

The Borden Citizen

Vol. 6

Gail, Borden County Texas, Thursday, April 5, 1906.

NO. 15

LOCAL BREVITIES.

When Judge Shepherd convened the District Court Monday he found no criminal cases on the docket. The case of Denton vs. Bagley to enforce contract was dismissed at cost of plaintiff and the Bush land cases were continued. Court adjourned Tuesday noon and the Judge returned to Colorado.

The literary program was carried out last Friday with the addition of some clown work. On account of the Methodist meeting there'll be no program tomorrow night. A good rain fell here all day yesterday. W. E. Shankle and B. F. Pryor of Hale Co. were prospecting here Wednesday. B. N. Green is building his new house in the east end. D. L. McDaniel of Santa Anna is visiting his son the doctor.

We are trying to make Big Springs the furniture market of this territory. Our prices are such that you cannot afford to buy elsewhere.

Big Springs Furn. Co.

Holloway's automobile road from Big Springs to Lamesa has been completed and cattle guards installed at all fence crossings. As was the case with Fulton's steamboat and Franklin's newspaper, many were inclined to doubt the success of Mr. Holloway's enterprise, but it is our honest conviction that time will settle the question in his favor.

Mr. Eubank and family moved Saturday from Gail to his new home on the plains.

Mr. S. L. Jones and family were in our city last Saturday.

Mrs. Woods of Tahoka is visiting her mother Mr. Berry.

Big Springs Furniture Company guarantees their goods.

Uncalled For.

"I have been told," said old man Peckem, addressing his 18-year-old son, "that you refer to me as 'the governor' at times. It is true?"

"You have said it, dad," answered young Peckem.

"How is it," continued the old man, "that after knowing your mother all these years you should make a break like that?"—Chicago News.

Cannot Recover Ring.

An Indiana court has decided that a jilted lover cannot recover the engagement ring by suit unless there is a contract to that effect. After this every prudent Indiana lover will arrange to have the engagement ring placed in escrow pending the wedding.

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WAR NEWS BY WIRELESS.

Exciting Adventures of an English
Newspaper Correspondent
at Port Arthur.

It was an exciting story which Capt. Lionel James, a London Times war correspondent, told at the Society of Arts a few nights ago. It showed how useful a servant of journalism wireless telegraphy may be made in warfare, and it also provided instances of the dangers incurred by the correspondent in making use of it, says the London Mail.

Capt. James, giving a history of his experiences while sending news from the Times dispatch boat by means of the wireless system, described how he witnessed a naval attack on Port Arthur, and how he found his boat in the middle of a Japanese torpedo flotilla.

"We determined to give the system a real trial," he said. "We commenced to send the message, which was 1,500 words in length, to a station 130 miles away. The message was sent in four sections. At the end of the first section the operator on the ship listened in vain for a reply.

"All excitement, was waiting in the operator's room to see if there was any result. For about five minutes the operator remained with the telephonic receivers glued to his ears, and then I saw a light gleam in his eyes. He was getting something. At last he took off the telephone and said in his quiet, quaint American way: 'Captain, we will deliver the goods. Weihaiwei says that it is coming in like a drum.' Then I knew that the system was a success."

The Times dispatch boat, the Haimun, was fitted with the De Forest wireless apparatus, and a receiving station was erected near Weihaiwei, the first message sent being in relation to the landing of Kuroki's army. Capt. James sent it from a distance of 80 miles, and when he reached the station found, to his joy, that it was on its way to London. Then he went in quest of further adventure.

Arriving in the neighborhood of Port Arthur, he saw three battleships and two cruisers of the Russian fleet, and immediately sent a wireless message to Weihaiwei, 75 miles away. After this came a run to Chinampo and a dash back to Port Arthur, where important events were pending. The dispatch boat arrived there just in time.

"Just as day was breaking the chief officer on the Haimun woke me to say that the Japanese fleet was on our starboard beam. We had hit it off exactly, and keeping abreast of Togo's squadron, we witnessed the operations which cost the Russian cause a first-class battleship and Admiral Makarov."

Here is a passage telling of the perils of the war correspondent: "The Yellow sea, and especially that portion of it which it was our custom to patrol, was alive with floating mines. Moreover, the Russians, no doubt irritated by their misfortunes, had threatened both myself and my operators with a violent death if we should chance to fall into their hands."

"The reason why the Times' system ceased was because the Japanese naval and military authorities recognized that the existence of a possible channel of leakage of military secrets presented a flaw in their plan of campaign."

Summing up, the lecturer said that he thought wireless telegraphy, in conjunction with journalistic enterprise, had demonstrated its uses too well, and that the success of the system had assisted in its downfall.

ANN

WINDMILL CITIZEN

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T. M. JONES, Ed. and Prop.

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Gail, Texas, April 5, 1906.

THE NEXT STEP FORWARD.

Small homes for the many are coming to be recognized more and more as of greater value to the country than vast fortunes for the few; and so the reclamation idea has gotten a strong hold on the people. First came the reclamation of rich bottom lands by means of levees, which was followed later by the irrigation bill. Now, it is proposed to extend the policy to the drainage and settlement of swamp and marsh lands. All these projects have been and will be of vast advantage to our State and Nation, and we believe the policy should be carried a step further.

In every one of these systems of reclamation, the right of eminent domain by which the government can condemn and, for a consideration, take possession of any property which interferes with the project in hand, has been freely recognized and exercised in just the same way that a railway company condemns its right-of-way. In our judgement the time is at hand when our own State should exercise that right in the interest of her homeless millions.

The greater part of the area of Texas is held in bodies of from 10 to 1000 square miles by private interests for purposes of speculation and much of it was obtained through fraud, intimidation and wholesale dishonesty. But that is another question. To remedy this condition, a reclamation fund of \$1,000,000 should be provided and after two years notice, the State should proceed to condemn and buy all bodies of land larger than eight sections, the price in no case to be more than double the average annual taxable value of such land for three years immediately preceding the date of condemnation proceedings. The land should then be sold at cost to actual settlers on 20 years time at 6 per cent interest in tracts of 160 acres or less for watered agricultural, up to two sections of dry grazing.

Such a policy would double our taxable values in five years and our population and actual wealth in ten. It may require a change of constitution to put it in force,



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but it will be a burning issue in Texas politics just as soon as the school lands are all sold and possibly sooner

IT OUGHT TO PASS.

A bill to take the tax off of denaturized alcohol has been favorably reported to Congress and we hope it will pass. Denaturize means to render unfit for beverage purposes by mixing with it a certain per cent of gasoline. Alcohol can be made of rags, papers, stale fruit and vegetables as well as any kind of grain. The alcohol in a load of maizehads would make more warmth and cook food than several cords of mesquite wood. The process of manufacture is very simple, and enough can be made from kitchen scraps to cook all the meals. It can be used for anything that gasoline or kerosene can, beside being an important agent in the manufacture of celluloid, varnish, shoe blacking, transparent soap, stiff hats, patent leather and smokeless powder; all which are made abroad and imported here. In Cuba where denaturized alcohol is 10 cents a gallon, many ice and light plants are run with this fuel, and in Germany it has put gasoline out of business for driving motor cars and other light machinery. This legislation is of particular interest to the West where fuel and transportation are such vital questions.

TRY THIS NEXT TIME.

A Chicago doctor says that for

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the last fifteen years he has used egg to cure bone felon and has yet to see a case it will not cure. Take a fresh egg and crack the shell at the larger end. Make a hole just large enough to admit the thumb or finger, whichever it may be, and force it into the egg as far as possible without rupturing the shell. Wipe off the egg which runs out and bind a handkerchief or soft cloth around the finger or thumb, leaving egg on overnight. This will generally cure in one application, but if not make another application—Ex.

We recently printed an infallible cure for horse distemper and are now preparing a list of nearly a score of money-saving and money making receipts, and for a short time we will give one of these lists to every one who pays us anything on subscription. This applies to renewals and delinquents as well as new subscribers, so you'll have to hurry if you get in on this deal.

WILL BE GOOD AS NEW.

H G Smith was down from Le-

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forest Wednesday. Mr. Smith will send a petition to the authorities at Washington asking for the re-establishment of the old Leforest postoffice in Garza county. As it now is, there are a number of families up there who are without a postoffice and hence are put to some inconvenience in

getting their mail.—Snyder Coming West.

Rev. Hussey preached twice last Sunday to very large and attentive audiences and a very noticeable and agreeable feature of the services was the remarkably good order which prevailed and and was well spoken of by several persons, including a county official. This is as it should be, and we hope it will always remain so. Borden County officers never have been called on to handle such a case and we hope their services will never be needed to enforce respect for public worship.

We are in full sympathy with the free school plank of Judge C K Bell's gubernatorial platform, which calls for a constitutional amendment giving the State and counties power to supplement by ad valorem taxes, the present inadequate school fund. The constitution guarantees a school term of six months a year, but the present fund is insufficient for more than four in the sparsely settled rural districts which contain the bulk of the school population. Nearly every other State has met the emergency in this way and Texas should not any longer shirk her duty to her future citizens.

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The readers of this paper are offered a splendid opportunity to get the Woman's World for a year and our own paper for the one subscription rate. This offer is made to both old and new subscribers. If you are already a subscriber you may send in your renewal and get the benefit just the same as a new subscriber. The Woman's World has a circulation of 800,000 copies each issue. It is one of the largest, best and most widely read publications in the world. Every issue contains stories by writers of national reputation. It is profusely illustrated. Each issue has a handsome cover in bright colors. The Woman's World is for the home. It is full of Fashion Notes, Housekeeping Helps, Educational Matter, Humor, Recipes, and Miscellany. Every home should have the Woman's World. It is a helpful companion and a welcome visitor. We have made a contract with the publishers by which we are able to offer our paper and the Woman's World for the price we charge for our paper alone.

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We will send you the Citizen and Woman's World one year for \$1., which is the regular price of the Citizen alone. This offer is made to both new and old subscribers. Send all subscriptions to The Borden citizen; Gail, Texas.



"Come, now," he said, laughing, "confess that this is your first attempt and that you have forgotten what mother told you. I've seen bread made since I was only as high as my thumb, and it's always done this way," and without more ado he lifted out the pans, placed them on the shelf above the fire, just where I had always seen Harriet put them, and, seizing the first cloth he laid his hands on, placed it across the top just as Harriet always does, and then confronted me, still laughing.

"I guess I've saved you a good tongue thrashing. What are you going to give me for it?"

heard so often how impudent men can be to girls whom they consider beneath them, and I thought he was going to kiss me. At the top of my lungs I screamed: "Auntie! Auntie!"

Harriet came flying in, all soap suds. "What on earth's the matter, Nan?" she cried; "are you burnt or scalded?" Then she saw the young man, and stopped dead. He looked foolish and Harriet furious. I came lamely to the rescue:

"Here's a gentleman wants eggs, auntie," I stammered.

"Well," said Harriet, "my hens don't lay in the kitchen!"

"I ventured to wait here, madam," said he, with the humblest politeness, "while your niece was getting her bread in the oven."

Harriet cut him short. She glanced over at the bread, gave an angry snort, pounced on it, and whisking the cloth off it, spoke:

"You can't be very busy if you mean to wait for bread to raise under a wet cloth." She sniffed and looked from one to the other as I could not restrain a little triumphant laugh, and the stranger got red in the face.

"You'd better come along with me," she snapped; "I'll give you the eggs; and if you're one of them fancy city sailors as comes up these waters summers, may be you'd better get back to your boat; there's a storm brewing, and likely it won't suit you."

Harriet hustled him out of the kitchen, without giving him opportunity to so much as glance at me, and a few seconds later the steady rhythm of his oars told me that he was gone.

I heard Harriet go back to her work, saying to herself with yet one more fierce sniff:

"It's my belief that young man wanted eggs as much as a cat wants potatoes."

Good-bye, dear Clara, I'll write you every mail now; the ice once it is

a comfort to chat with you who have always been so sympathetic to me. I shall write regularly until my fate overtakes me in the shape of Pryor D. Your Loving but Unfortunate Friend,

NANETTE VAN CORTLAND.

SECOND WEEK.

Oh! Clara, I hardly like to tell you, but I've seen that young man again; he's a splendid fellow; I like him immensely; his name is Douglas; he's a merchant of some kind down-town, but he must be all right for he's a member of the New York Yacht Club, and owns the yacht he's sailing—a dainty dream of a sloop.

Let me tell you all about it:

Nearly every day I go up to Chase's beach, as I have christened it, rowing by myself in one of William Sayer's safe but slow boats, and I bathe under the shadow of the great sandy cliff which divides Oyster Bay from Cold Spring harbor, and which some tourists desecrated last year, they tell me, by planting the name Firefly in shrub letters ten feet high all across its noble forehead. I am glad to say that the wind and the weather disapproved of the fact as much as I did of the idea, and there isn't a trace of this vandalism left. Well, dear, as I said, I go nearly every morning under the shadow of this cliff to bathe, and lie on the sand and read. There is a great big massive rock on the shore, and I generally go when the tide is going down, throw my grapnel in the sand, swim to the rock, and lie basking on it, reading until the sun bakes me dry.

The day after I wrote you, I put on my bathing suit as usual in the house, took "The Tilters of the Sea" and rowed off to the rock, laid my book upon it, rowed to shore, fastened my boat, and swam back for a good, quiet read. I'm not a good swimmer, Clara, and when I go out to the rock I take care that the water is not deeper than four or five feet, so I am not afraid. I clambered up its side and found a perfect Gilliat's

seat in which to rest and read of his adventures. I opened my book and was soon absorbed in it. I read on and on, till finally I reached the dread encounter of poor Gilliat with the octopus. Every nerve in my body was quivering with the excitement and horror of the situation, when suddenly something touched my foot, I looked up with a start, and oh, what a shriek I gave!

I don't know whether I had been reading for hours or whether I had miscalculated the time, but the water had risen until my feet were hanging in it nearly up to my knees. It was clear as crystal, I could see way down to the depths, and found, to my horror, that the touch I had felt was a fish rubbing against me, mistaking me for a part of the rock, so still was I sitting. I drew up my feet and looked around me. The little boat I had left dry on the beach was floating in several feet of water, the tide drawing it away from me until it was thirty feet and more away from me. I would have to swim to it, and swim in I didn't know what depth of water, and oh, horror! with fish and all sorts of live things about me. Perhaps there was an octopus lurking under that very rock waiting for me. I couldn't do it! If I were to drown I couldn't jump off that rock into that fearful living water. I cast about me on every side for some way of escape. Merciful Providence! What was that black thing reaching out long arms toward me from under the rock! An octopus! An octopus, surely! With a wild, unearthly scream I scrambled higher up on the rock, and, to my infinite despair, was feeling myself gradually slipping down into the dreaded water when suddenly I heard an encouraging shout, and a moment later the steady shock of oars in their rowlocks—then a splash, and in a moment more a man was swimming to the rock and scrambling up beside me. Need I tell you, Clara, that it was the young man of yesterday?

"What was the matter?" he cried.

"I sat reading too long, got fright-

oned and daren't swim back to my boat." "Frightened! What of? Oh, I see," taking up my book, "octopuses and things!" and he laughed merrily.

I couldn't be angry. I was so glad to see any one in my plight.

"Will you—could you—bring my boat up here?" I asked, timidly.

"If you wish, but why not swim to it I will stay beside you, and I know you can swim, for I saw you come out here an hour and more ago."

"I dare not!" I cried, shuddering.

"Why?"

"There is something horrible under that side of the rock," I said, nervously. Before I could control him he had dived into the water, and under the very spot of which I was so frightened. He came up laughing.

"What you saw was seaweed, that was all."

I looked again at the dreaded shadow and found that he was right. The long arms were but strands of seaweed floated by the tide.

"May be I had better go!" I said, acknowledging my stupidity with a warm flush of color and an unwilling attempt to jump in the water.

"Hold on!" he cried; "wait till I secure my boat and I'll come back and fetch you. It's pretty deep where you are. I'm glad it's a warm day for a swim, or I shouldn't have enjoyed jumping into the water after a young lady whose nerves are not strong enough to read Hugo. I suppose, though, that people who don't read much are always more impressed by books than ordinary folks."

"How do you know I don't read?" it was on the tip of my tongue to say, but I remembered that he was taking me for a farmer's daughter, and I held my tongue while he swam after his boat, secured it near to mine, and returned to the rock.

He scanned my face with kindly, gentle eyes.

"You've had quite a scare," he said; "don't attempt to be too rash, put your hands on my shoulders, use your feet, and we'll swim to your boat together."

I obeyed him, and was soon seated in the yawl. He fetched my book, and stood in the shallow water holding the boat till I started.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," I began.

"I don't need any thanks," was his answer. "I am glad I have had the opportunity of seeing you again, and showing you that I can do something, even if I can't bake bread."



I READ ON AND ON.

I broke out into a laugh.

"That's right," he said. "I am glad you feel like laughing again. Won't you tell me your name? I am going to row near you until we get within sight of your aunt, and I suppose I mustn't call you Nan all the way!"

"That's my name," I answered, for I was afraid to tell him what my other name was, lest it might give him some clue to my identity, and bring a dozen tiresome people up to see how the fashionable Nanette Van Cortland was spending her summer.

He looked at me a little curiously. "Nan—what?"

"Oh, you want my aunt's name!" I said, innocently. "How stupid of me! Sayer, of course."

"Well, Miss Nan Sayer, tell me how in fact is that you, an oysterman's niece, can't swim, and the right hand of such a very complimentary person as your aunt can't

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make bread?"

I was on the eve of discovery.

I tried to speak in the clumsy manner of Harriet and her husband.

Harriet lest I should see Mr. Douglas and give up every thing for him. Let me tell you all about it quickly, for the minutes fly and Hans may soon be here.

I told you last week how much I was seeing of Mr. Douglas, and how much I wished I were free to care for him. Clara, I have been a fool, a weak fool, and have let myself drift with the tide of my feelings, without a thought, to the sharp rocks on which I might be drifting.

Harriet has been with us all the time, Harriet has approved of him, and there has been nothing to warn me that he thought any thing more of me than of an ordinary acquaintance until to-night.

We were all sitting on the porch watching the sun go down. He had rowed us home, and at Harriet's request stayed to supper. Clara, when I am old and all the life and passion has died out of my heart, I shall still remember the red glow of that sunset, the little ruddy dimples each stroke of his oar made on the glowing bosom of the tide, the fleecy clouds overhead, deepening from pearl to rosy tints until they reached the water, when they were taken up and continued in deeper, stronger hues, till they reached our boat and enveloped us too in their glory and splendor.

Sunset has undone more lovers than ever the cold, prudish gleam of moonlight.

Harriet was in the waist of the boat, he in the bow, and I steering. Over Harriet's shoulder he gave me one look. Clara, if that is the way all men look at the women they love, I no longer wonder at the power men have over us. It was as though some one had struck me. I was powerless to speak or even move! I sat silent, hardly daring to breathe and if my life had depended on it I could not have raised my eyes.

Harriet must have seen my face and interpreted its meaning. She was singularly pleasant to Mr. Douglas, and would ask him to supper when I was longing for him to go that I might be alone to fathom if I could the strange terror that possessed me.

Throughout the meal I did not speak, and I could have cried aloud when Harriet insisted on his sitting on the

porch with us for awhile.

We were hardly seated when I found out her meaning.

"We'd better make the most of this evening," she said, "for to-morrow my niece and I have to go away."

I started, and so did he.

"Yes," she continued, quickly, before I could say a word. "It's time that my niece went back to her people; she's getting kind of notiony out here, and the notions she's getting won't be good for her;" then getting bolder as we both maintained silence: "I didn't say nothing to you about it, Nan; but I put your bits of duds together this afternoon, and we'll start by the first train to Long Island City in the morning."

I was silent, and for a few moments not a word was said; then from the cowshed came the voice of William Sayer: "Harriet! Harriet! Come here! The old cow's a-dying, sure!"

The old cow was the apple of Harriet's eye, and without a word she rose and ran to the shed. In an instant Mr. Douglas was on his feet.

"A blessing on the old cow! And may she need all-night treatment. Nan! Nan! I must speak to you! Come with me, quickly!"

He hurried me down the bank to the boat that was beached below us, and in a trice we were off and rowing for dear life to round the point before Harriet should come back and miss us.

There was not a sound of the oar in the rowlock now; silent as death and as swift, we sped out into the darkling waters. A moment—two—and then we had rounded the point, and, stretching to his work with long, easy strokes, we were soon under the shadow of old Firefly.

Not a word did he speak as we sped along, only as we passed the rock which had been the first means of bringing us together he rested his oars, and, leaning forward, took my hand and kissed it. Silently he beached the boat, lifted me out, and, taking my hand, led me toward a spot we both had often loved. A spring came down from the heights above to mingle with the waters here, and over its mouth a great tree had fallen, leaving a branch that had served us for a bench many a time.

As we walked my feet slipped on a stone, and involuntarily I grasped his hand for assistance; when I would have my hand he placed his



"WE'D BETTER MAKE THE MOST OF THIS EVENING."

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

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GAIL, TEXAS.

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

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

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

CYSTER RAY—CONTINUED.

on mine and held me fast, but spoke no word till we reached the seat. Then he stood before me and spoke:

"Nan," he said simply, "I love you! I love you with my whole soul. I ought not to tell you so, because your aunt told me two weeks ago that you were already promised to a young farmer near your own home. Hush, Nan, don't speak. You have been all that was sweet, womanly and modest, and had I not known this I should have had to leave you long ago, for I, too, am promised to another; I knew my love could not harm you, or I would have put the whole At-

lantic between us days ago! But I could not let you go away forever without telling you. It can never do a woman harm to know that a man loves her and would make her the pride of his home if he were able. I feel, somehow, that I must tell you, Nan, and that I can do so without wronging the man to whom you are bound, or forfeiting whatever esteem you may have for me."

He was silent a moment, holding my hand in his and caressing it. Then he spoke again:

"You have always struck me as being so much above your position, Nan. It seems strange to find a girl of such fine sensibilities among such people as yours,

and it is this gentle nature of yours that makes me feel that you will understand me to-night. You have been kind to me, Nan, and had we both been free, I think I could have made you love me, but it is better as it is, only, Nan, I want you to think of me sometimes; I want you to

realize a little what you have been to me, and to know that your sweet friendship will be the one solace I shall take with me into the loveless life that lies before me."

"Loveless!" I gasped.

"Yes, loveless! I have never loved any woman in the world but you, Nan; no woman's hand has ever lain on my shoulder as yours did just now—no woman's eyes have ever fled from mine as yours did in the boat this evening—I never thought of love till I thought of you—she whom I am bound in honor to marry does not love me, nor I love her. Then why—" I began.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Gail, Texas

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce Jno. S. Frits a candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Borden and Garza Counties.

In announcing myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Borden and Garza Counties, I wish to thank my friends for the support they have given me heretofore and ask each voter's consideration at the next general election. Respectfully

W. K. CLARK.

We are authorized to announce John De Shazo as candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Borden and Garza Counties, subject to the vote of the people.

We are authorized to announce W. A. Bedell as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Borden and Garza Counties at the next general election.

We are authorized to announce E. R. Yellott a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge of Borden and Garza Counties, at the next general election.

We are authorized to announce John Mason a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Borden and Garza Counties at the next general election.

I take this method of informing my friends that I am a candidate for re-election to the office of Treasurer of Borden and Garza Counties at the next general election. Grateful for past favors, I ask your kind consideration in the future.

D. Dorward Jr.

We are authorized to announce H. D. Pruett a candidate for re-election to the office of Commissioner and Justice of the Peace for Precinct No. 1 of Borden County.

S. L. Jones requests us to present his name to people of Borden and Garza Counties as a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor.

We are authorized to announce J. M. Kincaid a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor for Borden and Garza Counties.

We are authorized to announce L. A. Hicks a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Borden and Garza Counties.

I desire to announce myself as candidate for re-election to the office of County and District Clerk of Borden and Garza Counties. I wish to express my appreciation of your support in the past and assure you that your favorable consideration will be appreciated. Respectfully

J. D. BROWN.

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All work positively guaranteed to give satisfaction or money back.
About spectacles: I have most complete line in town—Eyes tested free.
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Dr. A. J. Hannah, a leading physician of Umatilla, Fla., says: "I have been using Herbine in my practice and am well pleased with the results. I always keep some on hand, and think it a grand medicine for Biliousness and Liver Complaints."

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GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do general Banking business. Large draws on the principal Commercial cities.

STILL THEY COME.

Two prospectors, Messrs. J. H. and E. E. Darby from near Anson, Jones County spent last Monday in Gail. They had visited the country about the Earnest ranch in Dawson County, with which they were favorably impressed; and spoke of coming back again. Come again gentlemen, and you will find Borden to possess a combination of advantages in the way of wood, water, health, soil for the farmer and a variety of nutritious grasses and plenty of natural protection for his live stock.

Messrs. H. T. Davis and Clifton Scott of Dallas were in the city Monday in the interest of their business, which is tuning and repairing organs.

2 Registered Red Poll bulls for sale or trade at a bargain. See or write N. W. Hight Gail, Texas.

Borden possesses two advantages over the plains country; the season for cotton is longer and there is much better protection for stock.

FOR SALE.—A single buggy and set of harness about good as new. For information call at Citizen office.

The Misses Guber attended church in town Sunday and took Misses Maud Gray and Grace Hopkins home with them.

Warren Bro's have a full line of Drugs and Drug Sundries as well as Spectacles, come and see them when in Snyder.

Mesdames Mauldin, DeShazo, Hannabass and Miss Goldie Prince made a trip to Snyder last week.

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

Misses Myrtle Jones and Josie York and Messrs. Troy Bullard and C. C. Stevens from the plains were in Gail Saturday and Sunday.

Warren Bro's can fit you with a pair of spectacles. They guarantee satisfaction. Drop them a line at Snyder, Texas.

The young people Saturday night were entertained with a social at the home of Sheriff and Mrs. W. K. Clark.

PATENTS

promptly procured, OR NONE. Send model, sketch or photo for free report on patentability. Book "How to Obtain U.S. and Foreign Patents and Trade-Marks FREE." Patent forms ever used to inventors. PATENT LAWYERS OF 25 YEARS PRACTICE. 20,000 PATENTS PROCURED THROUGH THEM. All business confidential. Sound advice. Faithful service. Moderate charges.

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