

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1908.

NO. 39.

## Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Standard and Canton Implements

Success Sulkey Plows

Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed

Mills &c.

SNYDER,

TEXAS

C C Connell, pres.

J P Smith, Sec

## CONNELL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—Successors to the cordill Lumber Company.

DEALERS IN

Sash, Doors and Blinds; LUMBER, Shingles and Moulding;

Posts, Brick, Lime and Cement.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS

Big Springs Texas

## NOTICE!

To all persons who are indebted to me for goods I beg to say that I will need all the money I can raise to meet my obligations and run my business.

On October 15th I will close my books for this year and I desire to have all accounts settled in full to that date, either in cash or good notes.

I shall continue to sell goods and accommodate my customers and friends in the future, as I have in the past, but it is necessary for me to close all my accounts and collect what is owing to me at that date in order to meet my obligations and continue my business.

Mr. W. S. McClung will be in charge of my books and accounts and will receipt for all money received and attend to the closing of all accounts, and you will oblige me by attending to this matter promptly with him.

Thanking my friends in advance for the courtesy of attending to their accounts promptly, and assuring them that I appreciate their patronage, and trusting that I may be able to serve them better in the future than in the past, I am

Yours very truly,

J. W. CHANDLER

The cold wave of Saturday night caused light frost on Sunday and Monday mornings, and the weather is still quite cold for the season, making fires very agreeable at night and early morning, quite suggestive too of our future wants in the way of coal and winter clothing.

M. H. Leake is making some improvements on his place this week.

H. G. TWOLE

JAMES T. JOHNSON.

See us for everything in the Jewelry line all kinds of watches, Clocks and jewelry repaired in first class manner and guaranteed.

Yours to Please

Towle & Johnson,

Snyder, Texas.

## D. Dorward & Co.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

{ Druggists Sundris }

Furniture

Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

SEE

Davis Bro's.

Before Placing Your Order for  
GROCERIES

Most Goods for the Money

East Side Square

Snyder, Texas.

Letter to Matt Cathey.

Gail, Texas.

Dear Sir: Not one man in ten knows whether he's wasting money or not, when he paints.

With one paint, your job will take 10 gallons and cost \$50 for paint and labor;

With another 12 and cost \$ 60;

With another 14 and cost 70;

With another 16 and cost 80;

With another 18 and cost 90;

With another 20 and cost 100;

With another 22 and cost 110;

Here's an example. Professor Irvine, of the Academy, Mercersburg, Pa, painted the floors of his dormitories every year, one year with one paint, next year with the paint of the other dealer there—to divide the business between them—till Devoe came to town.

The job took 90 gallons; takes 60 Devoe. The difference, 30 gallons, \$150. He didn't know he was losidg \$150 a year till he got Devoe.

Another example. When Geo. W Brown, Union S C, painted B F Arthur's house first time it took 30 gallons "cheap" paint; repainted Devoe; 14 gallons.

Yours truly

F. W. DEVOE & CO,

New York

P S D. Dorward & Co. sell our paint.

Court House

The new Court House of Sourry county is to be of white brick trimmed with Pecos red sand stone. The material to be the same as that used in the construction of the Union Depot at Fort Worth.

W. A. Bedell and mother were in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. J. M. Kincaid who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Rogers for the past week is at home again.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

Every one who favors Government by the people is requested to pay me, at once as many dollars as you can spare to aid the campaign for Bryan, Kern and People's rule. Your gift will be forwarded to the Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee with your name and amount given. The Treasurer will forward me a certificate of your gift which we will deliver to you. BORDEN CITIZEN

# In Business for Your Health

We Have the Goods      We Have the Prices

**WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS**

**In Jewelry and Drugs**

Phone or Write

**Arnold Tankersley Drug Co**

BIG SPRINGS, - TEXAS.

## Burton Lingo Co

All Lumber under Sheds

Big Springs,

Texas

### BILL PINGASTON'S FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH AN AUTO.

Until a short time ago all on earth I knew about automobiles, was learned from reading advertisements and looking at highly colored pictures of them that have been appearing in the magazines for the last ten years.

There is but little in common between the advertised auto and the real article. In the advertisements, we see it only in its best, dressed in its Sunday clothes, gently gliding along a beautiful landscape loaded with well dressed, pleasant looking people with nothing to mar their pleasure. But a few hours aboard a machine one hot day in August, convinced me that these advertised scenes were not taken from real life or if they were the conditions were more favorable than they were the day that I took my first ride on one of them.

None of these advertisements ever show the photograph of a fellow on a hot day with his coat

off lying flat of his back in the middle of the road, with a monkey-wrench in one hand and a screw driver in the other, gazing into the bowels of the auto, trying to find out whether it was the whizzlefrumpus, the morto-dingus, the razzledocus or the jim flam, that had caused the SWEET THING to come to a sudden stop.

No auto advertisement ever shows the sturdy farmer rubbing a large rural fist in a threatening manner under the nasal organ of the proud and haughty autoist whose machine has caused said farmer's team to turn his wagon over and drag it through a barbed wire fence. Neither do these advertised scenes ever show the auto homeward bound, in charge of a horny handed son of toil, who is hauling it in with a pair of well built bay mules, with the owner sitting in his machine wrapped in gloom and melancholly silence.

The gentleman that took me

## Groceries and Feed

AT THE OLD OPEN & COTTEN STAND IN GAIL

**L. A. PEARCE**

on my maiden auto trip was the proud possessor of a fine looking machine that cost him \$1637.43. He had just learned to run the machine and took much pains in telling me all about its parts, all of which I enjoyed very much. He said to save his life he couldn't see how any one could bear the old-out-of-horse; that he wouldn't give \$15 for the best horse in the country and be compelled to keep it. By way of illustration he said it was fifteen miles to the place we were going, and that we would make the round trip in about two hours and thirty minutes, whereas, if we were driving an old poky horse it would take us at least six hours. He predicted that in less than twenty years, the horse would be almost extinct and could only be seen in menageries along side of the giraffe, and the hippopotamus, and following this prediction, we met our first horse since leaving town. He had a blazed face and one white eye and was being ridden by a short dutchman who was smoking a pipe. The horse began to rear up and run sideways as soon as he saw the machine, which made my auto driver very angry because we were losing much valuable time trying to pass him and his rider. The dutchman tried every possible way to get his horse by us, but he made no headway. He finally got mad and cursed us and our machine in broken english and swore "He was going to see the law already bout us and make us lay behind the yale for scaring his horse mit tat tam devil wagon already yet." My friend finally got mad at the dutchman's intemperate language and gave his horn a toot-a-toot and took out after him. We were in a narrow lane several miles long and the dutchman had no way on earth to escape only to out run us. My friend put the machine to its utmost speed and worked his toot-a-toot with all his might. That old blazed face horse curled his tail over his back and simply flew, while the dutchman swung on to the horn of the saddle and yell-

Continued on page 8

## PETTUS MERCANTILE CO.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Dry Goods, Fine Clothing,

Queen Quality and Stacy Adams Shoes

Implements and Wagons

We solicit Your Business.

# The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY.

*In "The Woman in the Alcove" Anna Katharine Green has woven a plot of unusual intricacy and interest. The mystery is most cleverly unraveled through the agency of no professional detective, but by a young woman whose heart is enlisted in the cause of one of the suspects. She is made to tell her story with all the well known skill of the author, which has won for her the highest place among American writers of stories of mystery.*

## CHAPTER I.

**I** WAS perhaps the plainest girl in the room that night. I was also the happiest—up to 1 o'clock. Then my whole world crumbled, or at least suffered an eclipse. Why and how I am about to relate.

I was not made for love. This I had often said to myself, very often of late. In figure I am too diminutive, in face far too unbeautiful for me to cherish expectations of this nature. Indeed love had never entered into my plan of life, as was evinced by the nurse's diploma I had just gained after three years of hard study and severe training.

I was not made for love. But if I had been, had I been gifted with height, regularity of feature or even with that eloquence of expression which redeems all defects save those which savor of deformity, I knew well whose eye I should have chosen to please, whose heart I should have felt proud to win.

This knowledge came with a rush to my heart—did I say heart? I should have said understanding, which is something very different—when at the end of the first dance I looked up from the midst of the bevy of girls by whom I was surrounded and saw Anson Durand's fine figure emerging from that quarter of the hall where our host and hostess stood to receive their guests. His eye was roaming hither and thither, and his manner was both eager and expectant. Whom was he seeking? Some one of the many bright and vivacious girls about me, for he turned almost instantly our way. But which one?

I thought I knew. I remembered at whose house I had met him first, at whose house I had seen him many times since. She was a lovely girl, witty and vivacious, and she stood at this very moment at my elbow. In her beauty lay the lure, the natural lure for a man of his gifts and striking personality. If I continued to watch I should soon see his countenance light up under the recognition she could not fail to give him. And I was right. In another instant it did, and with a brightness there was no mistaking. But one feeling common to the human heart lends such warmth, such expressiveness to the features. How handsome it made him look, how distinguished, how everything I was not except—

But what does this mean? He has passed Miss Sperry—passed her with a smile and a friendly word—and is speaking to me, singling me out, offering me his arm. He is smiling, too, not as he smiled on Miss Sperry, but more warmly, with more that is personal in it. I took his arm in a daze. The lights were dimmer than I thought.

Nothing was really bright except his smile. It seemed to change the world for me. I forgot that I was plain, forgot that I was small, with nothing to recommend me to the eye or heart, and let myself be drawn away, asking nothing, anticipating nothing, till I found myself alone with him in the fragrant recesses of the conservatory, with only the throb of music in our ears to link us to the scene we had left.

Why had he brought me here into this fairyland of opalescent lights and intoxicating perfumes? What could he have to say—to show? Ah, in another moment I knew! He had seized my hands, and love, ardent love, came pouring from his lips.

Could it be real? Was I the object of all this feeling? If so, then life had changed for me indeed.

Silent from rush of emotion I searched his face to see if this paradise, whose gates I was thus passionately bidden to enter, was indeed a verity or only a dream born of the excitement of the dance and the charm of a scene exceptional in its splendor and picturesque even for so luxurious a city as New York.

But it was no mere dream. Truth and earnestness were in his manner, and his words were neither feverish nor forced.

"I love you! I need you!" So I heard, and so he soon made me believe. "You have charmed me from the first. Your tantalizing, trusting, loyal self, like no other, sweeter than any other, has drawn the heart from my breast. I have seen many women, admired many women, but you only have I loved. Will you be my wife?"

I was dazzled, moved beyond anything I could have conceived. I forgot all that I had hitherto said to myself, all that I had endeavored to impress upon my heart when I beheld him approaching, intent, as I believed, in his

search for another woman, and, confiding in his honesty, trusting entirely to his faith, I allowed the plans and purposes of years to vanish in the glamour of this new joy and spoke the word which linked us together in a bond which half an hour before I had never dreamed would unite me to any man.

His impassioned "mine, mine!" filled my cup to overflowing. Something of the ecstasy of living entered my soul, which in spite of all I have suffered since recreated the world for me and made all that went before but the prelude to the new life, the new joy.

Oh, I was happy, happy—perhaps too happy. As the conservatory opened and we passed back into the adjoining room the glimpse I caught of myself in one of the mirrors startled me into thinking so, for had it not been for the odd color of my dress and the unique way in which I wore my hair that night I should not have recognized the beaming girl who faced me so naively from the depths of the responsive glass.

Can one be too happy? I do not know. I know that one can be too perplexed, too burdened and too sad.

Thus far I have spoken only of myself in connection with the evening's elaborate function; but, though entitled by my old Dutch blood to a certain social consideration which I am happy to say never failed me, I even in this hour of supreme satisfaction attracted very little attention and awoke small comment. There was an

other woman present better calculated to do this—a fair woman, large and of a bountiful presence, accustomed to conquest and gifted with the power of carrying off her victories with a certain lazy grace irresistibly fascinating to the ordinary man; a gorgeously appareled woman, with a diamond on her breast too vivid for most women, almost too vivid for her. I noticed this diamond early in the evening, and then I noticed her. She was not as fine as the diamond, but she was very fine, and had I been in a less ecstatic frame of mind I might have envied the homage she received from all the men, not excepting him upon whose arm I leaned. Later there was no one in the world I envied less.

The ball was a private and very elegant one. There were some notable guests. One gentleman in particular was pointed out to me as an Englishman of great distinction and political importance. I thought him a very interesting man for his years, but odd and a trifle self-centered. Though greatly courted, he seemed strangely restless under the fire of eyes to which he was constantly subjected and only happy when free to use his own in contemplation of the scene about him. Had I been less absorbed in my own happiness I might have noted sooner than I did that this contemplation was confined to such groups as gathered about the lady with the diamond. But this I failed to observe at the time, and consequently was much surprised to come upon him at the end of one of the dances talking with this lady in an animated and courtly manner totally opposed to the apathy, amounting to boredom, with which he had hitherto met all advances.

Yet it was not admiration for her person which he openly displayed. During the whole time he stood there his eyes seldom rose to her face. They lingered mainly—and this was what aroused my curiosity—on the great fan of ostrich plumes which this opulent beauty held against her breast. Was he desirous of seeing the great diamond she thus unconsciously (or was it consciously) shielded from his gaze? It was possible, for, as I continued to note him, he suddenly bent toward her and as quickly raised himself again with a look which was quite inexplicable to me. The lady had shifted her fan a moment, and his eyes had fallen on the gem.

The next thing I recall with any definiteness was a tete-a-tete conversation which I held with my lover on a certain yellow divan at the end of one of the halls.

To the right of this divan rose a curtained recess, highly suggestive of romance, called "the alcove." As this alcove figures prominently in my story, I will pause here to describe it.

It was originally intended to contain a large group of statuary which our host, Mr. Ramsdell, had ordered from Italy to adorn his new house. He is a man of original ideas in regard to such matters and in this instance had gone so far as to have this end of the house constructed with a special view to an advantageous display of this promised work of art. Fearing the ponderous effect of a pedestal large enough to hold such a considerable group, he had planned to raise it to the level of the eye by having the alcove floor built a few feet higher than the main one. A flight of low, wide steps connected the two, which, following the curve of the wall, added much to the beauty of this portion of the hall.

The group was a failure and was never shipped. But the alcove remained and, possessing as it did all the advantages of a room in the way of heat and light, had been turned into a miniature retreat of exceptional beauty.

The seclusion it offered extended, or so we were happy to think, to the solitary divan at its base on which Mr. Durand and I were seated. With possibly an undue confidence in the advantage of our position, we were discussing a subject interesting only to ourselves when Mr. Durand interrupted himself to declare that he had seen the woman

and a want, you and you only. And I want you soon. When do you think you can marry me? Within a week—if—if—"

Did my look stop him? I was startled. I had heard no incoherent phrase from him before.

"A week!" I remonstrated. "We take more time than that to fit ourselves for a journey or some transient pleasure. I hardly realize my engagement yet."

"You have not been thinking of it for these last two months as I have."

"No," I replied demurely, forgetting everything else in my delight at this admission.

"Nor are you a nomad among clubs and restaurants."

"No, I have a home."

"Nor do you love me as deeply as I do you."

This I thought open to argument.

"The home you speak of is a luxurious one," he continued. "I cannot offer you its equal. Do you expect me to?"

I was indignant.

"You know that I do not. Shall I, who deliberately chose a nurse's life when an indulgent uncle's heart and home were open to me, shrink from braving poverty with the man I love? We will begin as simply as you please!"

"No," he peremptorily put in, yet with a certain hesitancy which seemed to speak of doubts he hardly acknowledged to himself. "I will not marry you if I must expose you to privation or to the genteel poverty I hate. I love you more than you realize and wish to make your life a happy one. I cannot give you all you have been accustomed to in your rich uncle's house, but if matters prosper with me, if the chance I have built on succeeds—and it will fail or succeed tonight—you will have those comforts which love will heighten into luxuries and—and"

He was becoming incoherent and this time with his eyes fixed elsewhere than on my face. Following his gaze, I discovered what had distracted his attention. The lady with the diamond was approaching us on her way to the alcove. She was accompanied by two gentlemen, both strangers to me, and her head, sparkling with brilliants, was turning from one to the other with an indolent grace. I was not surprised that the man at my side quivered and made a start as if to rise. She was a gorgeous image. In comparison with her imposing figure in its trailing robe of rich pink velvet my diminutive frame in its sea green gown must have looked as faded and colorless as a half obliterated pastel.

"A striking woman," I remarked as I saw he was not likely to resume the conversation which her presence had interrupted. "And what a diamond!"

The glance he cast me was peculiar. "Did you notice it particularly?" he asked.

Astonished, for there was something very uneasy in his manner so that I half expected to see him rise and join the group he was so eagerly watching without waiting for my lips to frame a response, I quickly replied:

"It would be difficult not to notice what one would naturally expect to see only on the breast of a queen. But perhaps she is a queen. I should judge so from the homage which follows her."

His eyes sought mine. There was inquiry in them, but it was an inquiry I did not understand.

"What can you know about diamonds?" he presently demanded. "Nothing but their glitter, and glitter is not all. The gem she wears may be a very tawdry one."

I flushed with humiliation. He was a dealer in gems—that was his business—and the check which he had put upon my enthusiasm certainly made me conscious of my own presumption. Yet I was not disposed to take back my words. I had had a better opportunity than himself for seeing this remarkable jewel, and, with the perversity of a somewhat ruffled mood, I

burst forth as soon as the color had subsided from my cheeks:

"No, no! It is glorious, magnificent. I never saw its like. I doubt if you ever have, for all your daily acquaintance with jewels. Its value must be enormous. Who is she? You seem to know her."

It was a direct question, but I received no reply. Mr. Durand's eyes had followed the lady, who had lingered somewhat ostentatiously on the top step, and they did not return to me till she had vanished with her companions behind the long plush curtains which partly veiled the entrance. By this time he had forgotten my words, if he had ever heard them, and it was with the forced animation of one whose thoughts are elsewhere that he finally returned to the old plea:

When would I marry him? If he could offer me a home in a month—and he would know by tomorrow if he could do so—would I come to him then? He would not say in a week. That was perhaps too soon. But in a month? Would I not promise to be his in a month?

What I answered I scarcely recall. His eyes had stolen back to the alcove, and mine had followed them. The gentlemen who had accompanied the lady inside were coming out again, but others were advancing to take their places, and soon she was engaged in holding a regular court in this favored retreat.

Why should this interest me? Why should I notice her or look that way at all? Because Mr. Durand did? Possibly. I remember that for all his ardent lovemaking I felt a little piqued that he should divide his attentions in this way. Perhaps I thought that for

To be continued.

#### Are Babies Moral.

"We do not expect paternal feelings in a child of five," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in *October Woman's Home Companion*. "Why then, should we expect any other of those race-regarding impulses which we term 'morality?' Even to appeal to the 'better things' of a child of eight or ten is often almost as irrational as the celebrated apostrophe of the emotional Iris barrister, who in the fine frenzy of his peroration whirled upon the judge with the thrilling appeal, 'Sirr, was you iver a mother?' To appeal to a child's better nature, while excellent, in moderation, often does little more than make a hypocrite out of him before his time.

'He has got your hair, and his mother's eyes and voice, and some of your little tricks of manner—and temper—now, and he is just as safe to develop your superb self-control and civic devotion and consideration for others if you will only give him time—and set him a good example. Meanwhile preaching to him that he should possess these qualities will expedite matters precious little, and unless backed up by example, not at all. Remember that life and growth of all sorts are but a response to environment, and new responses can only occur as opportunity is afforded for them."

**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

Watch inspectors  
T. & P. Ry.

Watch and Jewelry  
Repairing

### 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 Week

### IGNORANCE ABROAD.

May 26 '08.

To the Boys;—You doubtless have heard of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, so I will give you a little of my "Ignorance Abroad."

We came on this magnificent floating palace last Thursday, May 21 and docked about 10:30 a. m. we would call it "pulled out." Of course I was taken to my stateroom, then my wife sent me for something. I got out very well but getting back—well I got back by giving my room number and following the steward. You needn't laugh this boat is ten stories high, 700 foot long and 80 foot wide and there are more people aboard than there are people in Big Springs.

All nationalities are represented except Americans, and there is a little handful of them, mostly from Texas. I am told there are 2000 emigrants aboard so you see the foreigners are not all coming but some are going as well. There are also 3rd and 2nd class passengers, then between and above are the 1st class which seem to be divided as the bloods eat in the Ritz Carlton Cafe. By doing this a reduction of about 8 per cent is given on the regular ticket. This cafe is dazzling, nothing finer in New York or London. that is what they tell me. Now comes the main dining hall which seats over 400 people. For the first few days the tables were filled with flowers, mostly American Beauties. Everyone has flowers when they come aboard.

Each person was assigned a regular seat at the table. Such "grub." I never saw the like, it beats the T. & P. Hotel. They

call dinner, lunch, and supper dinner. I don't care what they call it, I never saw so much "grub" They gave me a fresh plate ten times and several things to eat on it each time, for the first night, but I didn't need any plate for several days after. I am getting around all right again. I tried it another round last night but I took them lightly. I wish I had one or two of your good stomachs then I could get great comfort and value received. The way they get the best of you is to feed you so often that you don't have time to get hungry. Breakfast 8 to 10. Beer broth and wafers brought on deck at 11, lunch as they call it 1 to 2:30, tea, coffee and cakes on deck at 4 and dinner at 7 until any hour of the night, if you want to eat that long. I often think it is too bad that I couldn't have had some of this "grub" all along for the twelve years I lived in West Texas.

We are rocking along pretty well, they post each day the number of miles we make, the average is about 425 sea miles, I don't know how they compare with prairie miles. Looking off when the ship is rolling I can see sandhills and the shadows but the thing that most reminds me of Texas is the wind for it never ceases to blow and keeps the sea rolling and swelling bursting and foaming and the big boat swaying back and forth this you hardly feel sitting in the magnificent cushioned chairs in the library. You feel a little quiver and gradual swinging back and forth. The library looks very much like a ladies parlor in a fine hotel. Most of the people sit on deck and in this way are getting pretty well acquainted. One little German

girl said that her father was a brewer. Needless to say that they were from Milwaukee.

There is no prohibition aboard, also plenty of games and cleanliness—I never saw things so clean, even to myself, for I am awakened each morning to take a salt water bath.

You have heard of "Dutch Cleaner" the real article is here, for you can see 20 or 30 dutch men, rubbing, scrubbing, mopping and polishing any time you wish to notice them.

Well boys we have been out one week and any old thing would look good, even a sand storm for a change, especially if it was a warm one. I have only seen three or four little sailing vessels which we passed like a freight train would a road wagon. They say we will reach Plymouth this evening and everyone is writing home letters.

We had a round last night which was nearly a knockout blow. It was called the "Captain's Dinner," It began at seven and lasted until nine. I enclose bill of fare. I wish I could describe the service, decorations, illuminations and flags, some few were stars and stripes imagine the rest were those of all countries.

There were four stewards to each table. In Texas we would call them "Dutch waiters." All were in white sailor suits and most were the proud owner of a little sharp mustache, this was twisted and turned straight up at the ends.

The "Illuminated Peaches" on the fair were a surprise to everyone. First the dining room lights were turned out then little lights throughout the decorations were turned on. The band played "Victorious Eagle March" and in came about 75 stewards carrying dutch lanterns and a large tray. Each tray held an illuminated dutch house and a large bowl of peaches with frozen cream. As they marched through the dining room the cheers were deafening. Wine had been flowing freely and the blond captain with his mustache turned as near straight up as possible, was rosy with blushes or wine. He reminded me very much of one of our friends who used to be in the stock business on the Concho.

Very few people at breakfast this morning and it isn't hard to guess why.

I hear a shout from the steerage and someone else is calling land, land, old England.

Now if this bud blooms into print I will try and send you another letter soon.—Sid Moore, Big Springs Herald.

**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  
 Rodwey 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 at 7. 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.

**The Campaign is on in Earnest—  
 Who Will be President**

To form your opinions and keep  
 in touch with the progress of the  
 campaign, you will need first class  
 newspapers.

We have an arrangement where-  
 by you can get The Dallas Semi-  
 Weekly News, and the BORDEN  
 CITIZEN both for \$1.75 cash.

This gives you a live metropol-  
 itan paper and a live local paper,  
 3 papers each week, not only  
 through the campaign and elec-  
 tion, but for one whole year.

Place your order NOW, with  
**THE 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.**

**\$3.25 GIVEN AWAY**

**To Those Who Love Good Literature**

We will save you that much on the purchase 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
- "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.



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-  
 tofore been for sale, hence the  
 slow development. At present  
 some of the pastures are for sale  
 in small tracts.

**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 mag-  
 azines 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 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.

**Your Town.**

More towns die for want of  
 confidence on the part of the  
 business men and lack of public  
 spirit than from any other cause.  
 When a man in search of a home  
 or a business location, goes into  
 a town and finds everything  
 brim full of hope and enthusiasm  
 of the prospects of the place and  
 all earnestly at work to build it  
 up, he soon becomes imbued  
 with the same spirit and as a re-  
 sult, he drives down stakes and  
 goes to work with the same in-  
 terest. When however he goes  
 to a town where everyone ex-  
 presses doubt and apprehension  
 for the future prosperity of the  
 place, moping about and indulg-  
 ing in mournful complaints he  
 naturally feels that it is no place  
 for him and he at once shakes  
 the dust off his feet while he  
 pulls out with all possible speed  
 for some other place. Conse-  
 quently try to make a live enter-  
 prising town out of the town in  
 which you live. When you are  
 working for or saying a good  
 thing for your town you are ac-  
 complishing all the more for  
 yourself.—Exchange.

**Inpatient Sue.**

"Oh, I can't thread this needle,  
 ma."  
 Was little Susie's cry;  
 "Just as the thread is going  
 through,  
 The needle winks its eye."  
 —Woman's Home Companion.

## The Borden Citizen

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

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

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:**  
per year Payable in advance 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.

Galveston, Texas, Oct. 7 1908.

### More Factories for Texas.

Editorial Beaumont Journal, September 10.

The annual meet of the Commercial Secretaries of Texas is on in Fort Worth today. Barring none, the organization is the most important within the bounds of the state. It is composed of men who are devoting their entire time to the upbuilding of the towns and cities they call home, and they are doing a splendid work, a work that is being surpassed by no other state in the Union. Not only are the Commercial Secretaries working for their communities, but they are constantly spreading the gospel of town building, of farm betterment, rail road extension and factory erection. They are making a straightforward plea for help from every citizen of their respective towns, and they are waking the people of Texas to at least a partial realization of what may be accomplished through a united pull. The secretaries are a busy bunch of town builders and the sessions which have their beginning in the Panther City today will be in every way characteristic of the work of the scores of men in attendance.

The principal subject for discussion at Fort Worth will be more factories and how to secure them. Texas is regarded as the greatest agricultural state of the southern belt and it is rapidly taking rank with the older and more thickly settled sections in the building of factories and railroads and the improvement of waterways. Because Texas is the richest state agriculturally should never serve to slacken interest in other improvements. There is room in Texas for the greatest crops of any state in the Union, for more factories and for more railroads than any other state and these Texas may have in time, and in a remarkably short time, if the people will enter into the spirit evinced by the commercial organizations.

There was never a commercial organization that did not help the community in which it was organized, and a good work may be expected to follow the Fort Worth meeting.

William Randolph Hearst has created a considerable stir in the political world. What he says does not amount to much, but he has produced letters and documents which are sensational in that they reveal the connection of certain Republican and Democratic leaders with the Standard Oil Company. Joseph Benson Foraker is completely knocked out, and Gov. Haskell, we regret to say, is somewhat disfigured, though the vehemence of his daily denials have the ring of sincerity, and it is not shown that he was "loaned" any money. Maybe he will come out unscathed. We hope so. Foraker explains that the big sums of money the Standard paid him were "loans." That defense has a familiar sound in Texas, and it is hard for one reading it to keep in mind that it is Foraker and not Bailey talking. In these disclosures corroborative evidence of Senator Bailey's employment by the Standard is also incidentally brought out, but nothing more was needed on that score. Mr. Archibald admits the genuineness of the letters, but tries to make capital out of the quibble that they must have been stolen by some one who sold them to Mr. Hearst. That also has a familiar ring in Texas. The Democrat's support of the Democratic ticket does not involve the use of a whitewash brush, and therefore we say "lay on, McDuff," and let no guilty man escape, be he Democrat or Republican.—Breckenridge Democrat.

### Wealth in Onions

The onion farmer is a comparatively new arrival upon the scene of industrial activities in Texas. He is now one of the large contributors to the wealth of the state. In a little more than eight years the value of the annual production of onions in Texas for the market has reached approximately \$2,000,000. When the fact is considered that this enormous wealth is derived from only about 2,500 hundred acres of land, some idea may be had of the yield and the good prices that are obtained for the product. Onion growing has done another thing to help Texas. It has been the direct means of adding more than \$2,500,000 to the intrinsic value of her lands. Inasmuch as the growers put a good portion of their annual earnings from the industry into property improvements in town

Fine Watch repairing

Engraving

## J. P. INMAN

Jeweler and Optician

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

At Arnold Tankersley Drug Store

Goldsmithing

Glasses Fitted Right

### WINDMILLS

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

## Leroy Johnson

—Proprietor of—

Earmers and Merchants Gin Company

—Also—

The Snyder Gin Company

Snyder,

Texas.

## THE SNYDER GROCERY CO.

Snyder, Texas

Wants a Chance at Your Grocery and Hardware Business

—QUEEN OF THE PANTRY FLOUR—

Barb and Cable Wire, Binder Twine, Hay Ties

Phone No 11,

C. M. MITCHELL, Mgr.

and country; the increase of taxable wealth from this source has also been considerable.

The wonders which were wrought by the magic touch of Aladdin's lamp were no greater than the transformation which onion growing has brought to certain portions of Texas during the last few years. Land which, from the time of the early visit of the Spaniard to the Rio Grande border section, was thought to be almost worthless, at the very most only fit for goat grazing is now bringing in an annual net return of from \$300 to \$500 per acre from the onions which it produces. Before the inauguration of onion growing any of this land could have been purchased at prices ranging from \$1 to \$2 per acre. Some of the onion growers say they would not be willing to accept less than \$2,000 per acre for their lands. Even at that price the annual net returns will average nearly 25 per cent on the investment.—Exchange.

Within ten days, excavating for the foundation of the new million dollar hotel, to be erected at the corner of East Houston and St Mary's streets, will be commenced. When completed, the structure will long remain a monument to the memory of that splendid man and generous citizen—Jot Gunter.—San Antonio Republic.

### Farewell to Summer.

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew

So freshly green, when June was young are falling;

And, all the whisper-haunted forest through

The restless birds in saddened tones are calling,

From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell,

"Farewell, sweet Summer,

Fragrant, fruity Summer,

Sweet, farewell!"

Upon the windy hills, in many a field,

The honey-bees hum slow above the clover,

Gleaning the latest sweets its blossoms may yield,

And, knowing that their harvest-time is over,

Sing, half a lullaby and half a knell,

"Farewell, sweet Summer,

Honey-laden Summer,

Sweet, farewell!"

The little brook that babbles mid the ferns,

O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing,

Seem fain to linger in its eddied turns,

And with a plaintive, purling voice is saying

(Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell),

"Farewell sweet Summer

Warm and dreamy Summer,

Sweet, farewell!

From September Farm Journal.

# The House That Carries Special Bargains.

A Very Large and Complete Stock Of

Dry Goods, Millinery, Clothing, Odd Pants, Groceries, Furniture,  
Hardware, and Undertakers Goods

As we buy in large Quantities, we can give you the Lowest Prices to be had West of Dallas.

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD, COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

## Snyder Mercantile Company,

Snyder, Texas

### Local and Personal

Aaron Birdwell of Scurry passed through Gail on his way home from the plains last Friday. Mr. Birdwell bought 200 head of cattle two coming threes about 2 weeks ago on the Bush & Tiller ranch, at \$22.50 per head.

A. B. Spears left Gail Monday on a business trip to Texico, N. M. and will probably be absent for several weeks.

Dr. Hannabass, Lee Pearce and M. J. Thornton went up in Dawson county Monday to survey a section of land which lies about 13 miles North-east of Lamesa, and for which Thornton & Pearce are agents.

Rev. Chas. Shipley who lives in the South part of Borden filled the pulpit in Gail last Sunday. After services the church in conference called him to preach, his appointment henceforth will be on the 4th Sunday in each month. In the afternoon four persons, Mr. Albert Slayten, Misses Eula Hol lar, Winnie Chandler and Alma Sealy were baptized by him in the public tank of Gail.

Cotten is coming in 12 bales having been ginned already.

#### A NEW BUSINESS.

Notice my Ad in the Borden Citizen. I have a stock of New and fresh groceries, and am now prepared to sell you groceries and feed, at live and let-live prices, call and see me before buying else where.

L. A. Pearce.

#### Plainview Community,

Grass is fine since the last rain. Miss Leona Berry visited Miss Sallie Beach the past week.

Mrs. Farris has gone to Hollis, Okla. to see her son Tom who is very low with slow fever.

Albert Mayfield made a business trip to Tahoka last Tuesday.

Miss Addie Mayfield was a pleasant caller at the home of Miss Mildred Simpson Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Simmons of near Lamesa have taken possession of Mr. Luke Riley's house.

Miss Nora Luttrell was a pleasant caller at the home of Miss Sallie Beach Sunday.

A crowd of young people of this vicinity went to Midway last Saturday to the Literary, all enjoyed their trip

Turner Joist of near T— school is visiting F. A. Harris.

Mrs Bob Anderson has been on the sick list the past week.

Ellis Payne visited in Tahoka Saturday and Sunday.

E. L. Snow is carrying his arm in a sling, from a horse falling with him last Monday eve.

The Six Miles gin has ginned its first bale of cotton.

General health of community is good. U. No. Me.

#### News Items.

Whilst the Borden Citizen is self sustaining and the neighboring towns have given us a good list of advertising, we are greatly hampered in our work by the failure, or forgetfulness of our sub-

scribers to send us local items of news. We do not attribute it to good will for, or lack of interest in the Citizen, but to either modesty, lack of proper appreciation of the value of local news, to papers, or else the trouble or dislike many of us have of writing.

The most important service of a local paper is not the good literature it furnishes, but the common place everyday news, the happenings in the immediate radius of its circulation. To be interesting it must be newsy. Now as we are dependent upon our subscribers for locals, we will appreciate very much any news items you may send us from any quarter, for only with your co-operation can we hope for perfect success, or make your county paper what it ought to be, a mirror of the character and enterprise of the town and community.

#### E. R. YELLOTT

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

#### NOTICE.

My new gin will now run regularly, through the week. We solicit your patronage and promise you good work and prompt attention try us.

W. C. FULLILOVE.

The season has come again when we should prepare to set out new orchards and to improve old ones, by replacing missing trees, shrubbery and vines. Do not wait longer to make your Fall orders.

I am prepared to supply you with nursery stock of all kinds.  
T. M. Jones.

#### FOR SALE.

Ten tons of maize Heads at \$10 a ton and six acres of Sorghum in bundles at 3 cts a bundle on my place 15 miles North of Gail.

FRED PETZEL.

#### For Sale or Trade.

320 Acres first class smooth prairie land enough wood for fuel in Dawson county 11 miles Northeast of Lamesa near the surveyed route of the Stanton & Lamesa R. R. now being graded. For information apply to this office.

BORDEN CITIZEN.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Senator  
HON. W. J. BRYAN.

For District Judge  
JUDGE JAS. L. SHEPHERD

For Conty Judge  
E. R. YELLOTT

For County and District clerk.  
J. S. WEATHERFORD

For county Treasurer.  
M. H. LEAKE

For Sheriff and Tax collector.  
J. R. WILLIAMS

For Tax Assessor.  
S. L. JONES

For Commissioner Preet. 1  
F. M. CHISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Preet. 2

For commissioner Preet. 3  
WALTER BISHOP

A new phone line has been completed from Gail to R. N. Millers, and it is working like a charm.

## WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Horse Shoeing  
a specialty

For Cash only  
Work Guaranteed

**Smith & Ross Pro's.**

East of Public Square

Gail, Texas.

**Higginbotham, Harris & Company**

Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas

## LUMBER

Building Material of All Kinds

Heath & Milligan Paints.

## T. P. Home.

Meals and Lodging  
Each 25 cts.

\$5.00 a week  
\$20. a month

Located 1-2 block West of Depot

R. W. SEARS, Pro.

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.

Send the Citizen to the Old Folks Home.

# Darnell Lumber company

SNYDER TEXAS

We have combined the stocks of the R. B. Spencer Co. and the Conway-Craig Co. and have on hand nearly half million feet of  
**Lumber besides Shingles, Sash, Doors, Lime, Brick, Cement**

Our grades are High. Our Prices are low. OUR TERMS LIBERAL. Call and inspect our stock when in Snyder. Mail inquiries will receive prompt attention.

## DARNELL LUMBER COMPANY

Sherwin-Williams Paints

W. W. CORROLL, Mgr.

### MONEY LOANED

ON REAL ESTATE

LONG TIME

EASY PAYMENTS

E. R. YELLOTT, AGENT.

**The Jackson Loan & Trust Co.**

120 WEST CAPITL ST., JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Continued from page 2

ed "stop mit tam ting already yet."

We had by this time begun to meet many wagons, and we had to roll out side into a field to let the wagons pass. We stayed there until almost noon, and my friend said that we would now make fine time since all the wagons had passed and that we would have a fine run, and he asked to consult the watch and see that we did make T. P. time.

We made fine time for about two hundred yards when all at once the machine came to a standstill without a moments warning. My friend invited me to keep my seat and in ten seconds he would have it going O K. He crawled under the thing with a monkey-wrench and tightened a few bolts and came out with

a glad smile on his face saying that every thing was alright, that he had found the flamjack unscrewed and the whiffle-plunger almost off.

He asked me to give him the time which I did readily, he gave it a twirl and it wheezed and choked and would not move a peg. Again he crawled under the thing with a hammer and a wrench and stayed for some time. He came out wet with sweat, his collar wilted, his suspenders broken, his face greasy and his hair down in his eyes. He gave the twist wheel a jerk, and the old thing stood still again. I was getting very uneasy and asked him if he wanted me to give him the time again. He yelled out "KEEP THAT DERN WATCH IN YOUR POCKET." I knew we were up

against the real thing. I thought of every thing that I could. Finally the only thing that I knew the name of was gasoline. I said have you plenty of gasoline? He rubbed his eyes and said I started with plenty but I'll look.

"Well by-joe, there is not a bit." While he was scratching his head I was thinking about how nice it would be if we only had that old pokev horse. He looked up and said "we will have to go over about three miles to a store and try to get enough there to get in on." It was now 2 o'clock and the sun was shining with all power, but we joggled over the plowed ground to the store and by a chance we secured enough to get back home.

When we rolled up to my home I said "I have had a fine time this trip and your machine is certainly a beauty. She is sure a Goer and a Stopper. I hope you will not have so much worry the next time you start out."

He would not let his machine come to a stand still, but rolled it off to the repair shop.

"C. B. Andrews and his son Jesse of the Gray neighborhood were in Gail last Monday.

Diaz urged to Remain in Office.

Inhabitants of the State of San Luis Potosi are circulating a proclamation to be signed by citizens calling upon all the states of Mexico to send delegates to the capital, who in special audience will present the President the claims of the Mexican people upon his services for another term of six years.

C. D. Tankersley was in Gail Monday, he reports good crops and all well with him except a sick boy.

Jno. S. Fritz and family started to Sweetwater this morning. Mrs. Fritz will visit relatives at Sweetwater and Mr. Fritz is summoned on the Federal Grand Jury.

There are boys in Abilene suffering from an ailment that nothing but the good old geographical remedy will cure. We refer to those boys who are afflicted with the chronic loafing disease. The lid of a cracker box vigorously applied to the southern hemisphere of the pants twice a day is guaranteed to effect a permanent cure, "and is endorsed and recommended by physicians everywhere."—Abilene Reporter.

The youth of Gail need strenuous treatment for the same disease.