

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, APR. 23, 1908.

NO. 17.

## Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Standard and Canton Implements

Success Sulkey Plows

Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed Mills &c.

SNYDER,

TEXAS

C. C. Connell, pres.

J. P. Smith, Sec

## CONNELL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—Successors to the cordill Lumber Company

DEALERS IN

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

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS

Big Springs Texas

## CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year

### When Advertise.

There's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as an advertisement. The prime, first and last, and all-the-time object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not and never will be, designed for any other purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and his store is so full of customers that he can't get his goods and he rushes to his printer and man for advertising. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to sell his goods so bad he can't pay his rent, he stops advertising. That is, some of them do; but occasionally a level-headed merchant does more of it and scoops in all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time when the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for advertising, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed, and a half-holiday six days in a week; but who wants to favor an advertisement? They are built for hard work, and should be sent out in dull days, when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts, and

kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions, and dragged in with irresistible slaughter of prices, before he will spend a cent. That's the end and aim of advertising and if you open a store don't try to get them to come when they are already sticking out of the windows, but give them your advertisement right between the eyes in a dull season, and you will wax rich and own a fast horse and perhaps be able to smoke a cigar once or twice a year. Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more business than you can tend to already.

### For County Attorney.

In this issue of the Citizen appears the announcement of H. R. Debenport, for the office of County Attorney of Borden County.

Mr. Debenport seems to be a worthy and intelligent young man and we believe if elected will make an efficient County Attorney.

In a debate of the Gail Literary in which he recently engaged he acquitted himself with honor, showing talent as a speaker and easily won the question of debate. He has had the advantage of three years experience in the office of his

H. G. TWOLE

JAMES T. JOHNSON.

See us for everything in the Jewelry line all kinds of watches, Clocks and jewelry repaired in first class manner and guaranteed.

Yours to Please

Towle & Johnson,

Snyder, Texas.

When you come to Colorado, Texas ask for the

## HOLLOWELL RESTAURANT

where the cooking is done by white ladies and you get all you can eat for 25 cts. Rooms near by at 50 cts. per night.

JESSE B. HOLLOWELL

Opposite Light Plant

Colorado, Texas.

## Garrett & Carlson Restaurant

Short orders and Regular meals Fish and Oysters always on hand Nice lodging rooms Beds 25 and 50 cts)

Pool Hall on second floor

Clairmonte St. North of Snyder Merc. Co.

Snyder,

Texas

brother who is the County Attorney of Camp county. So he comes equipped with a practical knowledge, of the duties of the office, to which he aspires.

### Conventions.

In accordance with an order of the Executive Committee of the Democratic party of the State of Texas, I hereby call conventions of the several precincts of Borden county, to meet at their several voting places, in said County, between the hours of 8 o'clock and 12 o'clock a. m. on Saturday the 2nd day of May 1908, for the purpose of electing delegates to a County Convention to be held at the Court house in Gail on Tuesday the 5th day of May 1908 between the hours of 10 o'clock and 4 o'clock p. m.

J. K. MITCHELL, Chair.  
Executive Committee Borden County, Texas.

### Come.

The primary election to be held on the 2nd of May will be a contest between the trusts, or those who are aiding and protecting the trusts and the people. For the Bailey faction to win in this struggle will mean the control of Texas by the trusts for perhaps many years, during which they will oppress the people as they see fit.

A majority of the voters are probably opposed to the trusts, but apathy and the failure on their part to realize the vital importance of the issue, may keep many from going to the polls, where every vote will be needed.

Every voter who is true to himself, his family and his country should esteem it an inestimable privilege, to be able to support the cause that is just and right. The loss of a day from work or business, is insignificant compared to the importance of your interests involved in this election. Bailey men seem more zealous than their opponents, and for that reason may poll a fuller vote. As a people become indifferent to the blessings of good government and free institutions, and cease to concern themselves about them, to that extent they lose their freedom and independence and become the prey of demagogues and rulers, and their government once republican in form, assumes the character of a monarchy or a military despotism.

Do not permit a mistaken idea of your interests, however busy you may be in your work at home, to keep you from going to the polls, and depositing your ballot on the day of election in favor of good officials and good government.

# In Business for Your Health

We Have the Goods we Have the prices

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

In Jewelry and Drugs

Phone or Write

## Arnold-Tankersley Drug Co.

BIG SPRINGS, - TEXAS.

Mr. Cunningham, who is again a candidate for Congress in opposition to Hon. W. R. Smith, our present able and faithful representative, was here recently and made a speech to the people of Gail.

The burden of Cunningham's campaign seems to be that he likes Smith's job and wants it, but he failed to give a single good and sufficient reason why the voters of this district should displace an able faithful representative, one who has done something for the district, for a man whose ability as a national legislator has yet to be demonstrated.

Mr. Cunningham left some campaign literature behind him which it seems to us had best been unpublished.

One circular he distributed was headed "Fraternity and Labor" and is a reprint of speeches delivered by the gentleman last year.

In the Fraternity speech Mr. Cunningham flings a few bouquets at all the secret orders from the "Red Cross Society" to "Masonry," but what possible bearing can this have on his fitness to represent us in Congress. Surely Mr. Cunningham is not appealing to the secret orders for support of his candidacy. He well knows that politics have no part or place in the tents of these orders and that they do not countenance, political methods which involve the obligations of the order, or even by suggestion or influence

seek support of men or measures under cover of the order.

Mr. Cunningham's labor speech is pure buncombe. He expressed beautiful and wordy sentiments about labor but makes no promise of what he means to do for labor when elected to Congress. Compare the speech which he distributes with Congressman Smith's record on organized labor.

Since he was elected to Congress Smith has voted and worked for every measure proposed in that body looking to better conditions for organized labor. In his platform Smith says:

"I am opposed to government by injunction and I favor and will support an employers liability law, arbitration and a proper extension of the eight hour law."

If organized labor wants to support candidates who do something for them, it seems to us that this comparison is all sufficient.

Another circular is a copy of his El Paso speech wherein Mr. Cunningham in one breath criticizes Mr. Smith for what he has done for El Paso in Congress in the way of irrigation and in the next he declares that he wrote the plank in the platform on which Smith was nominated that committed Smith to the El Paso irrigation project. If Smith obeyed the platform demand written by Cunningham upon

what grounds does the latter criticize our faithful representative?

Cunningham heaped a tirade of abuse on El Paso people for supporting Smith. He alleges fraud in the last election and says that of the 1433 Smith got in El Paso County 1200 were Mexicans, Negroes and Republicans. Now, everyone knows that such talk is silly. The splendid citizenship of El Paso is known to all Texas, and the bulk of these true Americans are supporting Smith. It would be unnatural if they did not after what he has done for that section. But the Rio Grande Dam is not only beneficial to El Paso but to the whole of that great section of Texas which has hitherto been called a desert. Soon it will be under irrigation and producing wealth untold for our state.

If there was corruption in the election, why hold Smith accountable for it? He was not even in the State when the election was held, nor for three weeks previous. His wife's desperate illness kept him away from the state during almost the entire campaign and he had no more to do with the election than a citizen of another state.

Cunningham charges Smith with nepotism because he employed his son as typewriter and stenographer during the summer. He says Smith violat-

ed the spirit of the law in employing his son as private secretary. Such is not the case.

In the first place there is no such office as private secretary to a Congressman. Congress merely allows each member so much money to pay clerk hire each month. To draw that a Congressman merely has to certify that he has paid or will expend the amount for that purpose. Smith's clerk left his employ last spring and until his return to Congress he had his son do the work. Can any body find wrong in that? Mr. Smith has now and has had since Congress convened a young man who is not related to him. But if he was, what of it? The Grand Old Commoner, John H. Reagan, Lanham and Coke when in Congress employed members of their families as clerks. Gregg, Garner, Gillespie and Stephens of the Texas delegation do it now.

No, the truth is Cunningham wants Smith's place, and because Smith's record is untarnished must needs resort to trivialities in his criticisms.

Smith has been a faithful representative of the people's interests. He is honest and fearless and the whole district has been benefitted by his work in Congress and the people of the 16th District mean to keep him there.

# PETTUS MERCANTILE CO.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Dry Goods, Fine Clothing,

Queen Quality and Stacy Adams Shoes

Implements and Wagons

We solicit Your Business.

# THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE  
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

"I'm a reporter by choice and a detective by instinct," began Slade, with startling abruptness. "Furthermore, I'm pretty well off. I'm what they call a free lance, for I have no regular desk on any of the journals. I generally turn my stuff in to the Star because they treat me well. In return it is pretty well understood between us that I'm to use my judgment in regard to 'stories' and that they'll stand back of me for expenses. You see, I've been with them quite awhile."

He looked around the circle as though in appeal to the comprehension of his audience. Some of the men nodded. Others sipped from their glasses or drew at their cigars.

"I loaf around here and there in the world, having a good time traveling, visiting, fooling around. Every once in awhile something interests me. The thing is a sort of instinct. I run it down. If it's a good story, I send it in. That's all there is to it." He laughed slightly. "You see, I'm a sort of magazine writer in method, but my stuff is newspaper stuff; also the game suits me. That's why I play it. That's why I'm here. I have to tell you about myself this way so you will

understand how I came to be mixed up in this Laughing Lass matter."

"I remember," commented Barnett, "that when you came aboard the North Dakota you had a little trouble making Captain Arnold see it." He turned to the others with a laugh. "He had all kinds of papers of ancient date, but nothing modern—letter from the Star dated five years back, recommendations to everybody on earth except Captain Arnold, certificate of bravery in Apache campaign, bank identifications and all the rest. 'Maybe you're the Star's correspondent and maybe you're not,' said the captain. 'I don't see anything here to prove it.' Slade argued an hour. No go. Remember how you caught him?" he inquired of Slade.

The reporter grinned assent. "After the old man had turned him down good Slade fished down in his war bag and hauled out an old tattered document from an oilskin case. 'Hold on a minute,' said he, 'you old shellback. I've proved to you that I can write and I've proved to you that I have fought, and now here I'll prove to you that I can sail. If writing, fighting and sailing don't fit me adequately to report any little disturbances your antiquated washbowl may blunder into I'll go to raising cabbages.' With that he presented a master's certificate! Where did you get it anyway? I never found out?"

"Passed as 'fresh water' on the great lakes," replied Slade briefly.

"Well, the spunk and the certificate finished the captain. He was an old square rigger himself in the civil war."

"So much for myself," Slade continued. "As for the Laughing Lass"—

## CHAPTER VIII.

**A** COINCIDENCE got me aboard the Laughing Lass. I'll tell you how it was. One evening late I was just coming out of a dark alley on the Barbary Coast, San Francisco. You know—the water front, where you can hear more tongues than at Port Said, see stranger sights and meet adventure with the joyous certainty of mediaeval times. I'd been down there hunting up a man reported by a wharf rat of my acquaintance to have just returned from a two years'

whaling voyage. He'd been "shanghai'd" aboard, and as a matter of fact was worth nearly a million dollars. Landed in the city without a cent, could get nobody to believe him nor trust him to the extent of a telegram east. Wharf rat laughed at his yarn, but I believe it was true. Good copy anyway—

Just at the turn of the alley I nearly bumped into two men. On the Barbary Coast you don't pass men in narrow places until you have reconnoitered a little. I pulled up, thanking fortune that they had not seen me. The first words were uttered in a voice I knew well.

You've all heard of Dr. Karl Augustus Schermerhorn. He did some big things and had in mind still bigger I'd met him some time before in connection with his telepathy and wireless waves theory. It was picturesque stuff for my purpose, but wasn't in it with what the old fellow had really done. He showed me—well, that doesn't matter. The point is, that good, staid, self centered, or rather, semicentered, Dr. Schermerhorn was standing at midnight in a dark alley on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco talking to an individual whose facial outline at least was not ornamental.

My curiosity or professional instinct, whichever you please, was all aroused. I flattened myself against the wall.

The first remark I lost. The reply came to me in a shrill falsetto. So grotesque was the effect of this treble



"I haf been told you might rent her," said the doctor.

from a bulk so squat and broad and hairy as the silhouette before me that I almost laughed aloud.

"I guess you've made no mistake on that. I'm her master and her owner too."

"Well, I haf been told you might rent her," said the doctor.

"Rent her?" mimicked the falsetto. "Well, that—yes, I'll rent her!" he laughed again.

"Doch recht." The doctor was plainly at the end of his practical resources.

After waiting a moment for something more definite, the falsetto inquired rather dryly:

"How long? What to? What for? Who are you anyway?"

"I am Dr. Schermerhorn," the latter answered.

"Seen pieces about you in the papers."

"How many men haf you in the crew?"

"Me and the mate and the cook and four hands."

"And you could go—soon?"

"Soon as you want—if I go."

"I wish to leaf tomorrow."

"If I can get the crew together I might make it. But say, let's not hang out here in this run of darkness. Come over to the grog shop yonder, where we can sit down."

To my relief, for my curiosity was fully aroused—Dr. Schermerhorn's movements are usually productive—this proposal was vetoed.

"No, no!" cried the doctor, with some haste, "this iss well! Somebody might oferhear."

The huge figure stirred into an attitude of close attention. After a pause the falsetto asked deliberately:

"Where we goin'?"

"I brefer not to say."

"H'm! How long a cruise?"

"I want to rent your schooner and your crew as long as I please to remain."

"H'm! How long's that likely to be?"

"Maybe a few months; maybe seferal years."

"H'm! Unknown port; unknown cruise. See here, anything crooked in this?"

"No, no! Not at all! It iss simply business of my own."

"Not that I care," commented the other easily, "only risks is worth paying for."

"There shall not be risk."

"Pearls likely?" hazarded the other, without much heed to the assurance.

"Them Jap gunboats is getting pretty hard to dodge of late years. However, I've dodged 'em before."

"Now as to pay—how mooch iss your boat worth?"

I could almost follow the man's thoughts as he pondered how much he dared ask.

"Well, you see, for a proposition like that—don't know where we're going, when we're going to get back, and them gunboats—how would a hundred and twenty-five a month strike you?"

"Double it up. I want you to do ass I say, and I will also give your crew double wages. Bud I want goot men who will stay and who will keep the mouth shut."

"Gosh all fishhooks! They'd go to hell with you for that!"

"Now you can get all you want of Adams & Margh. Tell them it iss for me. Provisions for three years anyhow. 'Be ready to sail tomorrow.'"

"Tide turns at 8 in the evening." "I will send some effects in the morning."

The master hesitated. "That's all right, doctor, but how do I know it's all right? Maybe by morning you'll change your mind."

"That cannot be. My plans are all"—"It's the usual thing to pay something"—

"Ach, but yes. I haf forgot. Darrow told me. I will make you a check. Let us go to the table of which you spoke."

They moved away, still talking. I did not dare follow them into the light, for I feared that the doctor would recognize me. I'd have given my eye teeth, though, to have gathered the name of the schooner or that of her master. As it was, I hung around until the two had emerged from the corner saloon. They paused outside, still talking earnestly. I ventured a hasty interview with the barkeeper.

"Did you notice the two men who were sitting at the middle table?" I asked him.

"Sure!" said he, shoving me my glass of beer.

"Know them?" I inquired.

"Never laid eyes on 'em before. Old chap looked like a sort of corn doctor or corner spellbinder. Other was probably one of these long-hore abalone men."

"Thanks," I muttered and dodged out again, leaving the beer untouched. I cursed myself for a blunderer.

When I got to the street the two men had disappeared. I should have shadowed the captain to his vessel.

The affair interested me greatly. Apparently Dr. Schermerhorn was about to go on a long voyage. I prided myself on being fairly up to date in regard to the plans of those who interested the public, and the public at that time was vastly interested in Dr. Schermerhorn. I, in common with the rest of the world, had imagined him anchored safely in Philadelphia, immersed in chemical research. Here he bobbed up at the other end of the continent, making shady bargains with obscure shipping captains and paying a big premium for absolute secrecy. It looked good.

Accordingly I was out early the next morning. I had not much to go by. Schooners are as plentiful as tadpoles in San Francisco harbor. However, I was sure I could easily recognize that falsetto voice, and I knew where the supplies were to be purchased.

Adams & Margh are a large firm and cautious. I knew better than to make direct inquiries or to appear in the salesroom. But by hanging around the door of the shipping room I soon had track of the large orders to be sent that day. In this manner I had no great difficulty in following a truck to pier 10 nor to identify a consignment to Captain Ezra Selover as probably that of which I was in search.

The mate was in charge of the stowage, so I could not be quite sure. Here, however, was a schooner—of about 150 tons burden. I looked her over.

You're all acquainted with the Laughing Lass and the perfection of her lines. You have not known her under Captain Ezra Selover. She was the cleanest ship I ever saw. Don't know how he accomplished it, with a crew of four and the cook, but he did. The deck looked as though it had been holystoned every morning by a crew of jackies. The stays were whipped and tarred, the mast new slushed and every foot of running gear coiled

down shipshape and Bristol fashion. There was a good deal of brass about her. It shone like gold, and I don't believe she owned an inch of paint that wasn't either fresh or new scrubbed.

I gazed for some time at this marvel. It's unusual enough anywhere, but aboard a California hooker it is little short of miraculous. The crew had all turned up apparently, and a swarm of stevedores were hustling every sort of provisions, supplies, stock, spars, lines and canvas down into the hold. It was a rush job, and that mate was having his hands full. I didn't wonder at his language nor at his looks, both of which were somewhat mussed up. Then almost at my elbow I heard that shrill falsetto squeal and turned just in time to see the captain ascend the after gangplank.

He was probably the most disheveled and untidy man I ever laid my eyes on. His hair and beard were not only long, but tangled and unkempt and grew so far toward each other as barely to expose a strip of dirty brown skin. His shoulders were bowed and enormous. His arms hung like a gorilla's, palms turned slightly outward. On his head was jammed a linen boating hat that had once been white. Gaping away from his hairy chest was a faded dingy checked cotton shirt that had once been brown and white. His blue trousers were spotted and splashed with dusty stains. He was chewing tobacco. A figure more in contrast to the exquisitely neat vessel it would be hard to imagine.

The captain mounted the gangplank with a steadiness that disproved my first suspicion of his having been on a drunk. He glanced aloft, cast a speculative eye on the stevedores trooping across the waist of the ship and ascended to the quarter deck, where the mate stood leaning over the rail and

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I gazed for some time at this marvel. It's unusual enough anywhere, but aboard a California hooker it is little short of miraculous. The crew had all turned up apparently, and a swarm of stevedores were hustling every sort of provisions, supplies, stock, spars, lines and canvas down into the hold. It was a rush job, and that mate was having his hands full. I didn't wonder at his language nor at his looks, both of which were somewhat mussed up. Then almost at my elbow I heard that shrill falsetto squeal and turned just in time to see the captain ascend the after gangplank.

He was probably the most disheveled and untidy man I ever laid my eyes on. His hair and beard were not only long, but tangled and unkempt and grew so far toward each other as barely to expose a strip of dirty brown skin. His shoulders were bowed and enormous. His arms hung like a gorilla's, palms turned slightly outward. On his head was jammed a linen boating hat that had once been white. Gaping away from his hairy chest was a faded dingy checked cotton shirt that had once been brown and white. His blue trousers were spotted and splashed with dusty stains. He was chewing tobacco. A figure more in contrast to the exquisitely neat vessel it would be hard to imagine.

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uttering directed curses from between sweat beaded lips. There the big man roamed aimlessly on what seemed to be a tour of casual inspection. Once he stopped to breathe on the brass binnacle and to rub it bright with the dirtiest red bandanna handkerchief I ever want to see.

His actions amused me. The discrepancy between his personal habits and his particularity in the matter of his surroundings was exceedingly interesting. I have often noticed that such discrepancies seem to indicate exceptional characters. As I watched him his whole frame stiffened. The long gorilla arms contracted, the hairy head sunk forward in the tenseness of a serpent ready to strike. He uttered a shrill falsetto shriek that brought to a standstill every stevedore on the job and sprang forward to seize his mate by the shoulder.

Evidently the grasp hurt. I can believe it might from those huge hands. The man wrenched himself about with an oath of inquiry and pain. I could hear one side of what followed. The captain's high pitched tones carried clearly, but the grumble and growl of the mate were indistinguishable at that distance.

"How far is it to the side of the ship, you hound?" shrieked the captain.

Mumble—surprised—for an answer. "Well, I'll tell you, you swab! It's just two fathom from where you stand. Just two fathom! How long would it take you to walk there? How long? Just about six seconds! There and back! You"—I won't bother with all the epithets, although by now I know Captain Selover's vocabulary fairly well. "And you couldn't take six seconds off to spit over the side! Couldn't walk two fathom! Had to spit on my quarter deck, did you?"

Rumble from the mate. "No, by God, you won't call up any of the crew. You'll get a swab and do it yourself! You'll get a hand swab and get down on your knees! I'll teach you to be lazy!"

The mate said something again. "It don't matter if we ain't under way. That has nothing to do with it. The quarter deck is clean, if the waist ain't, and nobody but a son of a sea lawyer would spit on deck anyhow!" From this Captain Selover went on into a good old fashioned deep sea "cussing out," to the great joy of the stevedores.

The mate stood it pretty well, but there comes a time when further talk is useless even in regard to a most heinous offense. And of course, as you know, the mate could hardly consider himself very seriously at fault. Why, the ship was not yet at sea and in all the clutter of charging. He began to answer back. In a moment it was a quarrel. Abruptly it was a fight. The mate marked Selover beneath the left eye. The captain with beautiful simplicity crushed his antagonist in his gorilla-like squeeze, carried him to the side of the vessel and dropped him limp and beaten to the pier. And the mate was a good stout specimen of a seafarer too.

Then the captain rushed below, emerging after an instant with a chest which he flung after his subordinate. It was followed a moment later by a stream of small stuff—mingled with language—projected through an open porthole. This in turn ceased. The captain reappeared with a pall and brush, scrubbed feverishly at the offending spot, mopped it dry with that same old red bandanna handkerchief, glared about him and abruptly became as serene and placid as a noon calm. He took up the direction of the stevedores. It was all most astounding.

Nobody paid any attention to the mate. He looked toward the ship once or twice, thought better of it and began to pick up his effects, muttering savagely. In a moment or so he threw his chest aboard an outgoing truck and departed.

To be continued.

### A COMPARISON.

Of the Records of Congressman Smith and his Opponent Mr. Cunningham

Another legislative blunder which Mr. Cunningham committed was the introduction of a bill to give the district court of Travis county original concurrent jurisdiction in all trials for the offense of murder. The introduction of this bill followed the burning of the negro at Paris, Texas, for the outrage and murder of the little three year old white girl, Myrtle Vance. Its purpose was to drag to a foreign jurisdiction for trial those who were chivalric enough to avenge the outrage of the white women of Texas by black brutes. It provided that if the grand jury of the county where the homicide should occur should fail to indict, the grand jury of Travis county should indict. That men should be indicted and tried near the scene of their alleged criminal acts, and not in foreign jurisdictions where it is difficult to procure testimony and make defense, has been one of the cardinal principles of the Anglo Saxon civilization for more than a thousand years. Gov. Hogg, with all his great abhorrence of mob violence, recognized this and refused to go further than to recommend a change of venue in such cases. And the best lawyers upon the committee to which the bill was referred opposed its passage saying that they believed the bill to be dangerous in its tendencies, and that it would, if enacted into law, establish a precedent that might lead to a change in the fundamental principles of our government.

It is needless to say that the bill failed, for its passage would have encouraged the black brutes and deprived Southern womanhood of the strong arm which has under all circumstances, been her most constant and certain protection.

It is not charged that Mr. Cunningham has ever entertained any real hostility towards the Confederate veterans and the women of the South. It is not believed that any man of Southern birth is capable of descending to such a depth of degradation. But the conduct of Mr. Cunningham in the legislature towards them exhibits such an indifference to their welfare, and marks him as a legislative bungler and incompetent, as to render him unfit to represent any constituency in Congress or elsewhere.

Mr. Cunningham as the record shows, joined his committee in an adverse report upon a bill providing punishment for persons who gamble with minors, and voted against a concurrent resolution instructing and requesting

## The Western Windmill Company

|  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <b>HOUSES</b><br>Colorado<br>Big Springs<br>Midland<br>Odessa<br>Lubbock | <b>WHOLESALE AND RETAIL</b><br>Windmills, Hardware,<br>Implements, Wagons,<br>Queensware. Cut<br>Glass and China | <b>WINDMILLS</b><br>Eclipse<br>Leader<br>Sampson<br>Star<br>Ideal |
|--|--|---|

R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

LEPHONE NO. 51

any members of Congress to support the bill then pending before Congress to prohibit gambling in cotton futures. Other instances of Mr. Cunningham's unsafe legislative performances could be given but these will suffice as an index to his incompetency.

On the other hand Judge Smith's record is above criticism. He has made no such blunders as characterize Mr. Cunningham's record. He may have made mistakes. Indeed it would be strange if he has not. But his friends claim for him that he has been faithful to duty; that he has been efficient and that his career in Congress has at all times been marked by a sound judgment and a scrupulous regard for the material interest of his constituents and the general welfare of the country.

Compare the records of the two men and then choose between them.

THE W. R. SMITH CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

By P. J. COLEMAN, Chairman, Colorado, Tex., June 1, 1906.

### To the Voters of the 32nd Judicial District

Some of the reasons why you should support J. S. Crumpton for the office of District Attorney.

FIRST: He has been Prosecuting Attorney for seven years.  
SECOND: He is honest, sober and conscientious in the discharge of his duties.

THIRD: His experience as a prosecutor fits him for the position.

FOURTH: He is young, energetic and wide-awake.

FIFTH: He believes in conservative laws, but a strict enforcement thereof.

SIXTH: If elected he will give his time and attention to the office.

READ WHAT HIS HOME PEOPLE SAY ABOUT HIM.

The undersigned voters of Dawson county take this method to express to the voters of this Judicial District our esteem for and confidence in our fellow citizen, Hon. J. S. Crumpton and we sincerely hope that he may receive the support that he merits from the citizens of our sister counties composing this the 32nd Judicial District, in his race for the office of District Attorney.

It is a source of much pride to us to be able to offer as a candidate for this office an Attorney so well equipped for the place. Mr. Crumpton is honest sober and conscientious, with several years experience as State's Attorney and is well qualified. We doubt if this State contains a man more conscientious in fulfilling his duties required by oath of office. We venture the prophecy that if elected he will be as able and consistent official as this District has ever had.

Signed by 66 persons, among them bankers, merchants, and other business and professional men of Dawson County.

### ACCIDENTALLY KILLED

Son of C. E. Leslie Met With Tragic Death Last Thursday.

Cleve Leslie the 11 year old son of C. E. Leslie of Pyron met with a tragic death last Thursday by the accidental discharge of a shot gun in the hands of his 13 year old brother Andy.

The two boys had started a hunting and the older one was walking in front with the gun on his shoulder, and his younger brother was walking immediately behind him. Andy took the gun from his shoulder and it was accidentally discharged the load striking his brother in the forehead, tearing off the top of same. The gun was a single barrel shot gun loaded with buckshot.

The accident was a very sad one, and is deeply regretted by the people of that neighborhood. The sympathy of their many friends in Snyder and community go out to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie in their bereavement.—Western Light.

### FORTUNES UNDER YOUR FEET!

The Geological formation of Texas indicates enormous undiscovered mineral resources. People pass daily, valuable beds of cement shale, salt, gypsum, coal, clay, kaolin, iron, lead, silver, sulphur, copper, gold and quick-silver—all of which are known to be in Texas, as well as other valuable minerals. You see a rock, clay or other substance "out of the ordinary," and may pass for days with a fortune under your feet. Send me samples of these "out of the ordinary" stones, clays and earths. A pound package by mail will cost you 16 cents in postage. I may be able to help you to a fortune. No charges to you. Buyers pay all charges. Address Milton Everett, Box 1065 Dallas, Texas

**DIRECTORY.**

**District Officers.**

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

**County Officers.**

E. R. Yellott ..... Judge  
W. K. Clark, Sheriff & Tax Collector  
Rodway Keen ..... Clerk  
D. Dorward, Jr. .... Treasurer  
S. L. Jones ..... Tax Assessor  
No Attorney.

Court convenes first Monday in  
February, May, August and Novem-  
ber.

**Commissioners.**

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

**Secret Orders.**

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

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

**Churches.**

Methodist: Preaching every first  
Sunday R. V. J. W. Childers, Preach-  
er in Charge.

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

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

Baptist: Preaching day every  
fourth Sunday.

Baptist Sunday School, at 3. p. m.  
T. R. Mauldin, Supt.

M.C. Bishop, Pastor  
Union Prayer Meetings every Wednes-  
day night.

**A SAFE COMBINATION.**

**READ YOUR HOME PAPER.**

No argument is needed to prove  
this statement correct. You also  
need a paper for world-wide-gener-  
al news. You cannot choose a  
better one—one adapted to the  
wants of all the family—than The  
Dallas Semi-Weekly News. By  
subscribing for the BORDEN CITI-  
ZEN and the Semi-Weekly News  
together, you get both papers one  
year for \$1.75. No subscription  
can be accepted for less than one  
year at this special rate and the  
amount is payable cash in advan-  
ce. Order now. Do not de-  
lay.

**This is Presidential Year.**

Your order will receive prompt  
attention. BORDEN CITIZEN.

**BORDEN COUNTY.**

Borden county is located part-  
ly below and partly above the  
"cap rock". The altitude below  
the cap rock is about 2300 feet.  
Soil fertile, climate pleasant. A-  
bout 25 per cent of the land to  
some extent is rough and better  
adapted to stock raising than to  
farming. Timber for fuel is  
plentiful, below the foot of the  
plains, mesquite being the most  
abundant. This country is well  
set in good grass, the principal

grasses being the needle and mes-  
quite.  
The rainfall here is sufficient  
for abundant and successful  
farming. The products of the  
farm are cotton, corn, maize, cane  
Kaffir, wheat and oats. Wheat  
and oats have not been grown  
extensively in this county, but  
some parts are specially adapted  
to the raising of small grain. We  
find the gardens bedecked with  
beans, peas, turnips, onions rad-  
ishes, beets, potatoes, peanuts  
and watermelons. The orchards  
furnish peaches, pears, apples,  
grapes, plums and apricots. The  
wild fruits are grapes, plums and  
mulberries. At present orchards  
are comparatively few, but bear  
good and abundant fruit. Agri-  
culture is fast becoming the lead-  
ing industry. The lands which

only a few years since were trod-  
den under the foot of the buffalo  
and mustang pony, and the howl  
of the lobo and the yelp of the  
coyote were the only signs of life  
now are under fence and the soil  
beneath the plow. At present the  
whistle of the farm boy, the songs  
of the milk maid, the bark of the  
neighbor's dog, the rattling of  
wagons, and the hum of gins are  
some of the indications of life and  
civilization.  
Stock raising is still a leading  
factor in the progress of our  
county. Borden county takes  
pride in raising some of the best  
horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry  
does extremely well in this local-  
ity.  
The development of this county  
has been quite rapid the last six  
months. During that time there  
has been a nice little town built

**Harness & Repair Shop  
and**



Made to Order.

**H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gall, Texas.**

**Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado**

**FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.**

**HOTEL SNYDER**

Everything nice new and neat. Rates  
Bath and sample rooms \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day  
Nunn Building Northeast Cor. Pulic Square,  
**MRS. O. V. JOHNSON, Prop.**  
Snyder, Texas.

**WINDMILLS**

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

**Leroy Johnson**

—Proprietor of—

**Farmers and Merchants Gin Company**

—Also—

**The Snyder Gin Company**

Snyder,

Texas.

Fine Watch repairing

Engraving

**J. P. INMAN**

**Jeweler and Optician**

**BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS**

At Arnold Tankersley Drug Store

Goldsmithing

Glasses Fitted Right

up. The Methodists have erected  
a handsome church building at  
Durham in the South-Eastern  
part of this county.

Gail, the county seat is a  
small town but is building fast.  
There are eight business houses,  
besides a bank, two hotels, a  
restaurant, a livery stable and  
a wagon yard, two blacksmith  
shops and a new gin. Several  
of these improvements have  
been recently erected. Borden  
county is almost sure to average  
one-half bale per acre to all  
lands planted in cotton. I have  
lived in Borden county for eight  
years and have never witnessed  
a complete failure in crops. The  
lands about Gail have not here-  
to fore been for sale, hence the  
slow development. At present  
some of the pastures are for sale  
in small tracts.

**What We Are or Are Not.**

A mans real worth should not  
be measured by the good or bad  
qualities of his neighbors, or  
countrymen, on the contrary  
every one should be rated accord-  
ing to what he is, and what he  
has done. This is in accordance  
with the divine maxim, "by their  
fruits ye shall know them.

Nor is it a sufficient answer for  
our own misdeeds, that our ac-  
cusers have done as bad or even  
worse. Every man is accountable  
personally for his acts, whether in  
civil or political life.

When Mr. Bailey is accused of  
receiving fees as attorney for a  
trust, it is not a sufficient answer,  
that his accuser is not a good  
Democrat or once voted a Repub-  
lican ticket. Mr. Bailey's official  
record is public property, which  
the people have a right to investi-  
gate. The issue is, is he guilty or  
not guilty. By his record he  
must stand or fall.

**OUR BARGAIN LIST.**

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

**For \$1.00**

The CITIZEN and either the Western  
Breeder's Journal, a good well illustrat-  
ed livestock paper, or the Kansas City  
Journal which contains the world news,  
good letters, interesting stories and the  
full market reports.

**For \$1.75**

We will send both the above papers and  
the Dallas Semi-Weekly News for a  
whole year. You can't afford to miss it.

## The Borden Citizen

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

Entered at the post office at Gail, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Per year .....\$1.00  
Six months ..... .50

### ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, Apr., 23 1908.

Were it not for this insatiable greed prevalent in some people to possess everything in sight, and to discountenance everything that does not directly benefit themselves, there would be more homes in this country and less people roaming around in search of a scanty living while these monsters of greed are accumulating, hoarding and denying themselves many things actually necessary to their comfort to the end that they may satisfy their covetous wishes, which are so grasping that nothing ordinary can satisfy them. By day and by night and throughout their entire existence their one thought is for self and accumulation, and to such an extent do people ride this disagreeable hobby, that they utterly obliterate every good quality that they have started in life with, never stopping to think that it is a sin to covet, and that either life at best is but a short span until they will be compelled; however reluctantly, to give up their dearly secured possessions to those who will not even be grateful to them for their grasping efforts in obtaining them.

The only men of worth to a town or community are those who forget their own selfish ends long enough and are liberal enough in their ideas to encourage every public and private enterprise, who are ready with brain and purse to push every project that is calculated to build up the town and enhance its importance. The enterprise and push of a town or community is the foundation of its permanent success. A town may well prepare for its funeral as to become indifferent to the enterprise in its midst. Men who come to a town to make it their future home, who can see far enough before them to see that money placed judiciously in a public enterprise of their own town will be a hundred fold in the appreciation of their property, are to be pitied.

Don't forget that your neighbor though he differs from you politically may be just as honest in his convictions as you, that this is a free country where freedom of opinion is one of the biggest of the broad foundation-stones of our government, and there would be an end of that form of government without it. Be tolerant, therefore, or rather not tolerant but rational, patriotic and good natured. Stand by your convictions and let your neighbor stand by his if so disposed. Keep cool. Argue politics if you will, but do it calmly and reasonably, and bear this fact always in mind, that just as you have made up your mind unalterably as to the way in which you will vote, ninety-nine hundredths of the voting population has done the same thing.

The merchant who refuses to advertise must ultimately lose his trade. In this time of keen competition the merchant who asks for the trade and offers inducements for it through the newspaper does the business. It should be so. The merchant should be willing to show his appreciation in a public way.—Blackwell Herald.

After senator Bailey had duly abused The News he proceeded to read in its columns evidence in his own defense. Good!

It now appears that Senator Bailey, instead of "quieting all Texas parties," is making a lot of them more noisy than ever.

There is a sowing time and a time to reap. The wise man said: "Bring a child up in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." So it is with the boys of today who are allowed to run the streets till nine or ten o'clock at night. This does not mean our town alone, as most all towns are similarly afflicted—for an affliction it surely proves to be to many families in the after life of the boys. Parents, see after your boys, and the company they keep. It will be worth more than gold to you and them in the years to come.

As the campaign progresses thousands of Texans seem to be more and more impressed with the idea that, in the last analysis, it is a struggle between the people and the Standard Oil Company. In order to see it this way it is not necessary to charge that the admirers and adherents of Senator Bailey intend to help the oil trust; because, as all know, many of them do not. It is not necessary to charge that Senator Bailey realizes fully that victory for him will be another victory for Mr.

Pierce, the Waters-Pierce Oil Company and the Standard Oil Company, or that even the attorneys of Mr. Pierce or of other stock-holders of the oil trust, who are on the stump, see clearly that in the present campaign they are fighting against the one man whom said client would like above all things, to defeat; but whatever erroneous opinions these and others may or may not entertain, the idea is growing that the power and life of the oil trust in Texas, as the oil trust now sees it, depend upon the result of the present contest.—Dallas News.

The happiest man in the land today is the successful farmer. He sits under his own vine and fig tree, undisturbed by the maddening noise of the great city. Banks fail, railroads go into the hands of receivers, booming towns collapse, all business stagnates. But the wise farmer can snap his finger at these things. He is the monarch of all he surveys on his broad acres. And the honesty of his boys and the purity of his girls is guarded against temptations, and in them he is giving the country its best manhood and womanhood. The farmer is to be envied, and, if he is not contented with his lot, he is lacking in wisdom.

We don't own a Saw Mill but  
we have Saw Mill Prices

Come and get our Cash Prices

The Kinds Lumber Company,

Big Springs, Texas.

\$3.25 GIVEN AWAY

To Those Who Love Good Literature

We will save you that much on the price of the Citizen, the Western Breeders' Journal, the Woman's Home Companion, the American Monthly Review of Reviews and the Cosmopolitan Magazine if you order them through us. Let the figures talk.

Price Each per Year Taken Separately:

|                            |      |
|----------------------------|------|
| The Borden Citizen         | 1.00 |
| Western Breeders' Journal  | .25  |
| Woman's Home Companion     | 1.00 |
| American Review of Reviews | 3.00 |
| Cosmopolitan Magazine      | 1.00 |

TOTAL \$6.25

These fine periodicals conform to the highest standard of literary merit in their respective fields and are well worth the above named prices, but since nothing is too good for our patrons, we have made arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer you

All 5 for \$3.00

And we save you all the trouble of writing letters and sending money.



## Local and Personal

Mrs. Jno. DeShazo left Gail Monday morning for Stanton to see her sister and her mother who is visiting her sister there.

M. E. Gilmore of Tahoka who has been to Austin to have a cataract removed from his eye arrived in Gail Monday evening and spent the night with H. D. Pruett. Mr. Gilmore was under treatment of a specialist 18 days and returned home greatly benefitted and able to see well enough to go about without assistance.

W. C. Fullilove of the Gavitt neighborhood was in Gail Tuesday discussing with our leading street debaters the problem of Baileyism, the all adsorbing topic.

H. H. Hopkins formerly of Red River county who lives on the farm of W. S. Street in the North part of the county called to see us Tuesday and to get a paper. He expressed himself as well pleased with Borden county.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McKnight were in Gail Tuesday. Mr. McKnight said they had a fine rain and prospects were good and some of his neighbors had begun planting and the rest are generally ready to begin.

Pres Corley, representing Crowder Drug House of Dallas, was taking orders in Gail last Tuesday also Charley Hampton, representing Lilly Drug Co. of St. Louis.

High water from heavy rains have washed away the bridge across the Brazos, cutting off communication by way of Dallas, and we have had no mail from the rail road for several days.

J. H. Berry has an attack of the La Grippe, tho he is not confined to his house.

The earth is a picture of verdure refreshed and beautified by the late rains, and the farmers are now greatly encouraged and looking forward to a successful year in farm operations.

Our Court House is a neat tho not a fine building, and commodious enough for the present needs of the county. The square has an area of about two acres and the few shade trees that have been planted, are growing off nicely, and add considerably to the appearance of the grounds. If the whole square was set out in shade trees we would have a very pretty square affording not only ornament but refreshing shade in the summer to the people who attend the courts. It would also serve as a shady park for the town. The cost of this improvement would be but very little, then why not make it?

Strayed or stolen about six weeks ago from the Patton pasture one mile south of Gail an 8 year old deep bay horse star in forehead, about 15 hands high, unbranded. Five dollars reward is offered for the horse, or evidence leading to his recovery.

J. C. HOWE.

On account of the rain Saturday Rev. J. W. Childers was unable to fill his appointment at Durham Saturday night and Sunday.

W. A. Bedell and mother were visiting in town Sunday and Monday.

W. S. McClung who left here on March 9 to survey the county line of Borden came in Tuesday morning from the field with his corps of surveyors. He said he had encountered some wet and also disagreeably cold weather. He with Mr. Seay, who represented Howard County began the survey at the S. W. corner of Jones county, that being the only established western corner, and ran a standard parallel between Fisher and Nolen, Scurry and Mitchell, Howard and Borden. They have established two corners, the S. E. and S W corners of Borden county. They will return to the S. E. corner of Borden this week and run north between Scurry and Borden then west between Borden and Garza, between Borden and a part of Lynn county to the N. W. corner of Borden, thence South between Borden and Dawson to the S. W. corner of Borden thence E to the beginning, the S. E. corner of Borden. No other surveyors have joined them.

J. W. Chandler and J. A. Scarlett went on business to Snyder Tuesday.

We are informed by Mr. McClung, who is now surveying the county line of Borden, that his survey will put Walter Bishop in Howard County. Mr. Bishop has announced his candidacy for the office of County Commissioner of precinct 3 of Borden County.

Max Dillahunty, Fred Johnson and John Smith left Gail Monday morning for New Mexico.

Sid Cathey and his cousin, Hugh Cathey from Lou were in Gail several days this week.

Dan Bostick and sister Miss Bettie, started for Post City Tuesday.

### TREDWAY HAPPENINGS.

The rain has kept coming until we have a thorough season which all farmers are glad to see.

A photographer by the name of Higginbotham from Anson has been here for several days but has failed to do much work on account of the rainy weather.

Quite a number of people from here attended the picnic at the T. J. F. Tank, all report a pleasant time except the one's that played ball, as to how they enjoyed it, ask them.

Dr. Thompsons family has arrived from Collin county, we gladly welcome them into our midst.

Some little sickness at present, among them are Oscar Parker who has been real sick for several days, but is improving, also Mr. Higginbotham but he is able to be up at present.

Singing Sunday night at J. T. Creightons with small attendance on account of the weather.

JUPITER.

Mr. Groves and sister Miss Maud from Lamesa, are visiting at Mr. Jim Smith's this week.

All parties are warned against depredeating in any manner on the Munger ranch property, especially cutting wood.

R. F. POWELL, Mgr.

### NOTICE.

All parties traveling through my pasture are asked to be cautious in regard to fire as the grass is very dry and easily set on fire.

JNO. B. SLAUGHTER.

### NOTICE.

I will stand my horse Canadian Reno at my place 15 miles Northwest of Gail from April 1st, 1908, at \$10.00 per season, insured, also a fine Jack at \$8.00 insured.

JAMES PRATT.

### NOTICE.

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

SAM SANFORD.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For District Judge

JUDGE JAS. L. SHEPHERD

For District Attorney.

J. S. CRUMPTON

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP

E. R. YELLOTT

For County and District clerk.

T. R. MAULDIN

RODWAY KEEN

J. S. WEATHERFORD

For County Attorney.

H. R. DEBENPORT.

For county Treasurer.

D. DORWARD.

M. H. LEAKE

For Sheriff and Tax collector.

W. A. CLARK.

J. R. WILLIAMS

J. C. OLIVE

For Tax Assessor.

W. A. BEDELL

J. C. HOWE

S. L. JONES

For Justice of Peace prec. 1.

T. M. JONES.

For Commissioner Prec. 1

F. M. CHISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prec. 2

For commissioner Prec. 3.

WALTER BISHOP

For commissioner Prec. 4

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Is the only First Class restaurant in Big Springs with Ladies dining room. Cold Drinks and Ice Cream. Regular Dinners 25 cts. Short orders day and night.

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J. C. Horn, Pro.

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TEXAS.

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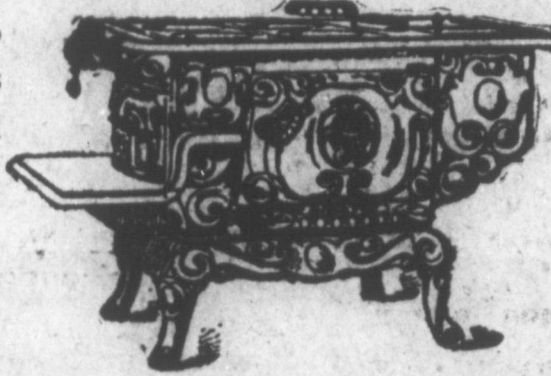
Gail, Texas.

## H. L. RIX & Co.

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Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

*We are here to do business and meet competition. If you want building material of any kind, come and figure with us before buying elsewhere. and we will save you money.*

## H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

Big Springs,

Texas

### Pardoning Criminals.

There is more than a suspicion that a strong tendency exists not only in this state but elsewhere toward a looseness and leniency in the matter of pardoning criminals.

The maudlin sympathy expressed by women and by some men toward criminals or those accused of some heinous crime, is usually considered as the manifestation of an abnormal sentiment which verges on hysteria, but there is an illogical and mistaken leniency toward criminals suffering long terms of imprisonment, expressed by men usually of well-balanced minds.

A man who commits a cold-blooded murder and is sentenced to imprisonment for life, should not be pardoned. He may have a good record as a prisoner, he may even have honestly and sincerely repented of his crime and it may be conceded, for the sake of argument that he would no longer be a menace to the community if allowed to go at large, but the argu-

ment against his release is based upon grounds which are not affected by these facts.

The purpose of punishment for crime should never be for motives of revenge; it should be based upon two grounds and two only, the prevention of subsequent criminal acts upon the part of the criminal himself and its deterrent effect upon others.

Now it does not require any labored argument to show that this effect in the latter instance is seriously weakened when a practice is made of pardoning criminals, and especially in the case of those serving a life sentence.

A man who commits cold-blooded murder, deliberately puts himself outside the pale of human sympathy; he should not be treated with cruelty or unkindness, but he should expiate either by death or by life imprisonment, release from which should be hopeless, the result of his crime.

The strongest argument, in our mind, the only argument which can be regarded as even partially tenable, in favor of capital punishment exists in the fact that the frequent misuses of the pardoning power serve to

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Excellent Fare  
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Comfortable beds

Rates  
\$1.00 to \$1.50 per day  
\$5.00 per week

Sample Rooms

MRS. W. A. WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder,

Texas

minimize the dread of punishment on the part of the prospective criminal.

Fearing not immediate death even if discovered and convicted, and relying upon the probability of pardon, after a few years, he takes chances which he would be disinclined to take if he knew that life imprisonment in name meant life imprisonment in reality.

The enactment of a law to the effect that men convicted of murder in the first degree should not be pardoned under any circumstances, would be futile since subsequent legislatures would be able to repeal it, but if public sentiment was sufficiently aroused and expressed with unhesitating firmness and clearness, weak-necked executives and careless legislative bodies would cease turning loose upon the community men who have been convicted of the crime which only God can forgive, and of weakening the influence upon the quasi criminal class, which is one of the chief purposes of punishment.

### E. R. YELLOTT

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT

Will Practice in District and

Higher courts only.

GAIL, TEXAS.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt Anderson from the upper part of Borden county were in Gail yesterday, laying in supplies at the blue front.

J. C. Olive was here yesterday beating the bushes for voters. Mr. Olive said he was well, but somewhat worsted from too much horseback riding.

A Mr. Lampkin, a Baptist preacher of the Vincent neighborhood, delivered a discourse here last night. Mr. Lampkin has a regular appointment at Vincent Howard county, and preaches here sometimes when passing through from the plains.

There was quite a large gathering considering the condition of roads, at the T. J. F. Tank picnic, on last Tuesday. Prof. Stevenson and several others addressed the assemblage. There was also a nice basket dinner and a feast for all who attended.

Greer, son of J. H. Whitaker met with quite a serious accident yesterday morning. The horse he was running becoming unmanageable, ran against a tree with him, causing an abrasion of his forehead upwards. Dr. Hanabass who was called to see him pronounced the injury slight and thought it would heal up in a few days.

Miss Cora Berry is visiting friends in Tahoka this week.

As we go to press we learn that the whistle of the Snyder and Rosco train would have been heard in Snyder to-night, and the washout on the T. P. not prevented the shipment of bridge timbers, for the bridge 3-4 of a mile from the town. There will be a delivery of freight this evening just 2-1-2 miles from Snyder, from the cars of the new road.

W. S. Cathey our Postmaster left Gail last Friday to visit his mother and other relatives in Hunt county, but on the way he learned that the Brazos bridge had been washed away, so he would not be able to go through. So stopping off at Baird he returned home getting back to his post of duty Monday evening.