

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 7.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1907.

NO. 52.

Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Capital stock 25,000.00

The largest retail dealers in west Texas of

Hardware, Furniture, Buggies, wagons, Windmills and Implements

Your Patronage Solicited.

Snyder,

Texas.

R. B. SPENCER & CO.

LUMBER

Lumber and Building Material Of all kinds.

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See CONWAY CRAIG LUMBER CO.

for the largest and best assortment of Lumber and Paints.

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{ Druggists Sundries }

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Fine Candles

GAIL, TEXAS.

O. L. WILKIRSON LUMBER CO.

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Lumber, Doors Sash shingles

All Kinds of Builders' Material.

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McClure, Basden & Co.

Furniture and House Furnishings, Coffins, Caskets and Robes.

Big Stock and Low Prices.

J. J. McClure, Licensed Embalmer,

COLORADO, TEXAS.

Married

Thursday Dec. 12, 1907 at 8 o'clock p. m. Mr. T. W. Cotten and Miss Stella Nisbett at the home of J. H. Cotten. Rev. J. W. Childers officiating. We wish Mr and Mrs. Cotten all the happiness and success there is to be had in a married life.

Notice

To the patrons of Gail school Those patrons who have children attending school that have not been transferred to the school here, or whose children attending are over or under the free school age are requested to promptly call on the Trustees and pay for the tuition of said pupils. The tuition is needed to extend the term of our school Board of Trustees Gail School.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.

In another column of the Citizen appears the announcement of W. A. Clark as a candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Borden County.

As Mr. Clark is well known to the people of this county, it seems almost needless for us to say; that he is familiar with all the duties that pertain to the office to which he aspires, having served as deputy for his father, W. K. Clark for several years, both as sheriff and collector, and if elected, we believe his constituents will not be disappointed in the choice they have made.

Christmas Tree.

The people met at the church house last Sunday evening, after Sunday school for the purpose of seeing about having a Christmas tree and to appoint committees

for same.

Mr. Jno. Stokes was appointed superintendent, Messrs. Frank Berry and Porter Cotten to get the tree, and Messrs J. B. Cotten and Edwin Love Misses Eunice Nisbett, Ora Smoot and Mrs. Dorward were appointed to dress the tree

There will be a short program of songs, recitations and music. Lots of nice presents are for sale in town. Every one invited to come.

DIED.

On Friday last about 3:30 p. m. the sad news of the death of Mrs. Sowell of Garza county reached us.

The remains were brought to the Gail cemetery for burial. Mrs. Sowell leaves a husband and two little children to mourn her death. The CITIZEN extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved.

Rail Road.

W. R. Kelly has just returned from Stanton and says every thing is favorable as can be with reference to rail road building etc. He had a conference with O. Donald, who told him in very emphatic language that the grade would be put through and for the Lamesa boys to have their part of the bonus ready in a few days for the first ten miles of road.

Kelly brought back the first set of notes and placed them in the banks here for collection as soon as the chief engineer makes affidavit that the first ten miles of grade is complete. We are in receipt of information to the effect that Don Durant has all necessary aid and backing to put the road through regardless of the financial panic. Get your bonus ready boys for you will be called upon in the next ten days.—Dawson County News.

We are here to do business and meet competition. If you want building material of any kind, come and figure with us before buying elsewhere, and we will save you money.

H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

Big Springs,

Texas

H. L. RIX & Co.

Carry the best assortment of Furniture, Stoves etc. ever offered to the people of West Texas. Second hand goods bought and sold. Write or call and see us when in the City.

Undertakers goods.

Big Springs, Texas.

\$3.25 GIVEN AWAY

To Those Who Love Good Literature

We will save you that much on the price of the Citizen, the Western Breeders' Journal, the Woman's Home Companion, the American Monthly Review of Reviews and the Cosmopolitan Magazine if you order them through us. Let the figures talk.

Price Each per Year Taken Separately:

The Borden Citizen	1.00
Western Breeders' Journal	.25
Woman's Home Companion	1.00
American Review of Reviews	3.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1.00

TOTAL \$6.25

These fine periodicals conform to the highest standard of literary merit in their respective fields and are well worth the above named prices, but since nothing is too good for our patrons, we have made arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer you

All 5 for \$3.00

And we save you all the trouble of writing letters and sending money.



One Hundred Teams at Work.

With over one hundred teams strung out over the survey for six miles, with every dirt moving device known in modern railroad construction work, with employment for every railroad contractor who comes and with the past few days of fine weather, is making things look pretty good around Stanton now.

Since last issue contracts have been closed with Col. N. L. Reed who was mentioned last week; J. Smith of Fort Worth, with a big outfit, including a machine grader; J. F. Brooks of Oklahoma, and a Mr. Worley of Forney, all together aggregating a total of one hundred teams.

Mr. Bon Durant is now in Fort Worth on business, but he informs us before leaving that he

would be ready for laying the steel within thirty days.—Stanton Reporter.

Boham Herald: Nearly all the papers of nearly all the towns can talk good roads when bad roads are in vogue, but the town that goes in after the proposition when there are good roads by reason of the dry weather seems to be the one that means business on the proposition.

And it is towns that are wise enough to look after the matter of good roads when the weather is right for working them that are drawing the trade from rivals that do not care for good roads until it is too wet to repair or make them. The complaints of the people about bad roads are hardly respectable enough to no-

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and General Merchandise.

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Well supplied table

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Meals 35

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Snyder,

Texas

tice. For years and years the newspapers of the state have been pointing out the advantages of good highways, and if they have done this in dry weather they have been sneezed at for their labors. There is only one way to arouse people to the necessity of good roads, and that is for some other community to build them and take the trade. That farmer who hauls his cotton to town once a year is not much interested. But the moment he commences to diversify and to have reason to go to town nearly every week to market his products, he commences to calculate the wear and tear on his vehicles and teams by the neglect of good roads.—Dallas News.

We understand that \$500 00 of the Road and Bridge fund will be used in repairing the Gail and Big Springs road.

The overseer, J. W. Gandler, has already improved the road very much, on both sides of the river. The work consists of grading, ditching, making culverts &c. This much needed improvement will be a boon to the people of Borden County and to the Plains also.

Why not Learn a Trade.

Every day on our streets may be seen a number of boys who are floundering about ignorant of a trade or profession and with no idea of business training. These are mostly young men who are eminently capable of learning whatever they would set their heads to learn, but they are just loafing their time away, stunting their mental capacities by disuse, until soon they will find themselves drifting in a busy world with no knowledge

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Gail, Texas.

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Livery, Feed and Sale Stable
BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Good rigs, good teams and careful drivers

Traveling men's trade solicited.

of any business, trade or profession and their only resort for a living will be a chance day's labor. Parents who neglect their boy's business training and fail to prepare for an active place in the world are laying up for themselves a heavy share of blame and malediction. When the humiliating realization dawns upon these boys that they are men and abreast of the pushing, working manhood of the world, yet they know nothing and can do nothing, a sad and unkind reflection will come to those who had charge of their early years. These young men have been playing with the trivialities of life until years have brought on the realities and have left them unprepared. All the time the great institutions that are handling the affairs of the business world have been passing them, back and forth, looking for capable men.—Big Springs Herald.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

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

unusual for his son to come to him on any errand, and he liked to encourage it.

"Certainly, Jefferson. What is it?" "I want to appeal to you, sir. I want you to use your influence before it is too late to save Judge Rossmore. A word from you at this time would do wonders in Washington."

The financier swung half round in his chair, the smile of greeting faded out of his face, and his voice was hard as he replied coldly:

"Again? I thought we had agreed not to discuss Judge Rossmore any further?"

"I can't help it, sir," rejoined Jefferson, undeterred by his sire's hostile attitude. "That poor old man is practically on trial for his life. He is as innocent of wrongdoing as a child unborn, and you know it. You could save him if you would."

"Jefferson," answered Ryder senior, biting his lip to restrain his impatience, "I told you before that I could not interfere even if I would, and I won't, because that man is my enemy. Important business interests which you cannot possibly know anything about, demand his dismissal from the bench."

"Surely your business interests don't demand the sacrifice of a man's life!" retorted Jefferson. "I know modern business methods are none too squeamish, but I should think you'd draw the line at deliberate murder!"

Ryder sprang to his feet and for a moment stood glaring at the young man. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. Suppressed wrath rendered him speechless. What was the world coming to when a son could talk to his father in this manner?

"How dare you presume to judge my actions or to criticize my methods?" he burst out finally.

"You force me to do so," answered Jefferson hotly. "I want to tell you that I am heartily ashamed of this whole affair and your connection with it, and since you refuse to make reparation in the only way possible for the wrong you and your associates have done Judge Rossmore—that is, by saving him in the senate—I think it only fair to warn you that I take back my word in regard to not marrying without your consent. I want you to know that I intend to marry Miss Rossmore as soon as she will consent to become my wife—that is," he added, with bitterness, "if I can succeed in overcoming her prejudices against my family."

Ryder senior laughed contemptuously.

"Prejudices against a thousand million dollars?" he exclaimed, skeptically.

"Yes," replied Jefferson decisively, "prejudices against our family, against you and your business practices. Money is not everything. One day you will find that out. I tell you definitely that I intend to make Miss Rossmore my wife."

Ryder senior made no reply, and as Jefferson had expected an explosion, this unnatural calm rather startled him. He was sorry he had spoken so harshly. It was his father, after all.

"You've forced me to defy you, father," he added. "I'm sorry."

Ryder senior shrugged his shoulders and resumed his seat. He lit another cigar and with affected carelessness he said:

"All right, Jeff, my boy, we'll let it go at that. You're sorry—so am I. You've shown me your cards—I'll show you mine."

His composed, untroubled manner

vanished. He suddenly threw off the mask and revealed the tempest



"How dare you presume to judge my actions?"

that was raging within. He leaned across the desk, his face convulsed with uncontrollable passion, a terrifying picture of human wrath. Shaking his fist at his son he shouted:

"When I get through with Judge Rossmore at Washington, I'll start after his daughter. This time tomorrow he'll be a disgraced man. A week later she will be a notorious woman. Then we'll see if you'll be so eager to marry her!"

"Father!" cried Jefferson. "There is sure to be something in her life that won't bear inspection," sneered Ryder. "There is in everybody's life. I'll find out what it is. Where is she today? She can't be found. No one knows where she is—not even her own mother. Something is wrong—the girl's no good!"

Jefferson started forward as if to resent these insults to the woman he loved, but, realizing that it was his own father, he stopped short and his hands fell powerless at his side.

"Well, is that all?" inquired Ryder senior, with a sneer.

"That's all," replied Jefferson, "I'm going. Goodby."

"Goodby," answered his father indifferently. "Leave your address with your mother."

Jefferson left the room and Ryder senior, as if exhausted by the violence of his own outburst, sank back limp in his chair. The crisis he dreaded had come at last. His son had openly defied his authority and was going to marry the daughter of his enemy. He must do something to prevent it; the marriage must not take place, but what could he do? The boy was of age and legally his own master. He could do nothing to restrain his actions unless they put him in an insane asylum. He would rather see his son there, he mused, than married to the Rossmore woman.

Presently there was a timid knock at the library door. Ryder rose from his seat and went to see who was there. To his surprise it was Miss Green.

"May I come in?" asked Shirley.

"Certainly, by all means. Sit down." He drew up a chair for her, and his manner was so cordial that it was easy to see she was a welcome visitor.

"Mr. Ryder," she began in a low, tremulous voice, "I have come to see

you on a very important matter. I've been waiting to see you all evening, and as I shall be here only a short time longer I want to ask you a great favor, perhaps the greatest you were ever asked. I want to ask you for mercy—for mercy to"—

She stopped and glanced nervously at him, but she saw he was paying no attention to what she was saying. He was puffing heavily at his cigar, entirely preoccupied with his own thoughts. Her sudden silence aroused him. He apologized:

"Oh, excuse me! I didn't quite catch what you were saying."

She said nothing, wondering what had happened to render him so absent-minded. He read the question in her face, for, turning toward her, he exclaimed:

"For the first time in my life I am face to face with defeat—defeat of the most ignominious kind—incapacity—inability to regulate my own internal affairs. I can rule a government, but I can't manage my own family—my own son. I'm a failure. Tell me," he added, appealing to her, "why can't I rule my own household, why can't I govern my own child?"

"Why can't you govern yourself?" said Shirley quietly.

Ryder looked keenly at her for a moment without answering her question; then, as if prompted by a sudden inspiration, he said:

"You can help me, but not by preaching at me. This is the first time in my life I ever called on a living soul for help. I'm only accustomed to deal with men. This time there's a woman in the case, and I need your woman's wit"—

"How can I help you?" asked Shirley. "I don't know," he answered with suppressed excitement. "As I told you, I am up against a blank wall. I can't see my way." He gave a nervous little laugh and went on: "I'm ashamed of myself—ashamed! Did you ever read the fable of the Lion and the Mouse? Well, I want you to gnaw with your sharp woman's teeth at the cords which bind the son of John Bur-

kett Ryder to this Rossmore woman. I want you to be the mouse—to set me free of this disgraceful entanglement."

"How?" asked Shirley calmly.

"Ah, that's just it—how?" he replied. "Can't you think you're a woman—you have youth, beauty—brains." He stopped and eyed her closely until she reddened from the embarrassing scrutiny. Then he blurted out: "By George! Marry him yourself—force him to let go of this other woman! Why not? Come, what do you say?"

This unexpected suggestion came upon Shirley with all the force of a violent shock. She immediately saw the falseness of her position. This man was asking for her hand for his son under the impression that she was another woman. It would be dishonorable of her to keep up the deception any longer. She passed her hand over her face to conceal her confusion.

"You—you must give me time to think," she stammered. "Suppose I don't love your son. I should want something—something to compensate."

"Something to compensate?" echoed Ryder, surprised and a little disconcerted. "Why, the boy will inherit millions—I don't know how many."

"No—no, not money," rejoined Shirley. "Money only compensates those who love money. It's something else—a man's honor, a man's life! It means nothing to you."

He gazed at her, not understanding. Full of his own project, he had mind for nothing else. Ignoring therefore the question of compensation, whatever she might mean by that, he continued:

"You can win him if you make up your mind to. A woman with your resources can blind him to any other woman."

"But if he loves Judge Rossmore's daughter?" objected Shirley.

"It's for you to make him forget her, and you can," replied the financier confidently. "My desire is to separate him from this Rossmore woman at any cost. You must help me." His sternness relaxed somewhat, and his eyes

looked at her kindly. "Do you know, I should be glad to think you won't have to leave us. Mrs. Ryder has taken a fancy to you, and I myself shall miss you when you go."

"You ask me to be your son's wife and you know nothing of my family," said Shirley.

"I know you. That is sufficient," he replied.

"No, no, you don't," returned Shirley, "nor do you know your son. He has more constancy, more strength of character, than you think and far more principle than you have."

"So much the greater the victory for you," he answered good humoredly.

"Ah," she said reproachfully, "you do not love your son."

"I do love him," replied Ryder warmly. "It's because I love him that I'm such a fool in this matter. Don't you see that if he marries this girl it would separate us and I should lose him? I don't want to lose him. If I welcomed her to my house, it would make me the laughing stock of all my friends and business associates. Come, will you join forces with me?"

Shirley shook her head and was about to reply when the telephone bell rang. Ryder took up the receiver and spoke to the butler downstairs:

"Who's that? Judge Stott? Tell him I'm too busy to see any one. What's that? A man's life at stake? What's that to do with me? Tell him!"

On hearing Stott's name, Shirley nearly betrayed herself. She turned pale and half started up from her chair. Something serious must have happened to bring her father's legal adviser to the Ryder residence at such an hour! She thought he was in Washington. Could it be that the proceedings in the senate were ended and the result known? She could hardly conceal her anxiety and instinctively she placed her hand on Ryder's arm.

"No, Mr. Ryder, do see Judge Stott! You must see him. I know who he is. Your son has told me. Judge Stott is one of Judge Rossmore's advisers. See him. You may find out something about the girl. You may find out where she is. If Jefferson finds out you have refused to see her father's friend at such a critical time, it will only make him sympathize more deeply with the Rossmores, and you know sympathy is akin to love. That's what you want to avoid, isn't it?"

Ryder still held the telephone, hesitating what to do. What she said sounded like good sense.

"Upon my word"—he said. "You may be right and yet"—

"Am I to help you or not?" demanded Shirley. "You said you wanted a woman's wit."

"Yes," said Ryder, "but still"—

"Then you had better see him," she said emphatically.

Ryder turned to the telephone.

"Hello, Jorkins, are you there? Show Judge Stott up here." He laid the receiver down and turned again to Shirley. "That's one thing I don't like about you," he said. "I allow you to decide against me, and then I agree with you." She said nothing, and he went on looking at her admiringly. "I predict that you'll bring that boy to your feet within a month. I don't know why, but I seem to feel that he is attracted to you already. Thank heaven! You haven't a lot of troublesome relations. I think you said you were almost alone in the world. Don't look so serious," he added laughing.

"Jeff is a fine fellow and, believe me, an excellent catch as the world goes." Shirley raised her hand as if entreating him to desist.

"Oh, don't—don't—please! My position is so false! You don't know how false it is!" she cried.

At that instant the library door was thrown open and the butler appeared, ushering in Stott. The lawyer looked anxious, and his disheveled appearance indicated that he had come direct from the train. Shirley scanned his face narrowly in the hope that she might read there what had happened.

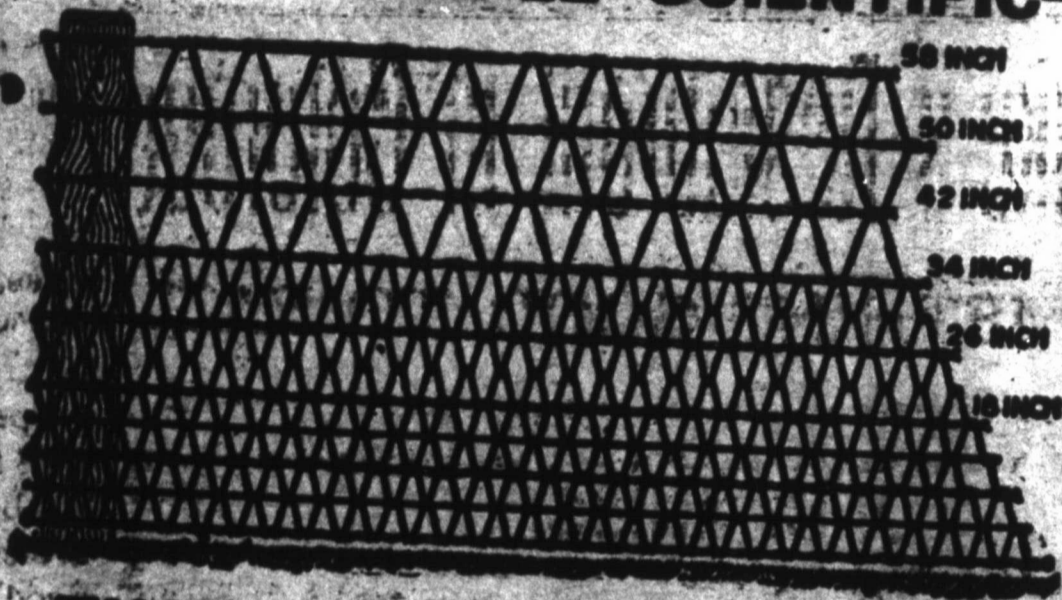
To be continued.

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 J. L. Shepherd Judge
 M. Cartor Attorney
 Court convenes eighth Monday after first Monday in February and September.

County Officers.
 E. R. Yellott Judge
 W. K. Clark, Sheriff & Tax Collector
 J. D. Brown Clerk
 D. Dorward, Jr. Treasurer
 S. L. Jones Tax Assessor
 No Attorney.
 Court convenes first Monday in February, May, August and November.

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 W. P. Coates Precinct No. 2
 J. H. Wicker Precinct No. 3
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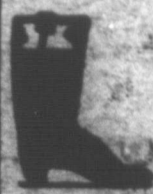
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1908 will be Presidential Year.
 Your order will receive prompt attention. **BORDEN CITIZEN.**

BORDEN COUNTY.

Borden county is located partly below and partly above the "cap rock". The altitude below the cap rock is about 2300 feet. Soil fertile, climate pleasant. About 25 percent of the land to be cultivated is irrigated and better adapted to stock raising than any 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

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grasses being the needle and mesquite.
 The rainfall here is sufficient for abundant and successful farming. The products of the farm are cotton, corn, maize, cane Kaffir wheat and oats. Wheat and oats have not been grown extensively in this county, but some parts are specially adapted to the raising of small grain. We find the gardens bedecked with beans, peas, turnips, onions radishes, beets, potatoes, peanuts and watermelons. The orchards furnish peaches, pears, apples, grapes, plums and apricots. The wild fruits are grapes, plums and mulberries. At present orchards are comparatively few, but bear good and abundant fruit. Agriculture is fast becoming the leading industry. The lands which only a few years since were trodden under the foot of the buffalo and mustang pony, and the howl of the lobo and the yelp of the coyote were the only signs of life now are under fence and the soil beneath the plow. At present the whistle of the farm boy, the songs of the milk maid, the bark of the neighbor's dog, the rattling of wagons, and the hum of Gins are some of the indications of life and civilization.
 Stock raising is still a leading sector in the progress of our county. Borden county takes pride in raising some of the best horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry does extremely well in this locality.
 The development of this county has been quite rapid the last six months. During that time there has been a nice little town build up. The Methodists have erected a handsome church building at Durham in the South-Eastern part of this county.
 Gail, the county seat, is a small town but is building fast. There are eight business houses, 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 heretofore been for sale, hence the slow development. At the present some of the pastures are for sale in small tracts.
 Just received a car of the Old Reliable Peter Schuttler broad tire wagons,
D. P. STRAYHORN,
 Successor to Cole & Strayhorn

The Borden Citizen

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

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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

Gall, Texas, Dec. 19, 1907.

Discipline and Drill.

Stand by yourself and the whole universe will stand by you. Fail in your duty to yourself and you have no right to expect aid from any one else.

Don't forget that the mushroom grows up in a night only to be crushed under any careless heel—while the oak, after slow but sure growth for years, spreads its brawny branches securely against the wildest hurricane. Do you know the thing that is the downfall of more ambitious young men than any other one thing in the world! It is this: They don't want to begin at the bottom of the ladder; they want to start half way to the top; they believe themselves already too big to take orders from others, they want to set their own rules. They want to be generals before they have been lieutenants or captains or colonels. They never become great, no matter what ability they may have, because they never learn to submit themselves to the rule and direction of others, which is the first necessity of success.

Everywhere you will find just such men, gray-haired, cynical, bitter against everything, envious of every one and out of sorts with all-human life and social usage, just because as boys they started with the idea that by some divine right they were fitted to take at once positions of skill and trust without preparation. When these smarties were boys at school, everybody thought they would surely make their marks in the world; but they failed to realize the value of discipline and drill, and they are failures. They studied by fits and starts, and never laid a solid foundation of knowledge; and so when the opportunity was offered for the use of their brilliant talents, the talents had been wasted.

The first thing a young man must do is to discipline his mind just as an athlete disciplines his body. He must learn not to sacri-

fice one minute of his study hours to the temptations of amusement. Then he must learn that to succeed in whatever line of work he has chosen he must devote his study to that particular line and not scatter his energy uselessly in other reading, and above all, let him impress on himself the stern necessity of laying the foundation deep and strong. You must learn to be thorough, young man. You must master the smallest details of the work you undertake—or some day you may miss the opportunity of your lifetime, just because you have slurred over some of the dry and uninteresting facts that are the foundation of your business.

You can't make a great athlete by training hard one week and loafing the next, nor by going to sleep at eight o'clock one night and sitting up till two on the morning of the day following.

You can't make a great mind by studying hard one week and neglecting your books the week after.

You must discipline your mind to regular and systematic work, and let nothing interfere with that work; and you must drill over and over again the details of your studies until you can grasp them with accuracy, and reason clearly and closely.

Discipline and Drill; two words with the whole secret of success, written large therein. Paint them on the wall of your room and make them the motto of your daily life. There can be no doubt as to your future.—Ambition.

A man buying cotton on a salary for a firm of cotton speculators said to a prominent farmer in a North Texas county a few days ago: "You farmers are right for holding on to your cotton. The cotton speculators are making the prices in their own interests and all these reports and stories you read calculated to induce you to rush your cotton to market are manufactured falsehoods, sent out by the speculators to stampede the farmers. Hold on to your cotton and you'll get your price, and then in another year we will be independent of Wall Street and its gamblers. I am offering to buy cotton, but I am glad I am getting but very little. Just hold on and you are safe." —Co-Operator.

Christmas Goods.

A beautiful stock of Christmas Goods at J. W. Chandler's. Beautiful Albums, Work Boxes Work Baskets, Vases of every hue and color, Teddy Bears, Toy sets and toys of all kinds and descriptions, at prices to suit, call and see them.

The Star Restaurant

Foster & Setser Prop.

Three Regular Meals and Short Orders
Open Day and Night

BIG SPRINGS,

TEXAS.

THE WIGWAUM RESTAURANT

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

J. C. Horn, Prop.

BIG SPRINGS,

TEXAS.

Who

ever heard of any body buying wire at \$2.85!

That's the way The Hinds Lumber Co. at Big Springs sells it. They will treat you right on your house bills too.

The Hinds Lumber Co.
Big Springs, Texas.

A Bargain

FOR OUR

Subscribers

The New Idea
Woman's Magazine
AND

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

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

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

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

CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year



JOE BAILEY IN RHYME.
 From Fannin County Democrat.
 He came out here to Texas,
 And he was very poor,
 But we did not reject him,
 Nor turn him from the door.
 His hair was long and wavy,
 His eyes Kentucky blue,
 He glorified Jeff Davis,
 We thought him good and true.
 We sent him up to congress,
 Judge Hare's high place to fill,
 He had to borrow money
 To pay his railroad bill.
 He made some high-flown
 speeches,
 He talked big with his mouth,
 He had a tongue of silver,
 He praised the Sunny South.
 We put more laurels on him,
 We raised him higher still,
 To seat that John H. Reagan
 And Maxey used to fill.
 One day he got a message,
 'Tis needless to rehearse,
 "Come up here to St. Louis,"
 'Twas signed by H. Clay Pierce.
 Now Henry was in trouble,
 Expelled from Texas soil,
 And needed some great states-
 man,
 To help him with his oil.
 Joe told him he could fix it,
 Without a fleck or flaw,
 Just come back into Texas
 And "bow unto the law!"
 Just make a slight maneuver,
 (You need not change your
 name)
 Just say "re-organizing"
 And go on just the same.
 You need not change a wagon,
 A bill-head or a clerk,
 To give full satisfaction
 And make the system work.
 Joe hurried down to Texas,
 And talked the matter o'er,
 And soon the great octopus
 Was runnin' as before.
 The plan worked out nicely,
 It pleased the Henry Clay.
 He pulled out his big wallet
 And offered Joe pay.
 Joe thought it would look curious,
 If democrats should see,
 That from this oily magnate
 He should receive a fee!
 No, I will make no charges
 For wisdom I have shown,
 Bu if it suits your pleasure,
 I'll take a modest **Loan!**
 He borrowed and he borrowed,
 And then he borrowed more,
 And checks flew round, and
 vouchers,
 About a half a score!
 And love-grams writ in cypher,
 Ah, wasn't that too fine!
 "Republich" was his title
 In that big trust combine!
 He bought some fine race horses,
 And much Kentucky land,
 And blooded bulls and heifers
 Of blue grass mark and brand.

A ranch out here at Gainsville,
 And big brick stores galore,
 A farm and ranch from Barney,
 And so forth, and much more.
 He practiced for John Kirby,
 The Texas lumber king,
 Who did into his pockets
 A quarter-million fling,
 And for those railroad bosses,
 Out there in Tennessee,
 He worked some 'flooence or
 strategy,
 What ever it might be;
 And won the greatest honors,
 As many papers say,
 And more big rolls of money
 Than he could tote away!
 But ah, the house of Jefferson!
 It had some smellers keen,
 And noses were turned skyward,
 That smelled the kerosene!
 There was a great explosion,
 A fearful, awful shock,
 It woke the saints at Tyler,
 And raised the chapparel Cocke
 And Senter in the center,
 And Crane and Crawford rose,
 And even Cyclone Davis
 In horror held his nose!
 Then Bailey—oh, he ranted!
 And then he ranted more!
 Such antics on the rostrum
 Were never seen before!
 I am the Lord's anointed,

I am the nominee,
 I'll kill the black hyenas,
 Or run them in the sea!
 But Col. Billie Crawford
 (He didn't want to die)
 Sued out a writ dadbustus
 Shotgunus alibi!
 The Texas Legislature
 In kindness did assay
 With sanitary jury
 To take the stench away.
 The more it sanitized,
 (Astonishing to tell!)
 And sponged and fumigated,
 The louder was the smell!
 And now, my fellow-country-
 men,
 With shame we must confess,
 We've got the grand old party
 Into an awful mess!
 What shall we do with Bailey?
 A question hard and deep;
 He's most too big to banish,
 And **Smells too bad to keep!**
 —AN OLD DEMOCRAT.

VIRGINIA'S WAY.

An Object Lesson that Texas Ought Profit By.

Have you heard from Virginia?
 If not you will be interested to
 know that the people are begin-
 ning to apply to politics the good
 old doctrine that no one can serve

two masters.
 For some twenty years a dis-
 tinguished Virginian named Henry
 T. Wickham had been serving his
 district in the Virginia State Sen-
 ate. He came from an old family,
 stood high in society and had a
 large circle of personal friends. He
 was however, general attorney for
 one of the large railway systems
 and by his political influence aid-
 ed his road in matters before the
 legislature. At least this was
 charged and a fight was made
 against his renomination on this
 ground. The fight was started by
 Professor Doird of Randolph and
 Macon College, who reviewed Mr.
 Wickham's record and charged
 that he served the railroad at the
 expense of his constituents

The voters took the matter up
 and rallied about the standard
 of a retired naval officer who was
 brought out against the senator.
 At the primary the former naval
 officer won by a decisive majority
 and the railroad attorney can now
 devote his entire time to his client
 and the people of the district
 can have the undivided services
 of their senator.

In another district the same
 question was raised against a
 candidate and the candidtte re-
 signed his position with the cor-
 poration.

Good for Vieginia! Her peo-
 ple are entitled to the services of
 people who will represent them.

It is possible that a man may
 side with the people against a
 corporate client which pays him
 many times as much as he re-
 ceives from the people—POSSI-
 BLE, but not probable and it is
 not safe to take chances on the
 fidelity of such a man. As a rule,
 no man can serve two masters
 and a conscientious man will not
 try. It is time the Democrats
 were investigating the records
 and business relations of the pub-
 lic officials and candidates who
 oppose efficient legislation. Vir-
 ginia has set an example. It is
 a valuable object lesson,—Com-
 moner.

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

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

The Amesa Grain and Fuel Co.
 Big Springs, Texas.

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

Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

Fence for the Future

If you only wanted a fence to use for a single season, we'd say buy the cheapest you could find. Some cheap fences are "good" for just about a year,—then peter out fast. Those are the most **expensive** fences to buy, where one looks to the future. Buy the **guaranteed**

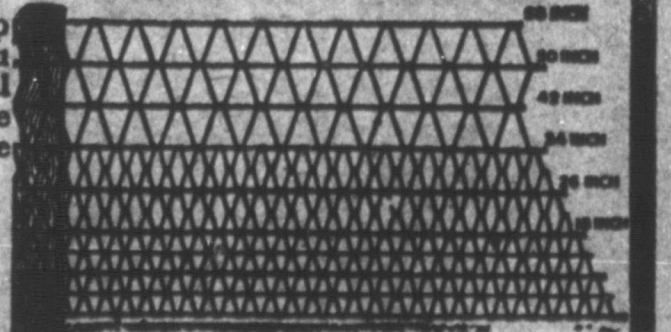
ELLWOOD FENCE

and you have the longest lived fence in the world, the fence that stands up under stress of weather, strain of live stock and general wear and tear. You would not hesitate in making a choice of fencing if you could see the several kinds of fence in the field after several years of service. Time is the supreme test of a fence. Profit by the experience of others; get the durable Ellwood Fence on the start and save money, trouble and labor.

BURTON-LINGO Company

BIG SPRINGS

TEXAS



Local and Personal

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

Mr. B. N. Green, who has been bossing the Post City train of freight wagons from Post City to Big Springs, for the past six months has recently thrown up the position, and is once more a resident of Gail.

Last Monday there was quite a disturbance caused by the residence of Mr. Jas. Burnett catching fire. The flames were extinguished before any damage was realized. The cause of the fire is yet unknown.

Misses Peal and Eula Gober spent Sunday with Miss Sammie Marrow.

Mrs. B. Rector was in town looking at the Christmas goods Monday evening.

J. K. Mitchell and wife were shopping in town Monday.

Mr. Jim Jenkins was in at the Blue Front Monday inspecting the many nice Christmas presents.

Mrs. Jno. Creighton from Tredway was shopping in Gail Monday.

Messrs. Stevens and Tredway of the Tredway community were in town Monday with a load of cotton.

Miss Myrtle Jolly spent Sunday night in town the guest of Mrs. Childers.

Mr. Will Bedell and mother were shopping in town Saturday.

J. W. Chdaler is over seeing the road-working again this week.

Dan Bostic was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Brazil was trading in Gail Tuesday morning.

Mr. Alma Parker from near Lamesa was in Gail last week.

Sam Keen was in town Saturday.

Misses Myrtle, Fay and Florence Jolly attended Sunday school Sunday evening.

J. V. Everett was here Saturday evening.

Messrs. John Howe and Matt Cathay returned from Garza county Sunday where they have been for the past few days at work building Mr. Hawkins house.

Seb Jones of Tredway brought a bale of cotton to the gin Friday.

We are glad to state that Mrs. Reed is able to be up some this week.

Miss Mittie Shafer spent Thursday night in Gail, the guest of Mrs. W. A. Clark.

L. A. Pearce made a trip to his ranch on the plains this week.

Miss Ruby Burnett entertained a number of her little friends with a masquerade party Friday night. A nice time was reported by all.

Mr. Will Hester Jr. was in the berg Monday.

Mrs. Sam Sanford was shopping in town Saturday.

Mr. Homer Nisebtt spent last Sunday evening with his sister, Mrs. T. W. Cotten.

Mr. Walter Jolly was visiting in Gail last Sunday.

Mr. Biffle was trading in town Monday.

H. H. Nisebtt was here Monday.

Messrs. Burnett and Tankely returned from the railroad Sunday, with wagons loaded for Dodson's and Chandler's stores.

Harvey Everett and Jake Morrow went down to the Munger ranch Saturday, and branded some cows for Mr. Samp Morrow.

Charlie Brown from Tahoka was shaking hands with friends in Gail last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bolin who have been absent from Gail for quite a while returned the first of the week and moved their household good to Lockney.

Miss Lottie Cranfield was in town trading Tuesday.

Jim Cathey of the plains was in Gail this week.

Mr. Jno. Fritz was in town Tuesday.

Elsie Creighton was trading in Gail Tuesday.

Mrs. Jack Baker and daughter Mable of Snyder are visiting their son and brother, Charlie this week.

Mr. B. N. Green is improving his new place with a nice yard fence.

Quite a number of prospectors passed through our town Wednesday bound for Post City.

To Those who are indebted to Me.

I am now having heavy obligations to meet and must rely on those whom I have favored to aid me. All who are indebted to me, either by note or account are earnestly requested to settle at once.

Respectfully
J. W. CHANDLER.

For Sale

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

Get my prices on cattle Dip Paint, Wall paper (Photographs and records a specialty)
W. L. DOSS,
Colorado, Texas.

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

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

For Sale

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

FOR KENT—for one year my little pasture in Gail containing about 24 acres. Who wants it?
C. W. SIMPSON,
Colorado, Texas.

Large Sample Rooms

ALAMO HOTEL

Mrs. JNO. R. GRAVES
Proprietress.

Clean and well kept rooms. Excellent Table Service.
COLORADO, TEXAS.

The Western Windmill Company

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

R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

TELEPHONE NO. 51

\$1.50 per day

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Fare, the best the market affords. Nice, neat and comfortable beds

J. L. ANDERSON, Pro.

Snyder,

Texas.

A. B. Hobson & Co.

South East Corner Square Snyder, Texas

Shop Made Bits and Spurs

Shop Made Saddles and Harness

All work and Material guaranteed.

Gail Blacksmith Shop

J. C. Babb, Prop.

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

West side public square

Gail Texas

W. A. Sealy was in town trading Friday.

Mrs. P. L. Dillahunty who has been visiting friends and relatives in Big Springs returned home last week.

Messrs. Simpson and Denton were in town Tuesday with a load of cotton.

Mr. Callaway Johnson has been working the road again this week.

On account of the holidays we will not print the Citizen next week.

Tom Hollar of Morris spent the latter part of last week with friends and relatives in Gail.

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

J. K. Mitchell,
Gail, Texas.

Messrs. Will Clark, J. G. Taylor and wives had a pleasant time one day last week, hunting out in the 49 pasture.

Mrs. J. H. Hannabass and Miss Myrtle Smoot have been very busy this week drilling the little children on the exercises for the Christmas tree the night of the 24th.

Mr. Tom Parker was in Gail Friday.