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VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY. 9, 1908.

NO. 27

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Implements, Wagons,
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Eclipse
Leader
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Ideal

R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

LEPHONE NO. 51

Frank Smoot Dead.

The people of this town and country were greatly shocked Monday when a telegram from Canada brought the sad intelligence that Frank Smoot was drowned on the first day of this month and his body not yet found. At present no particulars have been learned.

He was reared here and was 26 years old. The people of this town and country are pained to hear of his untimely death. He was an honest, energetic and true-hearted boy. Many pleasant memories of this big-hearted boy are held in the minds of the cow boys and ranchmen of this country.

His mother died a number of years ago, and Frank and his sisters and brothers with their father braved many hard trials and struggles of life after her death. His sisters then were little children, and so, they grew up strongly bound in their affections to Frank. They have grown to be young ladies of refinement and culture and are loved by all; and now their friends with sad hearts extend to these girls and family their sympathy.

It is sad for brother, sisters and parents to part in early youth, but may this reminder of the uncertainties of life cause his sisters and father to fully consecrate their lives as Christians and be prepared to go, when they too are summoned hence.

A friend.

A Changing Season

At an Atlantic City hotel there is an old southern negro employed as head waiter. One afternoon last summer a number of guests were remarking how cool it was for the season, and one of them turned to the old servitor, who chanced to be standing nearby and said:

"Well, John, how do you account for its being so cool?"

The colored man thought for a moment and answered gravely:

Well, sah, dere hab been so many ob dese here earquakes and volcanoes eruptin' dat de earf hab done shook off its axis and's revolvin' de odder way. It am comin' winter instead ob summer."

Durham Picnic.

Durhams usual success in en-

tertainment attracted several pleasure seekers of Gail to Saturdays picnic. Among them were J. R. Williams, Olen Keen, M. J. Thornton, Jesse Smith and Miss Cora Berry. The entertainment consisted of a tournament, base ball games &c. The dinner was a veritable banquet, and cooling refreshments, such as ice cream and lemonade were in abundance.

I wish to say to the public, the laundry will leave my Barber Shop every Tuesday instead of every other Tuesday. Bring your laundry and it shall have prompt attention. Yours for business,

J. G. TAYLOR.

Justice Court.

The suit of Parker Bros. vs. D. W. West on contract for digging a well Attorneys, H. R. Debenport for pliffs. and M. J. Thornton for deft. was tried here on Monday and a verdict rendered for pliffs for \$30.00 and costs of suit.

Sale of Stock.

J. C. Dorward bought 80 head of calves last week from D. W. Godwin, consideration for business reasons withheld.

Senator Gore's Tribute to Bryan.

Lawton, Ok., June 28.—Thos. P. Gore, United States Senator from Oklahoma, thus expressed his personal appreciation of W. J. Bryan last night to the press:

"It has been said of Mr. Bryan that he is the greatest citizen in America, if not in the world. His greatness is not due to patronage or the glamour of office, nor to a kingly throne or a Presidential chair. He has the power neither to reward services nor punish opposition. His influence is due to the fact that he trusts the people and the people trust him. Better than any other man he embodies the spirit of our institutions, and interprets the thoughts, feelings, hopes and aspirations of the masses. He combines the patriotism of Washington, the statesmanship of Jefferson, the heroism of Jackson and the universal philanthropy of Lincoln. He possesses the virtues of the conservative and the liberal, without the vices of either. He is as brave as the bravest, as strong as the strongest. From the path of duty he cannot be allured either by threats or power, nor the blandishments of riches, nor the hope or the glory of official preferment. Truth, justice and duty form the lone star of his public and private life."

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BIG SPRINGS, - TEXAS.

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All Lunber under Sheds

Big Springs,

Texas.

WHO PAYS TAX?

Railroads and Factories Increased Texas Land Values Last Year About \$200,000,000.

Fort Worth, Texas, June 23.

The following article from the Texas Commercial Secretaries Association contains interesting information and instructive comparisons and figures on taxation which will be of interest to every taxpayer and citizen of Texas. This subject is receiving considerable attention from the press and the public at this time and the effect of our tax system on the material development of the State is being carefully studied. The communication follows:

It requires about \$4,000,000 annually to run our State Government. This money must be raised by taxation. There are two classes of citizens who pay tax. The producer and consumer. The farmer is a producer and pays his own tax. The farmer is also a consumer and pays the tax of others. He sells his grain to the miller and buys it back as flour. The purchase price the farmer pays for the flour carries with it the tax and other expenses of the

railroad, miller, commission merchant, wholesaler, retailer and all others connected with the transaction, and the farmer pays it all when he buys the flour. The farmer ships his cotton to England, where it is manufactured into cotton goods and returned to him with the tax of the English manufacturer added; the United States Government also adds its tax at the port of entry. The farmer buys the clothing and pays all the tax. The manufacturer puts the price on the clothing sold to the farmer. The manufacturer shifted his tax; the farmer paid it. About 70 per cent of the population of Texas is engaged in agricultural pursuits, and in addition to paying the producers tax, the farmer must also pay 70 per cent of the consumers tax in Texas. There is no way out of it; he cannot escape taxation. All parties connected with the assessment of property are bound under oath to render it at its full market value, and he cannot shift it. It is true he might be able to evade a portion of his tax by getting his property on the assessor's roll at a less valuation than his neighbor,

but that is unfair; so can lines of industry sometimes, by legislative enactment get other lines of industry to pay more than they do, but this is unfair, also. Honesty and justice are the foundation of good government and all necessary occupations should share equally in taxation.

THE PRODUCERS RECOURSE

The only recourse the farmer has is to reduce taxation to the minimum by economic government; to divide the direct tax by encouraging capital to come to Texas and offset taxation by increasing the value of property; to shift the tax beyond the State line through the natural tax channels—the factory and the railroad. In the building up of these arteries of taxation lies the final solution of the tax problem. These agencies can shift their tax across the border; in fact, clear across the continent, for wherever the article from the manufacturer finds a purchaser, there it makes the tax levy. Not only will the factory and the railroad distribute taxation, but they will assemble wealth within our borders and divide with us the burdens of government, as well as increase the value of all property. We have in Texas about 150,000,000 acres of taxable land which ranged in 1907 in assessed valuation from 83 cents per acre in Grockett county to \$17 per acre in Washington county. The average assessed valuation of land in 1907 was \$4.31 per acre, and the State tax rate was 12 1-2 cent on \$100 valuation,

which is a little more than an average of one-half of one cent per acre. The average increase in the assessed valuation of land for 1907 over 1906 was 83 cents per acre, according to the Reports of the Comptroller of Public Accounts, published August 31, 1907 and as land was rendered at about one-half its value, it is fair to assume that only one-half of the increased value of land shows on the assessor's rolls and that the actual average increase in land value was \$1.66 per acre. This means that the farmer last year paid on an average of one half of one cent per acre State tax on his land, and received in unearned increment \$1.66 per acre. This increase in value of land for last year will pay the State tax at the present rate on all land in Texas for 332 years. In certain portions of the state the land value increased \$10 per acre last year on account of railroad construction. In State land tax the farmer has an average margin of one-half of one per cent, per annum to work on, while in unearned increment he has \$10 per acre per annum, and while his tax should be kept down to the lowest possible minimum, the opportunities for increasing values are two thousand times greater than those of reducing taxation. A study of the statutes of Texas indicates that we have been reversing this proposition and giving two thousand times more attention to taxation than we have to the development of Texas.

PETTUS MERCANTILE CO.

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Dry Goods, Fine Clothing,

Queen Quality and Stacy Adams Shoes

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We solicit Your Business.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXI.

TEN seconds after entering the arroyo I was stumbling along in an absolute blackness. It almost seemed to me that I could reach out my hands and touch it, as one would touch a wall, or perhaps not exactly that, for a wall is hard, and this darkness was soft and yielding, in the manner of enveloping hangings. Directly above me was a narrow, jagged and irregular strip of sky with stars. I splashed in the brook, finding its waters strangely warm, rustled through the grasses, my head back, chin out, hands extended as one makes his way through a house at night. There were no sounds except the tinkle of the sulphurous stream. Successive bends in the canyon wall had shut off even the faintest echoes of the bacchanalia on the beach.

The way seemed much longer than by daylight. Already in my calculation I had traversed many times the distance, when with a jump at the heart I made out a glow ahead and in front of it the upright logs of the stockade.

To my surprise the gate was open. I ascended the gentle slope to the valley's level and stumbled over a man lying prostrate, shivering violently and moaning.

I bent over to discover whom it might be. As I did so a brilliant light seemed to fill the valley, throwing an illumination on the man at my feet. I saw it was the nigger and perceived at the same instant that he was almost beside himself with terror. His eyes rolled, his teeth chattered, his frame contracted in a strong convulsion, and the black of his complexion had faded to a washed out dirty gray, revolting to contemplate. He felt my touch and sprang to his feet, clutching me by the shoulder as a man clutching rescue.

"My Gawd!" he shivered. "Look! Dar' it is again!"

He fell to pattering in a tongue unknown to me—charms, spells undoubtedly to exorcise the devils that had hold of him. I followed the direction of his gaze and myself cried out.

The doctor's laboratory stood in plain sight between the two columns of steam blown straight upward through the stillness of the evening. It seemed bursting with light. Every little crack leaked it in generous streams, while the main illumination appeared fairly to bulge the walls outward. This was in itself nothing extraordinary and indicated only the activity of those within, but while I looked an irregular patch of incandescence suddenly splashed the cliff opposite. For a single instant the very substance of the rock glowed white hot. Then from the spot a shower of spiteful flakes shot as from a pyrotechnic and the light was blotted out as suddenly as it came.

At the same moment it appeared at another point, exhibited the same phenomena, died, flashed out at still a third place, and so was repeated here and there with bewildering rapidity until the walls of the valley crackled and spat sparks. Abruptly the darkness fell. As abruptly it was broken again by a similar exhibition, only this time the fire was blue. Blue was followed by purple, purple by red. Then ensued the briefest possible pause, in which a figure moved across the bars of light escaping through the chinks of the laboratory, and then the

whole valley blazed with patches of varicolored fire. It was not a reflection. It was actual physical conflagration of the solid rock in irregular areas. Some of the fire shapes were most fantastic. And with the unexpectedness of a bursting shell the surface of the ground before our feet crackled into a ghastly blue flame.

The nigger uttered a cry in his throat and disappeared. I felt a sharp breath on my neck, an ejaculation of surprise at my ear. It was startling enough to scare the soul out of a man, but I held fast and was just about to step forward when my collar was twisted tight from behind. I raised both my hands, felt steel and knew that I was in the grasp of Handy Solomon's claw.

The sailor had me foul. I did my best to twist around, to unbutton the collar, but in vain. I felt my wind leaving me; the ghastly blue light was shot with red. Distinctly I heard the man's sharp intaken breath as some new phenomenon met his eye, and his great oath as he swore.

"By the mother of God," he cried, "it's the devil!"

Then I was jerked off my feet, and the next I knew I was lying on my back, very wet, on the beach. The day was breaking, and the men, quite sober, were talking vehemently.

It was impossible to make out what they said, but as Handy Solomon and the nigger were the center of discussion I could imagine the subject. I felt very stiff and sore and hazy in my mind. My neck was lame from the dragging and my tongue dry from the choking. For some time I lay in a half torpor watching the lilac of dawn change to the rose of sunrise, utterly indifferent to everything. They had thrown me down across the first rise of the little sand dunes back of the tide sands, and from it I could at once look out over the sea full of the restless shadows of dawn and the land narrowing to the mouth of the arroyo. I remember wondering whether Captain Selover were up yet. Then with a sharp stab at the heart I remembered.

The thought was like a dash of cold water in clearing my faculties. I raised my head. Seaward a white gull had caught the first rays of the sun beyond the cliffs. Landward—I saw with a choke in my throat—a figure emerging from the arroyo.

At the sight I made a desperate attempt to move, but with the effort discovered that I was again bound. My stirring thus called Pulz's attention. Before I could look away he had followed the direction of my gaze. The discussion instantly ceased. They waited in grim silence.

I did not know what to do. Percy Darrow, carrying some sort of large book, was walking rapidly toward us. Perdosa had disappeared. Thrackles after an instant came and sat beside me and clapped his big hand over my mouth. It was horrible.

When within a hundred paces or so I could see that Darrow labored under some great excitement. His usual indifferent saunter had, as I have indicated, given way to a firm and decided step; his ironical eye glistened; his sallow cheek glowed.

"Boys," he shouted cheerfully, "the time's up. We've succeeded. We'll sail just as soon as the Lord'll let us get ready. Rustle the stuff aboard. The doctor'll be down in a short time, and we ought to be loaded by night."

Handy Solomon and Pulz laid hand on two of the rifles near by and began surreptitiously to fill their magazines. The nigger shook his knife free of the scabbard and sat with it in his left hand, concealed by his body. I could feel Thrackles' muscles stiffen. Another fifty paces and it would be no longer necessary to stop my mouth.

The thought made me desperate. I had failed as a leader of these men and I had been forced to stand by at debauching, cruel and murderous affairs, but now it is over I thank heaven the reproach cannot be made against me that at any time I counted the consequences to myself. Thrackles' hand lay heavy across my mouth. I bit it to the bone, and as he involuntarily snatched it away I rolled over toward the sea.

Thus for an instant I had my mouth free.

"Run! Run!" I shouted. "For God's sake!"

Thrackles leaped upon me and struck me heavily upon the mouth, then sprang for a rifle. I managed to struggle back to the dune, whence I could see.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERCY DARROW, with the keenness that always characterized his mental apprehension, had understood enough of my strangled cry. He had not hesitated nor delayed for an explanation, but had turned track and was now running as fast as his long legs would carry him back toward the opening of the ravine. My companions stood watching him, but making no attempt either to shoot or to follow. For a moment I could not understand this, then remembered the disappearance of Perdosa. My heart jumped wildly, for the Mexican had been gone quite long enough to have cut off the assistant's escape. I could not doubt that he would pick off his man at close range as soon as the fugitive should have reached the entrance to the arroyo.

There can be no question that he would have done so had not his Mexican impatience betrayed him. He shot too soon. Percy Darrow stopped in his tracks. Although we heard the bullet sng by us, for an instant we thought he was hit. Then Perdosa fired a second time, again without result. Darrow turned sharp to the left and began desperately to scale the steep cliffs.

I once took part in a wild boar hunt on the coast of California. Our dogs had penned a small band at the head of a narrow barranca, from which a single steep trail led over the hill. We, perched on another hill some 300 or 400 yards away, shot at the animals as they toiled up the trail. The range was long, but we had time, for the severity of the climb forced the boars to a foot pace.

It was exactly like that. Percy Darrow had 200 feet of ascent to make. He could go just so fast; must consume just so much time in his small-like progress up the face of the hill. During that time he furnished an excellent target, and the loose sandstone showed where each shot struck.

A significant indication was that the men did not take the trouble to get nearer, for which maneuver they would have had time in plenty, but distributed themselves leisurely for a shooting match.

"First shot," claimed Handy Solomon, and without delay fired offhand. A puff of dust showed to the right. "Nerve no good," he commented. "Jerked her just as I pulled."

Pulz fired from the knee. The dust this time puffed below.

"Thought she'd carry up that distance," he muttered.

The nigger, too, missed, and Thrackles grinned triumphantly.

"I get a show," said he.

He spread his massive legs apart, drew a deep breath and raised his weapon. It lay in his grasp steady as a log, and I saw that Percy Darrow's fate was in the hands of that dangerous class of natural marksman that possesses no nerves. But for the

second time my teeth saved his life. The trigger guard slipped against Thrackles' lacerated hand almost at the instant of discharge. He missed, and the bullet went wide.

Darrow had climbed a matter of twenty feet.

Now, the seamen distributed themselves for more leisurely and accurate marksmanship. Handy Solomon lay flat on his stomach, resting the rifle muzzle across the top of a sand dune. Pulz sat down, an elbow on either knee for the greater steadiness. The nigger knelt, but Thrackles remained on his feet. No rest could be steadier than the stonelike rigidity of his thick arms.

The firing now became miscellaneous. No one paid any attention to any one else. Each discovered what I could have told them, that even the human figure at 500 yards is a small mark for a strange rifle. The constant correction of elevation, however, brought the puffs of dust always closer, and I could not but realize that the doctrine of chances must bring home some of the bullets. I soon discovered by way of comfort that only Thrackles and Handy Solomon really understood firearms, and of those two Thrackles alone had had much experience at long range. He told me afterward he had hunted otter.

About halfway up the cliff Thrackles fired his fifth shot. No dust followed the discharge, and I saw Percy Darrow stagger and almost lose his hold. The men yelled savagely, but the assistant pulled himself together and continued his crawling.

The sun had been shining in our faces. I could imagine its blurring ef-



The firing now became miscellaneous.

fect on the sights. Now abruptly it was blotted out, and a semitwilight fell. We all looked up in spite of ourselves. An opaque veil had been drawn quite across the heavens, through which we could not make out even the shape of the sun. It was like a thunder cloud except that its under-surface instead of being the usual gray black was a deep earth brown. As we looked up a deep bellow stirred the air, which had fallen quite still, long forks of lightning shot horizontally from the direction of the island's interior, and flashes of dull red were reflected from the canopy of cloud.

The men stared with their mouths open. Undoubtedly the change had been some time in preparation, but all had been so absorbed in the affair of the doctor's assistant that no one had noticed. It came to our consciousness with the suddenness of a theatrical change. A dull roaring commenced, grew in volume, and then a great explosion shook the very ground under our feet.

We stared at each other, our faces

whitening.

"What kind of hell has broke loose?" muttered Pulz.

The nigger fell flat on his face, uttering deep lamentations.

"Voodoo! Voodoo!" he groaned.

A gentle shower of white flakes began, powdering the surface of everything. Far out to sea we could make out the sun on the water. Gradually the roaring died down. The lightning ceased. Comparative peace ensued. We looked again toward the cliff. Percy Darrow had not for one instant ceased to climb. He was just topping the edge of the bluff. Handy Solomon with a cry of rage seized another rifle and emptied the magazine at him as fast as the lever could be worked. The dust flew wild in a half dozen places. Darrow drew himself up to the sky line, raised his hat ironically and disappeared.

"D— his soul!" cried Handy Solomon, his face livid. He threw his rifle to the beach and danced on it in an ecstasy of rage.

"What do we care?" growled Thrackles. "He's no good to us. What I want to know is what's up here anyhow!"

"Did you ever see a volcano go off, you swab?" snapped Handy Solomon.

"Easy with your names, mate. No, I never did. We better get out."

"Without the chest?"

"S'pose we go up the gulch and get it, then," suggested Thrackles.

But at this Handy Solomon drew back in evident terror.

"Up to that hole?" he objected. "Not I. You an' Pulz go."

They wrangled over it, Pulz joining. Perdosa, shaken to the soul, crept in and made a bee line for the rum barrel. He and the trigger were frankly scared. They had the nervous jumps at every little noise or unexpected movement, and even the natural explanation of these phenomena gave them very little reassurance. I knew that Darrow

would hurry as fast as he could back to the valley by way of the upper hills. I knew that he had there several sporting rifles, and I hoped greatly that he and Dr. Schermerhorn might accomplish something before the men had recovered their wits to the point of foreseeing his probable attack. The uncanny cloud in the heavens, the weird half light and the explosions, which now grew more frequent, had their strong effect in spite of explanation. The men were not really afraid to venture in quest of the supposed treasure, but they were in a frame of mind that dreaded the first plunge. And time was going by.

But the fates were against us, as always in this ill starred voyage. I, watching from the sand dune, saw a second figure emerge from the arroyo's mouth. It appeared to stagger as though hurt, and every eight or ten paces it stopped and rested in a bent over position. The murky light was too dim for me to make out details. But after a moment a rift in the veil enabled me to identify Dr. Schermerhorn carrying, with great difficulty, the chest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I TOOK no chances, but began at once to shout as soon as I saw the men had noticed his coming. It was impossible for me to tell whether or not Dr. Schermerhorn heard me. If he did he misunderstood my intention, for he continued painfully to advance. The only result I gained was to get myself well gagged with my own pocket handkerchief and thrown in a hollow between the dunes. Thence I could hear Handy Solomon speaking fiercely and rapidly.

"Now you let me run this," he commanded. "We got to find out something. It ain't no good to us without we knows, and we want to find out how he's got the rest hid."

They assented.

"I'm goin' out to help him carry her in," announced the seaman.

A long pause ensued, in which I watched the deep canopy of red black thicken overhead. A strange and unearthly light had fallen on the world

and the air was quite still. After awhile I heard Handy Solomon and Dr. Schermerhorn join the group.

"There you are, perfesser," cried Handy Solomon in tones of the greatest heartiness. "I'll put her right there, and she'll be as safe as a baby at home. She's heavy, though."

Dr. Schermerhorn laughed a pleased and excited laugh. I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was strung high and guessed that his triumph needed an audience.

"You may say so well," he said. "It iss heafy, and it iss heafy with the world desire, the great substance that can do efferything. Where iss Percy?"

"He's gone aboard."

"We must embark. The time is foost right. A day sooner and the esperiment would haf been spoilt, but now"—he laughed—"let the island sink, we do not care. We must embark hastily."

"It'll take a man long time to carry down all your things, perfesser."

"Oh, led them go! The eruption has alretty swallowed them oop. The lava iss by now a foot deep in the valley. Before long it flows here, so we must embark."

"But you've lost all them vallyable things, perfesser," said Handy Solomon. "Now, I call that hard luck."

Dr. Schermerhorn snapped his fingers.

"They do not amount to that!" he cried. "Here, here, in this leetle box iss all the treasure! Here iss the labor of ten years! Here iss the Laughing Lass and all the crew and all the equipmndt comprised. Here iss the world!"

"I'm a plain seaman, perfesser, and I suppose I got to believe you, but she's a main small box for all that."

"With that small box you can haf all your wishes," asserted the professor, still in the German lyric strain over

To be continued.

German papers in south Texas are advising their readers to enter the Democratic primary in July and vote "against submission" regardless of the party affiliation.

The Home and State is in receipt, through some friend, of a copy of the Fredericksburg Standard of June 13th, in which the following editorial occurs. It will be noted that the statement is made that "all the German papers in the State with a few exceptions, have advocated and are still advocating and urging all the people to enter this election and cast their votes against this question, and we ask that the voters of our country do likewise and lay aside all party matters and enter the primaries and cast their votes against it." The editorial:

THE PROHIBITION ISSUE.

It is a settled fact now that the prohibition question will come before the Democratic primaries on the 25th of July, and if we wish to have any voice on this question we must enter the primaries. This will be the paramount issue in the coming primary election and here is where we will have to defeat it, if it is ever defeated. We have heard a good many citizens of the different parties say they were going to enter the primaries in order to vote against this question.

Some of the voters outside of

the Democratic party seem to think that they cannot enter this primary and vote against this issue without having to pledge themselves to support the Democratic ticket in the general election. This is not true; any voter can enter this primary to vote on this question alone without pledging himself to anything whatever, and it is the duty of every voter to go before this election and defeat this question. At the Fort Worth convention the question as to whether or not this issue should be submitted to the voters in the Democratic primary election was brought up, discussed and was finally decided that it should be submitted, and since then all the German papers in the State, with a few exceptions, have advocated and are still advocating and urging all the people to enter this election and cast their vote against this question, and we ask that the voters of our country do likewise and lay aside all party matters and enter these primaries and cast their vote against it.

As the question now stands, will we have State-wide prohibition or will we not? If you are not in favor of this come to the polls on the 25th of July and cast your vote against it no matter whether you are a Democrat or not, you have the right to express your sentiments on this question. Will you come or will you stay away and let the other side dictate what you shall drink? We don't believe you will, and we hope to see our people poll a large vote against the question when it is submitted to them to vote on,

Milking Cows in Porto Rico.

"They have cows down in Porto Rico," said the American civil engineer, "and they are small cows—docile cows—humble minded cows. There is more deviltry in one Porto Rico goat than in two dozen of the cows. I had seen them everywhere, but I had been on the island for six months before I saw one milked. It was quite a performance. It was just as their great grandfathers used to do. The cow was driven up to a post and a rope thirty feet long was used to tie her head so that she couldn't move it an inch. Then each leg was made fast to another post, and then the poor cow was so hard and fast that she could only switch her tail and flop her ears. When the man finally sat down to milk he used only one hand. After observing the performance to the end I asked:

"Does your cow kick?"

"Not that I know of, senor," he replied.

"Did you ever try to milk her without tying her up?"

"Carambo, no!"

"Well let me try the American way on this other cow."

"The second cow was loose and I sat down and milked two-handed and had her finished in seven or eight minutes. She stood like a rock. When I had finished there were a dozen people around, and as I handed over the pail they raised their voices and cried out in chorus:

"Ha! Is it any wonder that the Americans licked Spain!"

"But as I passed the place again the next evening the cows were tied up as before. Their way was a hundred years old and mine entirely new to them.—Stockman Journal."

Going a Gale.

"Yes," said the Kansas farmer, one of them that actor folks came through here and eloped with my daughter in an automobile."

"And did you pursue them?"

"Yes, on the old gray mule."

"H'm! Hopeless chase, eh?"

"No, stranger. Providence sent along a cyclone, picked up me and the old mule and landed us right in front of the automobile. Before they could get away I had them."

Endorse Davidson

The Galveston Baileyites, including city and county officials, have issued a statement to the voters of Texas in which they say they will vote for Atty. Gen. Davidson, and the county will give him an overwhelming victory, as "Judge Davidson is one of the ablest attorney generals that has ever represented the people of Texas. The record of the attorney generals department should be a source of pride of the democracy of our state and people of Texas. In his fidelity to the people's cause Judge Davidson ranks with his illustrious predecessor in office."

The statement denounces as a base slander circulated by Bailey and others against Davidson, in regard to the rental of property for immoral purposes.—Ex.

His Romance Blasted.

He entered the parlor with all the romantic fire of an ancient knight.

"Darling," he exclaimed, passionately, "if you should vanish even a day I would scour the earth."

And the cold, haughty beauty pointed down to the stained floor. "Never mind the earth, Mr. Basswood," she said in cold storage tones, "ask the cook for a bar of soap and scour those muddy tracks you just brought in."

Shaking his fist at the papier mache pug dog, he vanished into the night.

DIRECTORY.

District Officers.

J. L. ShepherdJudge
M. CarterAttorney
Court convenes eighth Monday
after first Monday in February and
September.

County Officers.

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

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

Commissioners.

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

Secret Orders.

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

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

Churches.

Methodist: Preaching every first
sunday R. 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-gener-
al news You cannot choose a
better one—one adapted to the
wants of all the family—than The
Dallas Semi-Weekly News, By
subscribing for the BORDEN CITI-
ZEN and the Semi-Weekly News
together, you get both papers one
year for \$1.75. No subscription
can be accepted for less than one
year at this special rate and the
amount is payable cash in ad-
vance. Order now. Do not de-
lay.

This is Presidential Year.

Your order will receive prompt
attention. BORDEN CITIZEN.

BORDEN COUNTY.

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

**Harness & repair Shop
and**



Made to Order.

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

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

HOTEL SNYDER

Everything nice new and neat. Rates
Bath and sample rooms \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day
Nunn Building Northeast Cor. Public Square,
MRS. O. V. JOHNSON, Prop.
Snyder, Texas.

WINDMILLS

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

Leroy Johnson

—Proprietor of—

Farmers and Merchants Gin Company

—Also—

The Snyder Gin Company

Snyder,

Texas.

Fine Watch repairing

Engraving

J. P. INMAN

Jeweler and Optician

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

At Arnold Tankersley Drug Store

Goldsmithing

Glasses Fitted Right

grasses being the needle and mes-
quite.

The rainfall here is sufficient
for abundant and successful
farming. The products of the
farm are cotton, corn, maize, cane
Kaffir, wheat and oats. Wheat
and oats have not been grown
extensively in this county, but
some parts are specially adapted
to the raising of small grain. We
find the gardens bedecked with
beans, peas, turnips, onions rad-
ishes, beets, potatoes, peanuts
and watermelons. The orchards
furnish peaches, pears, apples,
grapes, plums and apricots. The
wild fruits are grapes, plums and
mulberries. At present orchards
are comparatively few, but bear
good and abundant fruit. Agri-
culture is fast becoming the lead-
ing industry. The lands which

only a few years since were trod-
den under the foot of the buffalo
and mustang pony, and the howl
of the lobo and the yelp of the
coyote were the only signs of life
now are under fence and the soil
beneath the plow. At present the
whistle of the farm boy, the songs
of the milk maid, the bark of the
neighbor's dog, the rattling of
wagons, and the hum of gins are
some of the indications of life and
civilization.

Stock raising is still a leading
factor in the progress of our
county. Borden county takes
pride in raising some of the best
horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry
does extremely well in this local-
ity.

The development of this county
has been quite rapid the last six
months. During that time there
has been a nice little town built

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

Gail, the county seat is a
small town but is building fast.
There are eight business houses,
besides a bank, two hotels, a
restaurant, a livery stable and
a wagon yard, two blacksmith
shops and a new gin. Several
of these improvements have
been recently erected. Borden
county is almost sure to average
one-half bale per acre to all
lands planted in cotton. I have
lived in Borden county for eight
years and have never witnessed
a complete failure in crops. The
lands about Gail have not here-
to fore been for sale, hence the
slow development. At present
some of the pastures are for sale
in small tracts.

The flunkeyism daily displayed
in the big city papers about the
vulgar rich, their sayings and
doings; their comings and go-
ings; what they eat and how
much of it; what they drink and
how how much of it; what they
wear and how when and where
they wear it; minute write-ups,
with pictorial illustrations of
every dud worn by brainless
women, full description of every
garment, including the em-
broidered and hemstitched
clothes prepared before-hand
for the unborn brats—all their
fulsome nauseous stuff, doled
out daily in the big papers—by
the whole page—a sort of gross
pandering to riches—a servile
worship of snobocracy; a put-
ting of the forehead to the
ground when the money moloch
passes down the street, does
more to stir up the devil in a
man than all else combined.
This sort of man worship may
go all right in countries where
one man is acknowledged to be
better than another, but it will
never go in this land of the free
and home of the brave; and the
sooner the big papers let up on
this daily flouting of money in
the faces of decent people, the
quicker all sorts of devilishness
will cease to be a menace to our
government.

Job Work.

We are the printers who do
good work. We have a nice
stock of Letter Heads, Envelopes,
Bill Heads and Candidate and
visiting Cards. You can choose
the kind of print you wish, and
we will guarantee the work—
Give us a call.

The Borden Citizen

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Per year\$1.00
Six months50

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gall, Texas, July 9 1908.

Railroads Must Ap-

peal to the People

The old order has passed away and the new has taken its place before the railroad companies have prepared for it. The day of favors to big shippers has gone never to return, except, perhaps, in some legal form, as the giving of a reduced rate for a "trainload" shipment, as we make a reduced rate for a "carload" shipment, and under the new order this will be an absolute necessity, so far as export shipments are concerned. But for a decade to come the hand of every big shipper and every political lawyer who thrives most when strife is greatest, will be turned against the railroads, and they must prepare to appeal to the people, who are not blinded by avarice.

To appeal to them successfully and by right, they must inaugurate a method of administration that will secure to the smallest shipper and the humblest passenger, equal and exact justice. The details of management must be looked after more closely, the thousand and one small things that add to the peace of mind of the patron must be taken note of.

A Fight to the Death

The Bonham Herald, which favored Senator Bailey in the recent campaign in Texas, has the following to say of Attorney General Davidson's Corsicana speech:

That was a strong speech made by Attorney General Davidson at Corsicana Saturday. His opponents will have a hard job to truthfully answer all the allegations he sets forth. He shows his hand, and he holds big cards. It was lengthy, but it is to be supposed that he will chop it up and hereafter hand it out in small pieces. He has his enemies though, and they are powerful. Nothing that wealth, skill, ability, malice and hate can bring against him will be

spared. He has tackled the monsters, and they know how to fight. There can be no truce, no compromise; it is a fight to the death. It is "lay on, Macduff." He has no apology to make, asks no quarter and gives none. The fight is on.

Letter to J. N. Hopkins.

Gall, Texas

Dear Sir: Our agent ought to sell nine tenths of the paint of his town and region; no use to try for the other tenth. The proportion of men, who won't take good advice, and use the least-gallons paint, is about one in ten among even owners of houses and stores and shops and barns and fences.

One man in ten will buy a gold brick or green goods, if he has the money and gets a good chance.

Devoe at \$1.75 a gallon is better than gold; adulterated and short measure paints are green goods and gold bricks.

Devoe saves half, more or less of the labor and wages of painting; it is all paint; full strength and full measure. There is no other such paint within ten per cent. Ten per cent of labor and paint is worth saving; and ten is the least. There are scores of paints that throw away half of both gallons and labor on whiting, china-clay, ground stone, barytes benzine, water—all they are good for is to make gallons of nothing and look like paint in the can; more gallons to buy and more gallons to pay for putting on—gold bricks and green goods. Here's how they work.

Judge I. D. Fairchild owns two houses exactly alike in Lufkin, Texas. J. H. Torrence painted both houses; one Devoe, 15 1-2 gallons; the other with another paint sold at same price; 25 gallons. That 25 gallon paint is weak and 15 per cent whiting; that's why it took 9 1-2 gallons more.

Yours truly

F. W. DEVOE & CO.
New York
P. S.—D. Dorward & Co. sell our paint.

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

If you like to read, come around to the Citizen office and let us fix you up with a great big pile of papers and magazines for a very small amount of cash. Just look at our liberal offers. When reading matter is so cheap, you are not doing yourself justice unless you avail yourself of these rare opportunities to become and remain well-informed.

For \$1.00

The CITIZEN and either the Western Breeders Journal, a good well illustrated livestock paper, or the Kansas City Journal which contains the world news, good letters, interesting stories and the full market reports.

For \$1.75

We will send both the above papers and the Dallas Semi-Weekly News for a whole year. You can't afford to miss it.

NOTICE.

We represent Vine Hill Nursery of Titus county an old established and reliable institution, and we will make it to your interest to deal with us, 1st, because we furnish a better class of trees for the same money. Secondly because we not only make good all shortages in bills, but we replace in the following fall at half price, trees and other stock that die from natural causes, within 12 months after delivery, besides it is best to patronize a local agent whom you

know, and who is always in reach. In patronizing us you are patronizing home industry. We invite you to call and see cuts of our extensive list of fruits
T. M. JONES.

FORTUNES UNDER YOUR FEET!

The Geological formation of Texas indicates enormous undiscovered mineral resources. People pass daily, valuable beds of cement shale, salt, gypsum, coal, clay, kaolin, iron, lead, silver, sulphur, copper, gold and quick-silver—all of which are known to be in Texas, as well as other valuable minerals. You see a rock, clay or other substance "out of the ordinary," and may pass for days with a fortune under your feet. Send me samples of these "out of the ordinary" stones, clays and earths. A pound package by mail will cost you 16 cents in postage. I may be able to help you to a fortune. No charges to you. Buyers pay all charges. Address
Milton Everett, Box 1065 Dallas, 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.

\$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.



Local and Personal

Mr. Bostic and wife made a business trip to Snyder about the first of the week.

Mrs. Rector is visiting Mrs. Joe Miller of Julia this week.

Mr. Gibbs Doyle and sisters, Misses Ray and Annye attended services here Saturday and Sunday.

H. R. Debenport of Vicennt was here attending Justice Court this week.

Dick Smith was in town Monday with some nice beef, which he sold off his wagon.

Mrs. J. M. Christopher came to town Saturday for a new buggy which she had ordered through J. W. Chandler.

J. C. Dorward passed through Gail Saturday with a car of calves for shipment to Fort Worth which he had purchased from D. W. Godwin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Benton of Garza were in town Saturday.

D. Dorward is wearing quite a smile this week. Wonder why? Why he has another boy at his house.

Mr. West from the plains was in Gail Thursday, transacting business.

Tom Benton was shaking hands with friends in Gail on Thursday last.

J. A. Wilbourn from the plains passed through here last Thursday on his way to Snyder.

Mr. Vestal Hood was among friends in Gail last Wednesday.

Miss Simpson who has been spending several days with her friend, Miss Pearl Johnson has returned to her home near Big Springs.

Misses Myrtle Jolly, and Eunice Nisbett, were in Gail shopping Wednesday.

Gail was blessed with a nice rain Wednesday night.

O. S. Johnson who has been out in Mexico, returned to Gail after an absence of several months.

Mr. Evins and little son was in town on last Monday, transacting business.

Mrs. Nisbett and daughter, are spending several days in Gail attending the big meeting.

J. C. Dorward was in town transacting business last Friday.

Nick Green was mingling with the Gailites Thursday.

D. Dorward, Sr. attended church here Wednesday night.

A telegram from B. Buck of Lethbridge, Canada, dated July 4th has been received here stating that B. F. Smoot was drowned on the 1st and that his body had not on the 4 been recovered. Frank Smoot who was a son of J. H. Smoot, left his home near Gail about three years ago, going to Canada, where he has since been at work on a stock ranch. We are pained to hear of his sad and untimely fate and wish to express our sympathy to his father and relatives whose hearts are saddened by this breach in the family circle, so sudden and unexpected.

J. T. Doan and W. S. Bosse, single men from Haskell county passed through Gail Monday for New Mexico where they intend to locate.

S. T. Whitaker who was here Saturday, said the refreshing rain of last week was very favorable to the crops in his neighborhood, which were, until then suffering from drouth.

Chas. Hill agent for the Herring Hall Marvin Safe Co. of Hamilton, Ohio was here working in the interest of his company on Monday and Tuesday.

T. W. Miller who is charged with the commission of forgery at Post City, Garza county, was brought here and lodged in jail for safe keeping some two months ago. He will be taken back to Post to await the action of the grand jury which convenes on the 20th of this month. After 2 months imprisonment, he will no doubt be glad to have his case disposed of.

H. A. Kincaid was in Gail Tuesday, and reports a nice rain in his neighborhood.

Mr. Thad Durst spent Saturday and Sunday on the plains at Tredway, but came back unwell on Monday. Change of diet or perhaps overfeeding, disappointment or something else did not agree with him.

Plainview Community,

Plainview Community, July 2.—We had a very good shower last night which was highly appreciated here as we were greatly in need of rain in this neighborhood.

The singing last Sunday at Six Mile was a success, and we must praise prof's. Smith and Wilcox for efficient aid in leading the music and will say that anytime they happen in our locality, our doors are open to them.

Mr. Fristoe and family passed through our community last Saturday en route to Lubbock, to visit relatives, spending the night with an old acquaintance, G. T. Beach.

Mrs. Beach is reported on the sick list this week.

Messrs. John Berry an Ira Willis with their families spent last Thursday with Mrs. Tom King.

The singing last Sunday night at Mr. H. E. Baldrige, was reported good.

Misses Lula and Nora Luttrell spent last Thursday with Miss Sallie Beach.

The families of A. H. and H. T. Moyers called on Mrs Beach last Thursday evening.

Mr. M. L. Davis' father and mother have been visiting him since our last writing.

General health of community is good.

U-No-Me

Several of the young people of Gail attended the barbecue at Durham on the fourth, and all reported a nice time and the barbecue a complete success. The girls who rode in the tournament displayed good horsemanship and entertained the people for quite a while and then the most interesting game of ball was played for several hours, between Julia and Vincent, Julia being successful.

Uncle Dick Cathey is on the sick list this week, having been confined to his bed since last Saturday morning, but we are glad to report him up and about again.

The business houses with few exceptions closed up yesterday to attend the morning services of evangelist Schefner at the arbor.

Mr. Jess Walker, returned from Loving county Monday where he has been for several weeks.

NOTICE.

All fishing and other trespass, are forbidden on the A. J. Long pasture.

SAM SANFORD, Mgr.

E. R. YELLOTT

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT
Will Practice in District and

Higher courts only.

GAIL, TEXAS.

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

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

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

R. F. POWELL, Mgr.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Senator

HON. W. J. BRYAN,
HON. R. C. CRANE

For District Judge

JUDGE JAS. L. SHEPHERD

For District Attorney.

J. S. CRUMPTON

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP
E. R. YELLOTT

For County and District clerk.

T. R. MAULDIN
RODWAY KEEN
J. S. WEATHERFORD

For County Attorney.

For county Treasurer.

D. DORWARD.
M. H. LEAKE

For Sheriff and Tax collector.

W. A. CLARK,
J. R. WILLIAMS
J. C. OLIVE

For Tax Assessor.

W. A. BEDELL
S. L. JONES

For Justice of Peace prect. 1.

T. M. JONES.

For Commissioner Prect. 1

F. M. CHRISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prect. 2

For commissioner Prect. 3

WALTER BISHOP

For commissioner Prect. 4

Watch inspectors
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MITCHELL & PARK

DRUGGISTS AND JEWELERS

Special attention to Watch and Jewelry repairing
and Engraving - Mail orders solicited

Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Big Springs, Texas

CITIZEN. \$1 Per Year

WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Horse Shoeing
a specialty

For *Cash only
Work Guaranteed

Smith & Ross Pro's.

East of Public Square

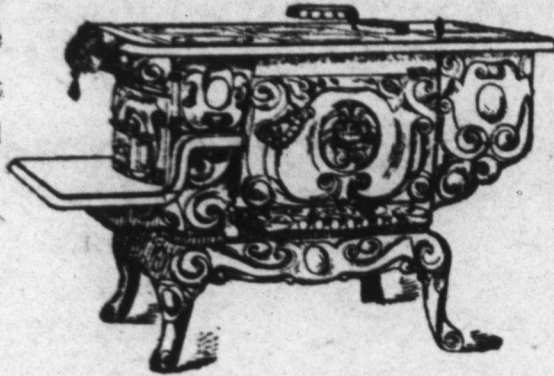
Gail, Texas.

H. L. RIX & Co.

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

Undertakers goods

Big Springs, Texas



Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

Higginbotham, Harris & Company
Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas

LUMBER

Building Material of All Kinds

Heath & Milligan Paints.

THOMPSON HOTEL.

Excellent Fare
Good service
Comfortable beds

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

Sample Rooms

MRS. W A WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder,

Texas

The thoughtful farmer who plans for the future as well as the present will realize the profits to be derived from an orchard, and will not be slow in availing himself of the advantages of an orchard of well selected fruit trees. A good orchard will not only contribute to the health and comfort of himself and family and save doctors bills, but will be a source of revenue from year to year. During the heat of summer when vitality is at a low ebb, there is an acid in the juices of fruit that the appetite craves, which renders it a most healthful diet, and especially adapted to the human system. This is notably the case in seasons of drouth when there is an absence or very limited supply of vegetable diet. Besides being a healthful and excellent food, it will reduce almost one half the expenses of

the table. There being innumerable ways in which it may be prepared as food, besides being eaten fresh. The peach crop of Delaware surpasses all other crops in importance, it is the money crop of the State. East Texas is fast coming to the front as a great fruit section; in the great fairs of the country she has been awarded many prizes on her fruits in competition with those of other States, and fruit culture is fast supplanting cotton and other field crops, because not only less laborious, but more profitable. More attention is being given to fruit growing of recent years in Borden county, several having set out as much as 3 or 4 acres, in choice fruit trees. Notwithstanding the drouth, there was some fruit last Summer, and some orchards have about a half crop this season. Nothing is so profitable as a well cared for orchard.

Plainview Community.

There have been several local showers of rain since our last writing, refreshing all vegetation and stimulating the growth of crops.

Several of the youngsters of our community attended the literary Saturday night at Moore's Draw.

The party at Mr Tom Mitchells last Friday night was a pleasant affair, serving to enliven the monotony of country life.

W. E. Biggs of Beckville, Texas has been visiting the family of G. T. Beach this week.

Rev North of Plainview, Texas preached at the school house Sunday a good sermon to a large congregation.

The Six Mile Gin Co. is at work erecting their new gin.

Singing at Mr. J. W. Lutrells Sunday was enjoyed by all.

Miss lie Beach called on Mrs. Rains Friday.

Several families of this vicinity have gone plum hunting this week.

Mr. Alpha Mayfield, A. O. Gibbs and sister Miss Willie were the guests of Miss Sallie Beach Saturday night.

Mrs. M. M. Simpson is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Tom Stevens visited the family of Mr. Beach Saturday last.

U No-Me.

Hon. R. C Crane is in the race for the State Senate

His many friends throughout the 28th Senatorial District, will be pleased to learn that Judge R. C. Crane, of Sweetwater, has consented to make the race for State

Senator. Judge Crane is a true blue democrat, he has the welfare of the people at heart and would ably represent his district in the legislature. He stands for purity in politics, he believes an official should be the servant and not the master of the people. Judge Crane is a home man and we heartily commend him to the voters as being in every way worthy of their suffrage. Blackwell Herald.

WILL RUN FOR STATE SENATE.

The information comes from reliable sources this week that R. C. Crane, of Sweetwater, a popular citizen and prominent attorney of that place, will make the race for State State Senator from this Senatorial district against W. J. Bryan, of Abilene.

Mr. Crane is a good lawyer, a strong fair-minded and enterprising citizen, a good business man and would make a good senator. There is no more worthy man in the West nor one more deserving honors at the hands of the democratic party in this Senatorial district than R. C. Crane and we hope to see "honor come to whom honor is due." Roscoe Times.

To the editor:

The Texas Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin on the raising of pecans. The cultivation of pecans in Texas deserves more attention this bulletin calls the attention of farmers to the possibilities of the pecan. The area where pecans will grow is very large. A copy of this bulletin may be obtained free by applying to the Department of Agriculture, Austin, Texas.

Very respectfully,

R. T. MILNER,

Commissioner.

We sell pecan trees at a discount by the hundred or over.

T. M. Jones, Agt.

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

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.

T. P. Home.

Meals and Lodging

\$5.00 a week

Each 25 cts.

\$20. a month

Located 1-2 block West of Depot

R. W. SEARS, Pro.

Big Springs, Texas.