguely suggestive of expectation. He never took his eyes from Sir John Meredith's face, as if on the alert for an unspoken order.

Guy Osgard followed his companion into the hall, and the very scent of the house—for each house speaks to more senses than one—made his heart leap in his broad breast. It seemed as if Millicent's presence was in the very air. This was more than he could have hoped. He had not intended to call this afternoon, although the visit was only to have been postponed for twenty-four hours.

Sir John Meredith's face was a marvel to see. It was quite steady. He was upright and alert, with all the intrepidity of his mind up in arms. There was a light in his eyes, a gleam of light from other days not yet burned out.

He laid aside his gold headed cane and threw back his shoulders.

"Is Mr. Meredith upstairs?" he said to the butler.

"Yes, sir."

The man moved toward the stairs.

"You need not come!" said Sir John, holding up his hand.

The butler stood aside and Sir John led the way up to the drawing room.

At the door he paused for a moment. Guy Osgard was at his heels. Then he

TO BE CONTINUED.



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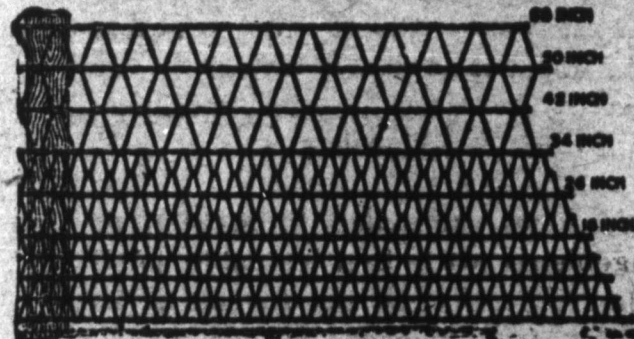
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Practical Ideas Free for Western Farmers.

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

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

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

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

DIRECTORY.

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J. L. Shepherd Judge
M. Carter Attorney
Court convenes seventh Monday after first Monday in February and September.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Baptist: Preaching day every fourth Sunday.

Baptist Sunday School, at 3 p. m.
T. R. Mauldin, Supt.
M. C. Bishop, Pastor

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednesday night.

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quick pulse, hoarseness and impeded respiration. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, (the child will cry for it) and at the first sign of a croupy cough apply frequently Ballard's Snow Liniment to the throat.

Mrs. A. Vliet New Castle, Colo., writes, March 19, 1902: I think Ballard's Horehound Syrup a wonderful remedy, and so pleasant to take. Sold by D. Dorward & Co. and all druggists.

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

Gail, Texas, Mar. 7, 1907

Senator Bailey before the appointment of an investigation committee, declared there would be no investigation nor any one to file charges against him. A majority of both branches of the Legislature voted in favor of an investigation. The senator then through his council declared he was not opposed to an investigation. Not contented with his vindication, the senator has the effrontery to heap abuse upon the honest and conscientious 40 members who voted against vindication. He declares that some of them had been indicted for crime by the grand juries of the state, that the leaders of the contest had gambled with negroes and one of them had committed embezzlement. He brands them as conspirators, as betrayers of a public trust and declares that as long as men of his kind live, men of the stamp of John M. Durcan can never control the democracy of Texas. That if he lived he would devote his best energies, to seeing that not one of their kind should go as a delegate to the National convention from Texas, or ever again disgrace the State of Texas by holding an office under its authority. It will be remembered that a majority of the Legislature voted for investigation. This wholesale vituperation of the State Legislature, is humiliating to Texas, and is calculated to injure her standing abroad. Such assaults upon her good name is unworthy of one upon whom she has bestowed the highest office, in the gift of the people. The public record of every man belongs to the people whom he serves and his acts are subject to discussion and criticism.

One of the leading institutions of a village or town is the public school. The growth and improvement of the town depends no little upon its educational advantages. Those who have children to educate are attracted to a town having a good school, they will make their home there and help build up the town. The

Cannot overestimate the value of a good education to his children. The State recognizes the interest of every man in the education of the youth of the country, even those who have no children are required to pay a tax for educational purposes. The boy of today is the citizen and law maker of tomorrow. Upon his moral and intellectual training depends his usefulness as a citizen, and as a member of society. This responsibility rests upon the teacher as well as the parent, and the child receives a perfect training only when both come up to the full measure of their duty. Prof. McClung, the present principal of our school and Miss McClung, his assistant, deserve the highest praise of the patrons and citizens of our town, for their able and efficient services and successful work in the Gail school, now about to close, and whether they teach again here or choose some other field of labor, our highest esteem and best wishes will attend them.

ONE hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, and profitably employed, would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would make an ignorant man a well informed man in ten years. One hour a day would earn enough to pay for two daily and two weekly papers, two leading magazines and a dozen good books. In an hour a day, a boy or girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully—over several thousand pages or eighteen large volumes in a year. An hour a day might make all the difference between bare existence and useful, happy living. An hour a day might make—nay, has made, an unknown man a famous one, a useless one a benefactor to his race. Consider, then, the mighty possibilities of two, four, yes, six hours a day that are, on the average, thrown away by some of our young men and women in their desire for fun and diversion.

Much of the so-called friendship of the day is but pretense. It exists only in name and as it ceases to be advantageous it is dropped. The friendship that continues the same in prosperity and adversity is to be prized, but all other kinds are worthless. It matters not how hard a man may struggle to do right and make a success of life there is always some loathsome reptile, some worthless wretch who is ready to drag him down, to blight his hopes and blast his fondest ambitions. The loss of money and property is not the greatest loss a man can sustain in the business world; far better to lose your money than to lose hope and ambition.

HOME STEAM LAUNDRY

Our Motto:

Promptness, Neatness and Accuracy
TEXAS

BIG SPRINGS,

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

GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

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

Bob's Restaurant

For Regular Meals and Short Orders,
Pies and Cakes,

Table Supplied with best the Market Affords

S. R. CRAWFORD, Prop.

Colorado, Texas.

Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

Go to the

\$1.25 per day

STOKES HOUSE

Quiet rooms
and
kind treatment.

Comfortable beds
and
first class meals

A special parlor for ladies

J. B. STOKES, Prop.
GAIL, TEXAS

South Side of Square,

To day (March 7), the saloons of the city will retire from business. It is said that many applications have been filed for the buildings that will be vacated but we have not learned who has been successful in securing them.—Big Springs Herald.

It is not the site of the town, but its character that makes it a desirable place to live. A live prosperous town is a desirable one to live in, and a town may prosper and yet be small. Every citizen in a town should be interested in its prosperity. One of the best ways to help a town is to speak well of it. It is true patriotism to stand by your own,

and interests that effect the town should effect every citizen.

The serious mistake made by the Legislature in electing Senator Bailey before giving him a fair trial has led to the sad blunder of refusing to even hear any report in his case. The partisan with his eyes tightly closed and fingers thrust into his ears has scandalized the Democratic party of Texas.—Dallas News.

Most fortunate is the boy or girl, the young man or young lady who is given the opportunity to attend school in our little town. Its educational advantages surpass any town of like size in the state.



G. W. Chandler
 STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER

Dry Goods and Groceries
 HARDWARE.



Listen to us!

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

**A Healthy Liver Makes
 A Well Man**

HERBINE
 TRADE MARK

A PURELY VEGETABLE COMPOUND and the MOST PERFECT LIVER MEDICINE KNOWN. Do not fill your system with Calomel, Arsenic or Quinine. HERBINE is a guaranteed cure for all diseases produced by a TORPID LIVER and IMPURE BLOOD. It will cure MALARIA without leaving any of the deadly effects of many drugs used for that purpose. One bottle purchased today may save you from a sick spell tomorrow. Quickly cures Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills, and all Liver Complaints. Used and recommended by the medical profession generally.

**A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN'S
 ENDORSEMENT**

Dr. A. J. Hannah, a leading physician of Umatilla, Fla., says: "I have been using Herbine in my practice and am well pleased with the results. I always keep some on hand, and think it a grand medicine for Biliousness and Liver Complaints."

Large Bottle, 50c Avoid All Substitutes
Ballard Snow Liniment Co.
 St. Louis, U. S. A.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
 D. Dorward & Co and all Druggists.

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES

FLOUR, SUGAR, FINE CANDIES,
 COFFEE, HAMS, FRUITS, CIGARS
 AND MEAT, AND TOBACCO.

Quick Sales and Small Profits, is our Motto.

Call and see us before buying elsewhere

COTTEN & HOWE

Groceries delivered in any part of the city.

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

H. H. HARDIN & CO.,

LUMBER, WIRE and POSTS.

Full Line of Builder's Material.

BIG SPRINGS AND MIDLAND, TEXAS.

"I have horse Collars I guarantee to be all wool and wool faced and the strongest and best trace chains. H. D. PRUETT
 Cotton. Bring your cotton to me, I am paying the highest market price J. W. Chandler.

Local

Mrs. E. L. Coffey of Fort Worth, came in last Thursday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holler.

Mrs. J. H. Benton and son, Tom Benton returned Friday evening from a visit to their relatives in Red River county, whom they had not seen for several years.

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

H. W. Smith of Runnells, and A. B. Pounds and A. R. Kimbell of Concho county with their families passed through Gail, Saturday on a prospecting trip to Lynn county.

Jim Patterson who lived here formerly, was shaking hands with his Gail friends this week, he returned home Wednesday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benton spent Friday night with H. D. Pruett.

Mr. John Mason who was in Gail Saturday evening, spent Saturday night at H. D. Pruetts. He reports Mrs. Mason better, but still unable to attend to her household duties.

If you have anything you want to sell, just advertise it in the CITIZEN.

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

MRS. HORACE HALE.

Miss Eva Davis, who is teaching school at the Park school house, was in Gail Sunday.

Mr. Shum, from near here was in town Sunday.

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

The Abney Ranch sold to A. D. Marriott of Omaha Nebraska, 500 twos (2s) at \$21.00 per head. They were the brand 3 catilla of their own raising.

Miss Fred Pattie of Big Springs is visiting her friend, Mrs. Francis Abney, enjoying the pure atmosphere and the invigorating effects of ranch life.

J. D. Black, who was here last Monday said farmers in his neighborhood, were pretty wle up with plowing, for the next crop.

Mr. Houston Benton and wife stopped at H. D. Prutts Monday night.

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

District court convenes on the 1st Monday in April.

Mondays election in Colorado resulted as follows:

For Mayor, W. K. Homon; Alderman, F. M. Burns, M. C. Knott, J. E. Pond, W. H. Moeser, Jno. S. Johnson. For city Marshall, H. L. Ranson.

Mr. John DeShazo made a trip to Big Springs last Friday, returning Sunday.

The Editors' banquet was honored by a visit of Miss Ella Holler on Saturday last. The presence of ladies relieves the monotony and tedium of the printing office.

We want to know when you have frieds in to eat "chicken dinner", or to visit you. It is such items of news that make the local paper interesting.

Warren Bros. handle Dr. Hess' stock food.

Miss Mattie Mason, daughter of Mr. John Mason, spent Saturday night at Mrs. DeShazos.

Mr. Frank Stevens, who recently removed from Borden to Scurry county, was in Gail Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Abney and Miss Fred Pattie of Big Springs were in Gail last Monday.

Big Springs Furniture Company guarantees their goods.

Miss Ray Doyle, who has been attending school at Big Springs, returned home Tuesday.

Verbena Local.

Miss Ella Littlefield, of Cone, has lately begun teaching a private school at the L. F. D. Ranch.

The people of this neighborhood enjoyed quite a treat in the entertainment at the school house, Washingtons birthday, the 22 of Feb.

There has lately been several destructive fires in this part of the country. As I write we are watching a fire to the West and we feel for some one.

An enjoyable time was had by many, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bradley Friday night.

Grass and weeds are growing nicely.

The Pitchfork ranch, together with the horses, cattle and everything owned here by the J'spuela Land and Cattle company, sold lately to Mr. Swenson for \$2,500.00. GORGA.

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

J. J. DODSON & SON.

O. S. Ranch have sold their yearlings for \$16.50 per head.

The suit for possession of a horse which is claimed by J. T. Creighton was continued to 1st Monday in April next for want of Jim Wasson a mateial witness.

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

Ira Wasson of Dawson county was shaking hands with his friends in Gail Wednesday.

Colorado Mercantile Co.

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

STUDEBAKER AND OLD HICKORY WAGONS

The best Made. Sold by us under a strict Guarantee

ALSO FULL LINE BUGGIES, HACKS AND SURREYS.

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

Colorado,

Texas.

J S Cordill, Pres

F M Cordill, V P

C C Connell Sec

CORDILL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—accessors to the Roscoe Lumber Company.

DEALERS IN

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

Posts, Brick, Lime and Cement.

WE GIVE BETTER VALUE THAN ANY YARD IN Big Springs Texas

THE GAIL BLACKSMITH SHOP.

CLARK & NAYLOR, PROP'S.

ALLKINDS OF BLACKSMITHING, REPAIRING, WHEELWRIGHT AND WOODWORK PROMPTLY

DONE IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER.

You cannot get GOOD work done cheaper in Borden's

county than at our shop.

West Side of Public Square,

Gail, Texas.

NEW BOWLING ROOM

Come around to the new Amusement Hall and see them play

BOX BALL,

The Latest and Most Fascinating Game.

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

J. H. Sneed, Proprietor.

AT CUNNINGHAM BUILDING.

BIG SPRINGS,

TEXAS.

The new bank at Gomez has begun business.

Judge G. W. Perryman of Tahoka, was in Gail yesterday attending Justice Court.

The cloudiness of Tuesday and Wednesday gave some promise of rain. The soil in some localities is getting too dry for plowing.

J. A. Arnett and Sam Sanford were in yesterday from their respective ranches.

Elzie Creighton and Troy West were in Gail yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Poper were shopping in Gail yesterday.

J. S. Fritz was in attendance as a witness on the Justice Court Wednesday.

J. A. Callaway, who lives on the river South of Gail, was in our town yesterday.

Dave Dorward is still sick at home with La Grippe.

Big Ranch Sale.

The largest cash transaction ever made in Texas ranch lands was made last week when the Spur ranch, consisting of 480,000 acres of land and 40,000 head of high-bred cattle, was sold to S. M. Swenson & Son of New York. The consideration is given as \$2,500,000 cash in hand.—Enterprise.

The 59th Congress of the United States was brought to a close on Monday the 4, shortly after noon. The last few hours were calm, in fact tame in comparison to what had been expected. The total appropriations made at the present session, said Representative Tawney of Minnesota, Chairman of the committee on appropriations, would aggregate 919,948,679.63, and there would be a surplus of 20,000,000 at the close of the fiscal year of 1908.