

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 7.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE. 6, 1907.

NO. 24.

Pool-Cauble Company
 Wants your Business The Largest
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 Grain and Feed Stuff
 Wholesale and retail
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 Doot's Windows
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 The largest line of Furniture ever carried in Big Springs
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 Full Line of Builder's Material.
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 and
 Made to Order.
H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gail, Texas.

Wolf Hunt in an Automobile.
 Judge Barkely invited Rev. Hardy of Clarendon, J. O. Gore of this place and Joe Stokes to go wolf hunting in his auto last Monday. The party left town well equipped with guns and ammunition. When they were about six miles from town, Mr. Wolf showed himself and they gave chase in the auto, which put a Texas penny and a pack of hounds to shame, the way the machine gained on the game. Bro. Hardy and Joe Stokes shot at the wolf just as fast as their rapid fire guns would work. We did not learn what the Rev. Gore did, he must have held on. After an exciting chase they ran over the wolf with the machine by virtue of their better speed. They did the wolf to death with no other

weapon than the auto, the excitement and rapid motion making it impossible to do accurate shooting. The auto may have come to other states first but it remained for a Texas hunter to put on record across country chase the like of which for daring and success, we have neither heard nor read.—Lynn County News.

The Hog.
 The hog has been aptly termed the real Texas mortgage lifter. It is strange that hog raising should be regarded as so profitable and yet receive so little attention. Hogs provided with pasture and an abundant supply of water will give better returns for the investment and expense of raising than any other stock. At 10 months old he is ready for market. They are more prolific

than any other stock, require smaller range and are from six weeks old and up, always ready sale. With grainary and smoke house well filled the farmer is truly independent. But if his meat and bread are not provided at home his nose will always be at the grindstone. Raise hogs and be independent.

For District and County Clerk.
 In this issue of the Citizen is the announcement of H. G. Smith as candidate for the office of District and County Clerk of Garza county. Mr. Smith is a graduate of the Law department of the University of Texas and has had four years experience in Court work. We feel sure that he will if elected perform the duties of the office with credit.

Seriously Hurt.
 On last Tuesday Miss Elsie Robertson and Miss Frankie Beavers, pupils of the Snelling school while playing ran against each other, striking their heads together. Miss Robertson was struck on the temple and was insensible for five or six hours from the blow, and sustained partial concussion of the brain. We learned she had so far recovered as to be able to sit up Saturday for a short time.
 Dr. Whorton, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Jolly, returned to Eastland county Saturday. His niece, Miss Myrtle, accompanied him home.

BORDEN COUNTY.

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

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 radishes, 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. Agriculture is fast becoming the leading industry. The lands which only a few years since were trodden 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 locality.

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 four new business houses and a new gin, all of which have recently been 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 heretofore been for sale, hence the slow development. At the present some of the pastures are for sale in small tracts.

Tragedy at Jacksboro

Jacksboro, Tex., May 29.—Jim Paschall 19 years of age stabbed to death this afternoon. His juglar vein was severed by a large pocket knife. Sid McDowell, age 17 who lives in the same locality, near town was at once placed under arrest.—Dallas News.

Just before the tragedy the young men left the court house, where they were parties to a lawsuit over a horse trade.

We are representing one of the best Nurseries in the State. We make a liberal discount on large orders, replace trees that die from natural causes, at half the regular price, and supply shortages and omissions. It is best to patronize a local agent, who is always in reach.

T. M. JONES.

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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 magazines 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.

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Gail, Texas.

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My stock is composed of high grade silver ware in plate and Sterling, best gold filled and solid gold jewelry on market. Rich cut glass and hand painted china. Solid gold wedding rings, engraved free and sold by weight. If your watch clock or jewelry needs any repairing, send it to me, it will receive prompt attention and every watch or clock guaranteed to be a timer for one year or your money back.

Eyes tested free and satisfaction guaranteed.

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work call and see me. All
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Good Table Service.

Neat Sample
and
Lodging Rooms

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Prop.

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W. K. CLARK & SON, PROP'S.

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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

EMMY'S REDEMPTION

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.

"You wish! If wishes were horses, beggars might ride." Aunt Mag quoted spitefully to her partial namesake, Margaret Emmeline.

The Emmeline had been a standing grievance ever since the girl was christened. Aunt Mag, otherwise Miss Bronson, had an instinct of jealous supremacy toward whatever was her own. Being a just person, she called her only niece by the awkward full name, notwithstanding in all other mouths she was simply Emmy. That was the worst of it. Miss Bronson in her own mind accused Emmy's meek mother of having plotted it from the first. Naturally she had not shed many tears when the offender slipped apologetically out of life, leaving Emmy to the untender mercies of her masterful sister-in-law. Handsome, luckless, Jack Bronson, the father, had died soon after Emmy was born—died on the ocean and been buried at sea—at least that was what his sister had given out. The widow had said nothing. Neither had she worn black—to the anger of Miss Bronson and the great scandal of the village. For once the slim faced woman, who was commonly as wax in stronger hands, had withstood her world, saying only with a dreamy, wistful look, "Jack understands."

Emmy was her father over again—dark eyed, olive skinned, with red lips delicately curved and cheeks like damask roses. She had his gay temper also, his high head, his habit of getting her own way in spite of everything. The village unanimously pronounced her a handful—even for Miss Bronson, whose hand was not light. Emmy was fourteen when her mother died. It was a standing marvel to everybody that she had gone quietly away to boarding school at Miss Bronson's orders, albeit heretofore she had hated and flouted schools of every sort. It was even a greater surprise to have her come back four years later, just the same Emmy for all her wonderful accomplishments.

It was plain she did not love Aunt Mag, but the two kept truce with each other. Those who wondered at it might have understood had they heard poor Lena Bronson's dying admonition: "Obey your Aunt Margaret. Remember what we owe her. Until—unless the debt is paid—it rests with you to make her the only possible return." There had been no need to be more explicit—Emmy understood. Through a passion of tears she had sobbed in answer, "I will."

Obedience had been hard and wearing often, but she had not flinched until it came to the question of marriage. Miss Bronson's precepts were all against her example. "I want you to marry young—and marry well," she had said to Emmy as soon as the girl came home. For a year she had said nothing more save in a general way, but Emmy had come to understand what her elder meant by marrying well. Cliffe Gorton was the only one among her half dozen beaux Miss Bronson approved. She had to approve him indeed, seeing that she had at least half raised him. Judge Gorton, his father, had been her man of business ever since her own father died. His wife, flabby and an invalid, had been pretty well under Miss Bronson's thumb—so had her son, who was, after a sort, her image made vigorous and vital. From his cradle Cliffe had been a prize pretty boy—as fair and blue eyed as Emmy was peach tinted. Although he was three years older, she had thrashed him roundly in the era of short frocks. Possibly it was some

reflex memory of the thrashing which made him as a lover appear to her ridiculously impossible.

"If my wishes were horses I'd surely ride away from Granby—and everything," she said, sighing faintly as she glanced at Miss Bronson.

Miss Bronson frowned heavily. "I dare say you'd take the road to Owenton," she said pointedly. "Let's have this thing out, Margaret Emmeline. I see no use in beating about the bush. You were well enough content here until Cliffe Gorton proposed to you and that scatter brained young Hyland came to town. Even you must admit that there is no comparison possible between the two men. Cliffe has everything in his favor; Hyland nothing. In spite of that, since you seem to fancy him—"

"Oh, but I don't! You are wrong—all wrong," Emmy interrupted, with, however, a furious blush.

Miss Bronson went on as though she had not spoken: "I should let you have your way but for one thing. Whoever marries you must be told the truth. Cliffe knows it already—besides he understands. I have done and borne much out of love for my father's name. Your father disgraced it—"

"You must not say so. Nobody was ever quite sure," Emmy panted, her cheeks very white. Miss Bronson glanced at her dry eyed, then looked away. Her own lips were ashen, but they laughed bitterly as she said: "You mean everybody was sure—except your poor, foolish mother. She believed her husband—against right and reason—against the whole world. Do you know exactly what happened? I thought not," as Emmy shook her head.

"It was this: My brother, in desperate straits for money, went into Judge Cliffe's office to beg him for a loan. It was late afternoon. He knew the

judge had just been paid several thousand dollars which he could not bank. The money, indeed, was in a letter tray on his desk, ready to go into the safe. There was a great hurly burly in the office—people coming and going, clerks getting ready to shut up everything. The judge was in and out of the main office a dozen times while your father sat beside the desk and the tray of money. Two men, clerks there, saw him pick it up and finger the bills in it. Two others heard him entreating the judge a little later to lend him even a thousand dollars. The judge refused—"

"Of course. He would refuse money to the dying," Emmy broke in, her eyes flashing.

Miss Bronson frowned. "He is a just man and kind, else where would we be?" she said. "But to go on. My brother kept the judge so late everybody else had gone, and the safe was still to be shut. The money tray and several other trays were upon the desk. Your father helped the judge hustle them inside it, then rushed away from him and took a train for the city. Next day when the judge opened the safe the tray and the money were missing. He was sure he had put in whatever John gave him. He had knelt in front of the safe, setting things on the floor, and then fitting them in place. The lock had not been touched, and the money had been there with just the two of them. The judge didn't have it. The inevitable conclusion was—"

"I won't believe it. I can't. It was wicked in you to believe— Oh, I know what you did—replaced the money and kept everything quiet—on condition that my father should disappear. He accepted your condition. I would not. I should have fought. It is because of him I hate the race of Gorton. I will never marry Cliffe—not though you turn me in the street."

"You know I shall not do that," Miss Bronson said heavily. "Understand, though, you shall marry nobody else. I gave up my comfort to save my pride. You shall let no stranger know—our secret—perhaps to spurn you when he did know."

"My father was innocent. But until it is proved I shall abide by your will."

Emmy said, her color coming back. "Because it is his wish—and my mother's," she added as she walked to the window. Almost instantly she turned from it, saying huskily: "Judge Gorton is coming—running, almost—and without his hat. What can it mean?"

"More trouble," Miss Bronson said, her mouth setting hard. Next minute the judge burst into the room with a face of ashes. He had something in his hand—something flat and square and dusty.

"Look, Margaret!" he cried, holding it out to Miss Bronson. "Here is the money—every dollar. We found it under the safe when it was moved today. There is just a little space—hardly an inch. I must have crowded the tray into it in my fidgeting with the other things. God forgive me that I did not think of the possibility then. But, remember, I never accused that poor boy—"

"But you let him suffer—judgment and punishment," Emmy cried, springing forward. "Now will you atone by helping me find him?"

"Gladly," said the judge. "It was the first thing I thought of. We will find him if he is living."

"You will not need to search far," Miss Bronson said, with quivering lips. "I have never lost track of him or let him suffer for anything—at least not since poor Lena died."

Next fall there was a wedding at the Bronson place—very quiet, but very happy. The groom's name was Hyland, and the bride was given away by her father, who had very white hair and perpetually brooding eyes. Miss Bronson cried a little to see Emmy go away, but after all was over she laid her hand softly upon her brother's shoulder, saying:

"After all, Jack, we have each other left."

Civilization in France A. D. 1617.

Marshal d'Ancre was assassinated in the streets of Vitry on April 24, 1617. The people of France have always been looked upon as fairly well civilized at that time. Yet this is what these civilized Frenchmen did. They dug up the corpse of D'Ancre, dragged it through the streets to the Pont Neuf, where they hung it up by the feet. Then it was dragged through the streets again to the Place de Greve. D'Ancre, or what was left of him, was dismembered and chopped to pieces, the crowds fighting for morsels of the "excommunicated Jew," as they called him. His entrails were thrown into the river, his ears were sold to the best burgher and what was left was burned in front of the statue of Henri IV. Most horrible of all, his heart was torn out, cooked and eaten by these human wolves. The next day the dead marshal's ashes were offered for sale on the streets, while his wife was accused of sorcery, dragged to the Bastille and her head hacked off.

Holmes on Domestic Economy.

The laughable and the pathetic are sometimes strangely mingled in little exhibitions of domestic economy—a plate of apples, for instance, with the defective parts cut out for the children; a small basket of homemade gingerbread, with one or two pieces of pound cake carefully disposed on the surface so as to appear to the best advantage.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Free Lectures.

Caudle—Why do you call Speaks a liberal educator? Waddel—He lectures without pay. Caudle—Then my wife must be in that class also. She has been doing the same thing ever since the day she led me to the altar.—Chicago News.

Gets Twisted.

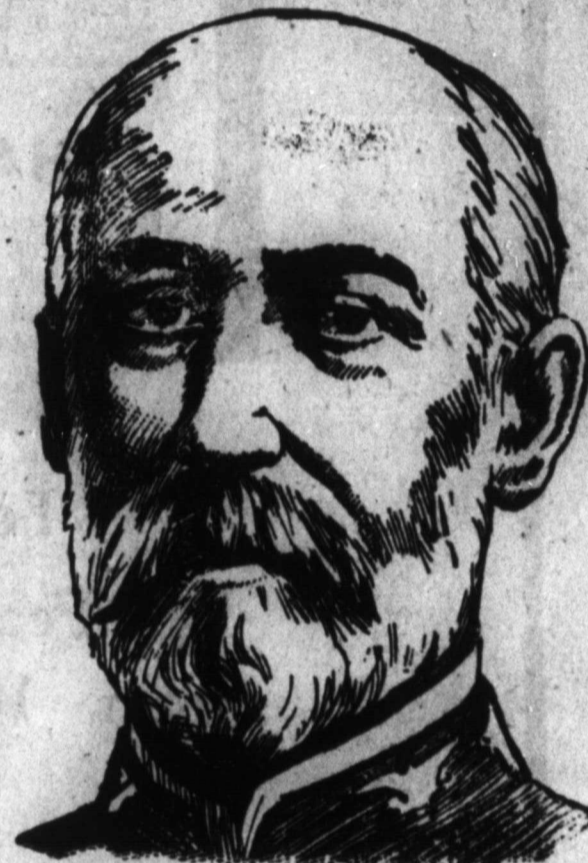
Hewitt—Gruet is always doing the wrong thing. Jewett—Yes; he is the kind of fellow who would buy hay for his automobile and give gasoline to his horse.—New York Press.

REAR ADMIRAL DAVIS.

Naval Officer Who Figured in the Swettenham Episode.

Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis has figured in several noted episodes, but none perhaps was so peculiar as his experience in going to Kingston, Jamaica, to render aid to sufferers from earthquake and receiving an invitation to get out more quickly than he came. Admiral Evans' prompt dispatch to Kingston of Admiral Davis, who stands next to him in command of the Atlantic fleet, the good work done by the American officer and his men and the correspondence between him and Sir Alexander Swettenham, the English governor, caused much comment.

The episode recalls the first occasion on which Admiral Davis came before the public in a prominent way. That was when President Cleveland appointed him official escort to the Princess Eulalia of Spain, who visited this country on the invitation of the government at the time of the Columbian exposition at Chicago. The princess proved a difficult subject for even an officer of the diplomatic attainments of



REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES H. DAVIS.

her American guardian, who was then an officer of the rank of commander. His duties were of a delicate nature. His card read, "Commander Charles Henry Davis, United States Navy, representing the President of the United States near the person of H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain." Being "near the person" of the princess did not enable him unfortunately to prevent the latter from snubbing Chicago's foremost society woman, Mrs. Potter Palmer, because her husband kept a hotel. The incident caused the discreet naval officer much embarrassment.

It was the admiral's good fortune during the Spanish war to receive the surrender of the port of Ponce, Porto Rico, and in 1904, after the Russian warships under Rojestvensky had fired on British fishing vessels, he served as the American member of the North sea commission, which was appointed to arbitrate the resulting dispute. It was his support of the British contention that turned the scale in favor of that government in the decision.

When Her Shoe Came Untied.

When her shoe came untied what could I do but stoop
And fumble the strings till I'd fashioned a loop
That would serve for a bow and then knotted it tight.
The while she was blushing, confused at her plight?
Yet Cupid, the scamp, might his darts have shot wide
Had I not thus stooped down when her shoe came untied.

For after the knot I'd adjusted, it seemed,
Her eyes with a spirit of roguishness beamed,
And of course, being down on my knees,
It occurred
I well might ask something I long had deferred.
So I said a few words, and she something replied
That sounded like "Yes"—when her shoe came untied!

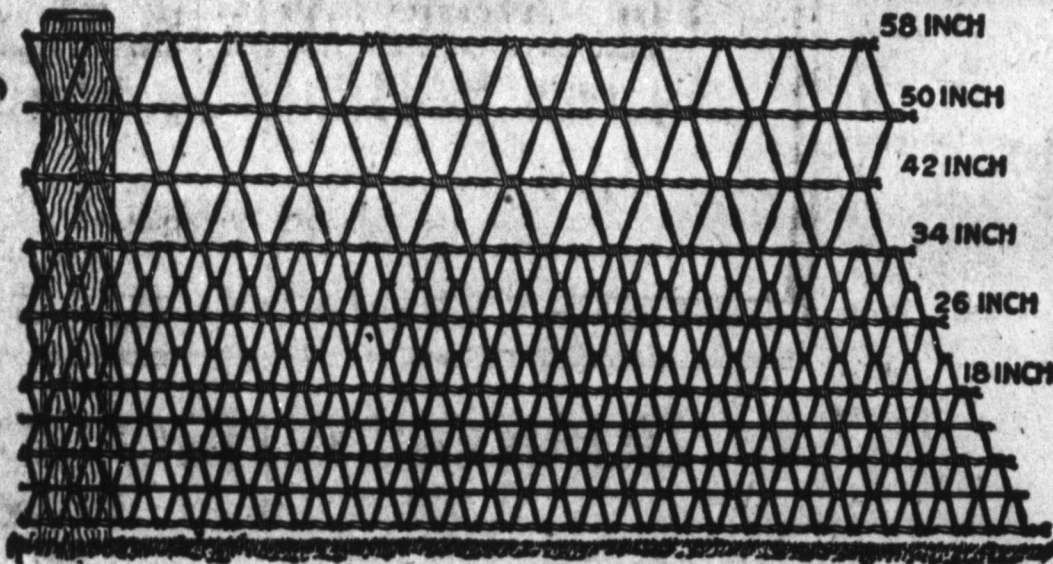
—Roy Farrell Greene in Judge.

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Science proves that the strongest fence, because constructed throughout on scientific lines, is the

ELLWOOD FENCE

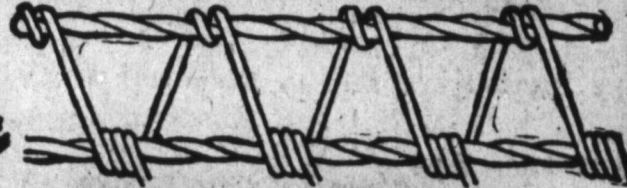
SIMPLE—SCIENTIFIC—STRONG



The Reasons:

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Best Fence on Earth for Cowpens and Corrals, All heights from 18 to 58 inches.

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M. Carter Attorney
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County Officers.

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

Court convenes first Monday in February, May, August and November.

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. Rev. J. W. Childers, Preacher in Charge.

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

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

Baptist: Preaching day every fourth Sunday.

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

M. C. Bishop, Pastor.

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednesday night.

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The Thrifty Person buys his goods where his money goes farthest. Our aim is to make our store THAT Place. Come and see us.

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Bailey, Odell and Pierce.

The New York Times says that when Assistant Attorney General J. P. Lightfoot of Texas appeared in New York City to take evidence in the case against the Waters-Pierce Oil Company his coming was unheralded and he stumbled upon an interesting trio hobnobbing together at the Waldorf-Astoria, being no less distinguished personages than Senator J. W. Bailey, D. W. Odell and Henry Clay Pierce. A few days later Odell took up as attorney for the Oil company and also for Pierce in the purjury case. And later still Pierce appeared in St. Louis and is arrested on the Texas indictment. He resists the execution of the Texas process before a Federal judge (probably one of his minions), and though the latter's decision had not been rendered at last account, it is safe to say that he will not allow Pierce to be brought to Texas for trial. Pierce let the cat out when he asked for an immediate decision "so he could return to New York!"

An Austin dispatch says: Dispatches from New York regarding the preliminary hearing in which the State of Texas is trying to gather some fresh evidence against the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, which discloses the appointment of D. W. Odell of Cleburne by the octopus, is causing plenty of comment in legislative circles to-day. Odell was Senator Bailey's leading counsel during the so-called legislative investigation here a few months ago, and it was predicted at the time that the attorneys looking after Bailey would later be employed by the Standard Oil Company.

Some members of the House declare that the fine Italian hand of Joe Bailey can be seen in the background in connection with the latest disclosures by the Associated Press, and they point out that Bailey is now in line for a fresh lot of explanation.—Brackenridge Democrat.

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The Western Breeders Journal published at Clay Center, Kansas, is one of the most instructive and up-to-date papers of its class in the country. It is full of good things which any farmer or stock man wants to know. It contains

the ideas and experiences of those who have made a study of farming and breeding of pure bred live stock. Every one who subscribes for or renews for the Citizen will receive The Western Breeders Journal one year without any additional cost. Could you get a better offer than this?

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

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CITIZEN

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

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Gall, Texas, June 6, 1907.

High Prices Predicted.

There is a growing impression among the cattlemen of Texas that prices have not yet reached their proper level, notwithstanding the fact that all classes of range stuff are bringing from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per head more this spring than was paid for the same class of animals last season. The opinion seems to prevail that as prices remain low so many years the cycle will not now be complete until high prices have ruled the same length of time, and the tendency must now be upward for several years. Ranchmen who visit this city for the transaction of routine cattle business incident to the marketing of their stuff, are more optimistic than they have been for many years. They all tell the same story as to range conditions, scarcity of cattle, good local demand and a general stiffening in the price.

Colonel S. T. Shropshire, of Colorado City, is a man who has kept in touch with the live stock industry for the past twenty years. He annually buys a great many cattle and ships them to market, and his view of the situation is not that of the producer, but serves to show the remarkable unanimity with which all interests are viewing the situation. Colonel Shropshire is one of the most conservative men in West Texas and a man of keen business judgment and sagacity. He says:

"My guess is that cattle are sure to go higher. There can not be any way out of it, there is bound to be higher priced cattle. Not a man in the state of Texas who is familiar with the cattle situation will disagree with me. Last year thousands of veal calves were shipped from the range country to the markets and slaughtered. Aged steers are not to be found, and 2-year-old steers are very scarce and very high in price. Cows are

also very scarce and high in price—something that a few years ago were a drag on the market. There were times but a few years ago when it would not pay to ship cows of the ordinary kind out of the state. But today there is a good market for them, and they are being looked after. A better class of cattle is being raised in Texas all the time. But the shortage is noticeable, and prices are getting as high as the proverbial cat's back."

And that is just about the view they all take of it. Cattle are quite scarce in Texas, and prices are getting up where they begin to mean something for the producer.—Lubbock Leader.

Senator Vest's Famos Eulogy.

Years ago, in an old town of north Missouri, a man brought suit for \$200 against a neighbor who had killed his dog, and engaged Senator Vest to plead his case. The Senator made the following remarkable address—considered the finest classic gem of its kind in the history of forensic oratory:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considerate action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog."

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintery wind blows and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pau-

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

GAIL BANK

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For Good Lumber and Satisfaction.

BIG SPRINGS.

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J. S. Cordill, Pres.

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CORDILL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—Successors to the Roscoe Lumber Company.

DEALERS IN

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

WE GIVE BETTER VALUE THAN ANY YARD IN Big Springs Texas

Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

per master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and when death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the grave-

side may the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then the Senator sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, almost without gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished the judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon returned with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$500. He had sued for \$200. It is even said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.—Ector County Democrat.

Running a Newspaper.

It doesn't take money to run a newspaper. It can be run without money. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a highway robber. The newspaper is a child of the air, a creature of a dream. It can go on and on when another concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up with cobwebs in the window. It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes gall to run a newspaper. It takes a scintillating, acrobatic imagination and half a dozen white shirts and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But money—who ever needed money in conducting a newspaper? Kind words are the medium of exchange that do the business for the editor—kind words and church societies' tickets. When you see an editor with money, watch him. He'll be paying his bills and disgracing his profession. Never give money to an editor. Make him trade it out. He likes to swap cordwood, cabbage, eye water, corn salve, old duds, and scrap iron, are all useful to him. Then when you die, after having stood around and sneered at the editor and his Jim Crow paper, be sure and have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, and when she reads the generous, touching notice about you, forwarn her not to send the 15 cents to the editor. It would overwhelm him.

Money is a corrupt thing. The editor knows it and what he wants is your heartfelt thanks. Then he can thank the grocers. Send your job work to some cheap institution in the east and, then come and ask for a free puff every time the baby cuts a tooth. Hold the editor and his paper responsible for your town being dead and exonerate yourself. Get your lodge stationery printed out of town and then flood the editor with resolutions and cards of thanks. They make such spicy reading, and when you pick it up filled with those vivid and glowing mortuary articles, you are proud of your little paper. But money—scorn the filthy stuff. Don't let the pure innocent editor know anything about it, it might do him harm. Keep that for the sordid tradespeople who charge for their wares. The editor gives his bounty away. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. He'll take care of the editors. Don't worry about the editor. He'll get the paper out somehow, and stand up for you when you run for office and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tacky wedding and blaw about your big-footed sons

Jesse B. Hollowell

Cordially invites you to call on him at the

New Dining Hall

On Oak Street, Opposite Light Plant.
And he will give you all the good things you can eat, with free coffee, for 25 cents. Cooking done by white ladies and gentlemen.

Will Furnish You Good, New Beds, Cheap.
COLORADO. TEXAS.

Bob's Restaurant

For Regular Meals and Short Orders,
Pies and Cakes,

Table Supplied with best the Market Affords
S. R. CRAWFORD, Prop.

Colorado, Texas.

We can Take Subscriptions To
NEWSPAPERS,
MAGAZINES OR BOOKS,
And save You both MONEY and TROUBLE.
Come and See Us.

M. L. Ainsworth

PHOTOGRAPHER

South Side Square

All Work Guaranteed

Call Texas

when they get a \$4-a-week job, and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from your grasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The Lord only knows how—but the editor will get there some way.—Ex.

Chief Geronimo Declining.

Lawton, O. T., June 6.—Chief Geronimo, the great Apache warrior, who is said to have scalped more white people than any other living Indian and who for twenty years has been a prisoner of war at Fort Sill military reservation near here is reported by an Apache Indian to have completely lost his mind and has to be guarded almost night and day by Apache scouts in the government service. Yesterday afternoon he wandered away from home and was not seen until nightfall, being discovered about dark wandering near Fort Sill, watching the high-

ways and murmuring to himself. A carriage approached and he rushed toward it with a ferocious grin that frightened the occupants. He was taken in charge by two scouts who came up and prevented him following the party. Geronimo is believed to have grown demented because of the refusal of the war department and the President to grant him liberty or permission to return to Arizona, the scene of his many devastations of villages and slaughtering of whites. Since his last appeal to the President he has been morose and cross and a few weeks ago his wife, the eighth of his bosom, left him to return no more.—Ector County Democrat.

Big Springs Furniture Company guarantees their goods.

H. D. Pruett has some nice sets of Harnes, single and double call and see them.

Humane Hints to Horsemen.

The physical nature of the horse is similar to our own. In winter instead of taking off clothing we put on more. Use the same logic with the horse and provide him with a good warm blanket when standing in the cold. When standing hitched, turn his head with the wind, rather than facing it. He will feel the cold much less.

Save your horse from exposure to sudden and extreme changes of temperature. See that he has proper shelter and that he is fed and exercised regularly.

Horses are naturally well and strong and seldom suffer from any but man-made causes, such as over-driving, over-loading, under-feeding, bad shoeing, neglect and exposure.

Over-loading a horse is a violation of law. A horse should not be given a heavier load than he can pull with comfort on a level road.

Water your horse often, in winter as in summer. There are all kinds of theories about the proper time to water horses. If you water him as you water yourself you won't be far wrong. Let him drink with the bridle on and the bit in his mouth, so that he will drink quietly and slowly.

See to it that blinders do not press too close on your horse's eyes and obstruct his vision. The "open" bridle is a sure cure for close and flapping blinders.

Do not dock your horse's tail. It involves a cruelly painful operation, which stamps it as a barbarous fashion.

Do not over-check your horse. It is painful, unnatural and ungrateful.

Provide a clean bed for your horse, to the hard working horse repose is as much a necessity as good food. Some sleep standing and continue to work for many years yet they would wear better if they rested naturally.—Selected.

Austin, Tex., June 6.—Never before in the history of the state has there been such a general demand for state school lands and other public domain. Land Commissioner Terrell has opened bids for the sale of certain school lands and the price bid for these lands greatly exceeded the price offered for the same kind of land several years ago.

For instance, bids were opened for the sale of several sections of school land situated in Presidio county, and the bids ranged from \$5 to \$20 an acre, while only a few years ago, according to Land Commissioner Terrell, this land could have been bought for 50c and \$1 an acre. The great demand for this land is one of the reasons for the price to soar so high, and the other is due to the act passed by the legislature which requires the bidding for the purchase of school lands. This causes considerable competition and consequently this has brought up the price to a considerable extent.

Local

Go to W. R. Cole and Strayhorn of Big Springs, Texas, for Buggies, wagons, and the best implements on Earth.

Mr. Valdetero, representing Pfeifer Chemical Co. of St. Louis, was taking orders here last Saturday.

W. S. McClung made a trip to Big Springs last Saturday, returning Sunday.

The school districts of the county are tardy in sending in their census reports. Part of district three and districts 1, 4, and 7 are behind.

Travel on the mail hack line is increasing of late. Sometimes two hacks a day to Big Springs and occasionally a trip on Sunday.

Mssrs. Bly and Robertson of the Snelling neighborhood were in Gail last Saturday.

H. G. Watson of Clarksville, Texas is stopping here for his health.

Prof. W. P. Simmons of the Snelling school was in Gail Saturday. The school at Snelling closed last Friday for this term.

The fine rain of the past week brought a resting spell to some of our busiest farmers. Fred Petzel took advantage of the wet spell and come in last Friday after the rain.

J. D. Black was on our streets last Saturday.

Prof. Roberts of the Mesquite school was in Gail Saturday.

Silas Chambers of Lynn county arrived here last Thursday evening on his return home, from a four weeks visit to relatives in Coke and Sterling counties.

W. S. McClung, Conty Surveyor, has just received a new telescope to use with the compass. It will aid him in seeing objects at a great distance without strain to the eye from the glaring sun or dark weather. It also will greatly facilitate his work.

Miss McDonald is still quite sick with fever and shows no change for the better.

Mr. H. D. Pruett and wife made a business trip to Dallas this week.

Mr. Sam Burk, who has been in Midland county for several months returned Sunday, and will attend the singing school.

Miss Tinnie Kincaid returned home Sunday after a weeks visit to her sister, Mrs. John Arnett.

Mr. Murry, who has been teaching school in Lynn county was in Gail Tuesday.

Mr. J. B. Cotten and sisters, Misses Loretta and Della of Garza county are the guests of Mrs. Mauldin this week. Also Mr. Porter Cotten. They are attending the singing school.

Verbena Locals,

Verbena, Tex. May 25.—The candidates of Garza are rushing around and shaking hands, as the county organization election is to be held the fifteenth of next month.

It is real dry here as we have not had a good rain this year. Stock water in many places is getting scarce.

Mr. Adkins recently sold to Rae Allison twenty heifer yearlings at \$12 per head. Mr. L. A. Barrow also bought forty or fifty yearling heifers of J. B. Faulkner at \$10 per head.

Mr. West Dalton passed Verbena Friday en route to Abeline, after his children, who have been attending school at that place.

Mr. R. L. Self has lately put up a new windmill at his place.

Walker Wilkes and family have lately visited relatives in this county.

GEORGE.

Miss Hettie Kincaid is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. Arnett.

Plainview School House.

We had a very good rain last week, every body is busy now.

Mr. John Berry and wife have returned to Grady, New Mexico, where they will make their future home.

Mr. Oscar McCarley left last week for his place in Mexico, accompanied by Mr. Willie Salyers and wife.

Preaching last Sunday and dinner on the ground at Plainview, good attendance. Bro. Eubanks conducted the services.

Mr. T. E. King and Miss Annie Beach were married last Sunday at 11 o'clock at the home of the bride. Judge T. M. Bartley officiating.

Mr. George McNees of Panola county is visiting his uncle, Mr. George Beach.

Mr. Tom Kennedy and wife have just returned from Gail, where he visited his father.

Party last Tuesday night at Mr. Austins, a small crowd but all enjoyed the play.

Mr. Bob Collum has moved to Mexico.

Mssrs. Regger Keeth, Roy Miles and Palma Parker, and Misses Pansy Pope, Isa Betenbough and Lela Miles went mulberry hunting last Sunday eve. The young folks had a very pleasant time.

The debate last Friday night at Six Miles was very good.

I. C. U.

Mr. Smoot has rented the house formerly occupied by D. E. Naylor, and moved his family to town to attend the singing school.

Miss Ray and Viola Doyal are visiting in Gail this week.

We have been requested to announce that the childrens day which was to be on the 2nd Sunday in June has been postponed till the 5th Sunday.

W. S. McCLUNG,

DEPUTY DISTRICT SURVEYOR,

Gail, Texas:

Colorado Mercantile Co.

We carry a large and complete stock of
GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
STUDEBAKER AND OLD HICKORY WAGONS

The best Made. Sold by us under a strict Guarantee

ALSO FULL LINE BUGGIES, HACKS AND SURREYS.

"Colorado's Busiest Store on Colorado's Busiest Street"

Colorado,

Texas.

When you go to Colorado

Call on

A. J. PAYNE

for your

Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes

He will be glad to see you. Make your stopping place with him.

J. F. Maxey requests us to present his name to the people of Garza county as a candidate for the office of tax assessor.

I am authorized to announce H. G. Smith a candidate for the office of District and County Clerk of Garza county.

J. P. Crowley of Garza county came down to Gail last Tuesday.

Mrs. Ivy, of Graham Chapel, Garza county, is quite sick, but is reported better.

W. A. Fuller of Scurry county delivered a bunch of steers at the Llano ranch this week.

The O S outfit started to Hockley county last week with a herd of steers.

An election was held last week in the northern part of Garza county for the purpose of levying a special school tax, and the result showed only one vote against the tax.

Jim Barns of the U O ranch was in town last Tuesday. He reports an excellent rain and everything prosperous on the ranch.

Misses Stella and Unice Nisbett are here attending the singing school. They are the guests of Mrs. Taylor.

Singing school and Meeting.

Our singing school is first class in every respect. The attendance is growing each day and even the little 3rd reader children are learning from the start.

All under 12 years come at \$1.50, over 12 \$2.00, and advance students beginning harmony \$3.00, advanced harmony \$4.00, for the 20 days and 10 nights.

Prof. Easterling is tasteful, tactful and quite proficient in his work, students are all learning to love him, and he is indeed a gospel singer.

Send your singers in at once and help us and let us help you, and when you go back home you will be an inspiration to your community.

Remember also that our protracted meeting begins 4th Sunday in this month, with R. T. Hanks in the lead preaching. Don't fail to attend both.

T. R. MAULDIN.

Mr. D. E. Naylor and wife are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Clark this week.

Mr. Walter Brown of the Munger ranch left for Tahoka last Monday.