

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1908.

NO. 7.

Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Standard and Canton Implements
 Success Sulkey Plows
 Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed
 Mills &c.

SNYDER, TEXAS

R. B. SPENCER & CO.

LUMBER

Lumber and Building Material Of
 all kinds.

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O. L. WILKIRSON LUMBER CO.

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Lumber, Doors Sash shingles
 All Kinds of Builders' Material.

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CONNELL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—Successors to the Cordill Lumber Company

DEALERS IN
 Sash, Doors and Blinds; LUMBER, Shingles and Moulding;
 Posts, Brick, Lime and Cement.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS Big Springs Texas

McClure, Basden & Co.

Furniture and House Furnishings,
 Coffins, Caskets and Robes,
 Big Stock and Low Prices.

J. J. McClure, Licensed Embalmer,
 COLORADO, TEXAS.

parental Responsibilities. As seen
 by Mr Billy Sanders of
 Shady Dale.

"You've often heard people, when they're talkin' about a wild youngster, say that they're mighty sorry for the boy's mammy and daddy. Well, I've never got to that pass yet. I'm allers sorry for the boy, sorry that he's got sech weak-kneed folks to mismanage him. But I reckon that as long as the world stands the common run of folks will be sorry for the weak-minded daddies and mammies. I allers feel like cussin' when I hear a whole passel of grown people singin', 'Whar is My Wanderin' Boy To-night?' The boys ought to git up a song like this: 'Why Didn't My Parents Raise Me Right?' That kind of a song would about hit the truth smack in the face. It's enough for to give an old man the jim-jams to think of the wild folly of this world an' the wooden-headed hypocrisy of the great majority of its inhabitants.

"Whar a wanderin' boy has got a mammy an' daddy, you may know thar's somethin' wrong wi' 'em. This is one of the rules that

aint got no exceptions; when a boy wi' a livin' mammy an' daddy goes wrong thar's somethin' rank an' rotten whar the boy lives at. The neighbors may not know of it, an' the mammy an' daddy may deny it wi' tears an' sighs, but the cause of the trouble lies between 'em. This is allers the case, an' ef the mammy and daddy can't control the'r boy, they ain't got no business for to ar the state for to step in an' take charge. But that's what they're a-doin' of—sncakin' away from the'r own responsibilities, an' tryin' for to shove 'em on somebody else.—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

Mr. Jess Walker of Loving county and his brother Lee, arrived in Gail last Friday.

Mr. F. W. Park attended the Woodman lodge in Gail Saturday night.

The Growth of Greed.

Greed grows with groveling, and some men have a positive genius for it. Witness the millions that are piling up to no good end,

and for no great purpose. These millions speak well for their greed—if anything can speak well of greed; and this is the only tribute that will ever be paid to them—that they succeeded well in what they started out to do. As witnesses to their success they can call the ghosts of ruined men, hungry women, and starving children, and there will be no one to dispute their testimony. Such is materlism in its commonest form and in its coarsest aspect.—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

Big Ranch Deal.

This week the firm of Harris & Lightfoot closed a deal whereby the twenty-three section ranch of J. D. Ernest, thirty-five miles north of Big Springs, was sold to Arthur Burns of Cuero, Texas. This is

one of the biggest land sales that has been made in this section in quite a while as the price paid was in the neighborhood of \$60,000 spot cash. In selling out this ranch Mr. Ernest does not contemplate going out of the cattle business but will move westward, having ranching interests in El Paso county.

We understand the purchaser of this ranch intends to cut it up in small tracts and place it on the market immediately. As all this is fine agricultural land and the best watered body of land in West Texas it will mean that many people will buy homes there thus adding to the prosperity of this section. Thus another big ranch must disappear to make room for the man with the hoe.—Big Springs Herald.

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 November.

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 by 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.

A SAFE COMBINATION.
READ YOUR HOME PAPER.
 No argument is needed to prove this statement correct. You also need a paper for world-wide-general 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 CITIZEN 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 advance. Order now. Do not delay.

1908 will be Presidential Year.
 Your order will receive prompt attention. **BORDEN CITIZEN.**

BORDEN COUNTY.
 Borden county is located partly below and partly above the "cap rock". The altitude below the cap rock is about 2300 feet. Soil fertile, climate pleasant. About 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 plains, mesquite being the most abundant. This country is well set in good grass, the principal

grasses being the needle and mesquite.
 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 radishes, 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. Agriculture is fast becoming the leading industry. The lands which

only a few years since were trodden under the foot of the buffalo and mustang pony, and the howl of the lobo and the yelp of the coyote were the only signs of life now are under fence and the soil beneath the plow. At present the whistle of the farm boy, the songs of the milk maid, the bark of the neighbor's dog, the rattling of wagons, and the hum of gins are some of the indications of life and civilization.
 Stock raising is still a leading factor in the progress of our county. Borden county takes pride in raising some of the best horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry does extremely well in this locality.
 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; Gail, Texas.

Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

J. B. ANNIS.

The Saddle Man

Colorado, Texas.

Saddles made to order a specialty. Nothing but the best material used. Write for prices

WINDMILLS

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

Leroy Johnson

—Proprietor of—

Farmers and Merchants Gin Company

—Also—

The Snyder Gin Company

Snyder,

Texas.

A New Drug Firm

When in Big Springs Come in and see one of the finest Drug Stores in the West.

Arnold, Tanksley Drug Co.

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

The question of the referendum or direct legislation is as old as the Constitution itself. In the very first Congress it had able and earnest advocates who insisted that since this is a government of the people, the people had the right to instruct their members of Congress how to vote on all issues. The new state of Oklahoma, which recently came into the Union with an iron clad Prohibition clause in its Constitution also provided for the referendum with respect to all state legislation. It will be worth while to watch the experiment, for there is a growing sentiment in favor of direct legislation. It is quite certain that if the question had been put squarely before the American farmers, there would have been no costly expedition of a great fleet to the Pacific waters, nor a good many of the other expenditures which serve to eat up the greater part of our enormous national revenues. The American farmers, if allowed, would vote for the improvement and extension of internal waterways, the construction of good roads, and for the other works needed to carry expeditiously and cheaply.

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

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

For \$1.00

The CITIZEN and either the Western Breeders Journal, a good well illustrated 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.

A New Departure for Gail

Something every man, woman and child in Borden County should be interested in. A great clearance sale of a well selected stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishing goods at prices that will move them.

This Sale begins Monday February 3rd.

And will continue through the entire Month. \$15,000 worth of Goods

will be sacrificed in that time. Come one, come all, the Blue Front Store is the place Now is the time. Look at some of the below prices and prepar at once to avail yourselves of the great opportunity.

<p>Staples</p> <p>Best calicoes for.....06 Regular price 8 cts.</p> <p>Best Outing.....09 Regular price 10 cts.</p> <p>Best Canton flanel.....10 Regular price 12-1-2.</p> <p>Ginghams.....12 Regular price 15 cts.</p> <p>All domestics, bleached and unbleached at cost.</p> <p>Tablelinen at your own price and so on down through the line.</p>	<p>as long as they last.</p> <p>Ladies and Childrens Cloaks and Skirts</p> <p>We want to dispose of these and if you need anything in this line, cost will not be regarded, but we will price so they are bound to go.</p> <p>Ladies Underwear</p> <p>A good stock of both and light weight garments at 25 per cent discount.</p> <p>Embroidery and Lace</p> <p>We are heavily overstocked in these goods and they will be sold regardless of cost, no better opportunity will ever come to supply your needs in this line.</p> <p>Ladies Shoes</p> <p>We have a magnificent line of these and they too go with the balance.</p>	<p>3 00 " " " 2.25 2 25 " " " 1.90 2.00 " " " 1.50</p> <p>We have all styles and sizes, come early when you are sure to be pleased.</p> <p>Men's Shoes</p> <p>All are of standard make and well assorted styles.</p> <p>\$4.00 shoes go for \$3.00 3.50 " " " 2.65 2.50 " " " 1.90</p> <p>Childrens shoes also go at the same discount. We also have a lot of odds and ends of all kinds which will go at 50 cents on the dollar of cost price.</p> <p>Clothing</p> <p>Here is where we are sure to interest you as will allow 40 per cent discount on every thing in this line, Suits, odd pants and vests, and over-coats etc.</p> <p>A \$16.00 suit or overcoat for \$9.60 " 15.00 " " " 9.00 " 12.00 " " " 8.00 " 10.00 " " " 7.50</p>	<p>A large line of boys clothing at same discount. There will be much cold weather yet and no one should be without a good overcoat when such prices can be obtained.</p> <p>Hats</p> <p>We have too many and if 33-1-3 per cent discount will move them they must go. This means:</p> <p>A \$7.00 Stetson hat for \$4.70 " 6.00 " " " 4.00 " 5.00 " " " 3.35</p> <p>The same discount will apply to other brands and we have a nice line of different styles and prices.</p> <p>Gentlemens Furnishing goods</p> <p>A nice line of Shirts, Ties, Suspenders etc. will be sold at a 25 per cent discount.</p> <p>Jewelry</p> <p>Also goes at a great sacrifice. We can please you in this line.</p>
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All goods are marked in plain figures and we guarantee prices to be as claimed. No goods exchanged in this sale, buy what you want and let that be the last of the matter. Strictly one price to all and every one courteously treated whether your purchase be large or small.

These prices are strictly for cash. Nothing at these figures will be charged. No money refunded for goods purchased at this sale.

J. W. Chandler

Red Saunders

...By...
HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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picks, shovels and pans. The rest of our belongings was staying with the hotel man until we made a rise.

"Ag said he'd be cussed if he'd walk. A hundred and fifty miles of stroll was too many.

"But we ain't got a cent to pay the stage fare," says I.

"Borrow it of Uncle Hotel-keep," says he.

"Not by a town site," says I. "We owe him all we're going to at this very minute. You'll have to hoof it, that's all."

"I tell you I won't. I don't like to have anybody walk on my feet, not even myself. I can stand off that stage driver so easy that you'll wonder I don't take it up as a profession. Now, don't raise any more objections—please don't," says he. "I can't tell you how nervous you make me, always finding some fault with everything I try to do. That's no way for a hired man to act, let alone a partner."

"So of course he got the best of me, as usual, and we climbed into the stage when she come along. Now, our bad luck seemed to hold, because you wouldn't find many men in that country who wouldn't stake two fellers to a wagon ride wherever they wanted to go and be pleasant about it. I'd have sure seen that the man got paid, even if Aggy forgot it, but the man that drove us was the surliest brute that ever growled. When you'd speak to him he'd say, 'Unh'—a style of thing that didn't go well in that part of the country. I kept my mouth shut, as knowing that I didn't have the come-up-with weighed on my



"I tell you I won't. I don't like to have anybody walk on my feet."

spirits, but Aggy gave him the jolly. He only meant it in fun, and there was plenty of reason for it, too, for you never seen such a game of driving as that feller put up in all your life. The Lord save us! He cut around one corner of a mountain so that for the longest second I've lived through my left foot hung over about a thousand feet of fresh air. I'd have had time to write my will before I touched bottom if we'd gone over. I don't know

as I turned pale, but my hair ain't been of the same rosy complexion since.

"Well," says Aggy in a surprised tone of voice when we got all four wheels on the ground again. "Here we are!" says he. "Who'd have suspected it? I thought he was going to take the short cut down to the creek."

"The driver turned round with one corner of his lip twisted—a dead ringer of a mean man. Says he to Aggy. 'Yer a funny bloke, ain't yer?'"

"Why," says Ag, "that's for you to say—wouldn't look well coming from me—but if you press me I'll admit I give birth to a little gem now and then."

"Our bold buck puts on a great swagger. 'Well, yer needn't be funny in this wagon,' says he. 'The pair of yer spongin' a ride! Yer needn't be gay. Yer hear me, don't cher?'"

"Why, I hear you as plain as though you set right next me," says Ag. "Now, you listen and see if I'm audible at the same range. You're a blasted chump!" he roars in a tone of voice that would have carried forty mile. "Did you hear that, Red?" he asks very innocent. I was so hot at the driver's sass—the cussed low downess of doing a feller a favor and then heaving it at him—that you could have lit a match on me anywheres, but to save me I couldn't help laughing—Ag had the comicallest way!

"At that the driver begins to larrup the horses. I ain't the kind to feel faint when a cayuse gets what's coming to him for raising the devil, but to see that lad whale his team because there wasn't nothing else he dared hit got me on my hind legs. I nestled one hand in his hair and twisted his ugly mug back."

"Quit that!" says I.

"You let me be—I ain't hurting you," he hollers.

"That ain't to say I won't be hurting you soon," says I. "You put the bud on them horses again, and I'll boot the spine of your back up through the top of your head till it stands out like a flagstaff. Just one more touch and you get it!" says I.

"He didn't open his mouth again till we come to the river. Then he pulled up. 'This is about as far as I care to carry you two gents for nothin'," he says. "Of course you're two to one, and I can't do nothing if you see fit to bull the thing through. But I'll say this. If either one or both of you roosters has got the least smell of a gentleman about him he won't have to be told his company ain't wanted twice."

"Now, mind you, Ag and me didn't have the first cussed thing—not grub nor blankets nor gun nor nothing, and this the feller well knew."

"Red," says Aggy, "what do you say to pulling this thing apart and seeing what makes it act so?"

"No," says I, "don't touch it—it might be catching. Now, you whelp," says I to the driver, "you tell us if there's a place where we can get anything to eat around here?" We'd expected to go hungry until we hit the camp some forty miles further on, where we knew there'd be plenty for anybody that wanted it.

"Yes," says he. "There's a man running a shack two mile up the river."

"All right," says I. "Drive on. You've played us as dirty a trick as one man can play another. If we ever get a cinch on you, you can expect we'll pull her till the latigoes snap."

"He best not be not across the

"It's all right about that cinch!" he hollers back, grinning. "Only wait till you get it, yer suckers! Sponges! Beats! Deadheads! Yah!"

"Well, a man can't catch a team of horses, and that's all there is about it, but I want to tell you he was on the anxious seat for a quarter of a mile. We tried hard."

"When we got back to where we started and could breathe again, we held a council of war."

"Now, Aggy," says I, "we're dumped. What shall we do?"

"He sat there awhile looking around him, snapping pebbles with his thumb."

"Tell you what it is, Red," he says at last, "we might as well go mining right here. This is likely gravel, and there's a river. If that bar in front of you had been further in the mountains it would have been punched full of holes. It's only because it's on the road that nobody's taken the trouble to see what was in it. This road was made by cattle ranchers that didn't know nothing about mining, and every miner that's gone over the trail had his mouth set to get further along as quick as possible—just like us. Do you see that little hollow running down to the river? Well, you try your luck there. I give you that place, as it's the most probable, and you as a tenderfoot in the business will have all the luck. I'll make a stab where I am."

"Well, sir, it sounds queer to tell it, and it seems queerer still to think of the doing of it, but I hadn't dug two feet before I come to bed rock, and there was some heavy black chunks."

"Aggy," says I, "what's these things?" throwing one over to him. He caught it and stared at it.

"Where'd you get that?" says he in almost a whisper.

"Why, out of the hole, of course!" says I, laughing. "Come take a look!"

"Aggy wasn't the kind of a man to go off the handle over trifles, but when he looked into that hole he turned perfectly green. His knees give out from under him, and he sat on the ground like a man in a trance, wiping the sweat off his face with a motion like a machine."

"What the devil ails you?" says I, astonished. I thought maybe I'd done something I hadn't ought to do through ignorance of the rules and regulations of mining."

"Red," says he, dead solemn. "I've mined for twenty year and from old Mexico to Alaska, but I never saw anything that was ace high to that before. Gold laying loose in chunks on top of the bed rock is too much for me. I wish Hy could see this."

"Gold!" says I. "What you talking about? What have those black hunks to do with gold?"

"The only answer he made was to lay the one I had thrown to him on top of a rock and hit her a crack with a pick. Then he handed it to me. Sure enough! There under the black

was the yeller. Of course if I'd known more about the business I could have told it by the weight, but I'd never seen a piece of gold fresh off the farm before in my life. I hadn't the slightest idea what it looked like, and I learned afterward it all looks different. Some of it shines up yeller in the start, some of it's red, and some is like ours, coated black with iron crust."

"So I looked at Ag, and Ag looked at me, neither one of us believing anything at all for awhile. I simply couldn't get hold of the thing—I ain't yet, for that matter. I expect to wake up and find it a pipe dream, and in some ways I wouldn't mind if it was. I never was so completely two men as I was on that occasion. One of 'em was hopping around and hollering with Ag, yelling 'Hooray!' and the other didn't take much interest in the proceedings at all. And it wasn't until I thought, 'Now I can pay that cussed coyote of a stage driver what I owe him!' that I got any good out of it. That brought it home to me. When I spoke to Ag about paying the driver, he says, 'That so?' Then he takes a quick look around. 'We can pay him

in this, too, old noser! He nosers, and there was a most joyful smile on his face."

"Red," says he, "don't you know this is the only ford on the river for—I don't know how many miles—perhaps the whole length of her?"

"Well," says I.

"Our little placer claim," says Aggy slowly, rubbing his hands together, "covers that ford, and by a judicious taking up of claims for various uncles and brothers and friends of ours along the creek on the lowlands we can fix it so they can't even bridge it."

"Do you mean they can't cross our claim if we say they can't?"

"Sure thing!" says Aggy. "There's you and me and the law to say 'No' to that. I wish I had a gun."

"You don't need any gun for that skunk of a driver."

"Of course not, but there'll be passengers, and there's no telling how excited them passengers will be when they find they've got to go over the hills ford hunting."

"Are you going to send 'em all around, Ag?"

"The whole bunch. Anybody coming back from the diggings has gold in his clothes, so it won't hurt 'em none, and I propose to give that stage line an advertising that won't do it a bit of good. Come along, Red. Let's see that lad that has the shack up the river. We need something to eat, and maybe he's got a gun. If he's a decent feller, we'll let him in on a claim. Never mind about the hole. It won't run away, and there's nobody to touch anything. Come on."

"So we went up the river. The man's name was White, and he was a white man by nature too. He fed us well and was just as hot as us when we told him about the stage driver's trick. Then we told him about the find and let him in."

"Now," says Aggy, "have you got a gun?"

"I have that," says the man. "My dad used to be a duck hunter on Chesapeake bay. When you say 'gun' I'll show you a gun." He dove in under his bunk and fetched out what I should say was a No. 1 bore shotgun, with barrels six foot long.

"Gentlemen," says he, holding the gun up and patting it lovingly, "if you ram a quarter pound of powder in each one of them barrels and a handful of buckshot on top of that you've got an argument that couldn't be upset by the supreme court. I'll guarantee that when you point her anywheres within ten feet of a man not over a hundred yards away and let her do her duty, all the talent that that man's family could employ couldn't gather enough of him to recognize him by, and you won't be in bed more'n long enough to heal a busted shoulder."

"I hope it ain't going to be my painful line of performance to pull the trigger," says Aggy. "I think the sight of her would have weight with most people. When's the stage due back?"

"Day after tomorrow, about noon."

"That gives us lots of time to stake and to salt claims that can't show cause their own selves," says Aggy. "I think we're all right."

"The next day we worked like the old Harry. We had everything fixed up right by nightfall, and there was nothing to do but dig and wait."

"Curious folks we all are, ain't we? I should have said my own self that if I'd found gold by the bucketful, I'd be more interested in that than I would be in getting even with a mut that had done me dirt, but it wasn't so. Perhaps it was because I hadn't paid much attention to money all my life, and I had paid the strictest attention to the way other people used me. Living where there's so few folks accounts for that, I suppose."

"Getting even on our esteemed friend, the stage driver, was right in your Uncle Reddy's line, and Aggy and our new pard, White, seemed to take kindly to it, also."

"If ever you saw three faces filled with innocent sleep, it was when we

—why, the night before I was woke up by somebody laughing. There was Aggy sound asleep, sitting up hugging himself in the moonlight.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" says he. "It's the only ford for 4,000 miles!"

"We planted a sign in the middle of the road with this wording on it in big letters, made with the black end of a stick:

NOTICE!

This and adjoining claims are the property of Agamemnon G. Jones, Red Saunders, John Henry White, et al.

Trespassing done at your own risk. Owners will not be responsible for the remains.

"There was a stretch of about a mile on the level before us. When the stage come in plain sight Aggy proceeds to load up 'Old Moral Suasion,' as he called her, so that the folks could see there was no attempt at deception. They come pretty fairly slow after that. At fifty yards, Ag hollers 'Halt!' The team sat right down on their tails.

"Now, Mr. Snick'tumfritz," says Aggy, "you that drives, I mean, come here and read this little sign."

"Suppose I don't?" says the feller, trying to be smart before the passengers.

"It's a horrible supposition," says Aggy, "and the innocent will have to suffer with the guilty." Then he cocks the gun.

"God sakes! Don't shoot!" yells one of the passengers. "Man, you ought to have more sense than to try and pick him out of a crowd with a shotgun! Get down there, you fool, and make it quick!"

"So the driver walked our way and read. He never said a word. I reckon he realized it was the only ford



"Around you go!" he hollers.

for 4,000 miles, more or less, as Aggy had remarked. There he stood, with his mouth and eyes wide open.

"I'd like to have you other gentlemen come up and see our first cleanup, so you won't think we're running in a windy," says Aggy. They wanted to see bad, as you can imagine, and when they did see about fifteen pounds of gold in the bottom of my old hat they talked like people that hadn't had a Christian bringing up.

"Oh, Lord!" groans one man. "Bingham Young and all the prophets of the Mormon religion! This is my tenth trip over this line, and me and Pete Hendricks played a game of seven up right on the spot where that gent hit her not over a month ago, when the stage broke down! Somebody just make a guess at the way I feel and give me one small drink. And he put his hand to his head. "Say, boys," he goes on, "you don't want the whole blamed creek, do you? Let us in!"

"How's that, fellers?" says Aggy and White. "We don't want no more

able.

"All right, in you come!" says Aggy. "There ain't no hog about our firm. But as for you," says he, walking on his tiptoes up to the driver—as for you, you cockeyed whelp, around you go! Around you go!" he hollers, jamming the end of Moral Suasion into the driver's trap. "Oh, and won't you go round, though!" says he. "Listen to me, now: if any one of your ancestors for twenty-four generations had ever done anything as decent as robbing a hencoop it would have conferred a kind of degree of nobility upon him. It wouldn't be possible to find an orrier cuss than you if a man raked all hell with a fine toothed comb. Now, you stare coated, mangy, bandy legged, misbegotten, outlaw coyote, fly—fly!" whoops Aggy, jumping four foot in the air, "before I squirt enough lead into your system to make it a paying job to melt you down!"

"The stage driver acted according to orders. Three wide steps and he was in the wagon, and with one screech like a p'zened bobcat he fairly lifted the cayuses over the first ridge. Nobody never saw him any more, and nobody wanted to.

"So that's the way I hit my stake, son, just as I'd always expected—by not knowing what I was doing any part of the time—and now, there comes my iron horse coughing up the track! I'll write you sure, boy, and you let old Reddy know what's going on—and on your life don't forget to give it to the lads straight why I sneaked off on the quiet! I've got ten years older in the last six months. Well, here we go quite fresh, and d—d if I altogether want to neither. Too late to argue though. By-by, son!"

CHAPTER IV.

MISS MATTIE sat on her little front porch, facing the setting sun. Across the road, now ankle deep in June dust, was the wreck of the Pefers place—back broken roof, crumbling chimneys, shutters hanging down like broken wings, the old house had the pathetic appeal of shipwrecked gentility. A house without people in it, even when it is in repair, is as forlorn as a dog who has lost his master.

Up the road were more houses of the nondescript village pattern, made neither for comfort nor looks. God knows why they built such houses! Perhaps it was in accordance with the old Puritan idea that any kind of physical perfection is blasphemy. Some of these were kept in paint and wiled glass, but there were enough poor relations to spoil the effect.

Down the road between the arches of the weeping willows came first the brook, with the stone bridge—this broken as to coping and threadbare in general—then on the hither side of the way some three or four neighbors' houses and opposite the blacksmith's shop and postoffice, the latter of course in a store, where you could buy anything from stale groceries to shingles.

In short, Fairfield was an eastern village whose cause had departed, a community drained of the male principle, leaving only a few queer men, the blacksmith and some halfling boys to give tone to the background of dozens of old maids.

An unsympathetic stranger would have felt that nothing was left to the Fairfieldians but memory, and the sooner they lost that the better.

Take a wineglassful of raspberry vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cup each of bonaset and rhu-bard, a good full cup of the milk of human kindness, dilute in a gallon of water and you have the flavor of Fairfield. There was just enough of each ingredient to spoil the taste of all the rest.

Miss Mattie rested her elbow on the railing, her chin in her hand, and gazed thoughtfully about her. As a matter of fact, she was the most inspiring thing in view. At a distance of fifty yards she was still a tall, slender girl. Her body retained the habit as well as the lines of youth, a trick

of gliding into unexpected, pleasing attitudes, which would have been awkward but for the suppleness of limb to which they testified and the unconsciousness and ease of their irregularity.

Her face was a child's face in the ennobling sense of the word. The record of the years written upon it seemed a masquerade—the face of a clear eyed girl of fourteen made up to represent her own aunt at a fancy dress party; a face drawn a trifle fine, a little ascetic, but balanced by the humor of the large, shapely mouth, and really beautiful in bone and contour, the beauty of mignonette and doves and gentle things.

You could see that she was thirty-five in the blatant candor of moon, but now, blushed with the pink of the setting sun, she was still in the days of the fairy prince.

Miss Mattie's reverie idled over the year upon year of respectable stupidity that represented life in Fairfield, while her eyes and soul were in the boiling gold of the sky glory. She sighed.

A panorama of life minced before Miss Mattie's mind about as vivid and full of red corpuscles as a Greek frieze. Her affectionate nature was starved. They visited each other, the ladies of Fairfield—these women who had rolled on the floor together as babies—in their best black or green or whatever it might be, and gloves—this though the summer sun might be hammering down with all his might. And then they sat in a closed room and talked in a reserved fashion which was entirely the property of the call. Of course one could have a moment's real talk by chance meeting, and there were the natural griefs of life to break the corsets of this etiquette, although in general the griefs seemed to be long drawn out and conventional affairs, as if nature herself at last yielded to the system, conquered by the invincible conventionality and stubbornness of the ladies of Fairfield. It was the unspoken but firm belief of each of these women that a person of their circle who had no more idea of respectability than to drop dead on the public road would never go to heaven.

Poor Miss Mattie! Small wonder she dropped her hands, sat back and wondered, with another sigh, if it were for this she was born. She did not rebel—there was no violence in her—but she regretted exceedingly. In spite of her slenderness it was a wide mother lap in which her hands rested, an obvious cradle for little children. And instinctively it would come to you as you looked at her that there could be no more comfortable place for a tired man to come home to than a household presided over by this slow moving, gentle woman.

There was nothing old maidish about Miss Mattie but the tale of her years. She had had offers, such as Fairfield and vicinity could boast, and declined them with tact and the utmost gratitude to the suitor for the compliment, but her "no," though mild, was firm, for there lay within her a certain quiet valiant spirit which would rather endure the fatigue and loneliness of old age in her little house than to take a larger life from any but the man who was all—a commonplace in fiction, in real life sometimes quite a strain.

The sun distorted himself into a Rugby football and hurried down as though to be through with Fairfield as soon as possible. It was a most magnificent sunset, flaming, gorgeous, wild—beyond the management of the women of Fairfield—and Miss Mattie stared into the heart of it with a longing for something to happen. Then the thought came, "What could happen?" She sighed again, and, with eyes blinded by heaven shine, glanced down the village street.

She thought she saw—she rubbed her eyes and looked again—she did see, and surely never a stranger's sight was beheld on Fairfield's street! Had a Royal Bengal tiger come slouching through the dust it could not have been more

very large and mighty shouldered man, who looked about him with a bold, imperious, keep the change regard. There was something in the swing of him that suggested the Bengal tiger. He wore high heeled boots outside of his trousers, a flannel shirt with a yellow silk kerchief around his neck, and on his head sat a white hat which seemed to Miss Mattie to be at least a yard in diameter. Under the hat was a remarkable head of hair. It hung below the man's shoulders in a silky mass of dark scarlet flecked with brown gold. Miss Mattie had seen red hair, but she remembered no such color as this, nor could she recall ever having seen hair a foot and a half long on a man. That hair would have made a fortune on the head of an actress, but Miss Mattie was ignorant of the possibilities of the profession.

The face of the man was a fine tan, against which eyes, teeth and mustache came out in brisk relief. The mustache avoided the tropical tint of the upper hair and was content with a modest brown. The owner came right along, walking with a stiff, strong, straddling gait, like a man not used to that way of traveling.

Miss Mattie eyed him in some fear. He would be by her house directly, and it was hardly modest to sit aggressively on one's front porch while a strange man went by, particularly such a very strange man as this. Yet a thrill of curiosity held her for the moment, and then it was too late, for the man stopped and asked little Eddie Newell, who was playing placidly in the dust—all the children played placidly in Fairfield—asked Eddie in a voice which reached Miss Mattie plainly, although the owner evidently made no attempt to raise it, if he knew where Miss Mattie Saunders lived?

Eddie had not noticed the large man's approach and nearly fell over in a fright, but seeing, with a child's intuition, that there was no danger in this fierce looking person he piped up instantly.

"Y-y-yessir, I kin tell yer where she lives—yessir! She lives right down there in that little house. I kin go down with you jes' swell 's not! Why, there she is now, on the stoop!"

"Thankee, sonny," said the big voice. "Here's for miggles," and Miss Mattie caught the sparkle of a coin as it flew into the grimy fists of Eddie.

"Much obliged!" yelled Eddie and vanished up the street.

Miss Mattie sat transfixed. Her breath came in swallows, and her heart beat irregularly. Here was novelty with a vengeance! The big man turned and fastened his eyes upon her. There was no retreat. She noticed with some reassurance that his eyes were grave and kindly.

As he advanced Miss Mattie rose in agitation, unconsciously putting her hand on her throat. "What could it mean?"

The gate was opened and the stranger strode up the cinder walk to the porch. He stopped a whole minute and looked at her. At last!

"Well, Mattie!" he said, "don't you know me?"

A flood of the wildest hypotheses flashed through Miss Mattie's mind without enlightening her. Who was this picturesque giant who stepped out of the past with so familiar a salutation? Although the porch was a foot high, and Miss Mattie a fairly tall woman, their eyes were almost on a level as she looked at him in wonder.

Then he laughed and showed his white teeth. "No use to bother and worry you, Mattie," said he. "You couldn't call it in ten years. Well, I'm your half uncle Fred's boy Bill, and I hope you're a quarter as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"What!" she cried. "Not little Willy who ran away?"

"The same little Willy," he replied in a tone that made Miss Mattie laugh a little, nervously, "and what I want to know is, are you glad to see me?"

To be continued.

The Borden Citizen

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

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, Feb. 13, 1908.

If only the railroad companies and the politicians were concerned in the transportation problem it would make but small difference what the ultimate result was, and it would be outside of the domain of a public discussion whether the politicians swallowed the railroads or the railroads the politicians. But the welfare and prosperity of every citizen is concerned. Every land owner, farmer, merchant, manufacturer and laboring man is vitally interested in the transportation problem and its settlement. Without means of transportation there can be no progress, no development, in civilized life. During the years of the civil war cotton was plentiful in Texas, but clothing could not be had because there were no mills here. In the north where there were many mills, clothing was scarce because there was no cotton. A lack of transportation caused many thousands of people to be without the necessities of life. Countless herds of cattle have been slaughtered in our state for their hides that, but for a lack of transportation, would have furnished food for many more thousands, and at the same time enriched the herd owners. The lack of transportation, and that alone, caused the pinch of poverty in many homes. Two hundred million acres of fertile land in Texas lie untouched, by the hoe of the husbandmen, yielding but scant revenue to owners or the state because of a lack of transportation. Scores of our citizens are "land poor" and hundreds of thousands of people are debarred from an independent living on their own land because of a lack of transportation facilities.

The remarkable growth of the Prohibition sentiment in the southern states has aroused great interest throughout the country. This sentiment in the South in favor of temperance has an

economic as well as a moral foundation. The laboring population in that section is constantly disturbed wherever intoxicants are easily obtained. For self protection, therefore, the leaders of public opinion in the South are placing out of reach the temptation for men to "put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains," and it is a most hopeful sign to find state after state voting to exclude the sale of liquors. —Farm Journal.

PUBLIC SERVICE FAVORS.

Mr. Randall Makes Strong Losing Fight.

Washington, Jan. 22—By a vote of 109 to 86 the House yesterday afternoon, sitting as a committee on the whole, rejected a motion made by Mr. Randall to incorporate in the criminal code a section making it a felony for a member of Congress to accept a gift or employment from a public service corporation, or a corporation doing an interstate business.

Previously, by a vote of 82 to 56, the House rejected Mr. Randall's other proposition, making a penal offense for a member of Congress or of the Federal Judiciary to accept a pass.

All the Democrats except four voted for both these propositions, and the opposition vote was made by the Republicans. Every Texas member present stood up when the ayes were called, but several of them were absent.

Judge Hardy of Texas supported Mr. Randall in a vigorous speech. With that exception Mr. Randall made the fight alone and acquitted himself well.

Mr. Randall declared that if what he proposed was already a law, not a man in the House would dare to vote for its repeal. Congress, he said, ought to be composed of men who are not only honest, but men who can act disinterestedly.

"It would seem," he continued, "that a sense of propriety, considerations of ethics, might be sufficient; but it is well known that a sense of propriety does not prevent not only some, but many men from accepting employment from public service corporations. Not only a few, but many men receive gifts from public service corporations. To receive a gift is to put yourself under obligation to the man who gives it to you. It is understood among men of high moral character, as well as among men of low moral character that when they accept a gift they are expected to return the favor if the opportunity offers. Members of Congress should not only do what is right, but they should avoid the appearance of evil."—Western Newspaper Union

D. Dorward & Co.

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These two publications furnish reading for every member of the household.

ER. er Wear

Local and Personal

Jno. Fritz was in town Monday evening.

Mr. Tolbert Benton was in Gail Monday.

Mr. H. E. Everett was in town Monday.

Mr. Earl Sealy was in town Sunday.

Mr. Eckle Parks attended Sunday school in Gail last Sunday.

Mr. Graham Whitaker was in Gail Sunday.

E Glenn and George Kelly of Red River county with their families passed through Gail last Friday on the way to the Jas. Pratt neighborhood. They expect to locate somewhere in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Elzie Creighton were trading in Gail Saturday.

Miss Myrtle Hopkins has been on the sick list this week.

Mr. Olen Keen was in Gail Saturday.

Mr. H. S. Morrow from Cuthbert, Texas spent a few days in Gail this week visiting relatives.

Mr. Jim Kincaid accompanied by his son, visited at his daughters Mrs. Rogers last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Everett were in town Saturday evening.

John Creighton from the plains was here Saturday.

Elmer Russell and family are in Gail this week visiting Mr. Russell's sister, Mrs. Dorward.

Mack Hancock of Lamesa was visiting friends in our town this week.

Mr. Walter Brown of Taboka, was in Gail last week.

Mr. David Dorward Sr. has been real sick this week but the last account we had, he was getting along nicely.

Will Hester and sons' were in Gail Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Bullard of the plains were in Gail last week.

Mr. Elmer Russell's little daughter, Rada, has been very sick the past few days.

Mrs. Henry Snyder was in Gail Saturday.

Mr. Pink Coats was in town Saturday evening.

Rev. Eubanks and Mr. Oscar Jones of Tredway attended the Gail Literary Society Friday night.

Will Tanksley was here Saturday.

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

Prof. L. F. McKay from Morris community was on our streets Friday and Saturday.

Mr. J. B. Jolley was in Gail Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Abuey and mother were in Gail Tuesday evening.

Will Johnson was in town Tuesday.

The damp rainy spell of weather was followed by an old time sand storm, which was a disadvantage to those having to be out during it.

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.

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

West side public square

Gail Texas

Shifting Sands.

The drift of time has brought with it the shifting sands. Rivers sometimes change their courses. Vast territories, very far removed from seas and oceans, have deposits that puzzle the brain. The great Gorge is but the history of Niagara. The Grand Canyon of Colorado is but the caprice of a waterway among the wild and scenic fastnesses of the Rockies. What we call time is only a halt in the march of the eternities—a period that grants the human beings the moment to fashion destiny. The river of life moves on in stately grandeur—today, a limpid stream; tomorrow, a frantic torrent. Things do not really decay—they only change, they shift. It is a thing crowded with pathetic sadness. Some day my child will begin its pilgrimage to a far away land. Some other child will romp and sport on my baby's playground. Thus the shifting scenes are set for the new that come to play their part in life's great drama.—Ex.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP

E. R. YELLOTT

For County and District clerk.

T. R. MAULDIN

RODWAY KEBEN

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

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For Commissioner Prect. 1

F. M. CHISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prect. 2

For commissioner Prect. 3

For commissioner Prect. 4

NOTICE.

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

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We are going to make a clean sweep regardless of former selling prices or Cost
Well selected Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Gents Furnishings and Youths Clothing

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

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

Big Springs Dry Goods Company