

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1908.

NO. 3.

**Mc Cullough Hardware Co.**  
**Standard and Canton Implements**  
**Success Sulkey Plows**  
**Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed**  
**Mills &c.**  
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**Lumber and Building Material Of**  
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See **CONWAY CRAIG LUMBER CO.**  
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 LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS **Big Springs Texas**

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**Furniture and House Furnishings,**  
**Coffins, Caskets and Robes,**  
**Big Stock and Low Prices.**  
**J. J. McClure, Licensed Embalmer,**  
 COLORADO, TEXAS.

**Courtship After Marriage.**  
 Some men seem to consider a marriage certificate a sort of fully paid-up policy of happiness. They act as if the courtship days were those of paying premiums of compliment, cheerfulness, courtesy, consideration and chivalry, and that marriage cuts off all these premiums of lover-like attention. But in matrimony the only way is to keep on paying premiums. Many first-class matrimonial policies lapse just because of these suspended payments.  
 There is a tendency to assume that love is known and recognized so why speak of it?  
 This is a dangerous taking for granted of what should be made real, pulsing and vital in thought

word and deed.  
 There is little danger of over-telling this story; it is often the wine of life and inspiration to one hungering and thirsting for the little tenderness of affection. There are more people on this great, big rolling earth hungering for sweetness, tenderness and words of appreciation, genial confidence and generous affection than are starving for bread. With husband and wife these delicate messengers of affection cost so little—sometimes only a thought; but it is the thought that is all.  
 Continued courtship after marriage preserves the lover in the husband and the sweetheart in the wife. But courtship cannot be played at by one person like

aquarrel, it requires two to make it a success. It is not the wife alone who needs the gracious sweetness of concentrated comradeship, for husbands who are built on the right lines have the same hunger for loving kindness and kindly loving.—Big Springs Herald.  
 But little attention has been paid to improving the roads of Borden county, in the past. The County Commissioners Court relying for the most part on the work of those who were subject to road service. Recently however quite an improvement has been made upon the Big Springs road, some grading and ditching; a force having been employed for that purpose. Our Commissioners are taking more interest in the betterment of the public highways, and for this they are entitled to credit. There is one

phase of road work, however, that seems to be overlooked, i.e. the deed of implements. With a good road grader and three or four railroad scrapers our road work could be done more thoroughly and at much less labor and expense. Good implements are just as necessary on roads as on the farm, and without them we cannot work to advantage.  
 Miss Lottie Cranfield was trading in town Monday evening.  
 Miss Cora McCorkle was trading in town trading Monday afternoon.  
 H. H. Nisbett of the Park community was in Gail Monday,  
 J. W. C. Mullins of Sparenburg was shaking hands with friends in Gail Monday.

**From Winkler County.**

One of the most enjoyable and well attended Christmas celebrations was pulled off in this county in the form of a grand barbecue followed by a delightful Christmas tree entertainment at Pleasant View school house. The Christmas tree was loaded down with many tokens of esteem for the older ones and the hearts of the young as well were gladdened by many beautiful gifts. Dinner was served promptly at 12 o'clock, followed by a well rendered program of the school children, which entertained the visitors for more than an hour. The music was a special feature a violin and an organ by talented artists. Winkler county is fast forging to the front, being in the western part of the state and bordering on the territory of New Mexico. It is rapidly improving and coming to be recognized as almost an undeveloped paradise. In respect to its agricultural resources as well as being a fine stock country, this section confines itself to no limited variety of productions as was evidenced at the Christmas dinner table when every table delicacy that could be had elsewhere was found. The quality and size of its Apples, Peaches and grapes are not surpassed anywhere.

Wild plums grow in abundance and supply thousands of gallons of No. 1 jellies and preserves.

An excellent telephone system which gives complete satisfaction, threads its way over wire fences throughout our great country, over many thousand acres of land that are only awaiting the coming of the hand of the tiller of the soil. Application for a postoffice has been made to be established 25 miles north west of Monahans, the center of a rapidly populating section. As one of the healthiest countries in the world, and wanting in but few conveniences enjoyed by the farmers of the West.

J. S. HOWE.

**Davidson and His Fight.**

Robert Vance Davidson, Attorney General of Texas, makes formal announcement that he will be a candidate in the primaries for the Democratic nomination to hold the place two more years.

Mr. Davidson's record as a public official is well known to the people of Texas. He has been capable, faithful and useful—in eminent degree, and this under circumstances calculated to annoy and hamper his efforts to serve the people. He will have opposition, of most strenuous

nature. Long ago the fiat of "anathema, maranatha" was pronounced against him by the United States Senator from Texas who has proclaimed political outlawry and exile for so many men who have dared to criticize and protest against public servants trying to serve public service corporations equally with the people. Indeed, the opposition to Mr. Davidson is already in the field, militant and boastful. But the people of Texas, at the ballot box, are to be the jury and we

believe their verdict may be awaited with confidence.

It will be a memorable conflict, probably the most memorable in the post bellum history of the State. It will overshadow all other State contests.

To our mind Mr. Davidson could not decline this contest. It is a matter of principle and personal privilege. It is incumbent on him to make the fight, even if he doubted whether victory would crown the effort. More, far more, than mere rivalry of

ambitious men and politicians is involved.

The Tribune believes that Attorney General Davidson's fight in this instance is the fight of the people and of civic virtue and that he well deserves re-election and endorsement—that the principles he stands for should be affirmed and endorsed.—Waco Tribune.

**Decision is Gratifying.**

Austin, Tex., Jan. 7.—When his attention was called to yesterday's decision, of the Supreme Court of the United States in Sullivan vs. Texas, Assistant Attorney General William E. Hawkins said today:

"Of course we are gratified by this decision in favor of the State. The State conceded the validity of the original grant by the State of Tamaulipas of six and one-half leagues made in 1834, and confirmed in 1752, and sought to recover and did recover only the excess which was embraced in the resurvey of 1759.

I have heard it asserted that no man ever won more than nine successive cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. I do not know whether that is true or not, but if so Attorney General Davidson has broken the record, as this is the tenth case which he has won in that court without losing one.

"While in Washington recently the clerk of that court informed me that the case of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway Company Texas will probably be reached for submission in that court in March.

"If the State wins that case it will result in the collection by the State from some twenty-four railroad companies of taxes, under the Love gross receipts tax act.—Dallas News.

**D. Dorward & Co.**

**PURE FRESH DRUGS,**

**Druggists Sundries**

Furniture

Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

**WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.**

Horse Shoeing  
a specialty

For Cash only  
Work Guaranteed

**Smith & Ross Pro's.**

East of Public Square

Gail, Texas.

**Burton Lingo Co.**

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**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.

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**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.

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.**

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

**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.

Gail, 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 Gail have not heretofore  
been for sale, hence the slow de-  
velopment. At the present some  
of the pastures are for sale in  
small tracts.

**Important Cotton Experiments.**

One of the important develop-  
ments of the year is the intro-  
duction of practical methods of  
seed selection so that growers  
can get rid of light and inferior  
seed. An apparatus has been  
perfected by the department  
which makes possible the separ-  
ation of cotton seed at a very  
small cost. Where this plan  
of securing only good seed by  
selection has been practiced, the  
increase in yield has been from  
50 to 120 pounds per acre.

The Secretary states that his  
department has secured a sup-  
ply of improved early varieties  
of cotton seed which will be dis-  
tributed to farmers for next  
season's planting. Let our  
Texas farmers make early ap-  
plication for these seeds so that  
we will be sure to get our full  
share.

An important matter is men-  
tioned in the manner of sowing  
seeds to insure an early stand.  
The report says that cotton seed  
for an early stand should be  
planted on a firm bed and should  
be scarcely covered. The ordi-  
nary planting of one to two  
inches deep on a soft bed caus-  
es the seed to rot during the  
early spring rains and the plant  
is exhausted before it gets  
through the ground.

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Journal which contains the world news,  
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whole year. You can't afford to miss it.

# Red Saunders

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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*This is the famous story of Red Saunders, big Red, tough Red of the plains and mines. We shall follow this expansive man through his days of toughness and sinfulness up to the great day of his life, the day that shall bring the metamorphosis of Red. This trumpeter will not give the story away by indicating how this transformation shall come about—whether through the remorse or repentance of Red, his conviction of sin, his fear of the damnation of the wicked, his yearnings for the peace that passeth understanding, or whether it shall be the love of a woman that shall bring this giant to his knees and make him as a little child. The trumpeter will only promise that this conversion of Red shall be one of the most interesting and delicious episodes in all fiction, which the reader will enjoy and doubtless remember through all the years of his life.*

## CHAPTER I

REDDY and I were alone at the lake beds. He sat outside the cabin bradling a leather hat band—eight strands and the repeat figure—an art that I never could master.

I sat inside with a one-pound package of smoking tobacco beside me and newspapers within reach, rolling the day's supply of cigarettes.

Reddy stopped his story long enough to say, "Don't use the 'Princess' Slipper. Kid, that paper burns my tongue—take the 'Granger'; there's plenty of it."

Well, as I was saying, I'd met a lot of the boys up in town this day and they threw as many as two drinks into me. I know that for certain, because when we took the parting dose, I had a glass of whisky in both my right hands and had just twice as many friends as when I started.

When I pulled out for home I felt mighty good for myself, not exactly looking for trouble, but not a-going to dodge it, either. I was warbling "Idaho" for all I was worth—you know how pretty a quacking. Cockeyed Peterson used to say it made him forget all his troubles. "Because," says he, "you don't notice trifles when a man bats you over the head with a two by four."

Well, I was enjoying everything in sight, even a little drizzle of rain that was driving by in rings of wetness when a flat-faced swatty at Fort Johnson halted me.

Now, it's a dreadful thing to be halted to death by a nanny goat, but for a full-sized cowboy, to be held up by a soldier is worse yet.

To say that I was hot under the collar don't give you the right idea of the way I felt.

Why, you cross between the last rose of summer and a bolt-tailed hawk, says I, what do you mean? What's your business? Get out of my sight. A man's got to get on. I'll walk the little horse round your neck like a three-day circus. Come, pull your

freight!

It seems that this swatty had been chucked out of the third story of Frenchy's dance on a porch by Bronco Thompson, which threw a great respect for our profesh into him. Consequently he wasn't fresh, like most soldiers, but answers me as polite as a tin horn gambler on pay day.

Says he: "I just wanted to tell you that old Frosthead and forty braves are some'ers between here and your outfit, with their war paint on and blood in their eyes, cayoodling and whoopin' it to beat hell with the blower on, and if you get tangled up with them I reckon they'll give you a half-cut and shampoo, to say nothing of other trimmings. They say they're after the Crows, but it's a ten dollar bill against a last year's bird's nest that they'll take on any kind of trouble that comes along. Their hearts is mighty bad, they state, and when an Injun's heart gets spoiled the disease is d—d catching. You'd better stop awhile."

"Now, cuss old Frosthead and you, too!" says I. "If he comes crow hopping on my reservation I'll kick his pants on top of his scalp lock."

"All right, pardner," says he. "It's your own funeral. My orders was to halt every one going through. But I ain't a whole company, so you can have it your own way. Only if your friends have to take you home in a coal scuttle, don't blame me. Pass, friend."

So I went through the officers' quarters forty miles an hour, letting out a string of yells you might have heard to the coast, just to show my respect for the United States army.

Now this has always been my luck. Whenever I made a band-wagon play somebody's sure to strike me for my license, or else the team goes into the ditch a mile farther on, and I come out about as happy as a small yaller dog at a bobcat's caucus.

Some fellers can run in a rhinoceros that'd make the hair stand up on a huffler robe and get away with it just like a nice, but that ain't me. If I sing a little mite too high in the cellar, down comes the roof a-top of me. So it was this day. Old Johnny Hardluck socked it to me, same as usual.

Gosh a'mighty! The liquor died in me after awhile, and I went sound asleep in the saddle and woke up with a jar to find myself right in the middle of old Frosthead's gang, the drums "boom blipping" and those forty odd red tigers "yah-yahing" in a state that made my skin get up and walk all over me with cold feet.

How in blazes I'd managed to slip through those Injuns I don't know. 'Twould have been a wonderful piece of scouting if I'd meant it. You can most always do any darn thing you don't want to do. Well, there I was, and, oh, doctor, but wasn't I in a lovely mess! That war song put a crimp into me, that Jack Frost himself couldn't take out.

It was as dark as dark by this time. The moon just stuck one eye over the edge of the prairie, and the rest of the sky was covered with cloud. A little light came from the Injuns' campfire, but not enough to ride by, and, besides, I didn't know which way I ought to go.

Says I to myself, "Biffy Saunders, you are the champion all-around, old-fashioned fool of the district. You are a

jackass from the country where ears less'n three foot long are curiosities. You sassed that poor swatty that wanted to keep you out of this, tooting your bazoo like a man peddling soap, but now it's up to you. What are you going to do about it?" and I didn't get any answer neither.

Well, it was no use asking myself conundrums out there in the dark when time was so scarce. So I wraps my handkercher around Laddy's nose to keep him from talking horse to the Injun ryles and prepared to sneak to where I'd rather be.

Laddy was the quickest thing on legs in that part of the country—out of a mighty spry little Pinto mare by our thoroughbred Kentucky horse—and I knew if I could get to the open them Injuns wouldn't have much of a chance to take out my stopper and examine my works—not much. A half mile start, and I could show the whole Sioux nation how I wore my hair.

I cut for the place where the Injuns seemed thinnest, lifting myself up till I didn't weigh fifteen pound and breathing only when necessary. We got along first rate until we reached the edge of 'em, and then Laddy had to stick his foot in a gopher hole and walloped around there like a whale trying to climb a tree.

Some darn cuss of an Injun threw a handful of hay on the fire, and as it blazed up the whole gang spotted me.

I unlimbered my gun, sent the irons into Laddy, and we began to walk.

I didn't like to make for the ranch, as I knew the boys were short handed, so I pointed north, praying to the good Lord that I'd hit some kind of settlement before I struck the north pole.

Well, we left those Injuns so far behind that there wasn't any fun in it. I slacked up, patting myself on the back, and as the trouble seemed all over I was just about to turn for the ranch when I heard horses galloping, and as the moon came out a little I saw a whole raft of redskins a-bolling up a draw not half a mile away. That knocked me slabsided. It looked like I got the wrong ticket every time the wheel turned.

I whooped it up again, swearing I wouldn't stop this deal short of a dead sure thing. We flew through space, Laddy pushing a hole in the air like a scared coyote making for home and mother.

K-ways down the valley I spotted a little shack sitting all alone by itself out in the moonlight. I headed for it, hollering murder.

A man came to the door in his underdressing.

"Hi, there! What's eating you?" he yells.

"Injuns coming, pardner! The country's just ogling Injuns! Better get a wiggle on you!"

"All right—slide along. I'll ketch up to you," says he.

I looked back and saw him hustling out with his saddle on his arm. "He's a particular kind of cuss," I thought. "Bareback would suit most people."

Taking it a little easier for the next couple of miles, I gave him a chance to pull up.

We pounded along without saying anything for a spell, when I happened to notice that his teeth were chattering.

"Keep your nerve up, pardner!" says I. "Don't you get scared—we've got a good start on 'em."

He looked at me kind of reproachful.

"Scared, be darned!" says he. "I reckon if you was riding around this nice cool night in your drawers your teeth 'ud rattle some too."

I took a look at him and saw, sure enough, while he had hat, coat and boots on, the pants was missing. Well, if it had been the last act, I'd have had to laugh.

"Couldn't find 'em, he says he.

"Hunted high and low, he says, and the game—just comes to my mind now that I had 'em rolled up and was sleeping on 'em. I don't like to go around this way—I feel as if I was two men and one of 'em hardly respectable."

"Did you bring a gun with you?"

He gave me another stare. "Why, pardner, you must think I have got a light and frivolous disposition," says he, and with that he heaves up the great granduncle of all the six shooters I ever did see. It made my forty-five long look like something for a kid to cut its teeth on. "That's the best gun in this country," he went on.

"Looks as if it might be," says I. "Has the foundry that cast it gone out of business? I'd like to have one like it, if it's as dangerous as it looks."

"When I have any trouble with a man," says he, "I don't want to go pecking at him with a putty blower, just irritating him and giving him a little skin complaint here and there. I want something that'll touch his conscience."

He had it, for a broadside from that battery would scatter an elephant over a township.

We loped along quiet and easy until sun up. The Grindstone Buttes lay about a mile ahead of us. Looking back, we saw the Injuns coming over a rise of ground way in the distance.

"Now," says my friend, "I know a short cut through those hills that'll bring us out at Johnson's. They've got enough punchers there to do the United States army up—starched and blued. Shall we take it?"

"Sure!" says I. "I'm only wandering round this part of the country because this part of the country is here—if it was anywheres else I'd be just as glad."

So in we went. It was the steepest and narrowest kind of a canyon, looking as if it had been cut out of the rock with one crack of the ax. I was just thinking, "Gee whiz, but this would be a poor place to get snagged in," when bang! says a rifle right in front of us, and m-e-arr! goes the bullet over our heads.

We were off them horses and behind a couple of chunks of rock sooner than we hoped for, and that's saying a good deal.

"Cussed poor shot, whoever he is," says my friend. "Some Injun holding us here 'til the rest come up, I presume."

"That's about the size of it—and I'd like to make you a bet that he does it, too, if I thought I'd have a chance to collect."

"Oh, you can't always tell—you might lose your money," says he, kind of thoughtful.

"I wouldn't mind that half as much as winning," says I. "But, on the square, do you think we can get out? I'll jump him with you if you say so, although I ain't got what you might call a passion for suicide."

"Now, you hold on a bit," says he. "I don't know, but what we'd have done better to stick to the horses and run for it, but it's too late to think of that. Jumping him is all foolishness; he'd sit behind his little rock and pump lead into us 'til we wouldn't float in brine—and we can't back out now."

He talked so calm he made me kind of mad. "Well," says I, "in that case let's play 'Simon says thumbs up' 'til the rest of the crowd comes."

"There you go!" says he. "Just like all young fellers—gettin' hosstvie right away if you don't fall in with their plans. Now, sonny, you keep your temper and watch me play cushion carroms with our friend there."

"Meaning how?"

"You see that block of stone just this side of him with the square face toward us? Well, he's only covered in front, and I'm a-going to shoot against that face and ketch him on the glance."

"Great if you could work it!" says I.

"But Lord!"

"Well, watch," says he. Then he squinched down behind his cover, so

as not to give the Injun an opening, trained his cannon and pulled the trigger. The old gun opened her mouth and roared like an earthquake, but I didn't see any dead Injun. Then twice more she spit fire, and still there weren't any desirable corpses to be seen.

"Say, pardner," says I, "you wouldn't make many cigars at this game."

"Now, don't you get oneasy," says he. "Just watch."

"Biff!" says the old gun, and this time, sure enough, the Injun was knocked clear of the rock. I felt all



"Well, watch," says he.

along that he wouldn't be much of a comfort to his friends afterward if that gun did land on him.

Still, he wasn't so awful dead, for as we jumped for the horses he kind of hitched himself to the rock, and, laying the rifle across it and working the lever with his left hand, he sent a hole plumb through my hat.

"Bully boy!" says I. I snapped at him and smashed the lock of his rifle to flinders. Then of course he was our meat.

As we rode up to him my pard held dead on him. The Injun stood up straight and tall and looked us square in the eye. Say, he was a man, I tell you, redskin or no redskin! The courage just stuck out on him as he stood there waiting to pass in his checks.

My pardner threw the muzzle of his gun up. "D-n it!" says he. "I can't do it. He's game from the heart out. But the Lord have mercy on his sinful soul if he and I run foul of each other on the prairie again!"

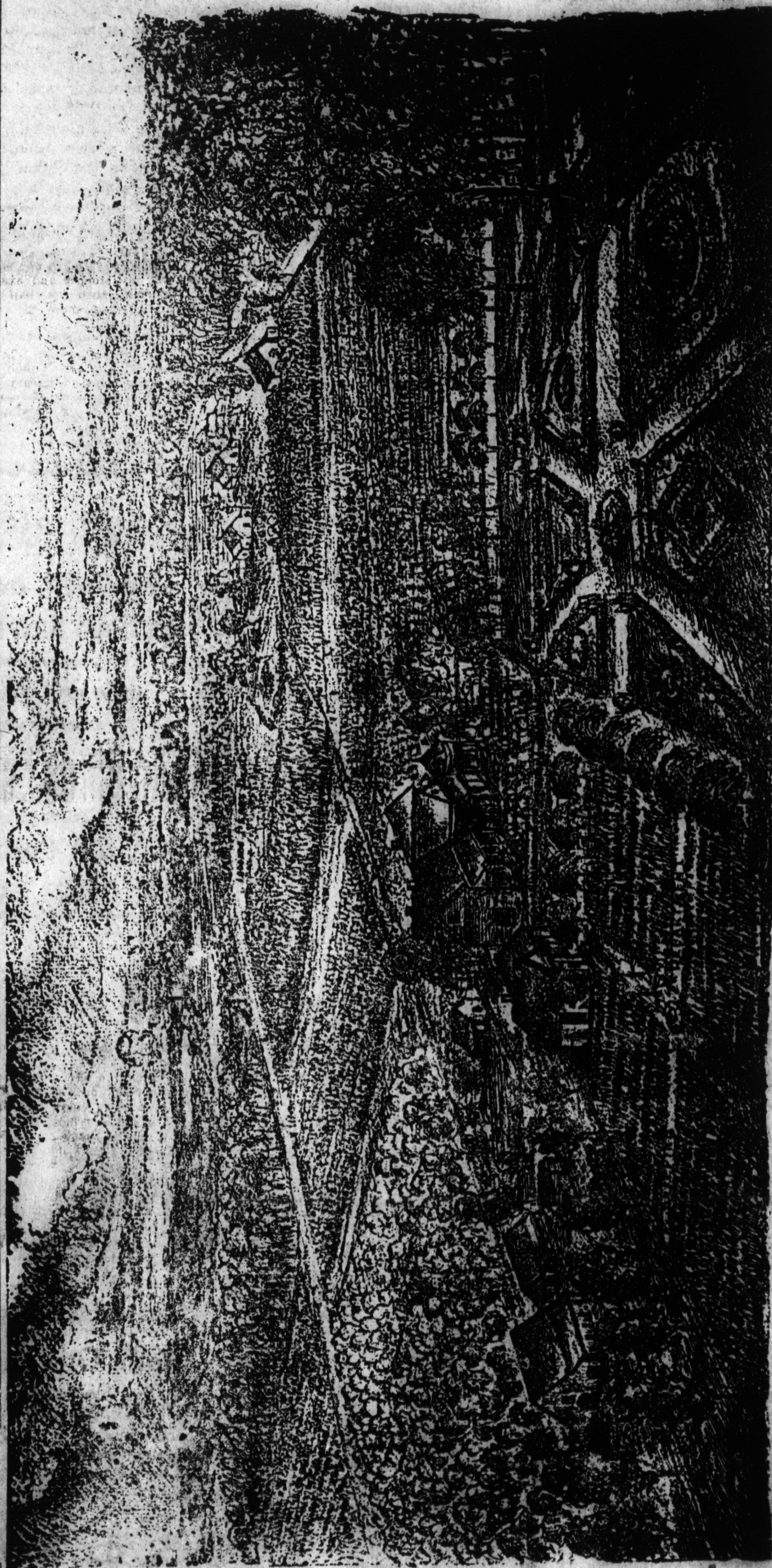
Then we shackled along down to Johnson's and had breakfast.

"What became of Frosthead and his gang?" Oh, they sent out a regiment or two and gathered him in 'bout twenty-five soldiers to an Injun. No, no harm was done. Me and my pard were the only ones that bucked up against them. Chuck out a cigarette. Kid: my lungs ache for want of a smoke.

#### CHAPTER II.

**H**OW did I come to get myself disliked down at the Chanta Seechee? Well, I'll tell you," said Reddy, the cow puncher. "The play came up like this. First they made the Chanta Seechee into a stock company; then the stock company put all their brains in one think, and says they, 'We'll make this man Jones superintendent, and the ranch is all right at once.' So out comes Jones from Boston, Mass., and what he didn't know about running a ranch was common talk in the country, but what he knew about running a ranch was too much for one man to carry around. He wasn't a bad hearted feller in some ways, yet on the whole he felt it was an honor to a looking glass to have the pleasure of reflecting him. Looking glass? I should say he had! And a bureau and a bootblackening jigger and a feather bed and curtains and truck in his room. Strange fellers used to open their eyes when they saw that room. 'Hello-o-o!' they'd say.

To be continue d.



Bird's eyewiew, showing the home and nursery of M. G. Black, known as the Vine Hill Nurseries, one mile north of Court house Mt. Pleasant, Titus County, Texas.

**The Borden Citizen**

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

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

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:**

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

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, Jan. 16, 1908.

**Starved Minds.**

The books comprising a country library would need to be selected with an eye to the mental equipment of those who would read them. Books beyond their appreciation would be likely to create a disgust for reading. While there are many cultured persons living in the country, and while the class of small farmers in the South is of more intelligence and independence of character than the European peasant, yet it is true that they are, taken as a whole, very illiterate. Many are unable to write or read. Georgia with all her resources of wealth and her industrial progress, bears the stigma of being third in the list of States with respect to illiteracy. And this unlettered condition is not confined to the people of the mountains and the piney woods. It is also found within a few miles of the largest towns. In the thickly populated, railroad-intersected area about Atlanta there are a number of respectable men and women who cannot write or even read. Recently, during a morning walk, I encountered a man whom I had known for a number of years. He lives in a pretty cottage of his own near my home. He is of good appearance and is fairly intelligent in conversation. His business is housebuilding, and he told me of having had a box of valuable tools stolen from him, and of consulting a gypsy concerning his loss. He said: "She not only told me who stole the tools and where I could find them, but she told me all about my past life. She read me like a book. She said to me, 'You are a wholly uneducated man.'" "She missed the truth there," I said.

"No, she did not," he replied,

"I cannot read a word and I'm notable to write my name. I had to work in the field as a boy, and after I was grown I was ashamed to go to school."

Last summer I drove out with a friend to see a farmer's son, who had been crippled by an accident. We carried him cordials, delicate food and some books. The home was a comfortable farm house in the midst of well-cultivated cotton fields. Two tall, comely young men received us and took us to the mother—a fine-looking woman who was ministering to her crippled son. The boy, lying in bed, had a fine brow and large beautiful eyes. Our offerings of food and cordials were gratefully received, but the books met with an indifferent reception. They didn't care, they said, for books that had no pictures. Later we learned that not one of them could read. Think of what pleasure they were deprived! Think of the long winter evenings about the fire—the rainy days and days of snow and storm that must be spent indoors with no books no magazines or papers to beguile and improve the time! Each member of that household had a good mind, but a mind uncultured is a house unfurnished, with loopholes only to look forth from—no windows, no pictures on the walls.

A pathetic instance of the happiness resulting from opening a window of the mind—house was furnished by some other neighbors of mine. They were three sisters—old maids—living by themselves in one of the few log cabins that still remain in the country. The oldest sister had long been bedridden; the other two earned a meager living by raising vegetables and poultry. None of them could write, but Miss Mollie, the youngest, had gone to school for a few months and had learned to read a little. The only book in the house was an old family Bible, in which Miss Mollie dutifully read a chapter aloud every Sunday. Their lives were very dull and monotonous, until one day in a home where she was doing the family sewing she overheard a boy reading "Robinson Crusoe" aloud. She became greatly interested, bought the book from the boy, and began to read it aloud to her sisters. It opened a new world to them. Full of enthusiasm, Miss Mollie came to tell me about Robinson and his "iss-land," as she pronounced it. She told it as though it were a true account of what had recently occurred, and I did not let her know that I had ever heard of

Robinson before,

"Are there any more such books?" she wondered, and I sent her "Swiss Family Robinson," then Mrs. Holme's "Tempest and Sunshine," and later Roe's charming little story, "He Fell in Love With his wife," and one of Bertha Clay's numerous novels. Works of a higher class and more elaborate art she

would not have appreciated. The taste for books must be cultivated, like the taste for pictures. The glaring red and blue prints, representing Bible scenes, that persons of Miss Mollie's kind hang upon their walls, give them far more pleasure than would an exquisite landscape by Corot.—Uncle Remu's Magazine

**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 Woman's Magazine AND**

**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

Mr. Paige has been moving from Gail out to Mr. Park's farm where he intends making a crop this year.

We are glad to note that Mrs. J. N. Hopkins who has been real sick for the past week is some better.

Miss Katie Willis visited in Gail last week, the guest of Mrs. J. H. Hannabass.

Miss Eula Holler spent Saturday night with Misses Eula and Pearl Gober.

### Plainview School House.

Plainview School House, Jan. 6, 1908.—We have had a nice rain since our last issue.

Mr. R. I. Rains has gone to Big Springs to meet his wife's father and mother who spent Xmas in the east.

A dinner was given at the home of M. J. Warren Wednesday Jan. 1st which was an enjoyable affair, a party was given there that night. These families were present: Messrs. H. E. Baldrige, C. U. Stoner, Jim Cowan, Mix Scholar, Alfred Kimbol, W. M. Miller, P. J. Weacher and mother, Mrs. Jno. Berry, Misses Lela and Gladys Miles, Isa Betenbough, Sallie Beach, Addie Mayfield, Mrs. Horton, Messrs. Albert Mayfield, Carl Betenbough, Joe Taralton and Matthew Lee. We certainly enjoyed ourselves and we tender our thanks to Mr. Warren for his kind hospitality.

Mr. O. W. McCarley has just returned from a trip to Big Springs.

Mr. Robert King spent last Sunday night with Chas. Beach.

Mrs. King and sister, Mrs. Rains spent last Thursday with Mrs. A. L. Jones.

Mrs. John Berry visited last Saturday night Mrs. Tom Kennedy.

Mr. Kimbol and wife spent last Sunday eve with Mrs. A. H. Moyer.

Mr. Harris is erecting a house on his place in our community.

Mr. Richard Brooks got hurt considerably last week while freighting to Post City.

Mrs. Duran of Post City is visiting relatives near Tredway.

Mr. Albert Mayfield made a flying trip to Tahoka last Thursday.

Messrs. Salyers, Russell and Austin have just returned from Big Springs.

Mrs. Willie Salyers is spending a few days with Mrs. Dave West of Mesquite, I C U.

Miss Myrtle Jolly visited in Gail last week.

Fred Petzel who has farmed for the past two years on Tom McCarty's place east of Gail, passed here Saturday on his way to the plains where he will farm this year on L. A. Pearce's place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Wilbourn of Litwalton, and daughter, Mrs. Tull Ivy visited Mrs. B. N. Green this week.

The party at Mrs. Henry Holler's Saturday night was a great success and enjoyed by all.

J. Y. Everett was in town Monday with a load of cotton.

The Blackwood brothers and Win Dickinson went to Post City Tuesday.

Wesley Berry and Harris Chandler made a trip to Big Springs this week.

J. K. Mitchel was in town Monday with a load of cotton.

Will Hester was in town Monday morning.

Mrs. Will Clark and children who have been visiting in the east since Christmas returned home last week.

Bean Cathey passed through Gail last week en route to Post City.

H. C. Kennedy and son, Hugh was in town Saturday.

Sam Sanford was in town Saturday.

Ford Coats and mother were shopping in Gail Monday.

A number of freighters, fourteen in number I believe, some bound for Post City others coming to Gail were delayed three miles this side of Big Springs two days on account of the force of the wind.

All persons indebted to us will please call and settle at once as we are in debt for materials, and cannot get any now except for cash. J. A. SMITH & BRO.

Those who intend ordering fruit trees or nursery stock of any kind through us for Spring planting, had better do so at once, or they may be too late.

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

J. K. Mitchell,  
Gail, Texas,

### 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. Halls store, Big Springs, Texas.

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

C. W. SIMPSON,  
Colorado, 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.

## The Western Windmill Company

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

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, Prop.

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

We are glad to see Grandpa Cathey able to be down in town some this week.

Mrs. P. L. Dillahanty is visiting her mother in Big Springs this week.

George Cathey and wife left Gail Tuesday; bound for Grady N. M.

Dick Winfree went to Post City Tuesday.

John Michael left for N. M. Monday. Mr. Michael has been doing business in Gail for quite a while and we are sorry to see him leave.

Callaway Johnson took a number of bales of cotton to the rail road this week.

Messrs. Tom Holler and Bean Cathey started to Post City Tuesday evening.

David West of Tredway was in Gail Tuesday.

Charles E. Morrow went to Post City Monday.

Graham and Eli Whitaker attended Sunday school in Gail last Sunday.

Dick Winfree was in town Saturday and Sunday.

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.



J. D. Hume of Post City called at the Citizen office Wednesday morning. He says of the booming little city that there are about 20 or 25 residences already completed, and that they cannot be built fast enough to accommodate the demand, as there are still about 150 tents occupied from lack of other quarters. Town lots have been recently put on the market, both resident and business lots.

Carrol Holler is visiting relatives in Gail this week.

Sam Jones of Tredway was in town Tuesday with a load of cotton for the Gail gin.

Harden Dodson had his house moved nearer the front of his lot, on Monday and is now having lumber hauled from Big Springs to build a nice addition to it.

The bank building is being plastered and finished inside and will be ready for occupancy in about ten days.

Joe, Pratt was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Cab Whitaker was in Gail last Tuesday.

H. S. Morrow who has been visiting his son at Gail went to Cuthbert Monday.

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

Cleburn Stevens was in Gail last Tuesday,

Messrs. Holler and Burnett returned from a trip to Big Springs Tuesday.

Mrs. Tom Simpson and sister-in-law Mrs. Holt were shopping in town Tuesday.

Mr. Pitts brought a load of cotton to town Wednesday for Mr. J. K. Michell.

Jews Frost was here Tuesday.

A. A. Gray of Morris was in Gail Tuesday.

Mr. Biffle and little daughter Emily were here Wednesday.

Mr. Elmer Russell of Tredway was in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Abney were in town Wednesday evening.

### A Good Resolution.

One mighty fine resolution to make and keep for the new year is to quit talking unfavorably about other people,—McKinney Courier-Gazette.

If you can't say anything in commendation of your neighbor don't say anything about him at all. Right here is a good place to call attention to a resolution that has been almost unanimously adopted by the people of Kansas town: "Resolved, that we spend half our time minding our own business

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP

E. R. YELLOTT

For County clerk.

T. R. MAULDIN

For county Treasurer.

For Sheriff and Tax collector.

W. A. CLARK.

J. R. WILLIAMS

For Tax Assessor.

W. A. BEDELL

J. C. HOWE

S. L. JONES

For Justice of Peace.

For Commissioner Prect. 1

F. M. CHRISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prect. 2

For commissioner Prect. 3

For commissioner Prect. 4

and the other half in letting other people's business alone." Adopt that resolution all over Texas and we will get rid of the gossipers, soreheads, growlers, faultfinders and every other class of undesirable. Do this and let peace, good will and prosperity make everybody fall in love with Grand Old Texas. —Fort Worth Star.