

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 9.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1909.

NO. 40.

THE LEVY CARRIES.

Progressive Citizens of Gail Vote for better School. Large Majority.

Only thirty two votes were polled in last Saturday's election 27 of which were for the 30 cent levy and 5 against. Thus the people of Gail and surrounding country have demonstrated the fact that they want a better school and that they believe in a higher and better education.

And now the thing to do is for everybody to co-operate with the teachers in every way possible. For without the hearty support and co-operation of the patrons no teacher can accomplish very much for his school.

A good, up-to-date school is worth more to Gail than any other one thing, and we will certainly have it if the patrons stand behind the teachers, because we are going to have a corps of as good teachers as may be found in the west.

Notice Trespassers

Anyone fishing or cutting wood on the A. J. Long ranch will be prosecuted to the limit of the law
11.1 Sam Sanford.

Buffalo Ranch Moved

Captain Charles Goodnight and Dr. Charles Young have purchased a tract of 875,000 acres in Old Mexico, and the famous Goodnight herd of Buffalo and the cattle of crosses between the buffalo and cattle will be transferred from the Panhandle ranch to the new location. The Panhandle ranch will be cut up for farming tracts.

For more than a quarter of a century Captain Goodnight has been raising buffalo and cattle, and he is probably the greatest living authority on the buffalo. The development of the West Texas country has made land too valuable to be used for grazing purposes; so the herd is being moved to a less developed country.

The Mexico ranch was a part of the General Geronimo Tervino ranch of two million acres and is along the Rio Grande, a part being opposite Del Rio.—Farm and Ranch.

News and Comments

King Edward, of England, has cleaned a million out of his recent Wall street gambling in steel. It is said he received a tip from Andrew Carnegie. Why wonder that the gambling mania possesses the people when their rulers set the example? Wall street gambling is a burning disgrace to a country claiming to be civilized and christianized.

The Government has purchased an airship from the Wright brothers. It seems that we are now following the old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war."

Cablegrams from Europe state that Adolphus Busch, the million aire brewer, will not live to reach home. Adolphus Busch has probably contributed as much as any one man toward sending the souls of men to eternal perdition and but little can be said for him now, though reported on his death bed.

President Taft has signed the tariff bill and that infamous measure is now saddled upon the people, thanks to the help given by so-called Democrats.

Fluvanna is to have a three days barbecue on Sept. 8, 9 and 10. Everybody is invited and a big time is assured all.

The locating board of the West Texas Normal is now hearing the claims of the twenty contestants at Fort Worth. It seems that chances are in favor of either San Angelo or Stamford securing the much coveted school.

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Go to Coates-Coleman Mercantile Co

When in Snyder for your Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Clothing and Millinery.

Quick Sales, Small Profits and One Price to All is Our Motto.

East Side Square.

If You Resign Who Cares

Whoever you are who may read these words this question is one you should ask yourself most seriously:

If I were to resign would I be re-elected?

This is the kind of question which it does you good to ask and answer with unsparring frankness. It is one of the questions which make you search your heart, look into all the secrets of your life, and brings you face to face with what is real—perhaps most brutally real.

Whatever talent you may have whatever gifts you may possess—these have not been only factors in your advancement. They have helped you much or little, as the case may be yet what you are and what you have, you owe very largely to the good will and the good opinion of others. They have accepted you, smoothed your path.

But if you were to resign, would they do the same thing over again?

Would your wife choose you again?

Examine yourself closely and see whether you are still the lover striving to please, thinking of all the little things that go to make up a woman's happiness. If you have made your wife dread and fear you, so that she shudders at your very touch, would she again select you, if once the legal bond between you could be severed?

Put, then, this question sharply to yourself in all the relations of life.—Munsey's Magazine.

Here is a whole sermon in brief space from the Cleburne Enterprise: "A man just thundered by on crutches. Another was wheeled by in an invalid chair. A woman passed by on the other side of the street, a victim of the "great white plague." A deformed hunchback child went by the gate yesterday afternoon, swinging a basket and humming a popular air, and an old man, tottering and feeble followed close behind the child. I saw on the street corner yesterday a beggar, in whose sightless eyes no light had ever shone and in another block sat the shriveled, shrunken wreck of a woman, bleary eyed, haggard and deformed, and a little boy whose spine is injured, forever precluding him from sharing sports and pleasures of the children, stopped to drop a coin in the outstretched, pleading palm. All around us are the maimed, the halt, the blind, the palsied, the aged and the decrepit, and hundreds of thousands of the world's poor unfortunates crowd the streets of the cities, while we are sound and well, possessed of all our faculties, wanting for nothing, yet complaining—fussing and striving to get the best of our neighbors and friends in all kinds of trades that we may accumulate money and property. Shame on us. Instead of complaining we ought to consider it a reason for constant praise and thanksgiving that we are well possessed of all our faculties members, and be happy to be able to make the way of the less fortunate a little easier, as they stumble along the road that leads to the great beyond."

Don't Get Too Good

Editor Bodene wields a trenchant pen on one of the Missouri journals. The other day in a fit of emotion he penned the following:

Whatever you do brother don't get too good. There is a piety that is depressing and which immediately breeds suspicion and distrust. Most every man has his faults and if our secret acts and thoughts, or even those things people know about us, but which we think they don't, were held up to the public we would shrink, out to the quick, and flee to hide our moral and spiritual nakedness. Some of us get drunk and that's bad, some of us lie like dogs and that's worse, some of us peddle vile talk, that's worse, some love money better than truth, honor and goodness and that's worse, some of us cheat steal and dodge our taxes and that's worse, some of us slur at our neighbors and that's "worse" still, though among the elect it is sometimes considered a virtue. But the crowning sin of all is a

hard, unloving heart and a soul without charity for the frailties of others; which rejoices when others are crucified and which attempts to hide its secret joy with sniffing and pious deprecation. Men dislike such people and God despises them. No, whatever you do, don't get too good.

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A BARGAIN

320 acres of land near Fluvanna and the Roscoe and Snyder railroad Bonus \$4 per acre—Call or write to Borden Citizen for particulars.

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District Officers

Jas. L. Shepherd Judge
R N Grisham Attorney
Court convenes on the 1st Monday in February and September.

County Officers

E R Yellott Judge
Jno. R. Williams Sheriff
J S Weatherford Clerk
M H Leake Treasurer
H R Debenport Attorney
Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

Precinct Officers

J. N. Hopkins, J. P. Prec. 1
J. H. Miller, J. P. Prec. 3
E. F. Wicker J. P. Prec. 4,

Commissioners

F M Christopher Prec. No. 1
Francis Abney " " 2
Walter Bishop " " 3
C E Reeder " " 4

Secret Orders

Masons meet on Saturday night on or preceding the full moon.
W. O. W. meets 1st Saturday night after each full moon and on Saturday night two weeks thereafter.
Gail Commercial Club meets 2nd Thursday night of each month.

Churches

Methodist preaching every 4th Sunday, Rev. J L B Cash, preacher in charge.
Church of Christ Church meeting every Lords day at 2:30, p. m.
Ladies Home Mission Society meets at the church Thursday before the 1st Sunday in each month.
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday

W A SUTHERLAND

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Hot and cold Baths
commodious and light sample Room
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Aug/2 1909

Building Material of every Description.

Lumber well seasoned under sheds.

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THE CHOROUS ALL JOIN IN

All our customers agree, with one accord, that this is the satisfaction lumber yard.

That's because we do our level best to give every man all that's coming to him when he buys here. The result is that once we get a customer, we usually keep him. Our song is "Quality first, price second." "Quality" has a loud voice. So has "Price." But a duet between the two, such as is always sung at this yard makes everybody join in the chorus in proclaiming us the satisfactory lumber dealers. Won't you join the chorus next time you need lumber or building material? We know we can please you if you'll only give us the chance.

Phone or mail us your orders and inquiries.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

Own Killers

- Kick.
- Keep kicking.
- And don't quit kicking.
- One-pull one way and one the other.
- Refuse to advertise in your paper.
- Go to other towns and buy your goods.
- Run down everything and everybody but number one.
- If a man wants to buy your property ask him two prices for it.
- Denounce your merchants because they make a profit on their goods.
- Lengthen your face when a stranger speaks of locating in your town.
- Refuse to see the merit in any scheme that does not exactly benefit you.
- Make your own town out a

very bad place and stab it every chance you get.

Knife every man that disagrees with you on the method of increasing business.

Refuse to unite in any scheme for the betterment of the material interests of the people.

Petrol Butter

For many years it has been a commonly accepted belief that many thrifty milkmen got a good percentage of the milk they sold from the bosom of the earth. This belief was not without good foundation, for the pure food officers have found that the milk stock has been watered with the same diligence as the milk cows. This matter had come to such a generally accepted condition that people had gotten used to it and had accepted it as a condition and not a theory.

So long as science had not dabbed in the dairying business all was well but some bald-headed spook of a creature has gone way beyond all the thrifty milkmen and now "processed" getting the butter, too, from the bowels of the earth. With an ever watchful eye the Standard Oil Company was Johnny-on-the-spot and has grabbed the process of churning good, sweet butter—edible butter—out of the oil drawn out of the earth. Already butter has been turned out at the Wood River refinery near Alton, Ill. and a large lot of machinery for the purpose of making petrol butter—that's its commercial name—is being installed to put the product on the market.

Let 'er rip; pass the petrol butter; the Southwest is the oil center anyhow.—Texas Trade Review.

A Fast Age

The Denison church news that appeared in the McKinney Examiner last week was full of good subjects for meditation and is worth repeating. It said:

"We are living in a fast age. An age when everything goes by steam and electricity. The slogan of the present time is 'Get busy.' In the life of the business men today there are not many moments that he can devote to the cultivation of those things that are highest and dearest in American life. The children in the homes are denied those close intimacies which make life worth living. The mother is often too busy with some society function to give the little one the companionship which every child needs. Governesses and nurses took after the education and the welfare of the child while the mother, forgetting the higher duties of life, does the 'society stunt.' The home has in many instances lost the magnetism it once possessed and the father goes to the club, the mother goes to her 'function' and the children go to the bow-wows. The old time mother who gathered the children together and told them stories good and great is looked upon as the relic of an ancient civilization that was far from being up-to-date.

"Today a sentiment is being developed that runs in the direction of poodle dogs rather than after the little ones whom Christ said were the highest of the kingdom. A rich society woman in New York recently spent five thousand dollars on the funeral of her pet doggie and while this display of genuine asseninity was taking place thousands of the city's poor were crying for bread. Students of sociology may find in this incident an explanation of the unrest which prevails today. The sermon on the mount is a better solution of many of our vexing problems, were its principles applied, than some of the so-called reforms which men are advocating today.

"In fact the golden rule would settle every dispute that might arise. Writers of books on moral philosophy have not improved on that sublime utterance of the Master. It stands out in modern times as the example for all men who would see in the brotherhood of man the loftiest type of human sympathy.

"Yes, we are a fast people. And instead of living at a poor dying rate, we are going a pace that kills. We are up early in the morning, we bolt our food and catch a passing car for the heart of the city, that great hive where humanity swarms, where men make and lose fortunes in a day. In fact we are strictly up to now in everything else except the one thing of supreme importance—the business of our King.

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THE BARRIER

BY
REX BEACH



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however, and you can't take him."
"I'll have his carcass hung to my ridgepole before daylight."

Stark turned to go, but paused at the door. "And you think you'll marry Necia, do you?"

"I know it."
"Is that so? Suppose you find her first."

"What do you mean? Wait!"
But his visitor was gone, leaving behind him a lover already sorely vexed and now harassed by a new and sudden apprehension. What venom the man distilled! Could it be that he had sent Necia away?

Stark traced his way back to his cabin in a ten times fiercer mood than he had come, reviling, cursing, hating. Back past the dark trading post he went, pausing to shake his clinched fist and grind out an oath between his teeth; past the door of his own saloon, which was alight and whence came the sound of revelry, through the scattered houses, where he went more by feel than by sight, up to the door of his own shack. He closed the door behind him now and locked it, for he had some thinking to do, then felt through his pockets for a match, and, striking it, bent over his lamp to adjust the wick. It flared up steady and strong at last, flooding the narrow place with its illumination. Then he straightened up and turned toward the bed to throw off his coat, when suddenly every muscle of his body leaped with an uncontrollable spasm, as if he had uncovered a deadly serpent coiled and ready to spring.

John Gale was sitting at his table, barely an arm's length away, his gray blue eyes fixed upon him and the deep seams of his heavy face set as if graven in stone. His huge, knotted hands were upon the table, and between them lay a naked knife.

CHAPTER XVI. JOHN GALE'S HOUR.

IT was a heathenish time of night to arouse the girl, thought Burrell as he left the barracks, but he must allay these fears that were besetting him; he must see Necia at once. The low, drifting clouds obscured what star glow there was in the heavens, and he stepped back to light a lantern.

A few moments later he stood above the squaw, who crouched on the trader's doorstep, waiting her death song into the night.

"What's wrong? Where is Necia? Where is she?" he demanded and a last seized her roughly, facing her to the light, but Alluna only blinked or fishy at his lantern and shook her head.

"Gone away," she finally informed him and began to weave again in her despair, but he held her fiercely.

"Where has she gone? When did she go?" He shook her to quicken her reply.

"I don't know; I don't know. Long time she's gone now." She trailed off into Indian words he could not comprehend, so he pushed past her into the house to see for himself and without knocking fung Necia's door open and stepped into her chamber. Before he had swept the unfamiliar room with his eyes he knew that she had indeed gone, and gone hurriedly, for the signs of disorder betrayed a quick haste.

"When did she go, Alluna? For God's sake, what does this mean?" he cried.

"I don't know, I don't know," she said, and then she saw her; she saw her, and

"Where's Gale? He'll know. He's gone after her, eh?"

The upward glow of the lantern heightened the young man's pallor, and again the squaw broke into her sad lament.

"John Gale—he's gone away with the knife of my father. I am afraid; I am afraid."

"Did he come back here just now?"

"No. He went to the jail house, and he would not let me follow. He don't come back no more."

This was confusing, and Meade cried angrily:

"Why didn't you give the alarm? Why didn't you come to me instead of yelling your lungs out around the house?"

"He told me to wait," she said simply.

"Go find Poleon, quick!"

"He told me to wait," she repeated stolidly, and Burrell knew he was powerless to move her. He saw the image of a great terror in the woman's face. The night suddenly became heavy with the hint of unspeakable things, and he grew fearful, suspecting now that Gale had told him but a part of his story, that all the time he knew Stark's identity and that his quarry was at hand, ready for the kill, or, if not, he had learned enough while standing behind that partition. Where

was he now? Where was Necia? What part did she play in this? He gave up trying to think and fled for Stark's saloon, reasoning that where one was the other must be near, and there would surely be some word of Necia. He burst through the door. A quick glance over the place showed it empty of those he sought; but, spying Poleon Doret, he dragged him outside, inquiring breathlessly:

"Have you seen Gale?"

"No."

"Have you seen Stark? Has he been about?"

"Yes; wan hour, mebbe two, hour ago. Why? What for you ask?"

"There's the devil to pay. Those two have come together, and Necia is gone."

"Necia gone!" the Canadian jerked out. "What you mean by dat? Where she's gone to?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. Heaven! I'm shaking like a leaf."

"Bah! She's feel purty bad. She's go out by herse'f. Dat's all right."

"I tell you something has happened to her! There's h—l to pay! I found her clothes at the house torn to ribbons and all muddy and wet."

Poleon cried out at this.

"We've got to find her and Gale, and we haven't a minute to lose."

"Where have you look?"

"I've been to the house, but Alluna is crazy and says Gale has gone to kill Stark, as near as I can make out. Both of them were at my quarters tonight, and I'm afraid the squaw is right."

"But where is Necia?"

"We don't know. Maybe Stark has got her."

The Frenchman cursed horribly.

"Have you try hees cabane?"

"No."

Without answer the Frenchman darted away, and the lieutenant sped after him through the deserted rows of log houses.

Burrell gripped his companion's arm with fingers of steel, and together they went on to the door. But even

a voice within. It was Stark's. The walls of the house were of moss chinked logs that deadened every sound, but the door itself was of thin whipsawed pine boards with ample cracks at top and bottom, and they heard plainly. The lieutenant leaned forward, then with difficulty smothered an exclamation, for he heard another voice now—the voice of John Gale. The words came to him muffled, but distinct, and he raised his hand to knock when suddenly he seized Poleon, hissing into his ear:

"Listen! For God's sake, listen!"

For the first time in his tempestuous life Ben Stark lost the iron composure that had made his name a byword in the west, and at sight of his bitterest enemy seated in the dark of his own house waiting for him he became an ordinary, nervous, frightened man. It was the utter unexpectedness of the thing that shook him, and before he could regain his balance Gale spoke:

"I've come to settle, Bennett."

"What are you doing here?" the gambler stammered.

"I was up at the soldier's place just now and heard you. I didn't want any interruptions, so I came here, where we can be alone." He paused and when Stark made no answer continued, "Well, let's get at it." But till the other made no move. "You've had all the best of it for twenty years," Gale went on in his level voice, "but tonight I get even. I've lived for this!"

"That shot in Lee's cabin?" recalled Stark, with the light of new understanding. "You knew me then?"

"Yes."

Stark took a deep breath. "What a d—d fool I've been!"

"Your devil's magic saved you that time, but it won't stop this." The trader rose slowly, with the knife in his hand.

"You'll hang for this!" said the gambler unsteadily, at which Gale's face blazed.

"Ha!" exclaimed the trader exultingly. "You can feel it in you already, eh?"

With an effort Stark began to assemble his wits as the trader continued:

"You saddled your dirty work on me, Ben Stark, and I've carried it for fifteen years, but tonight I put you out the way you put her out. An eye for an eye!"

"I didn't kill her," said the man.

"So? The yellow is showing up at last. I knew you were a coward, but I didn't think you'd be afraid to own it to yourself."

"Look here," said Stark curiously. "Do you real'y think I killed Merridy?"

"I know it! A man who would strike a woman would kill her—if he had the nerve."

Stark had now mastered himself and smiled.

"My hate worked better than I thought. Well, well, that made it hard for you, didn't it?" he chuckled. "I supposed, of course, you knew."

"Knew?" Gale's face showed emotion for the first time. "Knew what?" His hands were quivering slightly.

"She killed herself."

"So help you God?"

"So help me God!"

There was a long pause.

"Why?"

"Say, it's kind of funny our standing here talking about that thing, isn't it? Well, if you want to know, I came home early that night, I guess you hadn't been gone two hours. And the surprise did it more than anything else, I suppose. She hadn't prepared a story. I got suspicious, named you at random and hit the nail on the head."

Gale's face was like chalk, and his voice sounded thin and dry as he said: "You beat her; that's why she did it."

Stark made no answer.

"The papers said the room showed a struggle."

When the other still kept quiet Gale persisted:

"Didn't you?"

At this the other turned on his heel

no woman except her was ever untrue to me—wife or sweetheart."

"You didn't really think"—

"Think h—l! I thought so then, and I think so now. She denied it, but"—

"And you knew her so well too. I guess you've had some bad nights yourself, Bennett, with that always on your mind"—

"I swore I'd have"—

"—and so you put her blood on my head and made me an outlaw." After an instant, "Why did you tell me this, anyhow?"

"It's our last talk, and I wanted you to know how well my hate worked."

"Well, I guess that's all," said Gale. So far they had watched each other with unwavering, unblinking eyes,



His blade flickered in the light.

straining at the leash and taut in every nerve. Now, however, the trader's fingers tightened on the knife handle, and his knuckles whitened with the grip, at which Stark's right hand swept to his waist, and simultaneously Gale lunged across the table. His blade flickered in the light, and a gun spoke—once, twice, again and again. A cry arose outside the cabin; then some heavy thing crashed in through the door, bringing light with it, for with his first leap Gale had carried the lamp and the table with him, and the two had clinched in the dark.

Burrell had waited an instant too long, for the men's voices had held so steady, their words had been so vital, that the finish found him unprepared; but, thrusting the lantern into Poleon's hand, he had backed off a pace and hurled himself at the door. He fell to his knees inside and an instant later found himself wrestling for his life between two raging beasts. The lieutenant knew Doret must have entered, too, though he could not see him, for the lantern shed a sickly gloom over the chaos. He was locked desperately with John Gale, who flung him about and handled him like a child, fighting like an old gray wolf hoary with years and terrible in his rage. Only for the lantern's light Gale would doubtless have sheathed his weapon in his new assailant, but the more fiercely the trader struggled the more tenaciously the soldier clung. As it was, Gale carried the lieutenant with him and struck over his head at Stark.

Poleon had leaped into the room at Burrell's heels to receive the impact of a heavy body hurled backward into his arms as if by some irresistible force. He seized it and tore it away from the thing that pressed after and bore down upon it with the ferocity of a wild beast. He saw Gale reach over the lieutenant's head and swing his arm, saw the knife blade bury itself in what he held, then saw it rip away and felt a hot stream spurt into his face. Doret glimpsed Burrell rising from his knees, his arms about the trader's waist, and the next instant the combatants were dragged apart.

The lieutenant wrenched the dripping blade from Gale's hand. It no

The Citizen

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

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

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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, Aug. 12, 1909.

Beloit, Kan., has the only woman United States probate judge in the country, and she does a rushing matrimonial business because she does not require brides to promise to obey. It would be like a woman to have that fine moral sense of the matter and see it is folly for a woman to promise to do what she knows she won't do.—Ex.

More than a year ago The Commercial denounced the present penitentiary system as inhuman, brutal and uncivilized. Governor Campbell should have turned out every immoral or corrupt man in the service. He should have refused to appoint men to office who would butcher the convicts, outrage the women and brutally beat both negro and white convicts. For every illegitimate child born to the women convicts some guard or official ought to be sent to the penitentiary. But most of our newspapers are so cowardly on this subject as they are when it comes to criminally prosecuting violators of the anti-trust law. The Augean stables ought to be cleaned out in the name of Texas and decency.—Georgetown Commercial

No More Chicken

There is a young buck negro in Fort Worth who, although in fairly good health took an oath Thursday morning at the police station to forever forego his inherent taste for chicken and other fowls. A big, bald headed American eagle which a year ago scared in the West Texas alti-

tudes, but which has lately decorated the back yard of a prominent livestock commission man's residence on the south side is the cause of the negro's rash resolution.

Wednesday night the bird of independence went to roost on the back fence and, tucking its head under one wing, prepared for a night of uninterrupted slumber. But the negro happened to pass through the alley and spied the bird silhouetted against the sky line and mistook it for a half-grown turkey as he smacked his lips in anticipation. To think was to act and the next moment he had Mr. Bird by the legs and the next minute the eagle had buried its talons in the negro's arm. A howl of pain from the man and a screech of exultation from the bird brought the household to the scene of the battle and in vain did he try to dislodge the eagle with a broom, although the negro was fighting in frenzy with his free arm and endeavoring to get away. The bird was attached to a weak chain about ten feet long and when that broke in the melee and allow the use of its beak it literally cut the negro's free arm into ribbons and tried several times to get at his face and eyes. A garden hose was next brought into play and after both the negro and the eagle had been more than half drowned the bird let go its hold fluttered back to the fence and spreading its nine feet of wings gave vent to a prolonged, ear-splitting screech.

The negro claimed the bird had made the attack without provocation and he was all out to go, but voluntarily appeared at police headquarters looking for the city physician to dress his wounds, and while there he took the oath to hereafter run every time he sees a chicken or turkey.

Simple Virtues

Daily our life grows more complex. There is a constant tendency toward complexity in society, mechanics and the mental make-up of the individual. Even crime is no longer the simple, forthright thing it was when Cain slew Abel, but slinks through artful and devious ways too refined for the honest eyes to fol-

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L. A. PEARCE

low. But the fundamentals of character remain stationary; they are too deeply rooted in the soul of the race to change.

It is a curious fact in the complexity of our modern existence that the simple virtues a man learned as he sat at his mother's knee contribute most to his success and happiness. Honesty, decency and righteousness are not everything in the battle of the world, it is true; a clever crook will surpass an honest imbecile in gathering those rewards for which men strive, for nature dispenses only a blind justice. But man for man, with an equality of talent and industry, the upright man wins out. The thief, the rogue, the cheat, sees only the immediate things and with a short perspective. He forgets the fundamentals, which do not change nor adjust themselves to false perplexities. Neither a substantial house, a solid character nor a sure success can be built without foundation.

When men hesitate, confused within the labyrinth of conflicting forces which modern conditions have developed, let them remember the letter of Emerson's mother to her son. Let them turn their eyes inward upon the only study in life which deserves a deep and abiding interest. Let them look to character.—San Francisco Bulletin.

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Anyone fishing or cutting wood on the A. J. Long ranch will be prosecuted to the limit of the law.
11.1 Sam Sanford.

When in Snyder call and let Mr. Ed Thompson show you our stock of Wall Paper. They are new and up to date, also a full line of Varnish for spring cleaning. Drugs and Toilet Articles, Cigars, Cold drinks and Magazine

Don't Forget The Place

WARREN BROTHERS

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Cupid Exiles Girl

Patently awaiting the day when an inexorable law will release her from her voluntary bondage and she will be free to return to Denver and her sweetheart, Miss Blanche Parrett, for several years a reigning belle in Denver society and music circles is rusticated in a lonely log cabin in Routt county, several miles from the nearest railroad and doing without the luxuries to which she has been accustomed.

Cupid is involved in this program of self denial and also the desire to show that she is as good a business woman as her sister, Mrs. Harbel, who was Miss Grace Parrett.

Miss Blanche who will wed Merlin H. Aylesworth, son of Barton O. Aylesworth, former president of the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, next November, after she has proved up on some valuable property, to do which necessitates residence upon it for a certain number of months each year.

Young Aylesworth attended the law department of Denver university and immediately after his graduation his engagement to Miss Parrett was announced. The girl's parents had no objections to the match, but advised their daughter to wait until Aylesworth had established a law practice.

The young couple agreed to this, shortly afterwards Aylesworth received a letter from his uncle, Delancy Nicol, a noted attorney of New York, offering to give him a place in his office and eventually take him into the firm.

The young lovers talked over this opportunity and it was agreed that Aylesworth should go to New York and that the date of the marriage should be indefinitely postponed.

In the meantime Miss Parrett's sister had entered on some Routt county land and had proved up on the property. This awakened the commercial spirit of Miss Parrett and she determined to emulate her sister.

Things were running too well to suit Mr. Cupid, however, so he started a little ruction. He whispered to Mrs. Nicol that a nephew was taking the place that should be occupied by her son, just out of school. Mrs. Nicol brought pressure to bear on her husband and it resulted in the ousting of young Aylesworth.

Back home went Aylesworth and then things began to happen that brightened his prospects. He was given the assistant district attorneyship at Fort Collins. He saw his way clear to wed Miss Parrett.

Here is where the Routt county property began to assume the proportions of a white elephant.

Miss Parrett was loath to give it up, and if she married she lost the land.

After talking over the situation it was decided that the land would come in handy in years to come, so she set her wedding date for November, when she will have proved up on the property, and she recently departed for Routt county to remain until she can return mistress of a Colorado ranch and free to marry the man of her choice.—Star-Tel egram.

Gift of Forgetting

A few years ago—the sad has now run its course—various professors went touring the country, teaching people how to remember. But the true benefactors are those who can teach us how to forget.

To forget our sorrows, letting them slip away from us as the snows in the spring slide down from the mountain side leaving it free for new garlands of flowers.

To old wrongs. The men who wronged us have done their worst. It is over. But every time we recall an injury and, in calling feel embittered, we wrong ourselves. We do well then at once to shake ourselves free from all thronging memories of injuries done us for they strangle our souls.

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To forget old humiliations These are the hardest of all to forget. Those are the memories that cling to us most burrlike. Let us brush them away. Let the retreating days wash them out of our souls as waves bear away refuge.

To forget old regrets. Many a man squanders in vainly regretting the energy that, otherwise directed, might carry him forward in long, swinging strides to glorious new fortunes. Press onward. Have done with ghost dances.

There is no truer truth than this. A man's success, a man's strength, a man's gladness - bides not so much in the things he remembers as in the things he forgets.—Denver Times.

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TRY US FOR BARGAINS

SNYDE, TEXAS.

Biographical Sketch

Below is a biographical sketch of Hon. A. S. Hawkins, of Midland, candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Texas.

Born at Ladonia, Fannin county, Texas, March 31, 1868. Nephew of ex Governor Alvin Hawkins of Tennessee; son of Rev. S. J. Hawkins, deceased, of the North Texas Conference of the M. E. Church, south, and Mrs. E. M. Hawkins who now resides at Dallas. Was raised in Northeast Texas; lived in Marion, Upshur, Cass, Hunt and Camp counties where his father preached for years. Attended Southwestern University at Georgetown; taught school in Wood, Rains and Johnson counties. Was licensed to practice law at Gateville, before Hon. C. K. Bell. Has lived at Midland for the past twenty years, except three years at Abilene, and thru-out West Texas is well known as an attorney. Is prominently connected with the live stock industry and owns a horse and cow ranch at Pyote, Ward county.

A. S. Hawkins was a member of the House of Representatives in 1893, representing Midland and twenty-nine other counties. Later on in 1893 was appointed District Attorney of the 32nd Judicial District by Gov. Hogg, to fill out the unexpired term of S. H. Cowan, of Fort Worth who had resigned. In 1901 was again elected a member of the House of Representatives. In 1905 was elected to the senate from the Abilene District, composed of thirty-two counties.

In 1893 was the author of the law creating the Live Stock Sanitary Commission of Texas; in 1901 of the School Land law, which opened up West Texas to the settlers; in 1905 was the author of the law providing for State and County depositories. The state depository law yields more than enough revenue to support the whole Treasury Department of the state, and the county depository law yields a handsome revenue to almost every county in Texas. Was more or less prominently connected with the passage of other important legislation in the various legislatures above referred to.

Home Owners for Texas

In early days the settlers of the Lone Star state were poor people with a capital consisting principally of what could be had between the confine of a covered wagon or two, and a few head of livestock and undaunted courage and belief in the new country which was to be the homes of themselves, their children and children's children. Today Texas is being settled by an altogether different class of immigrants, and a class which is eminently as important since the changing conditions have created a demand for different people. These people are prosperous. They come to buy with their money the lands of the ranchers and to cut up and sub-divide the larger tracts. They come to make Texas their home, and their coming adds material to the state. They are coming in a perfect flood, at the rate of 200,000 each year, if the records of the railroad companies are reliable. Their coming means the development of a greater commonwealth a richer and more advanced industrial order.—Farm & Ranch

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NOTICE!

When in Big Springs put your team up at the Big Stall Wagon yard just East of Burton Lingo's. If you will stop with me once you will be treated in a way that you will come back again. I handle flour and meal, also, and sell all kinds of feed stuff.

E. E. WILLIAMSON

Phone No. 368

Big Springs, Texas.

Local and Personal

Fine Rains

Gail and surrounding country has been visited by fine rains the past week which will prove of untold benefit to growing crops and grass. Rains have been pretty general south and east but light north and west.

Editor T. M. Jones is in Big Springs and Snyder this week on business connected with the Citizen.

Eld. Eubanks preached interesting sermons at this place Sunday morning and night.

Elmer Long, of Sweetwater, spent Saturday and Sunday here looking after his ranch interests.

C. B. Andrews of the south end of the County had business in the City yesterday.

Miss Josia Rowell of Post City is visiting her aunt Mrs T. C. Gober and family.

Joe Masson of the Julia neighborhood was in town Tuesday on business.

Olen Keen leaves here tomorrow for Big Springs on business.

J. H. Berry visited Big Springs this week.

Fred Johnson has returned from a short trip to Lamesa.

Carl C. Williams, of Sweetwater passed through Saturday en route home from Post City.

Commissioners Court was in session this week, with Commissioners Christopher, Abney, Bishop and Reeder present with County Judge Yellott presiding.

W. K. Clark visited Big Springs this week.

The Post Barbecue

The barbecue at Post City on last Friday was a grand success in every particular. A large crowd was present from all sections of the country and everybody seemed to have a most enjoyable time. A large crowd of Gail people were in attendance but space forbids our giving a list of those present.

F. W. Park has a 17 mile contract with the Santa Fe for hauling cross ties and is now at work with several teams on the job.

W. A. Clark and family left yesterday for Sterling City where they will visit relatives for some time.

Ellis Tredway, S. L. Jones and D. C. Stevens passed through yesterday enroute home from Snyder loaded out with lumber.

For Sale or Trade

For horses or cattle a splendid residence in Gail known as the J. L. DeShazo property. See Jno. R. Williams.

H. T. Dodson and J. F. Denton this week purchased a Automobile of Haskell parties Gail it seems is destined to be an Auto center.

Mrs. W. S. Moore and family of Mangum Okla left to day for their home after an extended visit to relatives at this place.

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