

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1908.

NO. 1.

## Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Capital stock 25,000.00

The largest retail dealers in west Texas of

Hardware, Furniture, Buggles, wagons, Windmills and Implements

Your Patronage Solicited.

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Texas.

## See CONWAY CRAIG LUMBER CO.

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## O. L. WILKIRSON LUMBER CO.

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Lumber, Doors Sash shingles

All Kinds of Builders' Material.

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## R. B. SPENCER & CO.

### LUMBER

Lumber and Building Material Of all kinds.

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## CONNELL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—Successors to the Cordill Lumber Company.

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LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS

Big Springs Texas

## McClure, Basden & Co.

Furniture and House Furnishings, Coffins, Caskets and Robes,

Big Stock and Low Prices.

J. J. McClure, Licensed Embalmer,

COLORADO, TEXAS.

To the Citizens of Borden County.

I have never asked for a position unless I knew I could fill it. Have held several in different lines and never had failure charged against me.

I ask the voters of Borden county for the office of county Judge. And in doing so know that I can meet every requirement necessary to the discharge of its duties. And did I not know this I would not ask for the office.

I was in the last race, though under adverse conditions, but received a highly flattering vote, having carried the three home boxes.

I thank my friends who so loyally supported me then, and plead for a continuance of their confidence. I ask those who approved me then to thoroughly investigate me and if I am found worthy and well qualified will

appreciate as much as man could their support in the coming campaign.

Respectfully  
T. P. BLANKENSHIP

J. C. Howe who declares his candidacy in this issue of the Citizen for the office of tax assessor has been a citizen of Borden 11 years and married here. Mr. Howe is competent and worthy and has no business to interfere with the duties of assessor if elected by the people.

T. H. Morris, came in yesterday from Big Springs to assist our blacksmith J. A. Smith, in shop work.

In this issue of the Citizen W. A. Bedell announces himself a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Borden county. Mr. Bedell is a worthy industrious citizen and competent to fill the office of tax assessor.

To The Voters of Borden County.

I take this method of announcing myself as a candidate for the office of sheriff and tax collector of Borden county.

I am a native Texan, and have spent the greater part of my life in Hill county.

I have lived in Borden county for more than two years.

I have had four years experience as deputy sheriff in Hill county, and am familiar with the duties of the office.

I feel that I am fully competent to fill the office to the satisfaction of all concerned and if elected I will daringly perform the duties of the office.

Submitting myself to the action of the democratic party  
Respectfully  
JOHN. R. WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams is one of Borden county's peaceable citizens and has lived among us as such and we feel if elected would make a wide awake officer

Tuesday night several of the

young people sat up at Mr. Maurdin's until midnight to ring the old year out and the new year in. Those present were Mr and Mrs. T. W. Cotton Messer, Sam Burk, Edwin Love, Porter and J. B. Cotton, Wes Berry, John Michael, Walter Jolly, W. S. McClung, and Misses Myrtle and Ora Smoot, Eunice Nesbitt, Myrtle, Whittington, and Lottie Cranfill.

Mr. Jack Baker of Pride, was in Gail last week.

Mr. Jones of the Sealy neighborhood was in town Wednesday.

C. E. Pennington, of Cameron City is visiting his relatives the Millers, of Borden county Mr. Pennington, had the misfortune of losing his wife about two months ago leaving several children without a mother to rear them.



### Nut Growing Industry of the South

Nut growing is a comparatively new industry in the south Atlantic and Gulf states, but it promises to develop into one of the most important in that section," said J. Z. Reid, a prosperous planter of Florida. The most popular nut is the pecan and its popularity is probably due to the development of systematic methods of grading it and cracking it with machinery operated by steam or electric power. This makes possible the marketing of the meats of the nut ready for use.

"The demand is all ways much greater than the supply and many planters are now turning their attention to the nut raising industry. It is not uncommon for a tree to bear as high as 200 pounds in one season and most of these sell at from 60 to 70 cents a pound. It does not require much figuring to show that the pecan orchards which abound in some sections are paying investments."—The Enterprise.

### Brooklyn Bridge Crush.

To the visitor to New York City the great Brooklyn bridge is one of the first objects of special interest pointed out and to those who have seen it mingled with its crowds or even read of the great jams that occur daily, and indeed regularly at certain hours the recent proposition to install moving platforms across the bridge will find some interest.

The company making the proposition promises to carry 174,000 persons an hour across the bridge, each passenger to have a seat, and ensures a solution of the crush problem that has been before the New York public for years.

In the moving platform the usual order of things is reversed, and instead of the vehicle on which the passengers are moved running on wheels on a rail; the vehicle itself is the rail which moves over the wheels.

Should the system be installed it would be not unlike a broad, band on which seats are placed, looping the bridge at a rate of twelve miles an hour without any stops to take on or leave off passengers—no waits; no dead space just one continuous train always running.—Farm and Fireside.

### New Zealand in the Land.

New Zealand is a new country able to furnish new ideas in government, which, as detailed by its coming prime minister, now here on his way home to assume his duties, may be profitably imitated by us. It is ruled on the idea, which is assuming controlling strength here, that the people rule.

here they do it in fact; here they have only done it in name. We do it out of the mouths of our rulers, who too often have fallen into the habit of regarding themselves and their own interests as the people's—and of ruling accordingly. Here the corporation has risen to the control of things from which it has now to be torn down.

New Zealand seems to have taken it by the ear in time, and to have secured the development of industries without undue cost to the people, by the simple expedient of stepping in with government operation of monopolies and government hand on conspiracies seeking to suppress competition in business.

The government operates the railroads and telegraphs and such things as need to be monopolies for their successful and cheap development. The government keeps the manufacturers in check by its duties and taxes. It is seemingly, a very paternal government, but perhaps not more so than is necessary to secure to the individual citizen his liberty and equality, which we declare for them, but fail to secure to them.

We will get there after a while but New Zealand seems to have stolen a march on us. They have treet car fares there for a penny, which is two cents; and a seat

for every passenger. When the seats are full no more are taken aboard; an arrangement recommending itself to the good sense of everyone save the transporter, no one of whom has ever seen its propriety.

They say the proposed passenger would howl if excluded; and so he might; but the way to pacify him is to give him a seat in another car—which is also a remedy which the transporter in this country finds too costly for his taste.

### A Tramp's Lecture.

A tramp asked for a drink in a saloon. The request was granted and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage one of the young men present exclaimed, "Stop! make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue"

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my blighted manhood. This bloated face was once as handsome as yours. This shamb-

ing figure once walked as proudly as yours, for I was a man in the world of men, I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect into a cup of wine, and like Cleopatra, saw it dissolve, then quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and pure as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, but I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, but I broke and bruised their beautiful forms and strangled them that I might hear their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home and a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nervous fingers and was shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors were pushed open and shut again, and when the little group looked up the tramp was gone.—Exchange.

## Burton Lingo Co.

DEALERS IN  
**Lumber and all kinds of building material**  
**High Grades Low Prices**  
BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

**I have located in Snyder and when you are in need of Dental work call and see me. All work first class and prices right.**  
**J. A. Harlan, D. D. S.**

Send your orders for Oats, Bran, Corn and Corn Chops, Hay, Flour and Coal to

## The Lamesa Grain and Fuel Co.

Big Springs, Texas.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Grain and Coal dealers in West Texas. Try us and be convinced. Doyle & Wasson stand

Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

### PROFESSIONAL

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

**J. H. HANNABASS M. D.**  
Special attention given to diseases of women and children.  
Office at Drug Store,  
Gail, Texas.

Send your watch to **B. L. COOPER.**  
**Colorado Texas**  
Work done promptly and prices right.  
He sells the Singer Sewing Machine. Write him for prices.

Large Sample Rooms  
**ALAMO HOTEL**  
MRS. JNO. R. GRAVES  
Proprietress.  
Clean and well kept rooms. Excellent Table Service.  
COLORADO, 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  
 J. D. Brown ..... Clerk  
 D. Dorward, Jr. .... Treasurer  
 S. L. Jones ..... Tax Assessor  
 No Attorney.

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

**Commissioners.**

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

**Secret Orders.**

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

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

**Churches.**

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

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

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

Baptist: Preaching day every  
 fourth Sunday.

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

M. C. Bishop, Pastor

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednes-  
 day night.

**A SAFE COMBINATION.**

**READ YOUR HOME PAPER.**

No argument is needed to prove  
 this statement correct. You also  
 need a paper for world wide-gen-  
 eral 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.

**1908 will be 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  
 Made to Order.  
**H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gall, Texas.**

**Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado**  
**FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.**

**J. B. ANNIS.**  
*The Saddle Man*  
 Colorado, Texas.  
 Saddles made to order a specialty. Nothing but the  
 best material used. Write for prices

**WINDMILLS**  
 Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.  
**Leroy Johnson**  
 —Proprietor of—  
 Farmers and Merchants Gin Company  
 —Also—  
 The Snyder Gin Company  
 Snyder, Texas.

**A New Drug Firm**  
 When in Big Springs Come in and see  
 one of the finest Drug Stores in the West.  
**Arnold, Tanksley Drug Co.**

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 build-

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

Gall, the county seat, is a small  
 town but is building fast. There  
 are eight business houses, be-  
 sides a bank, two hotels, a res-  
 taurant, 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 com-  
 plete failure in crops. The lands  
 about Gall have not heretofore  
 been for sale, hence the slow de-  
 velopment. At the present some  
 of the pastures are for sale in  
 small tracts.

Good schools, good churches  
 and good roads are grand things  
 to have in a community. In or-  
 der to have these things people  
 must be educated to take pride  
 in all these. Your home paper  
 can and will do more to encour-  
 age all of these things than any  
 other agency. The school chil-  
 dren read with pleasure the home  
 happenings, and as they grow up  
 become interested and make use-  
 ful citizens. Give the children  
 the home paper to read. It costs  
 you but a trifle.

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 ed livestock paper, or the Kansas City  
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 full market reports.

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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 LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLow.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

He walked past her, giving no sign of recognition, and advanced direct toward Ryder, who had risen and remained standing at his desk.

"Perhaps I had better go?" ventured Shirley, although tortured by anxiety to hear the news from Washington.

"No," said Ryder quickly. "Judge Stott will detain me but a very few moments."

Having delivered himself of this delicate hint, he looked toward his visitor as if inviting him to come to the point as rapidly as possible.

"I must apologize for intruding at this unseemly hour, sir," said Stott, "but time is precious. The senate meets tomorrow to vote. If anything is to be done for Judge Rossmore it must be done tonight."

"I fail to see why you address yourself to me in this matter, sir," replied Ryder, with asperity.

"As Judge Rossmore's friend and counsel," answered Stott, "I am impelled to ask your help at this critical moment."

"The matter is in the hands of the United States senate, sir," replied Ryder coldly.

"They are against him!" cried Stott. "Not one senator I've spoken to holds out any hope for him. If he is convicted it will mean his death. Inch by inch his life is leaving him. The only thing that can save him is the good news of the senate's refusal to find him guilty."

Stott was talking so excitedly and loudly that neither he nor Ryder heard the low moan that came from the corner of the room where Shirley was standing listening.

"I can do nothing," repeated Ryder coldly, and he turned his back and began to examine some papers lying on his desk as if to notify the caller that the interview was ended. But Stott was not so easily discouraged. He went on:

"As I understand it, they will vote on strictly party lines, and the party in power is against him. He's a marked man. You have the power to help him." Heedless of Ryder's gesture of impatience, he continued: "When I left his bedside tonight, sir, I promised to return to him with good news. I have told him that the senate ridicules the charges against him. I must return to him with good news. He is very ill tonight, sir." He halted for a moment and glanced in Shirley's direction, and, slightly raising his voice so she might hear, he added, "If he gets worse, we shall send for his daughter."

"Where is his daughter?" demanded Ryder, suddenly interested.

"She is working in her father's interests," replied Stott, and he added significantly, "I believe with some hope of success."

He gave Shirley a quick, questioning look. She nodded affirmatively. Ryder, who had seen nothing of this byplay, said with a sneer:

"Surely you didn't come here tonight to tell me this?"

"No, sir, I did not." He took from his pocket two letters—the two which Shirley had sent him—and held them out for Ryder's inspection. "These letters from Judge Rossmore to you," he said, "show you to be acquainted with the fact that he bought those shares as an investment—and did not receive them as a bribe."

When he caught sight of the letters and he realized what they were, Ryder changed color. Instinctively his eyes sought the drawer on the left hand

side of his desk. In a voice that was unnaturally calm he asked:

"Why don't you produce them before the senate?"

"It was too late," explained Stott, handing them to the financier. "I received them only two days ago. But if you come forward and declare"—

Ryder made an effort to control himself.

"I'll do nothing of the kind. I refuse to move in the matter. That is final. And now, sir," he added, raising his voice and pointing to the letters, "I wish to know how comes it that you had in your possession private correspondence addressed to me?"

"That I cannot answer," replied Stott promptly.

"From whom did you receive these letters?" demanded Ryder.

Stott was dumb, while Shirley clutched at her chair as if she would fall. The financier repeated the question.

"I must decline to answer," replied Stott finally.

Shirley left her place and came slowly forward. Addressing Ryder, she said:

"I wish to make a statement."

The financier gazed at her in astonishment. What could she know about it, he wondered, and he waited with



"You have the power to help him."

curiosity to hear what she was going to say. But Stott instantly realized that she was about to take the blame upon herself, regardless of the consequences to the success of their cause. This must be prevented at all hazards, even if another must be sacrificed, so, interrupting her, he said hastily to Ryder:

"Judge Rossmore's life and honor are at stake, and no false sense of delicacy must cause the failure of my object to save him. These letters were sent to me by—your son."

"From my son?" exclaimed Ryder, starting. For a moment he staggered as if he had received a blow. He was too much overcome to speak or act. Then, recovering himself, he rang a bell and turned to Stott with renewed fury.

"So," he cried, "this man, this judge whose honor is at stake and his daughter, who most likely has no honor at stake, between them have made a thief and a liar of my son! False to his father, false to his party! And you, sir, have the presumption to come here and ask me to intercede for him!" To the butler, who entered, he said: "See if

Mr. Jefferson is still in the house. If he is, tell him I would like to see him here at once."

The man disappeared and Ryder strode angrily up and down the room with the letters in his hand. Then, turning abruptly on Stott, he said:

"And now, sir, I think nothing more remains to be said. I shall keep these letters, as they are my property."

"As you please. Good night, sir."

"Good night," replied Ryder, not looking up.

With a significant glance at Shirley, who motioned to him that she might yet succeed where he had failed, Stott

left the room. Ryder turned to Shirley. His fierceness of manner softened down as he addressed the girl:

"You see what they have done to my son?"

"Yes," replied Shirley, "it's the girl's fault. If Jefferson hadn't loved her you would have helped the judge. Ah, why did they ever meet! She has worked on his sympathy and he—he took these letters for her sake, not to injure you. Oh, you must make some allowance for him! One's sympathy gets aroused in spite of oneself. Even I feel sorry for—these people."

"Don't," replied Ryder grimly; "sympathy is often weakness. Ah, there you are!" turning to Jefferson, who entered the room at that moment.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Yes," said Ryder senior, holding up the letters. "Have you ever seen these letters before?"

Jefferson took the letters and examined them. Then he passed them back to his father and said frankly:

"Yes, I took them out of your desk and sent them to Mr. Stott in the hope they would help Judge Rossmore's case."

Ryder restrained himself from proceeding to actual violence only with the greatest difficulty. His face grew white as death, his lips were compressed, his hands twitched convulsively, his eyes flashed dangerously. He took another cigar to give the impression that he had himself well under control, but the violent trembling of his hands as he lit it betrayed the terrific strain he was under.

"So," he said, "you deliberately sacrificed my interests to save this woman's father—you hear him. Miss Green? Jefferson, my boy, I think it's time you and I had a final accounting."

Shirley made a motion as if about to withdraw. He stopped her with a gesture.

"Please don't go, Miss Green. As the writer of my biography you are sufficiently well acquainted with my family affairs to warrant your being present at the epilogue. Besides, I want an excuse for keeping my temper. Sit down, Miss Green."

Turning to Jefferson, he went on:

"For your mother's sake, my boy, I have overlooked your little eccentricities of character. But now we have arrived at the parting of the ways—you have gone too far. The one aspect of this business I cannot overlook is your willingness to sell your own father for the sake of a woman."

"My own father," interrupted Jefferson bitterly, "would not hesitate to sell me if his business and political interests warranted the sacrifice!"

Shirley attempted the role of peacemaker. Appealing to the younger man she said:

"Please don't talk like that, Mr. Jefferson." Then she turned to Ryder senior: "I don't think your son quite understands you, Mr. Ryder, and, if you will pardon me, I don't think you quite understand him. Do you realize that there is a man's life at stake—that Judge Rossmore is almost at the point of death and that favorable news from the senate tomorrow is perhaps the only thing that can save him?"

"Ah, I see," sneered Ryder senior. "Judge Stott's story has aroused your sympathy."

"Yes, I—I confess my sympathy is aroused. I do feel for this father whose life is slowly ebbing away—whose strength is being sapped hourly by the thought of the disgrace—the in-

justice that is being done him! I do feel for the wife of this suffering man!"

"Ah, it's a complete picture!" cried Ryder mockingly. "The dying father, the sorrowing mother—and the daughter, what is she supposed to be doing?"

"She is fighting for her father's life," cried Shirley, "and you, Mr. Jefferson, should have pleaded—pleaded—not demanded. It's no use trying to combat your father's will."

"She is quite right, father. I should have implored you. I do so now. I ask you for God's sake to help us!"

Ryder was grim and silent. He rose from his seat and paced the room, puffing savagely at his cigar. Then he turned and said:

"His removal is a political necessity. If he goes back on the bench every paltry justice of the peace, every petty official will think he has a special mission to tear down the structure that hard work and capital have erected. No, this man has been especially conspicuous in his efforts to block the progress of amalgamated interests."

"And so he must be sacrificed?" cried Shirley indignantly.

"He is a meddlesome man," insisted Ryder, "and—"

"He is innocent of the charges brought against him," urged Jefferson.

"Mr. Ryder is not considering that point," said Shirley bitterly. "All he can see is that it is necessary to put this poor old man in the public pillory, to set him up as a warning to others of his class not to act in accordance with the principles of truth and justice—not to dare to obstruct the car of Juggernaut set in motion by the money gods of the country!"

"It's the survival of the fittest, my dear," said Ryder coldly.

"Oh," cried Shirley, making a last appeal to the financier's heart of stone, "use your great influence with this governing body for good, not evil! Urge them to vote not in accordance with party policy and personal interest, but in accordance with their consciences—in accordance with truth and justice! Ah, for God's sake, Mr. Ryder, don't permit this foul injustice to blot the name of the highest tribunal in the western world!"

Ryder laughed cynically.

"By Jove! Jefferson, I give you credit for having secured an eloquent advocate!"

"Suppose," went on Shirley, ignoring his taunting comments, "suppose this daughter promises that she will never—never see your son again—that she

will go away to some foreign country?"

"No!" burst in Jefferson. "Why should she? If my father is not man enough to do a simple act of justice without bartering a woman's happiness and his son's happiness, let him find comfort in his self justification!"

Shirley, completely unnerved, made a move toward the door, unable longer to bear the strain she was under. She tottered as though she would fall. Ryder made a quick movement toward his son and took him by the arm. Pointing to Shirley, he said in a low tone:

"You see how the girl pleads your cause for you! She loves you, my boy!" Jefferson started. "Yes, she does," pursued Ryder senior. "She's worth a thousand of the Rossmore woman. Make her your wife, and I'll—"

"Make her my wife!" cried Jefferson joyously. He stared at his parent as if he thought he had suddenly been bereft of his senses.

"Make her my wife?" he repeated incredulously.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Ryder senior.

The young man advanced toward Shirley hands outstretched.

"Yes, yes, Shirl—Miss Green, will you?" Seeing that Shirley made no sign, he said: "Not now, father. I will speak to her later."

"No, no; tonight—at once!" insisted Ryder. Addressing Shirley, he went on: "Miss Green, my son is much affected by your disinterested appeal in his behalf. He—he—you can save him from himself. My son wishes you—"



asks you to become his wife! Is it not so, Jefferson?"

"Yes, yes, my wife!" advancing again toward Shirley.

The girl shrank back in alarm. "No, no, no, Mr. Ryder, I cannot; I cannot!" she cried.

"Why not?" demanded Ryder senior, appealingly. "Ah, don't—don't decide hastily!"

Shirley, her face set and drawn and keen mental distress showing in every line of it, faced the two men, pale and determined. The time had come to reveal the truth. This masquerade could go on no longer. It was not honorable to her father or to herself. Her self respect demanded that she inform the financier of her true identity.

"I cannot marry your son with these lies upon my lips!" she cried. "I cannot go on with this deception. I told you you did not know who I was, who my people were. My story about them, my name, everything about me is false, every word I have uttered is a lie, a fraud, a cheat! I would not tell you now, but you trusted me and are willing to entrust your son's future, your family honor in my keeping, and I can't keep back the truth from you, Mr. Ryder, I am the daughter of the man you hate. I am the woman your son loves. I am Shirley Rossmore!"

Ryder took his cigar from his lips and rose slowly to his feet.

"You? You?" he stammered.

"Yes—yes, I am the Rossmore woman! Listen, Mr. Ryder. Don't turn away from me. Go to Washington on behalf of my father, and I promise you I will never see your son again—never, never!"

"Ah, Shirley!" cried Jefferson, "you don't love me!"

"Yes, Jeff, I do. God knows I do! But if I must break my own heart to save my father I will do it."

"Would you sacrifice my happiness and your own?"

"No happiness can be built on lies, Jeff. We must build on truth or our whole house will crumble and fall. We have deceived your father, but he will forgive that, won't you?" she said, appealing to Ryder, "and you will go to Washington, you will save my father's honor, his life, you will?"

They stood face to face—this slim, delicate girl battling for her father's life, arrayed against a cold blooded, heartless, unscrupulous man, deaf to every impulse of human sympathy or pity. Since this woman had deceived him, fooled him, he would deal with her as with every one else who crossed his will. She laid her hand on his arm, pleading with him. Brutally, savagely, he thrust her aside.

"No, no, I will not!" he thundered. "You have wormed yourself into my confidence by means of lies and deceit. You have tricked me, fooled me to the very limit! Oh, it is easy to see how you have beguiled my son into the folly of loving you! And you—you have the brazen effrontery to ask me to plead for your father? No! No! No! Let the law take its course, and now, Miss Rossmore, you will please leave my house tomorrow morning!"

Shirley stood listening to what he had to say, her face white, her mouth quivering. At last the crisis had come. It was a fight to the finish between this man, the incarnation of corporate greed, and herself, representing the fundamental principles of right and justice. She turned on him in a fury:

"Yes, I will leave your house tonight! Do you think I would remain another hour beneath the roof of a man who is as blind to justice, as deaf to mercy, as incapable of human sympathy, as you are!"

She raised her voice, and as she stood there denouncing the man of money, her eyes flashing and her head thrown back, she looked like some avenging angel defying one of the powers of evil.

"Leave the room!" shouted Ryder, beside himself, and pointing to the door.

"Father!" cried Jefferson, starting forward to protect the girl he loved.

"You have tricked him as you have me!" thundered Ryder.

"It is your own vanity that has trick-

ed you!" cried Shirley contemptuously. "You lay traps for yourself and walk into them. You can tell every one around you to lie to you, to cajole you, to praise you, to deceive you! At least you cannot accuse me of flattering you. I have never fawned upon you as you compel your family and your friends and your dependents to do. I have always appealed to your better nature by telling you the truth, and in your heart you know that I am speaking the truth now."

"Go!" he commanded.

"Yes, let us go, Shirley!" said Jefferson.

"No, Jeff, I came here alone, and I'm going alone!"

"You are not. I shall go with you. I intend to make you my wife!"

Ryder laughed scornfully.

"No," cried Shirley. "Do you think I'd marry a man whose father is as deep a discreditor to the human race as your father is? No, I wouldn't marry the son of such a merciless tyrant! He refuses to lift his voice to save my father. I refuse to marry his son!"

She turned on Ryder with all the fury of a tiger:

"You think if you lived in the olden days you'd be a Caesar or an Alexander. But you wouldn't! You'd be a



"Leave the room!" shouted Ryder.

Nero—a Nero! Sink my self respect to the extent of marrying into your family!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Never! I am going to Washington without your aid. I am going to save my father if I have to go on my knees to every United States senator. I'll go to the White House; I'll tell the president what you are! Marry your son—no, thank you! No, thank you!"

Exhausted by the vehemence of her passionate outburst, Shirley hurried from the room, leaving Ryder speechless, staring at his son.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Shirley reached her rooms she broke down completely. She threw herself upon a sofa and burst into a fit of violent sobbing. After all, she was only a woman, and the ordeal through which she had passed would have taxed the strongest powers of endurance. She had borne up courageously while there remained the faintest chance that she might succeed in moving the financier to pity, but now that all hopes in that direction were shattered and she herself had been ordered harshly from the house, like any ordinary malefactor, the reaction set in, and she gave way freely to her long pent-up anguish and distress. Nothing now could save her father, not even this journey to Washington which she determined to take nevertheless; for, according to what Stott had said, the senate was to take a vote that very night.

She looked at the time—11 o'clock. She had told Mr. Ryder that she would leave his house at once, but on reflection it was impossible for a girl alone to seek a room at that hour. It would be midnight before she could get her

things packed. No, she would stay under this hated roof until morning and then take the first train to Washington. There was still a chance that the vote might be delayed, in which case she might yet succeed in winning over some of the senators. She began to gather her things together and was thus engaged when she heard a knock at her door.

"Who's there?" she called out.

"It's I," replied a familiar voice.

Shirley went to the door and opening it found Jefferson on the threshold. He made no attempt to enter, nor did she invite him in. He looked tired and careworn.

"Of course, you're not going to-night?" he asked anxiously. "My father did not mean to-night."

"No, Jeff," she said wearily; "not to-night. It's a little too late. I did not realize it. Tomorrow morning, early."

He seemed reassured and held out his hand.

"Good night, dearest. You're a brave girl. You made a splendid fight."

"It didn't do much good," she replied in a disheartened, listless way.

"But it set him thinking," rejoined Jefferson. "No one ever spoke to my father like that before. It did him good. He's still marching up and down the library, chewing the cud"—

Noticing Shirley's tired face and her eyes, with great black circles underneath, he stopped short.

"Now, don't do any more packing to-night," he said. "Go to bed, and in the morning I'll come up and help you. Good night!"

"Good night, Jeff," she smiled.

He went downstairs, and after doing some more packing she went to bed. But it was hours before she got to sleep, and then she dreamed that she was in the senate chamber and that she saw Ryder suddenly rise and denounce himself before the astonished senators as a perjurer and traitor to his country, while she returned to Masapequa with the glad news that her father was acquitted.

Meantime a solitary figure remained in the library, pacing to and fro like a lost soul in purgatory. Mrs. Ryder had returned from the play and gone to bed, serenely oblivious of the drama in real life that had been enacted at

home. The servants locked the house for the night, and still John Burkett Ryder walked the floor of his sanctum, and late into the small hours of the morning the watchman going his lonely rounds saw a light in the library and the restless figure of his employer sharply silhouetted against the white blinds.

For the first time in his life John Ryder realized that there was something in the world beyond self. He had seen with his own eyes the sacrifice a daughter will make for the father she loves, and he asked himself what manner of a man that father could be to inspire such devotion in his child. He probed into his own heart and conscience and reviewed his past career. He had been phenomenally successful, but he had not been happy. He had more money than he knew what to do with, but the pleasures of the domestic circle, which he saw other men enjoy, had been denied to him. Was he himself to blame? Had his insensate craving for gold and power led him to neglect those other things in life which contribute more truly to man's happiness? In other words, was his life a mistake? Yes, it was true what this girl charged—he had been merciless and unscrupulous in his dealings with his fellow man. It was true that hardly a dollar of his vast fortune had been honestly earned. It was true that it had been wrung from the people by fraud and trickery. He had craved for power, yet now he had tasted it, what a hollow joy it was, after all! The public hated and despised him. Even his so called friends and business associates toadied to him merely because they feared him. And this judge—this father he had persecuted and ruined—what a better man and citizen he was! How much more worthy of a child's love and of the esteem of the world!

What had Judge Rossmore done, after all, to deserve the frightful punishment the amalgamated interests had caused him to suffer? If he had blocked their game he had done only what his oath, his duty, commanded him to do. Such a girl as Shirley Rossmore could not have had any other kind of a father. Ah, if he had had such a daughter he might have been a better man, if only to win his child's respect and affection. John Ryder pondered long and deeply, and the more he ruminated the stronger the conviction grew upon him that the girl was right and he was wrong. Suddenly he looked at his watch. It was 1 o'clock. Roberts had told him that it would be an all night session and that a vote would probably not be taken until very late. He unhooked the telephone and, calling "central," asked for "long distance" and connection with Washington.

It was 7 o'clock when the maid entered Shirley's room with her breakfast, and she found its occupant up and dressed.

"Why, you haven't been to bed, miss!" exclaimed the girl, looking at the bed in the inner room, which seemed scarcely disturbed.

"No, Theresa, I—I couldn't sleep." Hastily pouring out a cup of tea, she added: "I must catch that 9 o'clock train to Washington. I didn't finish packing until nearly 3."

"Can I do anything for you, miss?" inquired the maid. Shirley was as popular with the servants as with the rest of the household.

"No," answered Shirley, "there are only a few things to go in my suit case. Will you please have a cab here in half an hour?"

The maid was about to go when she suddenly thought of something she had forgotten. She held out an envelope which she had left lying on the tray.

"Oh, miss, Mr. Jorkins said to give you this and master wanted to see you as soon as you had finished your breakfast."

Shirley tore open the envelope and took out the contents. It was a check, payable to her order for \$5,000 and signed "John Burkett Ryder."

A deep flush covered the girl's face as she saw the money—a flush of annoyance rather than of pleasure. This man who had insulted her, who had wronged her father, who had driven her from his home, thought he could throw his gold at her and insolently send her her pay as one settles haughtily with a servant discharged for impertinence. She would have none of his money—the work she had done she would make him a present of. She replaced the check in the envelope and passed it back to Theresa.

"Give this to Mr. Ryder and tell him I cannot see him."

"But Mr. Ryder said"—insisted the girl.

"Please deliver my message as I give it," commanded Shirley with authority. "I cannot see Mr. Ryder."

The maid withdrew, but she had barely closed the door when it was opened again and Mrs. Ryder rushed in without knocking. She was all flustered with excitement and in such a hurry that she had not even stopped to arrange her toilet.

"My dear Miss Green," she gasped, "what's this I hear—going away suddenly without giving me warning?"

"I wasn't engaged by the month," replied Shirley dryly.

"I know, dear, I know. I was thinking of myself. I've grown so used to you—how shall I get on without you? No one understands me the way you do. Dear me! The whole house is upset. Mr. Ryder never went to bed at all last night. Jefferson is going away, too—forever, he threatens. If he hadn't come and woke me up to say goodby, I should never have known you intended to leave us. My boy's going—you're going—every one's deserting me!"

Mrs. Ryder was not accustomed to such prolonged flights of oratory, and she sank exhausted on a chair, her eyes filling with tears.

"Did they tell you who I am—the

To be continued.



## The Borden Citizen

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

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### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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Six months ..... .50

### ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, Jan. 2, 1908.

People who feel kindly towards the Fort Worth Record deeply regret that that journal saw fit to establish a bureau to traduce and belittle the efforts of Attorney General Davidson. For a time this bureau was located in Dallas with Mr. Frank Bushick, a writer worthy of a far better cause, in charge; then it was moved to Austin from which point the two column daily attacks were continued. The Record is a fine paper, and at its head is one of the finest gentlemen it has been our pleasure to know, but a great journal can not afford to stoop to such efforts. Mr. Davidson has been active and fearless in the discharge of his duty; he has attacked nobody, and when attacked has met attacks with courtesy. Such an official can stand spiteful attacks without injury, a great newspaper cannot make them without injury to itself if this uncalled for war upon Mr. Davidson is continued many people will conclude that the Record was moved to hatred of the Attorney General on account of his determined prosecution of Mr. Pierce's Oil company.—Honey-Grove Signal

In a speech at Lufkin, Governor Cambell said: "My friends, you don't know the schemes the selfish interests are employing to take your government from you? when a man announces for office hereafter, search him, if he has corporation affiliation, don't elect him. I don't believe that railroad attorneys or attorneys of any other corporations should be intrusted with lawmaking power. They say it don't influence them in pursuance of their official duties. Oh, no man who is not influenced by favors is not a good man. He at least is lacking in the noblest attribute of humanity, gratitude. Accept no pifts; gifts blind the eyes—Breckenridge Democrat

A bulletin of the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts announces the schedule for its annual poultry course, which opens on the first Thursday in January for a period of twelve weeks, with provision for shorter courses to suit individual convenience. The full course is estimated to cost the student, if a resident of the State and so entitled to free tuition from \$85 to \$118, according to living expenses while in attendance. The poultry course, at the Rhode Island College, established in 1898, was the first to be offered in the United States. Its purpose is to make thoroughly practical poultrymen, and it is said that the graduates are in constant demand all over the country. Thus the value of practical education is being made more and more apparent. Right here in Texas there are numerous young men wasting time, money and energy in efforts to fit themselves for the "learned professions," who would much better be taking courses in poultry, cattle, horses or general agriculture.—Dallas News.

The repeal of the tax on denatured alcohol opens up wonderful possibilities in the way of its profitable employment in the industries. The experience of European countries, where spirits are cheap in price and used extensively in the arts and in manufacturing, affords some hint of what is in prospect. Germany alone requires over seventy million gallons yearly in its industries, while France makes over 100 million gallons not only from potatoes, beets and grain, but even from sawdust. A French savant has been successfully extracting 500 pounds of sugar and reducing it to 25 gallons of pure alcohol, from a ton of ordinary sawdust. Consequently the supply is practically unlimited, as we can draw power not only from the plants of the field but from the trees of the forest.

Why is it that nearly everybody who attends church likes to sit in the end of a seat and hold onto it like grim death and every person who gets a berth in that pew must stumble over them? Well, we confess we do that sort of a thing. It is to get out quickly in case of fire—we sinners are quite strongly reminded of fire, flames and brimstone that is pursuing us, and we can't tell just exactly when it is going to come. We want to be in a position to make a quick get-a-way.

## D. Dorward & Co.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

{ Druggists Sundries }

Furniture

Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

## 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.

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.



## A Bargain

FOR OUR

## Subscribers

The New Idea  
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THE BORDEN CITIZEN \$1.25  
Both, One Year for Only

The New Idea Woman's Magazine contains over 100 pages each month of fashions, dressmaking, needlework and household helps.

Each number is beautifully illustrated and contains nine full-page fashion plates, some in color.

These two publications furnish reading for every member of the household.

CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year



## Local and Personal

We are authorized to present the name of W. A. Clark as a candidate for the office of sheriff and Tax Collector of Borden county at the ensuing election.

Will Johnson spent Christmas in Gail.

Miss Winnie Chandler visited her friends Misses Cora and Ethel Cranfill this week.

Mrs. W. A. Clark is visiting friends in Colorado this week.

Mr. John Erwin spent Christmas in Gail.

Mr. T. L. Kennedy, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. B. E. Wagoner, and family of Cuthbert, spent a few days in Gail, last week visiting their brother and uncle Samp tomorrow.

Jesse Smith went to Brownfield last week.

Pink Coats was in town last Saturday.

F. E. Abney was in town Saturday.

Miss Fannie Whittington is on the sick list this week.

A. F. Sealy Was trading in town Saturday.

Miss Sammie Morrow is visiting relatives at Cuthbert this week.

Miss Nellie Hale spent Christmas in Abilene, the guest of Miss Goldie Prince.

Mr. Roy Compton of Falfurios, Tex. was in Gail last week visiting his friend Miss Ora Smoot.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Russel of Tredway, were in Gail a few days this week.

Sid Edmiston was shaking hands with friends in Gail Wednesday.

Lee Peace, and family spent a few days, the past week at their ranch on the plains.

Dr. Hannabass, wife and little daughter and Mrs. Blankenship went to Snyder Friday, returning Saturday.

Mrs. Tanksley, spent Christmas out of town

Mr. Biffle and wife were trading in Gail Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Leake left this morning for Big Springs where they will visit relatives.

Mr. Tanksley has left his former home and moved out on J. Y. Everett's farm.

Quite a number of the young people of Gail attended the dance at the Abney ranch Tuesday night

George. Brazil. was in town Tuesday.

We are authorized to announce the name T. P. Blankenship for the office of county Judge of Borden County. Subject to the action of the democratic party either in the primary or general election.

### The Western Windmill Company

HOUSES Colorado Big Springs Midland Odessa Lubbock	WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Windmills, Hardware, Implements, Wagons, Queensweare. Cut Glas and China	WINDMILLS Eclipse Leader Sampson Star Ideal
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R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

TELEPHONE NO. 51

\$1.50 per day

### COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Fare, the best the market affords

Nice, neat and comfortable beds

J. L. ANDERSON, Pro.

Snyder,

Texas.

### A. B. Hobson & Co.

South East Corner Square Snyder, Texas

Shop Made Bits and Spurs

Shop Made Saddles and Harness

All work and Material guaranteed.

### Gail Blacksmith Shop

J. C. Babb, Prop.

All kinds of Blacksmithing Wheelright and Woodwork also Horse shoeing promptly done and satisfaction guaranteed.

West side public square

Gail Texas

J. Y. Everett, s. brother from Waco, Tex. is out to see him this week.

H. H. Nesbitt, was in town Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. Baker, and daughter Miss Mable, returned to their home in Snyder last Friday.

Bean Cathey, of Big Springs is visiting friends and relatives in Gail this week.

Mrs. John. Dethazo and daughters spent Christmas at their ranch on the plains.

S. L. Jones, of Tredway was in Gail. Monday.

Miss. Ethel Atwood spent Christmas with home folks.

Misses Fannie and Myrtle Whittington of Alma, Ask. are visiting their sister Mrs. J. W. Chandler.

J. A. Harlan a dentist of Snyder, wishes this paper to say that he will be at Gail Jan. 8th, and all those wanting dental work done are invited to call and see him.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. A. Bell as a candidate for the office of tax assessor of Borden county. Subject to the action of the Democratic party either in the primary or general election.

rell. There were only a few present, however, it was a pleasant affair.

Messrs. Willie Salyers and Oscar McCarley have gone to Big Springs, hope they will have pretty weather.

Mr. Tom Kennedy and wife have returned home. They have been with his father near Gail.

Mr. Tom King and wife spent last Saturday night and Sunday with their father.

I C U.

On Saturday last. Mr. Frank. Burk, driving J. D. Brown's team down to the gin left it standing while he went into the gin house to attend to some business; while Mr. Burk was absent the team became frightened and ran away, running through two wire fences doing, but little damage.

We are sorry to say that A. B. Spears was suddenly attacked with a severe spell of sickness Tuesday morning, but a little later was a great deal better.

H. C. Kennedy, was in town Wednesday morning.

Mr. Page, of the Sealy community has moved to town to send his children to school.

We are authorized to present to the voters of Borden county the name of John. R. Williams. as a candidate for sheriff and tax collector of Borden county subject to the action of the democratic party at the ensuing election.

#### For Sale

Four work mules, two horses and six sets of harness. Also a new Peter Schuttler Wagon. Price \$875. J. B. DITTO, Ira, Texas.

Get my prices on cattle Dip Paint, Wall paper (Phonographs and records a specialty.)

W. L. DOSS.

Colorado, Texas.

Mail or send your watches to Towle & Johnson, Snyder Texas every watch guaranteed, with careful usage to run and keep time one year.

A good place to spend your cash is at J. D. McDonald's, dealer in Fruits, Candies, Groceries and Notions Crockery and Tinware. One door east of A. G. Hall's store, Big Springs, Texas.

#### For Sale

A pair of mule colts, in the next 30 days. Cheap for cash. Apply to N. H. Graham 20 miles north of Gail. 4c

FOR KENT—for one year my little pasture in Gail containing about 24 acres. Who wants it?

C. W. SIMPSON, Colorado, Texas.

I have got 24 extra fine Registered Hereford Bull calves for sale from 8 to 12 months old.

J. K. Mitchell.

Gail, Texas.

#### Plainview School House.

We have been having some pretty weather on the plains lately.

Every one on the plains enjoyed Christmas to its fullest extent.

Mrs. Lillie Davidson of Post City took Christmas with relatives near Tredway.

An entertainment was given at the home of Mrs. and Mr. E. H. Baldrige Christmas night, a large crowd gathered there and every body enjoyed them selves as never before.

A dinner was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lut-



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

## H. L. RIX & Co.

Carry the best assortment of Furniture, Stoves 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.

# \$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.



Within the last 12 months, the banks of Texas have awakened to a knowledge of the fact that newspaper advertising will pay a banker as well as a merchant. In all our list of exchanges from the smallest country paper to the largest daily there is not one that does not contain one or more bank ads from a few inches in length to a full page. A national bank of Atlanta, Cass county, runs a full page ad in the Journal of that town week after week. The public has long since concluded that the non-advertiser is a mossback who is out of his sphere in a progressive and enlightened community. — Petty Enterprise.

### Ganderbone's January Forecast.

(Copyrighted 1907 by C. H. Rieth)

"What are the bugles blowing for?"

Said Bach'lor on parade;

"Its New Year Day, its New Year Day."

The Woman Hater said.

"What makes you look so white so white?"

Said Bach'lor on parade;

"I'm dreamin' what we've got to face."

The Woman Hater said.

"For Leap year is upon us, And the girls will use a wire, They'll hook us like a poodle,

When the licenses expire,

An' they'll dump us in the wagon

An' we're off to find a squire,

For they're laying for the bach'lor In the mornin'."

The big bet for this month will

R. N. Miller, Pres. 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.

Full line of Groceries and Hardware Buggies Wagons, Farm Implements and General Merchandise.

## WILSON & STEPHENSON

Light

Texas

## THOMPSON HOTEL.

Nice Beds  
Good service  
Well supplied table

Beds 50 cts.  
Meals 35

Rates:  
\$1.50 per day  
\$7.00 " Week.

J. T. SKINNER, Pro.

Snyder,

Texas

be Taft. The Atlantic fleet will approach the Horn with a bent spy-glass, looking around for Japs "O Hell," whispered in Uncle Joe Cannon's ear will be the pass-word to get anything before Congress. Japan will have a slack month at the Nagasaki navy yard and will build only twenty-seven more war ships. The guess on Roosevelt's future for this month will be that he will become a Congressman after he leaves the White House, and will go into the ring with Williams and DeArmond. Mr. Bryan will walk around the Democratic nomination with a hammer, to see if there is any place where he can nail it down. Money will continue shy, rising out of range and flying eight miles. Mr. Lawson will put his mask on and go back into the game, jobs will continue to run when they see you coming, and sometime during the month Mr. Morgan will decide whether he has all the money he wants now, or if he will continue the panic.

After the 20th we shall be under the influence of Aquarius the water carrier, the eleventh sign of the Zodiac. Under this favorable sign, Prohibition will establish about eighty more storm centers, booze will run another mile in nothing south of the Mason & Dixon line, and Carrie Nation will work with a hatchet in each hand

We are authorized to present the name of J. C. Howe as a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Borden county, subject to the primaries of the Democratic party.

We would like to whisper into the ear of every young man in this community to shun the gambling room. Shall we sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into saton's hands who takes all the tricks and both the players' soul for trumps—he being a sharper at the game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash until now they who Win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws and compressed lips and clenched fists and eyes like fire balls seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red hot upon the heart, or, winning with hysteric laugh.

While gambling in itself is bad enough, it is the stepping stone to all other vices and evils which afflict mankind. Young man shun the gambling table as you would a poisonous serpent.

Mrs. M. J. Thornton, and Miss Ethel Blankenship visited in Hamlin, and Big Springs, Christmas week

H. B. Woodall, of Bell county arrived yesterday on his way to Tulia Swisher county Tex.