

**GROWING BIGGEST CROPS
OF MANY YEARS.**

G. W. Dodson, a prominent citizen of the Afton country, was in Spur the latter part of last week and while here was a pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. Mr. Dodson was very enthusiastic concerning the crop prospects of his section of the country and said that he and other farmers of that section expected to make the biggest crops of all kinds that has been grown in many years. Similar reports come from every community within the Spur country, and in view of such existing conditions we cannot understand why the business of the towns is so short—and we judge that business in the majority of towns is dull because of the lack of liberal advertising in the several newspapers of the towns. We get each week about fifty newspapers and of the number but one—the Lubbock Avalanche—carries a liberal amount of advertising and by this we have formed the conclusion that Lubbock is the liveliest town at this time in Western Texas.

UNOFFICIAL NOMINEES

While we have not yet been able to get an official report of the returns of the Primary Election held July 28th in Dickens county, yet it is not likely that the official report will differ materially from the reports as heretofore published in the Texas Spur. The regular Democratic nominees for office as reported unofficially to us will be found in another column. We presume that R. S. Holman was elected as the Chairman of the Democratic Party in Dickens county, he having received more than one hundred votes at the Spur box for that place.

GARZA COUNTY NOMINEES

The following candidates for county offices in Garza county received the nomination in the July Democratic Primary:

J. M. Boren County Judge, Ira Weakly County and District Clerk, O. B. Kelly Sheriff, J. P. Crowley Tax Assessor, H. G. Smith Attorney, H. C. Callis Hide and Animal Inspector, F. L. Maupin Treasurer, V. A. Robinson Surveyor, and Wm. A. Wilkes, J. F. Maxey, J. B. Faulkner and W. V. Roy as County Commissioners.

WEBB-TAYLOR

On the road between Duck Creek school house and Gilpin Sunday August the 10th, Mr. J. H. Webb and Miss Bessie Taylor were united in marriage by Rev. W. B. Bennett. Mr. Webb is a stalwart young man, able and willing to provide Miss Bessie a good home, and we feel sure that she will be happy in his protecting care. Miss Bessie Taylor grew up to womanhood here in our midst and all who know her will testify to the fact that she is a sweet, lovable girl, of sunny disposition and spotless character, beautiful of form and face and good as she is beautiful. We heartily wish the happy couple a long and prosperous journey together.—A Friend.

FINE CROP CONDITIONS

J. N. Jones, of Afton, was in Spur the latter part of last week and while here called in at the Texas Spur office and had his subscription to the paper moved up a notch. Mr. Jones says that crop conditions could not be better than they are at the present time in the Afton country.

SUFFERING FOR RAIN

R. R. Morrison and B. B. McCombs left Spur Tuesday through the country to Rotan where they will spend several days looking after business interests. It is reported that the Rotan country has been suffering for rain throughout the year and as a result crops of all kinds will be short.

BIG BUSINESS

W. B. Griffin and wife returned Monday from Dallas where they spent several days buying goods and visiting relatives. Burley says that the wholesale dealers of Dallas are doing more business now than for years, which indicates that the country as a whole is in a prosperous condition.

SELLING WATER MELONS

W. D. Blair was in the city Wednesday and while here was a pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. For some time Mr. Blair has been marketing water melons in Spur and says that he has always found a ready sale for all he brings. He reports his crops in good shape.

CROPS CUT SHORT

Mr. and Mrs. King, of Hamlin, are in the city this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Riter at their home in Spur. Mr. King says that crops in the Hamlin country were cut short this year on account of dry weather but that good crops of cotton will be made with the favorable conditions now prevailing.

PLENTY FEED STUFF

T. J. Harrison and wife, of the Liberty community, were in Spur Wednesday and while here were very pleasant callers at the Texas Spur office. Mr. Harrison says that his crops are in fine shape and that he has fine corn, maize and feed stuff as well as cotton.

MOVING TO SPUR

Prof. Mace and family are expected to arrive in Spur the latter part of this week. Mr. Mace has been employed as the principal of the Spur School and comes highly recommended as a capable, practicable teacher and school superintendent.

**WILL BUILD NEW SCHOOL
HOUSE AT RED HILL.**

Arrangements have been made for the establishment of another school within the Red Hill School District and the erection of a new school building will commence the first of September.

The school house, we are informed, will be built just east of the Mace Hunter farm, four or five miles east of Spur, and will be sufficiently large and equipped to care for all the pupils within that territory. Heretofore, children of that immediate section have been forced to travel several miles to attend school, and the establishment of a school at this time and in this community will be a great convenience to pupils and will be appreciated by the school patrons.

**A DEMONSTRATION OF
SUCCESSFUL FARMING.**

R. F. Rogers, of seven miles west of Spur, was in the city Monday and brought in a prize water melon to the Texas Spur office. We won't say how much this melon weighs because some other fellow with big melons might decide ahead of time that he would be the loser. However, the melon brought in is a good demonstration that this country will produce the finest melons as well as other products. Mr. Rogers says he also has a fine field of cotton on his place. He came here last year from Runnells county, bought a place and no doubt his success in the farming business will make him a permanent citizen of the Spur country.

A GULLY WASHER

C. H. Allen, of several miles northwest of Spur, was in the city Tuesday and reports everything in the finest shape. He says he had a gully-washer rain last week on his place and throughout the year has had plenty rain. His crops are in fine shape, but he says that he has found a few boll worms in his cotton.

SOCIALIST ENCAMPMENT

Doctor O. Osborne, a traveling man of Rule, passed through Spur Monday on his way to attend a big Socialist encampment at O'Brien. Dr. Osborne is said to be one of the foremost Socialist propagandists of the country and he says that the O'Brien encampment will be one of the biggest occasions within the history of Socialism in this section.

BREAKING ALL RECORDS

J. Anderson Davis, of several miles northeast of Spur, was in the city Saturday. Mr. Davis reports crops in fine shape in his section. Crop prospects in every section of this country were never better and more promising than at the present time and the expectation now is that the Spur country will make the biggest crops this year within its history.

MOVING TO AFTON

W. D. Clay returned the latter part of last week from the Afton country where he spent several days making arrangements to move to that section. The necessary arrangements were made and he and family will move soon to that section. Mr. Clay says the crops of the Afton country are as fine as can be and that the finest and biggest crops will be harvested in that section this fall.

GROWING FINE FRUIT

T. A. Smith, of the Cat Fish country, was in the city Thursday of last week after fruit jars with which to preserve some of the fruit on his place. Uncle Tom says he has plenty fine peaches and apples in his orchard, and that everything growing on his farm is as fine as could be expected.

RECUPERATING

Ned Hogan, Duke Henson and W. D. Vinson left Sunday for an extended trip over the Plains country where they will spend several days recuperating and looking over the towns and country.

PROTRACTED MEETING

We are requested to announce that Rev. C. R. Nichols, of Clifton, will begin a protracted meeting August 15th at Dickens. Everbody is invited to attend the meetings.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, in the wisdom of the alwise Being, He has seen fit to remove from this earth the mother of our beloved brother, J. P. Gipson, be it resolved as follows:

1st. That we extend to him our sympathy and pray God's blessing to rest upon him.

2nd. That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes and a copy sent to brother Gipson.

3rd. That a copy be given the Texas Spur for publication.

Respectfully Submitted,

Committee: J. A. Murchison

T. A. Tidwell

W. G. Dunn.

**PROMINENT CITIZEN KILLED
BY HIS SON NEAR FLOYDADA**

A telephone message came to Spur Tuesday morning stating that Mr. Lomax, a prominent citizen of near Floydada, was killed at his home Monday night about ten o'clock. He was chopped in the head with an ax, and his sixteen year old son is charged with the murder.

Mr. Lomax was about fifty or sixty years old, and on the night of the killing it is said that he was drinking and was probably abusing and threatening his son who repaired to the wood-pile and secured an ax with which he killed his father.

Bert Lomax, a son living in Kent county, was notified of the affair and left immediately to attend the funeral.

The Lomax family is one of the most prominent families of the country and the killing is a very deplorable affair.

MEETING AT DRY LAKE

We are requested to announce that Rev. Mark Hardin, assisted by Rev. Roberds of the Plains country, will begin a protracted meeting Sunday at the Dry Lake School house, six miles west of Spur. Services will be held every day and night throughout the week and everybody is invited to attend.

Rev. Hardin has just closed a meeting at Red Mud and reports a good revival of religion with two conversions during the meeting. He was assisted by Rev. Hardy.

RETURNS FROM SANITARIUM

Mrs. Claude Nations, who has been confined in the Stamford Sanitarium the past several days, returned last week to Spur. Mrs. Nations had an operation for the relief of a complication of diseases, appendicitis being one. She returned home on the ninth day after the operation and is now completely recovered and enjoying good health, we are glad to note. Mr. Nations is now located at Post City and Mrs. Nations will probably join him at that place at an early date.

A RECOMMENDATION

Bill Simpson, who is now making his home in Dallas, was in Spur this week greeting his former friends and associates. We were glad to again meet Bill, and note from his conversation that he continues to enjoy "single blessedness" but that he is constantly on the quiver for an help-meet. We recommend Bill to the careful consideration of all marriagable daughters and young widows, and feel confident that he will ever be a liberal provider and a kind, lovable husband and father.

MUSICAL RECITAL

Miss Goss, an accomplished musician of Seymour, gave a musical entertainment Monday night at the school auditorium and which was enjoyed by a number of lovers of music. We understand that Miss Goss will teach a class in music in Spur.

THE LILLISTON PEANUT PICKER

Do not thresh your Peanuts but pick them off and thereby demand the highest market prices. We clean the nuts and make the best of hay. Write for our catalogue now.

THE NATIONAL MACHINE CORPORATION.
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA.

YOUR HOT WEATHER NEEDS

WITH Two Months Left in which to use Summer Weight Goods, and with Prices at and Below Manufacturers Quotations, we believe buyers acting judiciously should take immediate action on the Special Bargains we are now offering. We are cleaning the store of all light weight goods, also offering many Special Bargains in odd lot school shoes. In fact THE BARGAIN FEAST IS NOW IN FULL SWAY. Don't be the last to come, as selections are moving each day.

J. A. LAMB DIN & COMPANY

DICKENS ITEM

J. H. Reynolds was in Spur last Sunday.

R. S. Holman, of Spur, was in the capitol city Tuesday on business.

Judge Cowan and Mr. Glasgow, of Spur, was in Dickens Saturday on business.

Several young people from Spur spent Sunday afternoon at Crow Springs.

Irvin Joplin, Fred Fite, Misses Ivae Joplin and Ada Fite, of Spur passed through Dickens Tuesday enroute for a peach orchard.

J. V. McCormick and brother of Spur, passed through Dickens Monday on their way to Afton with a load of lumber to overhaul the Afton gin.

Marriage license was issued last week to C. W. Holly and Miss Tinny Ballard of the Duck Creek community.

F. C. Gipson and H. F. Clay were in Spur Wednesday on business.

Raleigh and Lonnie Harkey were in Spur Wednesday on special business.

Mrs. R. M. Hamby was brought home Sunday from the Sanitarium at Spur.

Crawford Cobb left Sunday for Mineral Wells where he will spend a week recuperating.

John Gruben, who has been managing the Gruben Jewelry business in the absence of W. C. Gruben, returned this week to his home at Royston.

Baxter Scoggins was in the city Monday from his Cat Fish home. He reports everything in that section in the finest shape.

N. B. Fuquay, a prominent citizen of Red Mud, was in the city the latter part of last week on business and spent some time here.

ACTUAL CONDITIONS

While business generally in the several towns of the country may be just a little slow at the present time, yet the country as a whole has prospects of harvesting the biggest crops of cotton and all kinds of feed stuff within the history of farming in this section. And since Spur, as well as other towns of the country, depends almost wholly for support upon the agricultural resources of the country, the future prospects for a revival of trading is very bright and most promising.

There are no richer and more productive soils, and no more promising prospects of abundant harvesting of crops than now prevails within the Spur trade territory, and yet business is duller than during the panic, especially with newspapers, as can be noted by a glance at the advertising columns in comparison with the number of businesses established. We believe that advertising is not only a paving proposition but creates business and is a real investment to any business and the town as a whole, and by concerted and cooperative action along this line effective and immediate results will be noted. The fact is beyond contradiction that no business and no town can either exist or prosper except as the result of advertising in some form. If the creation of Spur had not been generally norated and advertised it would probably been years in settling and becoming an established trade center. It is the same with a business concern. A business may carry in stock every article of merchandise, have unlimited capital on which to operate, but unless the concern lets the general public know in some manner that it is here, has the merchandise and wants to sell them and will make buying of material interest to customers, that business will lag and consume years in developing and establishing a substantial trade and one properly justified by the trade territory.

We believe the best and the cheapest way to reach the majority of people in a trade territory is through the newspaper. And we believe further that all business men of towns should cooperate in a competitive manner in advertising and by so doing de-

rive individual benefits as well as contribute to the general interests of the town. In this enlightened and progressive day a man can not do business and live for himself alone. To benefit self it is incidentally necessary to benefit others, and those who shirk public responsibilities necessarily overburden the more generous. A newspaper is a public institution second in importance to no other business; it is just as good as its patronage will permit and by its pages and general appearance a town and its business life can be accurately gauged. A newspaper is a fair representative of a town and its interests, and deserves the support and liberal patronage of business men and the public. When a business man witholds patronage from a newspaper solely because he dislikes the publisher personally, such a man is too narrow to conduct a legitimate public business and his ilk will generally be found promoting some grafting scheme as a side line. No man living can publish a newspaper without incurring the ill-will and animosity

of some people. Fair treatment of a newspaper is not casting pearls to the swine, and, regardless of petty animosities, a paper deserves a liberal patronage at the hands of all business men and loyal citizens.

Mrs. White and daughter, of Oklahoma City, is in Spur this week visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Murchison and family.

Mark Hardin, Jr., and wife, of Floydada, are visiting his parents, Uncle Buck Hardin and wife near Spur.

We are requested to announce that Rev. Mark Hardin, assisted by Rev. Roberds of the Plains country, will begin a protracted meeting Sunday at the Dry Lake School house, six miles west of Spur. Services will be held every day and night throughout the week and everybody is invited to attend.

Rev. Hardin has just closed a meeting at Red Mud and reports a good revival of religion with two conversions during the meeting. He was assisted by Rev. Hardy.

COAL, - FEED!

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS
For Coal and Feedstuff of all kinds and can supply your wants in short order. We have the **BEST ASSORTED STOCK** in this part of the country and would appreciate your business in

Bran, Corn, Oats,	Shorts, Maize	Seed Rye and Oats	Millet, Sacks
Corn Chops	Alfalfa Hay	Cold Pressed Cake	Johnson Grass Sd
Maize Chops	Prairie Hay	Cotton Seed Meal	Chicken Feed
Kaffir Corn Chops	Seed Wheat	Cotton Seed Hull	Special Horse Feed
Big Lump, Nut and Blacksmith Coal			

We buy Furs, Hides, Bran and Oat Sacks. Weigh your wagons here. Call whether you buy or not. We want to get acquainted

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ANYTHING YOU WANT IN JEWELRY!!

We have have a complete line of Jewelry, the best Watches and Clocks made, the finest selections of Cut Glass and Hand Painted China. We sell the best goods and make the best prices, and want and will appreciate your trade in our line.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIR WORK **GRUBEN, THE JEWELER** SPUR, TEXAS.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

PERRY FITE, Proprietor

Fresh and Cured Meats

Call or Phone us Orders. Your Patronage is Solicited.

W. F. Godfrey.

C. C. Tyler

**Real Estate
Fire Insurance.
Life Insurance.**

Godfrey-Tyler Realty Company.

JACKSON REALTY CO.

Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass and Livestock Insurance. We sell Land, City Property and Livestock. Non-Residents' business promptly attended to.

NOTARY PUBLIC IN OFFICE

RITER HARDWARE CO.

DEALERS IN

Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Star Leader and Samson Windmills Buggies, Wagons and Im- ments, Pipe and Pipe Fittings

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

BILL AND HIS WIDOW

The following, including the experiences of Bill, was handed to us with the request to republish. The question, "did it ever occur to you?" will be superfluous:

"Wife," said Ed Wilbur one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his neat little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed. He won't ask her, he is so awfully shy. He was here this morning when I was hanging out some clothes and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a nightgown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed, "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm, under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week, Nellie."

So saving, Ed started, and while he is going we will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good looking fellow, though his whiskers and hair began to grow grey, and he had got a set of false teeth. But everyone said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a hen after a grasshopper. But Bill was bashful and always was—and when Susan Berry-bottle, whom he was sweet on—although he never said "boo" to her—got married to old Watson, he just drew in his head like a mudturtle into its shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow he had paid more attention to his clothes and had been very regular in his attendance at the same church that the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed Wilbur. "Good morning, Mr. Smiley." "Good morning Mr. Wilbur. Any news of late?"

"Nothing in particular that I know of," said Ed, "only that Barnum's show, that everybody is talking about and everybody and his girl is going to, will soon be here. I was over to old Sackrider's last night and his son Gus has a new buggy and is scrubbing up his harness and he's got that white-faced colt as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He has been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman and she deserves a better man than that pup of a fellow, though I wouldn't blame her much if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one seems to have spunk enough to speak to her. By jingo! if I was only a single man I'd show him a trick or two." So saying, Ed borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he left Bill sweeping and applied his ear to the knothole to listen, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Sack-

DOES THE CONTINUED HOT WEATHER EFFECT YOU?

You can make the hottest days pleasant if you will call up the Bottling Works and give them an order for Ice Cream or a Case of Soda Water. We also want to sell you your Ice. Give us an order and see the service we give you. When you go in the country take a case of cold Soda Water with you, it will cool that hot, dry wind. Ladies, when you are planning your dinner be sure and phone us for some Spur Brand Cream. It tastes like more

SPUR ICE & BOTTLING WORKS T. L. HIGGINBOTHAM Manager

rider!" said Bill. "What business has he got there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I and a new harness, too, and his horse can't come in sight of mine; and I declare, I've half a mind to—yes, I will. I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place."

Ed could hardly help laughing out loud, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder and with a chuckle at his success started home to tell the news to Nelly.

About five o'clock that afternoon they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly thinking of the old singing school days, and what a pretty girl she was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have courage to talk up to her, until at the distance of about a mile of her house he came to a bridge over a large creek, and it so happened that just as he reached the middle of the bridge he gave a tremendous sneeze and blew his teeth out of his mouth and over the dashboard, and striking on the plank they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four or five feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely dumbfounded at this piece of awful luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy and getting down upon his hands and knees looked into the water. Yes, there they were at the bottom with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished that his nose was as close for a second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sackrider. He must try and get them somehow and no time to lose, for someone might come along and ask him what he was around the bridge for. He had no idea of spoiling his good clothes by wading with them on, and besides, if he did that, he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes up in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around to the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water, but his teeth did not shatter in his head; he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the water, and when he got to the right spot he dropped down and got up with his teeth in his hand and replaced them in his mouth.

But hark! What noise was

that? A wagon and a little dog barking with all its might, and his horse starting. "Whoa, whoa—" said Bill, as he splashed and floundered out through the mud and water. "Confound the horse; whoa, whoa. Stop you brute, stop." But stop he would not, but went on at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him and the dog yelping after the bachelor; Bill was certainly in good running costume, but though every nerve was strained he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines which were dragging on the ground.

After a while his plug hat fell off the seat and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dust and rinkles, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house upon the hill, and what could he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on and making a desperate effort he clutched the back of his buggy and clammered in and pulled the buffalo over his legs and stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he had got from old Squire Moore, and the Squire got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he hadn't got his reins. Besides he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much

else. The widow heard the rattling of the wheels and looked out and seeing that it was Mr. Smiley and that he did not offer to get out, she went to the gate to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on top of the gate and her smiling face turned right toward him, while the cold chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make nice streams of mud that came trickling down his face. She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up the lines, as he did not know what explanation to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a whitefaced horse coming, and at once surmised that Gus Sackrider was the driver, and he resolved to do or to die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go, of course, she said. But wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry he said; had to go to Mr. Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "You are going to Green's, are you? Why, I was just going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt some. Just wait a minute while I get my bonnet and shawl and I will ride with you." And away she skipped. "Thunder and lightning!" said the bachelor, "what a scrape!" And he hastily clutched his pants from beneath his feet and was preparing to wiggle into them when the buggy drawn by the whitefaced horse, but driven by a boy, came along and stopped besides him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other and just as the widow reached the gate again he said, "Here are your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley that you left down on the bridge when you went in swimming."

"You are mistaken," said Bill, "they are not mine." "Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse just now?" "No, sir," said Bill, "I am not. You had better be going about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots and turning to the widow said: "Just pick up the lines, will you please? This brute of a horse is forever switching them out of my hands." The widow complied and then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down and she got in. "What a lonely evening," she said, "and so warm. I don't think we need the robe over us, do we?" You see she had on a new dress and pair of new shoes and wanted to show them. "Oh my," said Bill earnestly, "you

will find it dreadfully chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you get cold for the world!" She seemed pleased at his tender care for her health and contented herself with sticking one of her feet out with a long silk necktie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a necktie?"

"Yes," he said, "I bought it the other day and must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But it was so careless," she said and stooping over she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it between them.

Bill felt her hand go down and made a dive after it, clutched it in his hand and there he held it fast and hard. Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's, and she wondering why he did not say something nice to her as well as to squeeze her hand, and why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, and as they came down a hill one of the traces came unhitched, and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" said Bill, "what's next?"

"What's the matter, Mr. Smiley?" asked the widow, with a start that came near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces has come off."

"Why don't you get out and put it on?"

"I can't," said Bill, "I've got—that is I haven't got—oh dear, I'm so sick. What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she tenderly, "what's the matter? Do tell me." And she gave his hand a little squeeze and looking into his pale face she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling salts bottle with her left hand and pulling the stopper with her teeth she stuck it under his nose. Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over the low-backed buggy. The little woman gave a scream as his feet flew past her head and covering her face with her hands she gave way to smiles or tears—it's hard to tell which. Bill was "right side up" in a moment and was leaning over the back of the seat humbly apologizing and explaining when Ed Wilbur and his wife drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he had rather be shot than have Ed Wilbur see him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now.

So he called Ed to him and whispered to him in his ear. Ed was like to burst with suppressed laughter as he beckoned to his wife to drive up, and after saying something to her, helped the widow out of Bill's buggy to his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind. Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could and then with great persuasion Ed got him to go home with him and hunting up old slippers and socks and getting him washed and combed had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived. I need not tell how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill and how they all laughed as they sat by the tea table that night and I will conclude by saying that he went to the show with the widow and he has no fear of Gus Sackrider now. This is the story about Bill and the widow as I had it from Ed Wilbur, and if there is anything unsatisfactory about it, ask him.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. S. HOLMAN

Attorney-At-Law

All legal business attended with accuracy and dispatch

Office in First State Bank Building, Spur, Texas

B. D. GLASGOW

Attorney-At-Law

Office Over The Spur National Bank

J. H. GRACE, M. D.

General Practice of Medicine

Prompt response will be given to all calls, city or country, day or night.

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SPUR FARM LANDS

We Offer You a Choice From 673 Square Miles of Texas' most productive Territory

Sold direct to the homeseeker, perfect title, no selling commission. We give full value for every dollar.

\$12 to \$25.00
Per Acre

With some additions when close to town

THE SETTLEMENT OF SPUR FARM LANDS

HAS IN SOME PORTIONS TAKEN PRACTICALLY ALL THE LAND WE HAVE BEEN OFFERING UNDER THE PLAN OF RESERVATION OF EACH ALTERNATE SECTION

WE ARE, Therefore, Ready to Price and offer for sale such Sections in these localities as has heretofore been Reserved.

We wish to advise the present settlers in the lands so that if they desire to buy the land adjoining their former purchases—they will have the first opportunity to do so.

DEFINITE PRICES ON THESE OR ANY OTHER LANDS WILL BE MADE UPON APPLICATION

STATE EXPERIMENTAL FARM STATION AT SPUR

Recognizing the great possibilities and wonderful future of Spur Farm Lands, the state is now operating an Experimental Farm Station at Spur. This will be a great benefit to the settlers in this region, showing them by actual demonstration on the lands what crops can be most profitably raised; best methods of cultivation, and assisting in all the problems of the farm. This decision was reached after a visit to the lands by Judge Ed. R. Kone, Commissioner of Agriculture, and Dr. H. H. Harrington, Director of Experimental Stations, who recognized the unusual farming value.

To the first comers, ready to develop, we are willing to sell one-half our holdings of 673 square miles on easy terms and reasonable price. We reserve the other half for big increase sure to come with development. We stand shoulder to shoulder with the homeseeker. Cotton, no boll weevil, corn, alfalfa, all feed stuffs, grains, fruits, melons, vegetables. Great hog country—no cholera ever known. The hog farmer is king, and nowhere can hogs be matured so cheaply. Quick run to Fort Worth market. Delightful, healthful climate—altitude 2000 to 2,500. The great extent and variety of land insure the homeseeker such range of selection that the man early on the ground can find exactly what he wants. For further information as to land and lots, with free illustrated pamphlet, see

**Chas. A. Jones, Manager for S. M. Swenson & Sons,
SPUR, DICKENS COUNTY, TEXAS.**

TEXAS SPUR

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1909, at the post office at Spur, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ORAN McCLURE, Editor & Prop.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year.

When not specified, all Adds will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly.

FOUR ISSUES ONE MONTH

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

The following officers were nominated in the July Primary for Dickens County officers to be elected in November General Election.

For Representative (105 District):
A. C. Wilmeth

For County Judge:
O. S. Ferguson

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
J. B. Conner

For County and District Clerk:
Crawford Cobb

For Tax Assessor:
T. J. Harrison

For County Surveyor:
L. T. Cochran

For County Treasurer:
B. A. Crego

For County Commissioner, (Pre. 3):
Jeff D. Reagan

For Public Weigher:
C. H. Perry.

Tell your neighbor to put his name on the Texas Spur list.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

It takes 100 men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire women as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as redeeming glory of humanity, the sactuary of all virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths. It forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power sweeter than life and stronger than death.—Ingersol.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Henson & Poole has suspended business. I have their accounts to collect. All parties indebted to them will arrange at once and save cost.—R. S. Holman.
41-2t

HIS AMBITION

"I would rather be the humblest of those who have given hope to the hopeless, and happiness to the distressed of my race, than to live in history as a conqueror, with my hands stained with innocent blood. I would rather have my name written among those who have loved their fellow man than to wear laurels that encircle the brow of the iron prince. I would rather sleep in some quiet church yard unknown and unremembered, save those in whose hearts I have scattered seeds of kindness and upon whose lips I have conjured smiles of joy, than to be confined in a sarcophagus of gold, with desolate homes as my monuments and widows and orphans as living witnesses of my glory."—Robert Love Taylor.

BOOSTING THE PRICE

Tom McArthur was in Spur Tuesday from his place in the Tap country and hauled out a big load of lumber with which to make improvements in that section. Such improvements indicate prosperity and bumper crops, and we presume that Tom has as fine crops as there are in the country. However, we have formed an idea that Tom thinks that if he tells anybody about it that the price of cotton will drop to the bottom.

HORSE STRAYED

Two years old, bay, branded cross on left jaw. Five dollars reward for information leading to recovery.—J. H. Stiles, Post, Texas.
38-3tp.

FOR SALE

Our 2-year and 3-year old black Jacks, white points, good size, big bone; broke to serve. Terms. Box 183, Anson, Texas.
36-4t.

I have established an ice business at Spur in connection with the Jayton Ice Plant and will appreciate a share of your business in that line. Later the Ice Plant will be moved to Spur and manufacture Spur ice. Phone orders to number 73.—G. C. Pass.

NOTICE

For sale or trade, a good wagon also one good buggy. See J. B. Conner at wagon yard, Spur, Texas.
30 4t

FOR SALE—Full blood Poland China pigs and Silverlace Wyandott cockerels.—Mrs. Fred O. McFall, Mound Farm.
39-4tp.

FOR SALE—20 acre block west of Spur, well improved. Will take some trade and sell at a bargain.—T. A. Edmondson.
39-4t.

Subscribe for The Texas Spur

Always Open For Business

People sometimes ask us when we will be open for loans. There is not a day in the year except Sundays and legal holidays that we are not open for any kind of legitimate banking business

**IF YOU HAVE ANY MONEY TO DEPOSIT, BRING IT!
IF YOU WANT TO BORROW MONEY, SAY SO!**

Our customers all know that when they have a legitimate business proposition they can put it up to us any day in the year, if you are not a customer, come around and let us show you why it would be to your advantage to become one.

The Spur National Bank
Capital, 100,000.00

R. V. COLBERT, President,
C. A. JONES, Vice-President

W. G. SHERROD, Cashier
M. E. MANNING, Asst. Cashier

W. C. BOWMAN
Lumber Comp'y
 LUMBER, SASH
 DOORS, PAINT,
 And All Kinds Building Material

All Kinds of Feed Kept
 WE HANDLE HIGHEST GRADE
 & MAKE THE LOWEST PRICE.
 See me Before You Buy. First-class Wagon Yard Accommodations
 Plenty water and good camp house. 1 Block west of Spur Hardware
J. B. CONNER

G. A. HOWSLEY
 Horseshoeing & General Blacksmithing
 Hot and Cold Tire Steting a Specialty. Near the Gin

Horse Dentist!
 W. H. Teague is prepared to pull or cut horses teeth,
 treat all diseases and prescribe for horses and cattle.
 Office at Teague's Blacksmith Shop, Spur, Texas.

Eastside Barber Shop
 TIDWELL & WILSON, Props.
 First Class Tonsorial Work. Hot and Cold Baths and
 Up-To-Date Service in Every Respect. Call and see us

NEW WESTSIDE BARBER SHOP
 A. P. EDGAR, Proprietor
 FIRST-CLASS BARBER WORK
 Shop located next door north of McDonald's Confectionery. Your work so-
 licited and will be appreciated.

Luzon Telephone Co.
 Spur, Texas.

Best Local and Long Distance Service and Connections
 THE VERY BEST SERVICES EXTENDED TO PAT-
 RONS AND THE PUBLIC.
 Let us put a 'phone in your home or place of business.

Spur Dray and Transfer Co.
 J. P. Simmons Prop
 We do all kinds of heavy and light hauling and transfer
 work, and solicit your business in our line.
 and we will give you prompt and satisfactory service.

**A TRIP OVER THE EAST.
 SIGHTS SEEN ON TRIP.**

On July 30th I bid my wife and children good-bye, boarded the train for the east. Crops beside the railroad look well on Duck Creek Valley and for six miles east of Spur, from there to Stamford feed crops are burned up and will not make, and cotton prospects not good. Arrived at Stamford 6:30 o'clock, will leave at 9:30, will have three hours to ramble over town. In company of I. S. York and my son Ernest, we strolled up the street from union depot toward the town square, and as we pass the beautiful \$60,000 M. E. church we stop and gaze in admiration at its magnificence. Coming to the town square we see several business buildings that would be a credit to any town, and we must see more of the town. We strolled on toward the north resident portion and while Mr. York and Ernest went sight seeing I stopped at the home of my old acquaintance and friend, Frank Crawford, where we were very hospitably entertained. After supper I was invited to take a seat in the auto and see some of the town, and see the town we did, we went east, west, north and south. I saw many beautiful homes. It made me believe that people of Stamford do things in the right way to build a town. Our time's up, we must go aboard the train. 9:30, too dark to see any crops or tell how the country looked, the only thing we had to entertain us was the rickety-rack of the old tin can car wheels. When we got to Dublin I heard a strange rattling, wheezing, gurgling, flifty-flop kind of a sound which roused me from my nap, and it was Will Stephens telling his folks they must get off there 'cause they had to go another road. We finally got back to the land of nod, and back to earth again about the time we were crossing the Brazos river, for night had turned to day so that we could see once more, and of all the crops that ever I did see these do break the record. The feed crops were withered and twisted, scorched and woe-begone looking. Well I've forgot all the rest of words that tell how sorry they do look. The cotton was about knee high to a grasshopper and looked like the frazzled out little end of nothing. This sorry crop prospects lasted till we got to Waco. What next? Well, we forgot the crops the first thing, and almost the only thing we could see as we approached the city was that 22-story sky-scraper. We watched it grow tall as we drew nigh the city, our interest increasing all the while, and immediately upon setting foot on the paved streets we were taken with an acute case of sky-scraperitis. We had but a short time, but go we must. Well, we stopped long enough to eat a few bites in a Dago restaurant, and soon as we could gulp down 30 cents worth each, we could feel the disease coming on with great force. Away we go into the elevator entrance and told the elevator boy to take us to the top. Well, this elevator business kept trying to set us down when we wanted to stand up, but we landed all o. k. on 21 floor, in offices of the Amicable Life Insurance Company. Their employees (mostly young women) were polite and courteous, will-

ing for us to see all that came within the range of our vision. This building being the first of its kind we were ever in. Its beautiful white marble tile floor and steel doors and steel casings and windows all steel except the glass, and its metallic ceilings, everything fire-proof were matters of interest to us. Then the view we had of the city was worth while. But our time is up. We step into the elevator cage. The boy pulls the lever and the bottom begins falling from under us while we do our best to stay with it, (cause didn't any of us want to be left up in the air). Well, we landed o. k. and rushed to the depot to catch the train for Hillsboro. Crops along the Katy look some better and as we get near to Hillsboro we see the best crops since leaving Dickens county. There will be some corn made here and we learn that the oat crop was good. Cotton is 18 inches to 2 feet high and fairly well loaded with bolls but is not blooming much now.—E. Lee.

FINE TEST OF CLEAR SPEECH

Conversation with the Blind Will Test
 One's Power of Making Listeners
 Understand You.

Let no one boast of his descriptive powers until he has tested them in conversation with a blind person," said the city missionary. "I used to think that I had the knack of making things pretty clear, but after I began to escort the blind on their walks I found that I had not the slightest conception of concise, comprehensive speech. My first experience of the kind was at a naval parade. I guided two blind men down to Riverside to 'see' the ships. I described to the best of my ability what was going on, but I soon found from the questions they asked that I had given them no idea of what the pageant looked like. I reasoned that the fault must be mine. The men had been blind a good while, but they had retentive memories and an active imagination, and with that material to work on I should have achieved better results.

"From that day I began to cultivate the gift of accurate description. Even when out alone I talked to myself trying to put into words the pictures I saw. By degrees I acquired the art of seeing my blind charges see through my eyes. My biggest stumbling block was women's clothes. No woman I met anywhere show a keener avidity to keep up with the fashions than those I take out from the blind asylum, and it requires every one of my newly acquired gifts to convey an adequate idea of the season's styles."

TAVERN ALSO A PAWNSHOP

Establishment in the City of London,
 England, is in Enjoyment of
 Unique Privilege.

A time-honored London (Eng.) city tavern, the Castle, at the corner of Cowcross street, facing Farrington street, enjoys the unique distinction of being also a fully licensed pledge shop. Over the door in the bar, which gives access to the landlord's private room, and thrown into bold relief by the official document behind it, the historic three-sphered symbol is discernible. Any one may here negotiate a loan upon his personal belongings without being under the necessity of first calling for refreshment. Formerly the house had a special pledge counter resembling the modern "Bottle and Jug" department, but this is no longer in evidence.

This strange combination of business dates from the reign of George IV., who, after attending a cock fight at Hockley-in-the-Hole, applied to the landlord of the Castle for a temporary accommodation on the security of his watch and chain. By royal warrant a few days later he invested that obliging boniface with the right of advancing money on pledges, and from that time down to the present a pawnbroker's license has been annually granted to the Castle. This hostelry is mentioned once or twice by Dickens in his novels.

SUMMER AT THE MATTERHORN

Monster Mountain Has Claimed Many
 Victims Who Attempted to
 Scale Its Summit.

Zermatt.—High up the mountain-side, above Zermatt, in full view of that dread outline which is the wonder of the world, we spent the long days of summer. From the small natural platform, directly in front of the hotel, it was possible to include both the opposite peak and the village far beneath, in a single glance. The Matterhorn reared his fearful form in menacing attitude against the heavens, an object of worship nevertheless, for all his aspect of grim cruelty. Every morning very early he accepted my homage from our tiny dormer window through which we obtained a



At the Foot of the Matterhorn.

marvelous view of the entire valley and its colossal guardian, and by degrees there developed a silent but thorough, and I might even say, psychic sympathy between us.

We were not so fortunate as to see the Alpine glow at any time, for it was not the proper season; only a tinge of rose appeared sometimes on the rugged sides of the Matterhorn. After all it was enough to breathe the air of that high, free place; to run over the grassy rolling knolls behind the hotel, to lie down in the sunshine, near some weather-stained chalet, and to see the shining of the evening star, apparently quite close to the dark crest of the mighty mountain opposite.

One day we talked with a retired guide, whose fingers and one foot had been frozen off in the Andes, and who, in his day, had made many ascents, among them that of the Matterhorn. He seemed to consider the latter feat simple enough, and really very safe with due precautions. He was a fine-looking specimen of manhood, barring his pathetically maimed condition; an almost gigantic, thoroughly genial mountaineer, who seemed to take pleasure in showing us his remarkable museum, with its interesting charts, relief maps, and photographs. Also, its painful relics of the numerous victims of that mountain-conquering madness, which I, for one, cannot condemn, since it seized, to some extent, on my own imagination, while in sight of those siren heights that call and beckon with a mysterious enchantment, from their frozen solitudes. There were nailed shoes and caps, knapsacks and ice-picks, all marked with the names of their owners who had lost their lives in snowstorms, from avalanches, or from some treacherous misstep on the edge of a precipice. There were an appalling number of causes enumerated, but the chief reason for most of these catastrophes seemed to spring from human rashness—complete indifference to the proper season for such undertakings, as, for example, attempts to scale the Matterhorn or the Lyskamm or lofty Monte Rosa as late as October, at which time the chances of blizzards and avalanches are very great.

Phone 73 for your ice.—G. C. Pass.

The Spur Hotel

W. N. BLACKWELL, Prop.

RATES: \$1.50 Per Day.

See me for Weekly Rates

Nice, Clean Rooms and the Best Table the Market Affords.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. W. J. Elliott and daughter, Miss Margeruite, were in the city Saturday visiting friends. Miss Margeruite remained in the city, spending the week at the home of Dr. T. E. Standifer and family.

W. F. Shugart returned the latter part of last week from a trip to New Mexico where he spent several days. He says they have had plenty rain and good crops, fine grass and everything looks good.

C. D. Pullin returned the first of the week from a trip to the Cat Fish country and he says that he saw some of the finest crops during all of his life, and he is getting to be an old man.

P. J. Hext, a prominent citizen of the Afton country, passed through Spur the first of the week on his way to Jayton to visit his daughter, Mrs. Hancock, who is reported quite sick.

Frank Hastings, a prominent citizen and manager of the Swenson interests of Stamford, was in Spur the latter part of last week on business spending some time here.

Mrs. W. L. Manning and daughter, Miss Mildred, of Albany, returned Sunday to their home after spending a week in Spur with M. E. Manning and family.

Niles Morris and wife, of Jayton, were in Spur Sunday between trains. Niles has become a staid, old married man and his visits to Spur are not quite so frequent.

L. C. Arrington, a prominent citizen of the Afton country, was in Spur one day this week on business. He reports everything in good shape in his section.

Jeff Smith, of several miles west of Spur was in the city Saturday and reports everything in good shape in his section, plenty rain and crops growing nicely.

Mrs. Welch and daughters, of Rule, returned Thursday to their home after spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Roberts at their home in Spur.

Albert Spencer, who is now holding down a job on the Dickens Item, came over Saturday from Dickens and spent Sunday here with friends.

E. C. Edmonds and family went out Monday and spent the day at the Spur Ranch headquarters picnicing and hunting.

Mrs. Nettie Murchison, of Abilene, is in the city on an extended visit to her son, J. A. Murchison and family.

W. F. Godfrey has been spending some time on the Plains recuperating and looking after other business matters.

Mr. Finch, a prominent citizen of Jayton, was in Spur Sunday spending several hours here between trains.

Will Rhodes and family, of New Mexico, are visiting Judge McClain and family at their home on Cat Fish.

Wiley Dodd and wife, of Abilene, were in the city this week visiting J. A. Murchison and family.

Mrs. N. Q. Brannen returned recently from a visit to relatives at Jayton and Peacock.

Dock Ellis and family, of the West Pasture, were in the city trading Monday.

H. K. Parks, of Jayton, was in Spur Monday and Tuesday on business.

**The Time-The Place-And The Suit
NOW IS THE TIME--HERE IS THE PLACE**

THIS IS THE SUIT

\$20.00 Men's Suit

\$15.00

\$15.00 Men's Suit

\$10.00

\$12.50 Men's Suit

\$8.50

\$10.00 Men's Suit

\$6.00

Wm. Schwab
St. Louis
Clothes



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\$7.50 Boys' Suit

\$5.00

\$6.00 Boys' Suit

\$4.00

\$5.00 Boys' Suit

\$3.00

\$3.50 Boys' Suit

\$2.

Bryant-Link Comp'y

FREE ICE WATER

SPUR, TEXAS

Miss Myrtle Medley, of Hill county, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. McFall several miles north of Spur. Miss Medley is a niece of Mr. McFall and is a most pleasant and charming young lady.

Mr. Kimble and family, who recently had their home on the Bender place destroyed by fire, moved last week to Spur and Mr. Kimble is now employed at the Perry Fite meat market.

J. B. Conner spent several days this week with his parents at Tulia. He was called home on account of the illness of his children.

Berry Pursley was in Spur several days this and last week from his ranch in Kent county looking after his business interests here.

Mrs. Kimble, of Stamford, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dunn at their home in Spur.

Hamp Collett, of the Tap country, was in Spur Tuesday on business and spent several hours here.

Mrs. J. C. McNeill, of fifteen or twenty miles west of Spur, was in the city Saturday.

Home manufactured ice furnished by G. C. Pass. Phone orders to 73.

THE CROSS

(BY MRS. W. B. BENNETT)

Poets have sweetly sung its praise,
Sculptors have carved it in marble white,
Martyrs have clung to it in the fire,
Watchmen have carried it all the night,
Christians have quietly died in their beds,
Leaning against it, their weary heads.

O! let us embrace it with rapturous love,
Lay hold of the Cross, dying sinner, I pray!
Everything else will fail you sure,
I tell you without it you'll perish some day.
Grasp it I pray you and hold it high;
Without a strong grip of the Cross you die.

Uncle Wash Robertson, of the Afton country, was in Spur Tuesday and spent some time here trading and looking after business matters.

T. A. Randleman returned Monday from a trip of several days to Rochester.

W. G. Sherrod was called to Lubbock Monday to see his aunt who is reported quite sick.

DRY LAKE ITEMS

Since the big rain last week crops look very promising.

Proctor Brown had business in Spur Saturday.

Clarence Day, of Spur, attended church here Sunday.

Jeff Pirkle spent several days at Tap last week visiting relatives.

Mrs. Randall, of Chillicothe, is visiting this week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. D. Baker.

Miss Lottie Johnson was the guest of the Misses Davies Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Van Leer returned Wednesday from Garza county where they have been visiting several days.

A large crowd is expected at the Dry Lake school house Sunday as the Methodist meeting begins that day.

Miss Lois Vernon and her brother, Foy, of Spur, are attending the singing school here. Also Miss Jewel and Audry Hardin, of near Spur are attending the singing school.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Garza county are visiting this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Van Leer.—Maiden Vine.

TAP TELLINGS

Everything is still looking good out here. Early feed crops are being harvested this week.

The housewives are busy cooking fruit and vegetables for future reference.

The following party are out on Blanco this week fishing: T. S. Lambert, J. E. Sparks, A. Z. Smelser, Chas. Brasher, with their families. We will hear some real fish stories when they return.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Davies have returned from an extended visit out on the Plains.

Ed Fuqua has returned from a tour over the west. He says he did not find the honey pond, but found a good place to make one, and will probably dispose of his holdings here and move out there.

Uncle Dan Thomas, of Loraine, is here on a visit to his mother, grandma Thomas, and other relatives.

The Christian people are holding a revival meeting at present. Elder Philips, of Broncho, is doing the preaching.

Carl Brantner, who left here sometime ago for Mexico with a bunch of horses, has returned.—Gadabout.

NEW HOPE

R. C. Forbis is in southern Texas on business.

A. A. Allen and part of the family are now visiting relatives in Jones county.

Mr. F. W. Wilson, of southern Texas, is here prospecting and looking out a location.

Cotton is doing just excellent. The rains of late have been sufficient to keep it growing all the time.

J. V. McCormick, late candidate for county clerk, has bought the Afton gin and is now removing and over-hauling it for the fall season.

Among those who are attending the Roaring Springs camp meeting are G. W. Jackson of Croton, Chas. Applegate of Dickens and Misses Pearl Stradley, Edna and Edith Shields and Emma Buchanan, also E. H. Blakeley was there several days.

We were highly entertained by an ice cream supper given by Jake Scott and could be only appreciated by those who were in attendance. Those who were present were Will Austin and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Buchanan, J. M. Jones and family, Dud Jones and wife, T. M. Burges and Wiley McCarty and quite a number of young folks.—Onion.

Judge McClain was in the city Saturday from his home in the Cat Fish country and reports everything in the very finest shape with respect to crop prospects since the recent rains.

W. F. Walker, of near Spur to the southeast, was in the city Saturday and reports everything flourishing and most promising in his section.

Mrs. Clinton Funk, of the city, is on an extended visit to her mother and other relatives and friends at Hamlin.

Presiding Elder Griswold, of Stamford, spent several days this week in Spur on business.

Mr. Lewis, of Crosbyton, had business in Spur Tuesday and spent some time here.

Dr. Childress, of Floydada, was in Spur Tuesday on business.

"THE FIRST STEP IS ALL THE DIFFICULTY"

In any important undertaking in life's work, the first step should be taken with a feeling of confidence and security. Backed by the knowledge of a healthy bank account, that step will be made more easy and secure. Opportunities constantly occur for the one with financial backing. We invite you to start an account in our bank, if you are not already a depositor.

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF SPUR, TEXAS.
CAPITAL STOCK \$50,000.00
GUARANTY FUND BANK