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The Borden Citizen

Chas. C. Wyatt
The only exclusive vehicle man west of Ft. Worth. Top quality at panic prices Colorado

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY. 28, 1908.

NO. 22.

Mc Cullough Hardware Co.
Standard and Canton Implements
Success Sulkey Plows
Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed Mills &c.
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LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS

Big Springs Texas

CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year

Plant Trees.

Plant trees because Texas needs them. Already this state has more standing timber than Maine, but it is standing in the wrong place. The 600 mile stretch between Fort Worth and El Paso is bare of forests save for the scrub cedars on some of the hills at widely separated intervals. The 400 mile stretch from Fort Worth to the panhandle borders is also bare of trees save for the natural forest in Palo Duro canyon. And this forest is the only one deserving the name in all the 50,000 square miles of area embraced in West Texas and the Panhandle.

Plant trees because there's money in them. True, West Texas and the panhandle cannot be expected to raise mahogany or walnut or spruce or white pine, suitable for buildings and furniture, but they can raise cottonwood and locust quickly and cheaply. Cottonwood can be used for making boxes and locust will make posts.

On the subject of trees as a crop, Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture has made it sure that forest land has been made to grow successive crops of trees under proper meth-

ods as that plow land can be made to grow successive crops of wheat.

This country, which once could boast of forest resources richer than any other nation in the world, has been cutting three times as much timber for a number of years as there is grown, and the consideration of timber is a crop to be carefully harvested has come at a time when many of the virgin forests are already depleted.

"Just as America farming has had to develop and is still developing methods adapted to the conditions of each region to make the best use of the agricultural lands, so must the forester learn by scientific study and practical trial to make the best use of our timber land. And the best use of course, not merely its best use for the growing of trees, but its best use with reference to all interests directly or indirectly affected by it.

"As time passes, it will doubtless appear that the principles which centuries of experience in older countries have placed at our command can be applied with increasing good result as we grow more familiar with our own special conditions. The issue is sharply between caring for our forests by applying a system of known effi-

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

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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

ciency, or suffering certain loss not only of the forest, but of usable water and soil as well, thru the operation of causes as certain to act as are the rivers to run to the sea."

Plant trees because more trees will improve climate conditions and make agriculture easier. Trees split the rainfall up into regular intervals instead of letting it come in alternate floods and periods of drouth. Trees cut down the possibility of hot summer winds that dry up growing crops.

Plant trees not only because the present needs them, but the future needs them worse; 1908 has already begun with more tree planting than any preceding year of the present century, but the total work is only a fractional percentage of what can and should be done.

Plant trees.—Stockman Journal.

Our public tank which was completed last week, was completed just in time for the nice rain which fell last Friday and Saturday. The Justice of the Peace, Mr. Scarlett, took a collection of \$48 00 which was plenty to employ men enough to clean out the tank and make it several feet deeper, and it is now full of nice fresh water.

DIED.

On last Sunday the spirit of Mr. Jack Frost passed away.

Mr. Frost lived near the Durham neighborhood and has been very ill for the past few weeks. He leaves a wife and two sons, also a multitude of loved ones and friends to mourn his loss.

The remains were buried in the Masonic cemetery here on last Monday under the supervision of the Masonic lodge.

The old established restaurant of Jake Maurer at Colorado has been newly repaired throughout and otherwise improved, and made to look as neat as a new picture. Jake proposes to spare no pains in contributing to the entertainment and comfort of his patrons.

Messrs. Cathey and Gober and their families went to the T. J. F. tank on last Saturday to fish but as the weather was bad they did not have much success with their fishing.

Mr. Conover from Durham came to town last Monday to attend the funeral of his brother in Masonry.

Jerry Cathey from Big Springs is visiting his grand parents here this week.

In Business for Your Health

We Have the Goods we Have the prices

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

In Jewelry and Drugs

Phone or Write

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BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Burton Lingo Co

All Lumber under Sheds

Big Springs,

Texas.

NOTICE:

We represent Vice Hill Nursery of Titus county an old established and reliable institution, and we will make it to your interest to deal with us. 1st, because we furnish a better class of trees for the same money. Secondly because we not only make good all shortages in bills, but we replace in the following fall at half price, trees and other stock that die from natural causes, within 12 months after delivery, besides it is best to patronizing a local agent whom you know, and who is always in reach. In patronizing us you are patronizing home industry. We invite you to call and see cuts of our extensive list of fruits

T. M. JONES.

WARNING TO HOMESEEEKERS

Commissioner of Agriculture Sees Stampede to Texas Land Cheap and Good as North

Austin Texas, April 19.—R. T. Miller, Commissioner of Agriculture, urges every man in Texas now without a home to buy such

property at once, as land is going up and land may be purchased at present for much less than it will bring in the future. Commissioner Miller says:

"I want to put all the emphasis possible on the fact that every fellow in Texas not already in possession of a home should go right now and buy one. Don't wait for land to get any cheaper, because it will go higher. Land which we thought cheap at \$3 and \$5 per acre ten years ago is selling now at \$15 and \$25, and in some places the advance has been much greater than that. More people are coming to Texas than ever before. We are daily getting letters from persons living in the middle Northern States and the Northwestern States expressing a desire to come to Texas and asking for information, pertaining to the soil and other things naturally concerning these in search of new country. Nearly all of these persons are farmers. When they reach here and find land as good as they left, 75 per cent cheaper, and get acquainted with the people already here, they begin to

write back home of the advantages in Texas and hence a constant tide sets in and keeps on increasing; and this tide will never cease until land values here go to where they are now in Illinois. They have found out in the North that sectionalism and North hatred no longer exist here. In 1860, Iowa, only had a population of 574,913; the last census gave her 2,231,853. In 1860 Nebraska had 28,841 people, and in 1900 there were over a million. The States of Idaho, California, Washington, Oregon, Nevada and the Dakotas have received nearly all their immigration since the Civil War. The last two censuses show a decrease in population in Nevada. It is my opinion that all these Western and Northern States have about reached their maximum of population and wealth for several years—at least their progress will be slow compared to Texas. The tide has even turned from California to South Texas where citrus fruits can be raised as cheaply as in the Golden State.

The next twenty years will witness the greatest tide of immigration that ever flowed into any State in this Union, I look for a stampede to Texas when the Panama Canal will have been completed that will surpass any migration of the people known to history. Hence I would advise every man and boy in Texas, who expects to make a living by till-

ing the soil to go right now and buy a piece of land on any terms possible."—The Plainsman.

Fakirs and Fraud

Fakirs and frauds! The world is full of 'em. They are to be found in medical, legal and mercantile lines, to say nothing of the street specimen of which article every man is already aware. The slimy, sneaking one is the particular one against which we would caution.

When in the field for business, select some merchant whose wares are known, select some lawyer who was graduated from some reputable college, don't seek refuge under the wings of some barrel-house, has-been shyster. When needing medical attention, seek the man who has made good in a reputable school of medicine; don't go to a "quack."

The foregoing is intended to be a kind of warning, because fakes are springing up in other lines, hitherto considered beyond reproach. The printing line now has its "dodger." Fake magazines are contemplated—ads and subscriptions solicited, and we're here today and gone tomorrow.

Get busy, contemplate, reason, and place your business with concerns of reputation and reliability.—Amarillo Panhandle.

PETTUS MERCANTILE CO.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Dry Goods, Fine Clothing,

Queen Quality and Stacy Adams Shoes

Implements and Wagons

We solicit Your Business.

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THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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poles, clinging to the wave until the very instant of its fall, then disappearing as though blotted out. The salt smell of seaweed was in my nostrils. I found the place pleasant.

With these few and scattered impressions we returned to the ship. It had been warped to a secure anchorage and snugged down. Dr. Schermerhorn and Darrow were on deck waiting to go ashore.

I made my report. The two passengers disappeared. They carried lunch and would not be back until nightfall. We had orders to pitch a large tent at a suitable spot and to lighten ship of the doctor's personal and scientific effects. By the time this was accomplished the two had returned.

"It's all right," Darrow volunteered to Captain Selover as he came over the side. "We've found what we want."

Their clothes were picked by brush and their boots muddy. Next morning Captain Selover detailed me to especial work.

"You'll take two of the men and go ashore under Darrow's orders," said he.

Darrow told us to take clothes for a week, an ax apiece and a block and tackle. We made up our ditty bags, stepped into one of the surf boats and were rowed ashore. There Darrow at once took the lead.

Our way proceeded across the grass flat, through the opening of the narrow canyon and so on back into the interior by way of the bed through which flowed the sulphur stream. The country was badly eroded. Most of the time we marched between perpendicular banks about forty feet high. These were occasionally broken by smaller tributary arroyos of the same sort. It would have been impossible to reach the level of the upper country. The bed of the main arroyo was flat and grown with grasses and herbage of an extraordinary vividness, due, I supposed, to the sulphur water. The stream itself meandered aimlessly through the broader bed. It steadily grew warmer and the sulphur smell more noticeable. Above us we could see the sky and the sharp clay edge of the arroyo. I noticed the tracks of Darrow and Dr. Schermerhorn made the day before.

After a mile of this the bottom ran up nearly to the level of the sides, and we stepped out on the floor of a little valley almost surrounded by more hills.

It was an extraordinary place, and since much happened there, I must give you an idea of it.

It was round and nearly encircled by naked painted hills. From its floor came steam and a roaring sound. The steam blew here and there among the pines on the floor; rose to eddy about the naked painted hills. At one end we saw intermittently a broad ascending canyon, deep red and blue black, ending in the cone of a smoking volcano. The other seemed quite closed by the sheer hills. In fact, the only exit was the route by which we had come.

For the hills were utterly precipitous. I suppose a man might have made his way up to the various knobs, ledges and fissures, but it would have required long study and a careful hand. I myself later worked my way a short distance merely to examine the texture of their marvelous col-

or. This was at once varied and of great body, not at all like the smooth, glossed color of most rock, but soft and rich. You've seen painters' palettes. It was just like that, pasty and fat. There were reds of all shades, from a veritable scarlet to a red amber; greens, from sea green to emerald; several kinds of blue and an indeterminate purple mauve. The whole effect was splendid and barbaric.

We stopped and gasped as it hit our eyes. Darrow alone was unmoved. He led the way forward and in an instant had disappeared behind the veil of steam. Thrackles and Perdosa hung back murmuring, but at a sharp word from me gathered their courage in their two hands and proceeded.

We found that the first veil of steam and a fearful stench of gases proceeded from a miniature crater whose edge was heavily incrustated with a white salt. Beyond, close under the rise of the hill, was another. Between the two Percy Darrow had stopped and was waiting.

He eyed us with a half lazy, half quizzical glance as we approached.

"Think the place is going to blow up?" he inquired with a tinge of irony. "Well, it isn't." He turned to me. "Here's where we shall stay for awhile. You and the men are to cut a number of these pine trees for a house. Better pick out the little ones, about three or four inches through. They're easier to handle. I'll be back by noon."

We set to work then in the roaring, steaming valley with the vapor swirling about us, sometimes concealing us, sometimes half revealing us gigantic, again in the utterness of exposure showing us dwindled pygmies against the magnitudes about us. The labor was not difficult. By the time Darrow returned we had a pile of the saplings ready for his next direction.

He was accompanied by the nigger, very much terrified, very much burdened with food and cooking utensils. The assistant was lazily relating tales of voodooos, a glimmer of mischief in his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

I LIVED in the place for three weeks. We were afoot shortly after daybreak, under way by sunup and at work before the heats began. Three of us worked on the buildings, and the rest formed a pack train carrying all sorts of things from the shore to the valley. The men grumbled fiercely at this, but Captain

Selover drove them with slight regard for their opinions or feelings.

"You're getting double pay," was his only word. "Earn it!"

They, certainly earned it during those three weeks. The things they brought up were astounding. Besides a lot of scientific apparatus and chests of chemical supplies, everything that could possibly be required had been provided by that omniscient young man. After we had built a long, low structure, windows were forthcoming, shelves, tables, sinks, faucets, forges, burners, all cut out, fitted and ready to put together, each with its proper screws, nails, clamps or pipes ready to our hands. When we had finished we had constructed as complete a laboratory on a small scale as you could find on a college campus, even to the stone pillar down to bed rock for delicate microscope experiments and hot and cold water led from the

springs. And we were utterly unskilled. It was all Percy Darrow.

I was toward the last engaged in screwing on a fixture for the generation of acetelyne gas.

"Darrow," said I, "there's one thing you've overlooked. You forgot to bring a cupola and a gilt weathercock for this concern."

After the laboratory was completed we put up sleeping quarters for the two men, with wide porches well screened, and a square, heavy storeroom. By the end of the third week we had quite finished.

Dr. Schermerhorn had turned with enthusiasm to the unpacking of his chemical apparatus. Almost immediately at the close of the freight carrying he had appeared, lugging his precious chest, this time suffering the assistance of Darrow, and had camped on the spot. We could not induce him to leave, so we put up a tent for him. Darrow remained with him by way of safety against the men, whose measure, I believe, he had taken. Now that all the work was finished, the doctor put in a sudden appearance.

"Percy," said he, "now we will have the defense built."

He dragged us with him to the narrow part of the arroyo just before it rose to the level of the valley.

"Here we will build the stockade defense," he announced.

Darrow and I stared at each other blankly.

"What for, sir?" inquired the assistant.

"I haf come to be undisturbed," announced the doctor, with owl-like, Teutonic gravity, "and I will not be disturbed."

Darrow nodded to me and drew his principal aside. They conversed earnestly for several minutes. Then the assistant returned to me.

"No use," he shrugged in complete return to his indifferent manner. "Stockade it is. Better make it of fourteen foot logs slanted out. Dig a trench across, plant your logs three or four feet, bind them at the top. That's his specification for it. Go at it."

"But," I expostulated, "what's the use of it? Even if the men were dangerous that would just make them think you did have something to guard."

"I know that. Orders," replied Percy Darrow.

We built the stockade in a day. When it was finished, we marched to the beach, and never save in the three instances of which I shall later tell you did I see the valley again. The next day we washed our clothes and moved ashore with all our belongings.

"I'm not going to have this crew aboard," stated Captain Selover positively. "I'm going to clean her." He himself stayed, however.

We rowed in, constructed a hasty fireplace of stones, spread our blankets and built an unnecessary fire near the beach.

"Clean her!" grumbled Thrackles. "My eye!"

"I'd rather round the cape," growled Pulz hopelessly.

"Come, now, it can't be as bad as all that," I tried to cheer them. "It can't be more than a week or ten days' job, even if we careen her."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Thrackles. "It's worse than the yellow jack. It's six weeks at least. Mind when we last cleaned her?" he inquired of Handy Solomon.

"You can kiss the book on it," replied he. "Down by the line in that little swab of a sand island. My eye, but don't I remember! I sweated my liver white."

They smoked in silence.

"That's a main queer contrivance of the perffers's—that stockade-like," ventured Solomon after a little.

"He doesn't want any intrusion," I said. "These scientific experiments are very delicate."

"Quite like," he commented noncommittally.

We slept on the ground that night, and next morning, under Captain Selover's directions, we commenced the task of lightening the ship. He de-

talled the nigger and Perdosa for special duty.

"I'll just see to your shore quarters," he squeaked. "You empty her."

All day long we rowed back and forth from the ship to the cove, landing the contents of the hold. These by good fortune we did not have to carry over the neck of land, for just above the gravel beach was a wide ledge on which we could pile the stores. We ate aboard and so had no opportunity of seeing what Captain Selover and his men were about until evening. Then we discovered that they had collected and lowered to the beach a quantity of stateroom doors from the wreck and had trundled the galley stove to the edge, where it awaited our assistance. We hitched a cable to it and let it down gently. The nigger was immensely pleased. After some experiment he got it to draw and so cooked us our supper on

it. After supper Captain Selover rowed back to the ship.

"Eagen," he had said, drawing me aside, "I'm going to leave you with them. It's better that one of us—I think as owner I ought to be aboard"—

"Of course, sir," said I, "it's the only proper place for you."

"I'm glad you think so," he rejoined, apparently relieved. "And anyway," he cried, with a burst of feeling, "I hate the gritty feeling of it under my feet! Solid oak's the only walking for a man."

He left me hastily as though a trifle ashamed. I thought he seemed depressed, even a little furtive, and yet on analysis I could discover nothing definite on which to base such a conclusion.

It was rather a feeling of difference from the man I had known. In my fatigue it seemed hardly worth thinking about.

The men had rolled themselves in their blankets, tired with the long day.

Next morning Captain Selover was ashore early. He had quite recovered his spirits and offered me a dram of French brandy, which I refused. We worked hard again. Again the master returned at night to his vessel, this time without a word to any of us. Again the men, drugged by toil, turned in early and slept like the dead.

We became entangled in a mesh of days like these, during which things were accomplished, but in which was no space for anything, but the task imposed upon us. The men for the most part had little to say.

"Por Dios, eet is too mooch work!" sighed Perdosa once.

"Why don't you kick to the old man, then?" sneered Thrackles.

The silence that followed and the sullenness with which Perdosa addressed himself to his work was significant enough of Captain Selover's past relations with the men.

And how we did clean her. We stripped her of every stitch and sliver until she floated high, an empty hull, even her spars and running rigging ashore. I understood now the crew's grumbling. We literally went at her with a nailbrush.

Captain Selover took charge of us when we had reached this period. He and the nigger and Perdosa had long since finished the installation of the permanent camp. They had built us huts from the wreck, collecting stateroom doors for the sides and hatches for the roofs, huge and solid, with iron rings in them. The bronze and iron ventilation gratings to the doors gave us glimpses of the coast through fretwork. The rich inlaying of woods surrounded us. We set up on a solid rock the galley stove, with its rails to hold the cooking pots from upsetting in a seaway. In it we burned the debris of the wreck, all sorts of wood, some sweet and aromatic and spicy as an incensed cathedral. I have seen the nigger boiling beans over a blaze of sandalwood fragrant as an eastern shop.

First we scrubbed the Laughing Lass, then we painted her and resized and tarred her standing rigging, resized and rove her running gear, slush-

ed her masts, finally carried her and
scraped and painted her below.
When we had quite finished we had
the anchor chain dealt out to us in
fathoms and scraped, pounded and
polished that. These were, indeed,
days full of labor.

Being busy from morning until night,
we knew but little of what was about
us.



In the evening sometimes we lit a big
bonfire.

We saw the open sea and the
waves tumbling over the reef, outside.
We saw the headlands and the bow of
the bay and the surf with its watching
seals and the curve of yellow sands.
We saw the sweep of coast and the
downs and the strange huts we had
built out of departed magnificence.
And that was all. That constituted
our world.

In the evening sometimes we lit a
big bonfire, sailor fashion, just at the
edge of the beach. There we sat at
ease and smoked our pipes in silence,
too tired to talk. Even Handy Solo-
mon's song was still. Outside the cir-
cle of light were mysterious things—
strange wayings of white hands, bend-
ings of figures, callings of voices, rus-
tling of feet. We knew them for the
surf and the wind in the grasses, but
they were not the less mysterious for
that.

Logically Captain Selover and I
should have passed most of our even-
ings together. As a matter of fact we
so spent very few. Early in the dusk
the captain invariably rowed himself
out to his beloved schooner. What he
did there I do not know. We could
see his light now in one part of her,
now in the other. The men claimed
he was scrubbing her teeth. "Old
Scrubs" Abby called him to his back,
never Captain Selover.

He has to clean up after his own
feet, he's so dirty, surely proffered
Handy Solomon. And this was true.

The seaman's prophecy held good.
Seven weeks held us at that infernal
job—seven weeks of solid, grinding
work. The worst of it was that we
were kept at it so breathlessly, as
though our very existence were to de-
pend on the headlong rush of our
bow. And then we had fully half
the stores to put away again and the oth-
er half to transport painfully over the
neck of land from the cove to
beach.

So accustomed had I become to the
routine in which we were involved, so
habituated to anticipating the coming
day as exactly like the day that had
gone, that the completion of our job
caught me quite by surprise. I had
thrown myself down by the fire, pre-
pared for the same old half hour of
drowsy nicotine, to be followed by
the accustomed heavy sleep and the
usual early rising to toil. The evening
was warm. I had closed my eyes.

To be continued.

Bird's eye view, showing the home of M. G. Black, known as the Vine Hill Nurseries, one mile north of Court House Mt. Pleasant, Titus County 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. 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.
 F. E. Mauldin, Supt.
 M. C. Bishop, Pastor

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednes-
 day night.

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 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 ad-
 vance. 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

**Harness & Repair Shop
 and**



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H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gail, Texas.

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 FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.**

HOTEL SNYDER

Everything nice new and neat. Rates
 Bath and sample rooms \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day
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 Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

Leroy Johnson
 —Proprietor of—
 Farmers and Merchants Gin Company
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 Snyder, Texas.

Fine Watch repairing Engraving
J. P. INMAN
 Jeweler and Optician
 BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS
 Arnold Tankersley Drug Store
 Goldsmithing Glasses Fitted Right

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

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

Estray Notice.

The State of Texas }
 County of Borden } Taken up
 by A. R. Gray and Estrayed be-
 fore J. A. Scarlett Justice of the
 Peace precinct No. 1. Borden
 county: One iron gray pony,
 about 4 years old, branded T on
 left shoulder, 4 N E on left thigh,
 12 or 13 hands high. Appraised
 at twenty-five dollars.

The owner of said stock is re-
 quested to come forward, prove
 property, pay charges, and take
 the same away, or it will be delt
 with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal
 of office, this the 4 day of May,
 1908.

RODWAY KEEN, Clerk
 County Court Borden County.

E. R. YELLOTT

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT
 Will Practice in District and
 Higher courts only.
 GAIL, TEXAS.

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
 Breeders 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 months50

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, May, 28 1908.

The Passing of the Common People.

There ain't no common people any more; they've all got rich or become uncommon. Some are hired by the trusts, some are peddlin' insurance, an' some are retailin' sick chickens an' rancid butter. Them that stay on the farm know a lot more about cow-ticks than they once did. Take 'em all in all, up one side an' down the other, an' under the bed for good luck, they ain't got the sense that their granddies had. They're lots more progressive, an' they're more highly civilized; but when you bile them big words down, what do they mean? Why, jes this: that they aint no way of swindlin' one another that, they aint ketched on to. When you talk about political principles an' little things like that, all eyes are on the board, for to see whar the take-off is a gwineter fall. The bluecolic gent has e'en about made his appearance, an' his place has been took by the feller that drives a lightnin' rod sulky an' marries a new gal in ever' county. Ol' things have passed away, an' the new have hove in sight wif the pirate flag aflutterin' to the four winds."—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

The Spirit of Home.

It was obvious to him that neither carpets ner furniture, no matter how new and fine, could be arranged so as to make a home. Old carpets and old furniture have much the character of old friends, and they suit the Farmer to a T. But, old or new they have nothing to do with a home if something else is lacking. What that something is, or how it is to be acquired, no man can tell you; there is no receipt for it. According to a well defined rumor, the Pullinan

palace cars have been the means of rendering many a house hedious, and a hideous house can never be fashioned into a home. The finest things in the world are as cherp as dirt when they are not subordinate to something else. They cannot make a home if the spirit of home be not in those who inhabit the house. It is bred in the air, it is borne on the breeze and is so insistent that no one can mistake it.

We all know that every dwelling-house is not a home. Neither poverty nor riches can make it so, and that is a pity, too, since we are all so anxious to breathe its atmosphere. The stuffy smell of the shop, the intolerable odor of varnish, will not destroy it, nor will they make it more pronounced. Old furniture, for which there is such a persistent demand, will not better it. All of us know a number of fine houses where the massive walls enclose and try vainly to hide some of the most hideous tangles of life and hope. And so it is that fine houses and costly furnishings play no part whatever in the making of a home; they have nothing to do with it.—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

We have inspected the diagram of the county line, made and delivered to the county by the surveyors, Messrs. Seay and McClung. The comprehensiveness and neatness of this work, the accuracy and skill it denotes will no doubt be eminently satisfactory both to citizens of this, and also of the counties adjoining us.

At the distance of each mile run, a post was erected, houses near the line are pictured, also sketches of land on each side and parts of sections and their areas, showing how much lies in each county on either side, the railroad routes are also defined showing their crossings and relative position to the lines run, also the creeks, branches and fences crossed.

In order to locate our county line with accuracy the nearest old established corner, viz the Southwest corner of Jones county was taken as the beginning corner of the survey, which was carefully followed with compass and chain for distance to the S. W. corner of Borden county, and then the county line survey proper was begun and is now partially completed. We congratulate ourselves that the work when completed will set at rest forever all uncertainty and disputes about the county we are in or to which we are subject to taxes.

Would Thomas Jefferson Know His Country

"I ain't so mighty certain Jefferson would know the government he made ef he was to pay us a visit; an' one thing certain an' shore, ef he had to face an, put up wif all the brands of politics that we've got on hand, he'd want to take a vacation twice a week wif Saturday flung in for good measure. We've piled up so much political trash in garret an' cellar that we don't know t'other from which. It's like the big fire in Jake Ellinger's New York Emporium. That's so

much worry an' confusion that we can't tell a red necktie from a bolt of green calico."—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners' Court will sit as a Board of Equilization the second Monday in June, the same being the 8th day of June A. D 1908.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 15th day of May 1908.

RODWAY KEEN.

Connty Clerk.

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

Come and get our Cash Prices

The Hinds 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.



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Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Petzal of the Treadway community was transacting business in Gail last Monday.

Mr. S. T. Whitaker and wife were shopping in Gail last Monday.

Mr. Eckel Park from near Julia attended Sunday School here last Sunday.

Rev. Bishop, our Baptist minister, who has been absent his last two appointments, filled his regular place in the pulpit last Sunday.

S. L. Jones, our tax assessor, is assessing taxes in Gail this week.

Mr. Alexander, president of the Staked Plains Telephone Co., was here a few days this week. He returned to Lubbock Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Everett attended services in Gail last Sunday.

Messrs. Frank Berry and Jess Smith made a flying trip to Snyder last Thursday returning Sunday.

Mr. Milton Moore who has been in Gail for quite a while returned to Tahoka last Tuesday.

Mrs. R. N. Miller and Mrs. Witt from near Julia were in town Monday and attended the funeral of Mr. Frost.

Miss Hettie Kincaid was shopping in Gail Monday.

Mr. Walter Turner was doing business in Gail last Monday.

Mr. Hamilton and wife, accompanied by Miss Lela Nisbett were shopping in our city last Monday.

Will Kennedy and sister Miss Lillie, who have been attending school in Dallas for some time, returned to their home near Gail last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Taylor are the proud parents of a fine girl, born last Friday.

Gibbs Doyle attended services here Sunday.

Hammocks. Cattle Dip, Paints and Oils. W. L. DOSS.

SEE J. D. McDONAL, Dealer in New and Second hand Goods, Big Springs, Texas.

Miss Hettie Kincaid left Wednesday morning for San Angelo where she will spend a month with her sister, Mrs. Arnett.

Rev. Shipley and wife were here Monday to attend the funeral of Mr. Frost.

Hester and family were in on business last Monday.

Jim Dorward was shaking hands with friends and relatives in Gail last Tuesday.

TREDWAY HAPPENINGS.

Tredway, Texas, May 20, 1908 —The farmers are needing rain to enable them to get a stand of cotton.

Oscar Parker has gone to Big Springs freighting this week.

The services at the school house by elder J. E. Eubanks, on last Sunday was well attended, with a good dinner.

J. S. Fritz and wife of Gail attended church here Sunday.

W. F. Seigler and wife and Miss Myrtle Moore have gone to the Rail Road to meet some of their relatives.

Jim Dorward of Gail was here this week buying cattle.

W. N. Collier was a pleasant caller in this little burg last week.

G. W. Miller has been around taking the scholastic census.

Mr. Kerr from near Big Springs representing the Abilene Presbytery passed through here Monday in the interest of the Sunday school work.

JUPITER

Plainview Community,

Plainview Community, May 19. —We have had a nice rain since our last issue which was appreciated.

A. L. Jones made a business trip to Tahoka last Monday.

There was preaching at Plainview last Sunday. A very good crowd being present, and services were held by Bro. North a Baptist minister.

Sunday school was organized at Plainview last Sunday which will meet every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Everybody is invited to attend and take a part, Let us make it a success.

Bro. Caughran, tax assessor of Lynn county was in our community last week.

Singing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren last Sunday was an enjoyable affair, only a small crowd was present.

Mrs. John Berry is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Tom King.

Miss Jimmie Brown has just returned from a two weeks visit at Sparenburg.

Misses Willie Gibbs and Sallie Beach spent last Friday night with the latter's sister Mrs. Jno. Berry.

Mr. I. Rains made a business trip to Tahoka last Saturday.

Watch inspectors T. & P. Ry.	Watch and Jewelry Repairing
MITCHELL & PARK	
DRUGGEST AND JEWELERS	
Special attention to Watch and Jewelry repairing and Engraving	
Mail orders solicited	
Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.	
Big Springs, Texas	

The Western Windmill Company

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

R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr. **LEPHONE NO. 51**

THE WIGWAUM RESTAURANT

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. Come and See Us.

J. C. Horn, Pro.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Master Sam Rector royally entertain a number of his little friends on last Tuesday night which was to celebrate his 9th birthday.

Miss Ethel Cranfill is visiting Miss Winnie Chandler this week.

Mr. Thad Durst put in several new telephones on last Tuesday.

Bert Belcher was in Gail on last Tuesday.

Messrs Arrington and Graver who have been pleasant prospectors in Gail for the past few days moved to Lubbock last Tuesday where they expect to remain for quite a while.

D. W. Godwin attended Mr. Frost's funeral here Monday.

John DeShazo was in town Monday.

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

R. F. POWELL, Mgr.

WANTED.

100 Head of cattle to pasture. Apply to S. T. Whitaker, Gail, Texas.

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 prect. 1.
T. M. JONES.
- For Commissioner Prect. 1
F. M. CHISTOPHER.
- For Commissioner Prect 2
WALTER BISHOP
- For commissioner Prect. 3
WALTER BISHOP
- For commissioner Prect. 4

WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Horse Shaving
a specialty

For Cash only
Work Guaranteed

Smith & Ross Pro's.

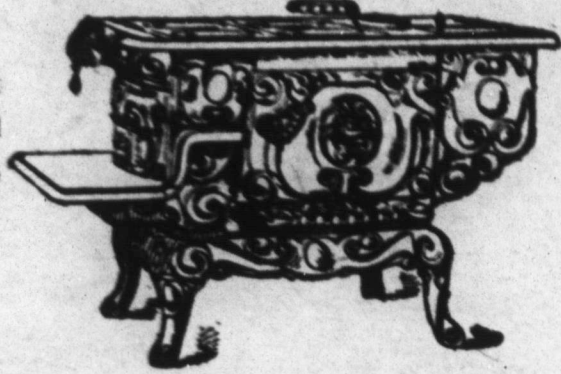
East of Public Square

Gail, Texas.

H. L. RIX & Co.

carries the best assortment of
toys etc. ever offered to the people of West
Texas. Second hand goods bought and sold
Write or call and see us when in the
city.

Undertakers goods
Big Springs, Texas



Send the Citizen to the Old Folks at Home.

D. Dorward & Co.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

Druggists Sundris

Furniture

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

Why Men Fail in Business.

Look over the history of the
thousands who have failed in
business and you will find in
nearly every instance the failure
was because of the inability to
say "No."

People come to us under vari-
ous guises and ask us to do
things which in our better judg-
ment we are loath to do, and to
many of us haven't the backbone
to say "No."

We are led to invest in mining
stocks and to embark in precari-
ous enterprises because we have
not the ability to say "No."

There is another class of peo-
ple who are after us to join in
pleasures, the foregoing of which
would be the better for us men-
tally and physically.

It is rarely that a man goes off
by himself and deliberately gets
drunk. The lone drunk usually
is the result of some deep sorrow
or sudden financial blow. A
man who gets drunk generally
does so because he hasn't the
ability to say "No" when his
bibulous friends press him to
have a drink.

The ability to say "No"—to
refrain from going with the
crowd, to decline to go down the
stream, more than any other one
thing is the mark of a man of
strong character. Such a man's
going to succeed. Temporarily
he may feel ashamed. He may
find it hard to withstand the
gibes and jeers and criticisms of
his actions.—Ex.

ROOM FOR BURTON HARRISON

Texas Congressmen Are Among Those Who
Indorse New Yorker as Bryan's
Running Mate.

Washington, May 11.—The
boom of Representative Burton
Harrison of New York for the
Democratic nomination to the
Vic Presidency has been launch-
ed here. Among those mention-
ed as endorsing Mr. Harrison as
Bryan's running mate are Rep-
resentative Pujol and Broussard
of Louisiana, Ferris of Oklaho-
ma, Stephens, Slayled and Bur-
gess of Texas and Brundidge
and Reed of Arkansas.

THOMPSON HOTEL.

Excellent Fare
Food service
Comfortable beds

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

Sample Rooms

MRS. W A WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder.

Texas.

R. N. Miller, res. J. D. Brown, Cash. D. Dorward Jr' Asst Cash

GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do a general Banking business.
Exchange drawn on the principal Commercial cities.

J. P. Home.

Meals and Lodging
Each 25 cts.

\$5.00 a week
\$20. a month

Located 1-2 block West of Depot

R. W. SEARS, Pro.

Big Springs, Texas.

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 ordi-
nary," 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 for-
tune. No charges to you. Buyers pay all
charges. Address
Milton Everett, Box 1065 Dallas, Texas

A successful raiser of black-
berries explains how he gets a
crop when others fail in dry
season. He begins before the
bushes are set out, having the
ground deeply plowed and then
heavily fertilized. After the
bushes are fully grown and a
dry season comes, he keeps the
cultivator going till he is sure no
moisture is getting away from
the ground except through the
leaves of the plant. The fact
of the heavy fertilizing makes
the bushes send down their roots
to the layers of moist soil, and
as this moisture is not permitted
to escape through the pores of
the soil it must escape through
the pores of the leaves.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas the angel of death
has visited our community and
taken from our midst our Bro.
J. L. Frost, therefore be it re-
solved by Gail Lodge No. 843 A.
F. & A. M. that we extend our
heart felt sympathy to his wife
and children and commend them

to the father of mercy who hath
said "I will never leave thee
nor forsake thee,"

Resolved that we have lost
one of our truest brothers, one
whose labors for the good of the
order never tired.

Resolved that the community
has lost one of her most honor-
able, upright and worthy citi-
zens.

Resolved that while our sym-
pathy can do but little to heal
the wounded spirit, it may light-
en sorrow to know that:

"One by one earths ties are
broken

As we see our loved ones de-
cay,

And the hope as fondly cher-
ished,

Brighten but fade away."

Resolved that a copy of these
resolutions be spread on the
minutes of this Lodge, a copy be
furnished to the bereaved wife
and family and a copy be fur-
nished to the "Borden Citizen,"
for publication.

Signed D. DORWARD
L. A. PEARCE.
W. A. CLARK.
Committee.

Miss Winnie Chandler went
to Big Springs last Thursday
where she will visit Miss Blanch
Cathy for a few days.

Messrs. Dorward and Brown
are having a new addition put
to their drug store this week.

Mr. Chancellor from
was in Gail on Wednesday

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the