

Gomez

The Capital of Terry County, Texas.

Gomez had nothing but coyotes and antelopes ten months ago---now contains fourteen business houses and twenty-six residences, the best school in the west and two Church organizations.

Business lots on the square can be bought for \$75, corner lots \$200, other business lots from ten to thirty dollars according to location. Residence lots within four blocks of the square, S E corner \$30, N W corner \$20, others \$25. All residence lots 140 ft square. Fifty resident blocks containing from 5 to 8 acres each at \$12 per acre. All of these blocks are in less than half mile from square. Lots or blocks can be bought for 1-3 cash, balance one and two years, or all lots purchased and built on at once, containing two or more well finished rooms, one year given and nothing paid down. For information as to Gomez write to see Mr. Sam P. Ford, at Gomez for Sale, Texas. All deeds made by Sam P. Ford, J P and Notary Public for Terry county.

Gomez is one mile west of the center of Terry County.

sawdust right into that pudding! Dear me, how I do hate a man puttering round the house."

"I'm making my wife a cupboard," said Mr. Griffin, "and---drat it all! there goes that saw into my finger! Eh-eo-u-gh! I shall bleed to death! All on account of being meddled with! Strange that a woman can't mind her own business! Jane Ann get a rag quick!" and Mr. Griffin danced round the room holding his lacerated finger in his mouth and making things generally lively.

"Does it ache?" asked Aunt Susan.

"Ache! Zounds, woman! what do you expect it does when it is out off and torn off with a saw! Jane Ann, where are you with that rag? Darn it all a woman never does anything as she ought to. No, I won't have a rag on it! I'll bleed to death first! and Mr. Griffin fired the bloody handkerchief he had wiped his hand on at the cooking stove and hit Aunt Susan plumb in the eye, and then he went at his work with added energy.

The sawdust and shavings flew "every which way," and the stuffing for the turkey got a handful of shavings recklessly brushed off the "bench" by the angry worker, and the mince meat received a liberal sprinkling of sawdust from the same source.

"Ain't you making that cupboard awful big for the place where it is to go?" asked Mrs. Griffin, as she paused for a moment in rolling her pie crust to observe the operations of her husband.

"Well, perhaps, now, you'd better take this job and finish it," said Mr. Griffin, mopping the sweat from his forehead, "you've got to get it done."

don't think I know what I am about, eh?" and Mr. Griffin vigorously hammered in a long nail, and fastened the embryo cupboard to the kitchen table on which he had rested the end of his structure.

By the time the nail was drawn out the table was split, and the back of the cupboard was twisted out of proportion, and Mr. Griffin was as mad as it is possible for a man to be under like circumstances.

The women were "cackling," as Mr. Griffin phrased it, all the time, and all the pounding he could do did not drown their voices. Aunt Susan was telling about how she had the grip last winter, and Mrs. Scates was giving her account of a similar sickness she had.

"Oh, I was so cold and so dreadful hot, and the doctor said my temperaments was up to two hundred and two, or maybe it was one hundred and two, and my---"

"And mine was like a fever," said Aunt Susan, "only worse. And you could hear me breathe all over the house, and my lungs---"

"And I put mustard on my chest and drew it all out to a blister, and I inhaled peppermint essence, and took whiskey, and I a rigid temperance woman, and---"

"I always take quinine," said Mrs. Robinson when she saw a chance to put in her oar, "It makes my ears ring but I'd rather have a whole string of sleigh bells in my ears than to have the grip---"

At this juncture Peter endeavored to turn his cupboard over and in doing so he struck Aunt Susan in the back and sent her headlong into a pile of pans and jars which had tumbled out on the floor, because there was no room anywhere

"What on earth are you thinking of, Peter?" cried Mrs. Griffin coming to the rescue. "You've nearly killed poor dear Aunt Susan. And you've smashed that preserve jar all to nothing and all that barbery jell is running out on the floor!"

"Let it run!" roared Mr. Griffin, "How can you expect anybody to have eyes in his back? I'm making a cupboard and have got to have room to work."

"You'll never git that thing you call a cupboard into the dining room, its as big agin as the door. And its too high. Why don't you measure and find out what you're a-doing?" cried Mrs. Scates.

"Measure? What do I want to measure for? Ain't my eyes true? Do I look like a man that would make a cupboard too big for the place it was to go in? Do I carry about with me the ear marks of a fool?"

And then the women cackled on, and Mr. Griffin raved and hammered with desperate determination. By-and-bye he straightened himself up and surveyed his handiwork with satisfaction.

"I guess thats about the checker," he said approvingly. "I guess the barrel chairs that Jones made for his wife can't beat that. Now Jane Ann, if you and Aunt Susan'll take hold of one end of her, mother'll steady her in the middle, we'll set her up where she belongs, and have her going. And you can call this your Thanksgiving cupboard, Jane Ann."

Jane Ann wiped her hands, and Aunt Susan, with many a plaintive lamentation regarding the state of her neuralgia, took hold of one end of Mrs. Griffin's structure while Mrs. Scates attempted to steady the thing in the middle.

It was awful, and the two women at the end dropped it twice---once on Aunt Susan's sores corn once on the dog's tail, but they

tackled it again, and staggering along under the burden they managed to get it to the door of dining-room. It would not go through the door with setting it up on edge, and after while this was accomplished, and when it was safely inside the department, Mr. Griffin proceeded "set her up." This was not so easy as it might seem. The cupboard was a long, box-shaped affair, and as it was several inches taller than the height of the ceiling, it could not be made to stand straight.

"Well take the thing!" cried Mr. Griffin, as he rocked the cupboard back and forth in the attempt to make it fit the place he had built for it, "I measured it all as exact as a trivet, and this house has settled, that's what's the matter."

"Or else the cupboard has stretched," said Aunt Susan.

Mr. Griffin gave the cupboard a vicious kick that disturbed its tottering equilibrium, and down it came on the dining-table which was set out with Mrs. Griffin's dishes for dinner. The crash was tremendous, the table was split in two, and Griffin was buried beneath the ruins. The women had the presence of mind to let go when they felt that the cupboard must go down, and so escaped the general wreck.

"I wish the whole thing was in Tophet!" roared Mr. Griffin, as he wildly struggled to extricate himself from the wreck. "That's what comes of listening to every fool woman that wants you to do something! There's all that good lumber gone to smash, and all them dishes, all because you women folks didn't hold on! Why didn't you hold on? That's what I want to know." And then there followed a string of curses which would not be well in print.

Mr. Griffin emerged from the ruins with his store teeth,

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with a gash across the top of his bald head from which the blood was flowing down his face.

"Peter," said Mrs. Scates, solemnly, "you make my blood run cold swearing so. Yes you do. Be calm, Peter, and---"

That was as far as she got, for at this juncture the cat came in with a very lively mouse, and Mrs. Scates grabbed her skirts around her and climbed up on the side table, from which vantage ground she yelled with all her might.

"Stop that noise!" cried Peter. "If I was afraid of a mouse I'd hang myself! Shoo! shoo! S'cat! Shoo! Holy poker! Hi! Eugh! Zoundsnation! He's run up the leg of my overalls! Help! Help! Grab him! Get the gun and shoot him! I'd rather have a bullet in my leg than that cold, crawling, creeping mouse!"

And Mr. Griffin, holding tight to the overalls' leg, danced about like a madman. At this time the hired man arrived on the scene, and being a true Celt, he at once saw a way out of the difficulty.

don't ye be aafter putting the cat up yer trowers' leg and let her catch the mouse?"

Mr. Griffin let go of his leg to strike at Dinnis, and out dropped a very limp and disconsolate mouse, and the cat seized on it and fled.

In due course of time peace was restored to the Griffin household, and the Thanksgiving dinner eaten from the kitchen table.

"When I attempt to do another little carpenter job," remarked Mr. Griffin, as he wiped the remains of the plum pudding from his lips, "I'll be sure that there ain't no meddling old woman round, giving advice. And I'll take some other day than Thanksgiving---Good Literature.

Made an Assignment.

Tuesday, Dec. 8, Ware & Wolf made an assignment of their stock of general merchandise to Joe Lane, who has taken charge and will settle with the creditors. A list of whom is being published as the Voice goes to press. Bad collection, "why cause"

