

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

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

NO. 2.

## Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Standard and Caaton Implements  
Success Sulkey Plows  
Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed  
Mills &c.

SNYDER,

TEXAS

## See CONWAY CRAIG LUMBER CO.

for the largest and best assortment of  
Lumber and Paints.

Snyder, \* \* \* Texas.

## O. L. WILKIRSON LUMBER CO.

G. B. CLARK, Manager

Lumber, Doors Sash shingles

All Kinds of Builders' Material.

Snyder,

Texas

### To the Voters of Borden County.

I herewith announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge and in doing so I feel that if I am elected again I can make you a better officer in the future than I have in the past, for the reason that it requires some experience in any office to obtain the best service. I have lived in Borden county now over nine years, and have served both as County Attorney and County Judge and if honored again with your support will try to do credit to you and to myself by endeavoring to fill the office fairly and impartially to all.

Yours respectfully,  
E. R. YELLOTT.

### Look Out.

Of about 160 subject to poll tax in this county only about 60 have paid to date. If you do not pay your poll tax by the 1st of next month, you will forfeit the dearest of all privileges of an American citizen, is the right to vote. It is a duty as well as a privilege.

In another column of the Citizen will be found the announcement of F. M. Christopher for the office of County Commissioner of Prec. No. 1 of Borden county. Mr. Christopher served Jack county four years as County Commissioner and his experience would be of great advantage if again elected to fill the same office, and we believe he possesses all the qualifications for this responsible position.

## R. B. SPENCER & CO.

### LUMBER

Lumber and Building Material of  
all kinds.

R. B. SPENCER & CO.

Snyder,

Texas

C C C n nes

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

## McClure, Basden & Co.

Furniture and House Furnishings,  
Coffins, Caskets and Robes,

Big Stock and Low Prices.

J. J. McClure, Licensed Embalmer,

COLORADO, TEXAS.

### To The People of Borden County

I am a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Borden county and I am perfectly willing to leave my race in your hands.

I feel sure that you will give my candidacy mature consideration and in the event you do not favor with your vote, we will still be friends and neighbors and citizens of the same commonwealth; but as a citizen of Borden county, qualified for the office; I ask your BALLOT SUPPORT and a WORD of INFLUENCE on the side.

If elected, I shall deal accurately and honestly with all; and to the best of my ability and skill, I will keep pure, the sacred records, that represent the titles of the homes of our county and will preform such other duties as devolve upon me as clerk of this

county and district.

To the voters:—Gentlemen, I am in school and may be for a period of six months, however, I ask that you do not "black ball" me on this account, for I will see you at your home at the earliest possible moment. I am in the race to stay till the VOICE of the people confers the official honor upon me, or if they please, to keep me out of the rank of an officer.

Respectfully submitted,  
T. R. MAUDIN,

Mrs. Jas. Burnett is suffering considerably this week with a felon in the palm of her right hand. The Dr. says Mrs. Burnett may loose her hand but we hope the case wont prove so severe.

Lee Pearce made a trip to the plains this week.

Mrs. Hopkins is very sick this week.



**To the Citizens of Borden County.**

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

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

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

I thank my friends who so loyally supported me then and plead for a continuance of their confidence. I ask those who opposed me then to thoroughly investigate me and if I am found worthy and well qualified will appreciate as much as man could their support in the coming campaign.

Respectfully  
T. P. BLANKENSHIP

Our attention has been called to a mistake made by us in the above announcement of Mr. Blankenship in the last issue as follows: "I ask those who approved me then to thoroughly investigate me." It should have read: "those who opposed me then."

**To the Voters of Borden County.**

I am sorry to have to take notice of anything written by an opponent in his announcement address. But I feel it would not be doing myself or my friends justice to let go unchallenged one statement made by Mr. Blankenship in his. In speaking of his flattering vote of the last election he says: "Having carried the three home boxes." Now this is a very gross error on the part of Mr. Blankenship for as a matter of fact he only carried two boxes in all, and those were the two smallest boxes in the county, being Abney's ranch which cast 13 votes and Park's which voted 18, while I carried our home box, Gail, besides Durham, Snelling and Garza by nice majorities, considering the small number of votes in the county, I am slow to attribute intentional wrong doing to any one, and hope this was a lapse of memory, rather than an intentional perversion of facts, an error of the head rather than of the heart, but I cannot understand how Mr. Blankenship could have forgotten how Gail went at the last election, and if he does remember, I don't see how he could have the conscience to make the statement he

did. If he did not remember it, he ought to have ascertained the truth before he went into print. Now the reason I correct this mistake of Mr. Blankenship's is because I can see no reason why he should allude to how many boxes he carried at the last election unless he does so for the purpose of showing his popularity or my unpopularity to influence the voting at the coming election. Now there is no use for any one to be misled as to the vote cast at the last election, for the reason there is a copy of the returns both in the office of the County Clerk and that of the County Judge, open to the inspection of all who wish to see. Now I hope this will be a fair and honorable race, that is all I ask for,

Respectfully,  
E. R. YELLOTT.

A wholesale jeweler of Chicago named Johnston has recently written a book telling of his many ups and downs—and he had a few. Mr. Johnston is a lecturer of some prominence also, but above all else he is a firm believer in the efficiency of printer's ink. One time he was out on a lecture tour in a Michigan town and happened to see a sign as follows: "This gro-

cery is for sale at a bargain; fixtures and all; going to quit business," Johnston went in and lost no time in cloeing a trade for the 'whole cheese.' He hired a few live clerks, scrubbed out the store, placed out some top-column next to reading matter advertisements in the papers marked down a few specials and the way people flocked into that store was a caution to the rats and mice that had made their home there for years. The old proprietor came around and said: "Look here, Johnston, if you don't mind I'll buy the thing back." "All right, says the new owner, you give me my money back, pay for the new goods and give me one hundred and fifty dollars and it's a go—but I must know in thirty minutes." The fellow fooled around for an hour or so and finally accepted the offer, but Johnston had raised fifty dollars as he had not accepted in time. Trade kept picking up and finally the new owner sold out to the old one for a profit of \$250 and went his way. As a parting shot Johnston told the "old fossil" that if he wanted to do business he must quit hoarding his money

keep his store stocked up and buy some space in the newspaper.—Big Springs Herald.

A movement is under way for State prohibition. It appears to be the program to elect a Legislature favorable to the submission of a prohibition amendment to the constitution, to be voted on in 1909. Prohibition sentiment has grown wonderfully since the last contest, and if the question is again submitted there is a strong probability that it will carry.—Breckenridge Democrat.

**To Those who are Indebted to Us.**

We are badly in need of money and ask you to come in and settle at once. We are of the opinion that the money stringency is on for some time yet and prices of all property is on the decline, and the longer you put off settlement the more property you will have to give up, and your neglecting to settle with us will cause us to go under, therefore we ask you to settle at once. We further announce that we are compelled to sell for cash until we ease up. We give discounts on all goods for cash. J. J. DODSON & SON.

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

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

Send your orders for Oats, Bran, Corn and Corn Chops, Hay, Flour and Coal to  
**The Lamesa Grain and Fuel Co.**  
Big Springs, Texas.  
The Largest, Cheapest and Best Grain and Coal dealers in West Texas. Try us and be convinced. Doyle & Wasson stand

Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

**PROFESSIONAL**

**E. R. YELLOTT**

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

**J. H. HANNABASS M. D.**

Special attention given to diseases of women and children.  
Office at Drug Store,  
Gail, Texas.

Send your watch to **B. L. COOPER.**  
**Colorado Texas**

Work done promptly and prices right.  
He sells the Singer Sewing Machine. Write him for prices.

Large Sample Rooms  
**ALAMO HOTEL**

MRS. JNO. R. GRAVES  
Proprietress.

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



**DIRECTORY.**

**District Officers.**

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

**County Officers.**

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

**Commissioners.**

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

**Secret Orders.**

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

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

**Churches.**

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

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

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

Baptist: Preaching day every  
 fourth Sunday.

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

M. C. Bishop, Pastor

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednes-  
 day night.

**A SAFE COMBINATION.**

**READ YOUR HOME PAPER.**

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

**1908 will be Presidential Year.**

Your order will receive prompt  
 attention. BORDEN CITIZEN.

**BORDEN COUNTY.**

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

**Harness & Repair Shop**

and

Made to Order.

**H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gall, Texas.**

**Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado**

**FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.**

**J. B. ANNIS.**

*The Saddle Man*

*Colorado, Texas.*

Saddles made to order a specialty. Nothing but the  
 best material used. Write for prices

**WINDMILLS**

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

**Leroy Johnson**

—Proprietor of—

**Farmers and Merchants Gin Company**

—Also—

**The Snyder Gin Company**

*Snyder,*

*Texas.*

**A New Drug Firm**

When in Big Springs Come in and see  
 one of the finest Drug Stores in the West.

**Arnold, Tanksley Drug Co.**

grasses being the needle and mes-  
 quite.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Indifference of Some Parents.**

The cause of illiteracy in the  
 South is not hard to understand.  
 Schools, though few and far be-  
 tween, are in most cases acces-  
 sible, but children are kept from  
 attending school that they may  
 do work at home. "My boys  
 have got to help in the field; my  
 girls must help their mother in  
 the home," is the reply of many  
 farmers when approached in the  
 matter of sending their children  
 to school. Such parents are not  
 sufficiently enlightened or far-  
 seeing to realize the great wrong  
 they are thus doing the children  
 whom they love and would prob-  
 ably die to save. A little sacrifice  
 on their part that would give  
 these children even the rudiments  
 of an education would be to them  
 almost as great a gift as life  
 itself.

Strange to say, the negro par-  
 ents are different; they are more  
 ambitious for their children. The  
 negro mother especially takes  
 unbounded pride in having her  
 children attend school, and she  
 will make every effort to this end.  
 Ignorant herself, she is deter-  
 mined that her offspring shall have  
 "all the l'arnin' that's to be had."  
 What will be the consequence of  
 this greater eagerness on the part  
 of the colored citizen to take ad-  
 vantage of the opportunities to  
 learn? A wealthy planter in  
 middle Georgia has published the  
 fact that while many of his white  
 employees are obliged to sign  
 their contracts with a cross mark,  
 very few of his negro hands are  
 unable to write their names.  
 Think of what this will mean a  
 short time hence, when education  
 shall be made a qualification for  
 voting. Does not this speak loud-  
 ly for the need there is that edu-  
 cation should be made compul-  
 sory—that parents should be  
 compelled to send their children  
 to school a part of the time, at  
 least?—Uncle Remus Magazine.



# 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.

daughter of Judge Rossmore?" demanded Shirley.

It had been a shock to Mrs. Ryder that morning when Jefferson burst into his mother's room before she was up and acquainted her with the events of the previous evening. The news that the Miss Green whom she had grown to love was really the Miss Rossmore of whose relations with Jefferson her husband stood in such dread was far from affecting the financier's wife as it had Ryder himself. To the mother's simple and ingenuous mind, free from prejudice and ulterior motive, the girl's character was more important than her name, and certainly she could not blame her son for loving such a woman as Shirley. Of course, it was unfortunate for Jefferson that his father felt this bitterness toward Judge Rossmore, for she herself could hardly have wished for a more sympathetic daughter-in-law. She had not seen her husband since the previous evening at dinner, so was in complete ignorance as to what he thought of this new development, but the mother sighed as she thought how happy it would make her to see Jefferson happily married to the girl of his own choice, and in her heart she still entertained the hope that her husband would see it that way and thus prevent their son from leaving them as he threatened.

"That's not your fault, my dear," she replied, answering Shirley's question. "You are yourself, that's the main thing. You mustn't mind what Mr. Ryder says. Business and worry make him irritable at times. If you must go, of course you must; you are the best judge of that, but Jefferson wants to see you before you leave." She kissed Shirley in motherly fashion and added: "He has told me everything, dear. Nothing would make me happier than to see you become his wife. He's downstairs now waiting for me to tell him to come up."

"It's better that I should not see him," replied Shirley slowly and gravely. "I can only tell him what I have already told him. My father comes first. I have still a duty to perform." "That's right, dear," answered Mrs. Ryder. "You're a good, noble girl, and I admire you all the more for it. I'll let Jefferson be his own advocate. You'll see him for my sake!"

She gave Shirley another affectionate embrace and left the room, while the girl proceeded with her final preparations for departure. Presently there was a quick, heavy step in the corridor outside and Jefferson appeared in the doorway. He stood there waiting for her to invite him in. She looked up and greeted him cordially, yet it was hardly the kind of reception he looked for or that he considered he had a right to expect. He advanced sulkily into the room.

"Mother said she had put everything right," he began. "I guess she was mistaken."

"Your mother does not understand, neither do you," she replied seriously. "Nothing can be put right until my father is restored to honor and position."

"But why should you punish me because my father fails to regard the matter as we do?" demanded Jefferson rebelliously.

"Why should I punish myself—why should we punish those nearest and dearest?" answered Shirley gently. "The victims of human injustice always suffer, where there are those who

are tortured. Why are things as they are? I don't know. I know they are—that's all."

The young man strode nervously up and down the room, while she gazed listlessly out of the window, looking for the cab that was to carry her away from this house of disappointment. He pleaded with her:

"I have tried honorably and failed. You have tried honorably and failed. Isn't the sting of impotent failure enough to meet without striving against a hopeless love?" He approached her and said softly: "I love you, Shirley—don't drive me to desperation. Must I be punished because you have failed? It's unfair. The sins of the fathers should not be visited upon the children."

"But they are—it's the law," said Shirley, with resignation.

"The law?" he echoed. "Yes, the law," insisted the girl; "man's law, not God's, the same unjust law that punishes my father—man's law which is put into the hands of the powerful of the earth to strike at the weak."

She sank into a chair and, covering up her face, wept bitterly. Between her sobs she cried brokenly:

"I believed in the power of love to soften your father's heart, I believed that with God's help I could bring him to see the truth. I believed that truth and love would make him see the light, but it hasn't. I stayed on and on, hoping against hope until the time has gone by and it's too late to save him—too late! What can I do now? My going to Washington is a forlorn hope, a last, miserable, forlorn hope, and in this hour, the darkest of all, you ask me to think of myself—my love, your love, your happiness, your future, my future! Ah, wouldn't it be sublime selfishness?"

Jefferson knelt down beside the chair and, taking her hand in his, tried to reason with her and comfort her.

"Listen, Shirley," he said; "do not do something you will surely regret. You are punishing me not only because I have failed, but because you have failed too. It seems to me that if you believed it possible to accomplish so much, if you had so much faith—that you have lost your faith rather quickly. I believed in nothing, I had no faith, and yet I have not lost hope."

She shook her head and gently withdrew her hand.

"It is useless to insist, Jefferson. Until my father is cleared of this stain our lives—yours and mine—must lie apart."

Some one coughed, and, startled, they both looked up. Mr. Ryder had entered the room unobserved and stood watching them. Shirley immediately rose to her feet indignant, resenting this intrusion on her privacy after she had declined to receive the financier. Yet, she reflected quickly, how could she prevent it? He was at home, free to come and go as he pleased, but she was not compelled to remain in the same room with him. She picked up the few things that lay about and, with a contemptuous toss of her head, retreated into the inner apartment, leaving father and son alone together.

"Hum," grunted Ryder senior. "I rather thought I should find you here, but I didn't quite expect to find you on your knees—dragging our pride in the mud."

"That's where our pride ought to be," retorted Jefferson savagely. He felt in the humor to say anything, no matter

what the consequences.

"So she has refused you again, eh?" said Ryder senior, with a grin.

"Yes," rejoined Jefferson, with growing irritation. "She objects to my family. I don't blame her."

The financier smiled grimly as he answered:

"Your family in general—me in particular, eh? I gleaned that much when I came in." He looked toward the door of the room in which Shirley had taken refuge, and, as if talking to himself, he added: "A curious girl with an inverted point of view; sees everything different to others. I want to see her before she goes."

He walked over to the door and raised his hand as if he were about to knock. Then he stopped as if he had changed his mind, and, turning toward his son, he demanded:

"Do you mean to say that she has done with you?"

"Yes," answered Jefferson bitterly.

"Finally?"

"Yes, finally—forever!"

"Does she mean it?" asked Ryder senior skeptically.

"Yes; she will not listen to me while her father is still in peril."

There was an expression of half amusement, half admiration, on the financier's face as he again turned toward the door.

"It's like her, just like her," he muttered.

He knocked boldly at the door.

"Who's there?" cried Shirley from within.

"It is I—Mr. Ryder. I wish to speak to you."

"I must beg you to excuse me," came the answer. "I cannot see you."

Jefferson interfered.

"Why do you want to add to the girl's misery? Don't you think she has suffered enough?"

"Do you know what she has done?" said Ryder, with pretended indigna-



"It is useless to insist, Jefferson." "She has insulted me grossly. I never was so humiliated in my life. She has returned the check I sent her last night in payment for her work on my biography. I mean to make her take that money. It's hers. She needs it. Her father's a beggar. She must take it back. It's only flaunting her contempt for me in my face, and I won't permit it."

"I don't think her object in refusing that money was to flaunt contempt in your face or in any way humiliate you," answered Jefferson. "She feels she has been sailing under false colors and desires to make some reparation."

"And so she sends me back my money, feeling that will pacify me, perhaps repair the injury she has done me, perhaps buy me into entering into her plan of helping her father, but it won't. It only increases my determination to see her and her." Suddenly changing the topic, he asked, "When do you leave us?"

"Now—at once—that is, I—don't know," answered Jefferson, embarrassed. "The fact is my faculties are numbed. I seem to have lost my pow-

er of thinking. Father," he exclaimed, "you see what a wreck you have made of our lives!"

"Now, don't moralize," replied his father testily, "as if your own selfishness in desiring to possess that girl wasn't the mainspring of all your actions." Waving his son out of the room, he added: "Now, leave me alone with her for a few moments. Perhaps I can make her listen to reason."

Jefferson stared at his father as if he feared he were out of his mind.

"What do you mean? Are you?"—he ejaculated.

"Go—go; leave her to me," commanded the financier. "Slam the door when you go out, and she'll think we've both gone. Then come up again presently."

The stratagem succeeded admirably. Jefferson gave the door a vigorous pull, and John Ryder stood quiet, waiting for the girl to emerge from sanctuary. He did not have to wait long. The door soon opened, and Shirley came out slowly. She had her hat on

and was drawing on her gloves, for through her window she had caught a glimpse of the cab standing at the curb. She started on seeing Ryder standing there motionless, and she would have retreated had he not intercepted her.

"I wish to speak to you, Miss—Rossmore," he began.

"I have nothing to say," answered Shirley frigidly.

"Why did you do this?" he asked, holding out the check.

"Because I do not want your money," she replied, with hauteur.

"It was yours. You earned it," he said.

"No. I came here hoping to influence you to help my father. The work I did was part of the plan. It happened to fall my way. I took it as a means to get to your heart."

"But it is yours. Please take it. It will be useful."

"No," she said scornfully. "I can't tell you how low I should fall in my own estimation if I took your money. Money," she added, with ringing contempt, "why, that's all there is to you! It's your god! Shall I make your god my god? No, thank you, Mr. Ryder!"

"Am I as bad as that?" he asked wistfully.

"You are as bad as that!" she answered decisively.

"So bad that I contaminate even good money?" He spoke lightly, but she noticed that he winced.

"Money itself is nothing," replied the girl. "It's the spirit that gives it, the spirit that receives it, the spirit that earns it, the spirit that spends it. Money helps to create happiness. It also creates misery. It's an engine of destruction when not properly used. It destroys individuals as it does nations. It has destroyed you, for it has warped your soul."

"Go on," he laughed bitterly. "I like to hear you."

"No, you don't, Mr. Ryder; no you don't, for deep down in your heart you know that I am speaking the truth. Money and the power it gives you has dried up the wellsprings of your heart."

He affected to be highly amused at her words, but behind the mask of callous indifference the man suffered. Her words seared him as with a red-hot iron. She went on:

"In the barbaric ages they fought for possession, but they fought openly. The feudal barons fought for what they stole, but it was a fair fight. They didn't strike in the dark. At least they gave a man a chance for his life. But when you modern barons of industry don't like legislation you destroy it, when you don't like your judges you remove them, when a competitor outbids you, you squeeze him out of commercial existence! You have no hearts, you are machines, and you are cowards, for you fight unfairly."

"It is not true; it is not true," he protested.

"It is true," she insisted hotly. "A few hours ago in cold blood you doomed my father to what is certain death because you decided it was a political necessity. In other words, he inter-



your financial interests—you, with so many millions you can't count them!" Scornfully she added: "Come out into the light—fight in the open! At least let him know who his enemy is!"

"Stop! Stop! Not another word!" he cried impatiently. "You have diagnosed the disease. What of the remedy? Are you prepared to reconstruct human nature?"

Confronting each other, their eyes met, and he regarded her without resentment, almost with tenderness. He felt strangely drawn toward this woman who had defied and accused him and made him see the world in a new light.

"I don't deny," he admitted reluctantly, "that things seem to be as you describe them, but it is part of the process of evolution."

"No," she protested; "it is the work of God!"

"It is evolution!" he insisted.

"Ah, that's it," she retorted; "you evolve new ideas, new schemes, new tricks—you all worship different gods—gods of your own making."

He was about to reply when there was a commotion at the door, and Theresa entered, followed by a manservant to carry down the trunk.

"The cab is downstairs, miss," said the maid.

Ryder waved them away imperiously. He had something further to say which he did not care for servants to hear. Theresa and the man precipitately withdrew, not understanding, but obeying with alacrity a master who never brooked delay in the execution of his orders. Shirley, indignant, looked to him for an explanation.

"You don't need them," he exclaimed, with a quiet smile in which was a shade of embarrassment. "I—I came here to tell you that I"—He stopped as if unable to find words, while Shirley gazed at him in utter astonishment. "Ah," he went on finally, "you have made it very hard for me to speak." Again he paused and then with an effort he said slowly: "An hour ago I had Senator Roberts on the long distance telephone, and I'm going to Washington. It's all right about your father. The matter will be dropped. You've beaten me. I acknowledge it. You're the first living soul who ever has beaten John Burkett Ryder."

Shirley started forward with a cry of mingled joy and surprise. Could she believe her ears? Was it possible that the dreaded Colossus had capitulated and that she had saved her father? Had the forces of right and justice prevailed after all? Her face transfigured, radiant, she exclaimed breathlessly:

"What, Mr. Ryder, you mean that you are going to help my father?"

"Not for his sake, for yours," he answered frankly.

Shirley hung her head. In her moment of triumph she was sorry for all the hard things she had said to this man. She held out her hand to him.

"Forgive me," she said gently. "It was for my father. I had no faith. I thought your heart was of stone."

Impulsively Ryder drew her to him. He clasped her two hands in his, and, looking down at her kindly, he said awkwardly:

"So it was; so it was! You accomplished the miracle. It's the first time I've acted on pure sentiment. Let me tell you something. Good sentiment is bad business, and good business is bad sentiment. That's why a rich man is generally supposed to have such a hard time getting into the kingdom of heaven." He laughed and went on: "I've given \$10,000,000 apiece to three universities. Do you think I'm fool enough to suppose I can buy my way? But that's another matter. I'm going to Washington on behalf of your father because I want you to marry my son. Yes, I want you in the family, close to us. I want your respect, my girl. I want your love. I want to equalize. I know I can't buy it. There's a weak spot in every man's armor, and this is mine. I always want what I can't get, and I can't get your love unless I earn it."

Shirley remained pensive. Her thoughts were out on Long Island at Massapequa. She was thinking of their joy when they heard the news—her father, her mother and Stott. She was thinking of the future, bright and glorious with promise again now that the dark clouds were passing away. She thought of Jefferson, and a soft light came into her eyes as she foresaw a happy wifehood shared with him.

"Why so sober?" demanded Ryder. "You've gained your point. Your father is to be restored to you. You'll marry the man you love."

"I'm so happy!" murmured Shirley. "I don't deserve it. I had no faith."

Ryder released her and took out his watch.

"I leave in fifteen minutes for Washington," he said. "Will you trust me to go alone?"

"I trust you gladly," she answered, smiling at him. "I shall always be grateful to you for letting me convert you."

"You won me over last night," he rejoined, "when you put up that fight for your father. I made up my mind that a girl so loyal to her father would be loyal to her husband. You think," he went on, "that I do not love my son. You are mistaken. I do love him, and I want him to be happy. I am capable of more affection than people think. It is Wall street," he added bitterly, "that has crushed all sentiment out of me."

Shirley laughed nervously, almost hysterically.

"I want to laugh, and I feel like crying!" she cried. "What will Jefferson say? How happy he will be!"

"How are you going to tell him?" inquired Ryder uneasily.

"I shall tell him that his dear, good father has relented, and"—

"No, my dear," he interrupted, "you will say nothing of the sort. I draw the line at the dear, good father act. I don't want him to think that it comes from me at all."

"But," said Shirley, puzzled, "I shall have to tell him that you"—

"What!" exclaimed Ryder. "Acknowledge to my son that I was wrong, that I've seen the error of my ways and wish to repent? Excuse me," he added grimly. "It's got to come from him. He must see the error of his ways."

"But the error of his way," laughed the girl, "was falling in love with me. I can never prove to him that that was wrong."

The financier refused to be convinced. He shook his head and said stubbornly:

"Well, he must be put in the wrong somehow or other. Why, my dear child," he went on, "that boy has been waiting all his life for an opportunity to say to me, 'Father, I knew I was in the right, and I knew you were wrong.' Can't you see," he asked, "what a false position it places me in? Just picture his triumph!"

"He'll be too happy to triumph," objected Shirley.

Feeling a little ashamed of his attitude, he said:

"I suppose you think I'm very obstinate." Then as she made no reply he added, "I wish I didn't care what you thought."

Shirley looked at him gravely for a moment, and then she replied seriously:

"Mr. Ryder, you're a great man, you're a genius, your life is full of action, energy, achievement. But it appears to be only the good, the noble and the true that you are ashamed of. When your money triumphs over principle, when your political power defeats the ends of justice, you glory in your victory. But when you do a kindly, generous, fatherly act, when you win a grand and noble victory over yourself, you are ashamed of it. It was a kind, generous impulse that has prompted you to save my father and take your son and myself to your heart. Why are you ashamed to let him see it? Are you afraid he will love you? Are you afraid I shall love you? Open your heart wide to us. Let us love you."

Ryder, completely vanquished, opened his arms, and Shirley sprang forward and embraced him as she would have embraced her own father. A solitary tear coursed down the financier's cheek. In thirty years he had not felt or been touched by the emotion of human affection.

The door suddenly opened, and Jefferson entered. He started on seeing Shirley in his father's arms.

"Jeff, my boy," said the financier, releasing Shirley and putting her hand in his son's, "I've done something you couldn't do. I've convinced Miss Green—I mean Miss Rossmore—that we are not so bad after all."

Jefferson, beaming, grasped his father's hand.

"Father!" he exclaimed.

"That's what I say—father!" echoed Shirley.

They both embraced the financier until, overcome with emotion, Ryder senior struggled to free himself and made his escape from the room, crying:

"Goodby, children! I'm off for Washington!"

THE END.

## MOOSE IN CAPTIVITY.

Not Difficult to Domesticate, but Hard to Keep Alive.

"The reason so few moose are seen in captivity in the parks and circuses of the country is not because they are naturally too wild to be domesticated, but because they usually do not live long in captivity," said a St. Paul man. "My father was for many years a settler in northern Minnesota, and at different times in his experience he had three moose on his homestead which recognized him as their master."

"All the animals were captured when they were very young, and in each instance it took them only a few days to become apparently attached to father and his small farm. For two or three weeks he would keep them fenced in and then would allow them to roam around at will. They would be gone for two or three hours, or perhaps half a day at a time, but always came back all right. By allowing them the run of the premises this way they met practically the same conditions as if they were wild in the forest, and therefore were always in good health, but the moment any of them were shipped to the city a change was noticeable."

"Two of the animals were sold to city park associations at different times, and in each instance the moose finally died. They seemed willing enough to remain in the parks, but conditions were not such as they were used to, and from the first it was to be seen that they were failing in health. A moose can stand all sorts of hardships in the woods, but when he is in captivity lack of exercise or lack of proper food or lack of something else puts him on the down grade, and as a rule he passes in his checks in a few weeks or a few months at the outside."

"One of the animals my father owned was a handsome bull, and he was trained to harness. The animal could pull a good sized load and travel through the woods with a sleigh behind him at a very lively clip. This third moose was one day shot by a hunter near the house. So all three animals met with an untimely fate, which goes to prove, I suppose, that man should not monkey with the plans of nature."—Duluth Herald.

### Idea of the Soul.

The old Egyptians thought the soul was a bird with a human face and human hands, which, on the death of him in whom it dwelt on earth, flew to the gods, its kin. Drawings and sculptured figures show this little winged soul, sometimes represented as perched by the sarcophagus, touching the mummy, in a last farewell before it rose in heavenward flight.

Among the Greeks the soul was thought of as a tiny human figure. In Roman days the butterfly was taken as

an emblem. In medieval pictures and reliefs we see it leaving the mouth of the dead, either as a child or as a tiny naked man—as, for example, is shown in the Campo Santo of Pisa in Orcagna's fresco of the "Triumph of Death."

In northern lands we learn from folklore the soul not seldom left the body as a mouse, or a snake. It was on the former superstition that the story of the bishop of Hatto was based and also, as some say, that of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

### An Impediment to Plain Speaking.

"Down in Pike county," said an Arkansas statesman, "we had a trial I attended once where a man named Johnson was on the stand. Johnson was for the defense, and the way he was setting things straight was a caution."

"Here," said the attorney for the prosecution when he took Johnson in hand, "I want you to stop prevaricating. Don't you know you are under oath?"

"Stop what?" asked the witness.

"Stop prevaricating."

"The witness drew himself up with great dignity. 'Well,' he said, 'I'd like to know how a man can help prevaricatin' when he's lost two front teeth!'"

Eleonore Prochaska, born March 11, 1785, at Potsdam, was the daughter of a sergeant. After being brought up in the military orphanage of that town, she became a cook in some citizen's house. When the great war against Napoleon broke out in 1813 she was led away by enthusiasm to quit her town secretly; by selling her poor belongings she procured male attire and weapons, and enlisted under the name of August Rens in the Lutzow corps. On account of her tall, slender figure her sex was not discovered until she was mortally wounded. This happened in the encounter in the Gohrde forest, Regierungsbezirk Lüneburg, Kreis Dannenberg, September 16, 1813. The Prussians were there attempting to storm a hill occupied by the French, she acting as a drummer. In 1863 a monument in memory of her was erected in the churchyard at Dannenberg, and another in 1899 in the old churchyard of Potsdam. When a boy I often saw cheap illustrations representing her, and my mother told me about her.—Notes and Queries.

## OUR BARGAIN LIST.

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

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

C. W. SIMPSON,  
Colorado, Texas.



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T. M. JONES, Ed. and Prop.  
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Local adds, first insertion 10 cents per line, five cents per line for each insertion thereafter.

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

**Gall, Texas, Jan. 9, 1908.**

**Today's Visit.**

As the Xmas holidays drew near we leant ourselves a willing victim to the desire to take a short respite from the hum drum life of the printing office, and enjoy the pleasure of a visit to an only brother and his family, who live at Liberty on the Trinity river, in the rice growing section of Texas. The pleasure of our visit was enhanced by the fact that we had not seen brother and his family for about eight years, owing to the great distance which separated us, and the further fact that the holiday season is the most delightful of all periods for family reunions.

With most people in this State relatives are so widely scattered that they are rarely able to visit each other, but when they do they enjoy their visit the more on that account. I took the I. & G. N. railroad at Fort Worth. This route leads through the famous Brazos valley one of the richest cotton raising districts of the state, capable of producing from one to two bales of cotton per acre. The cotton stalks we saw were small and spindling giving no evidence of the richness of the soil, dwarfed no doubt by the cold and excessive rains of the Spring and the drouth that followed and perhaps ravaged by the boll worm. Some of the country along the route was too flat to drain well, so that the water after heavy rains stood in the furrows of the fields, especially was this the case in the rice fields of Trinity. The immense forest trees, many of them covered with gray moss, were a curious sight to one from near the plains of West Texas. The stately oak, sycamore, pine and cedar with the beautiful magnolia, wild peach, holly and other trees, with an almost covering

the ground in places, furnish a variety of woodland scenery one can but enjoy and admire. In the rice belt you see but little dead grass, the earth is covered with a carpet of green, and the flourishing vegetables of the gardens, almost cheat you into believing that spring has come again. From Houston to Liberty, a distance of about 40 miles is a low flat country, almost one continuous belt of rice land, which is irrigated by a series of canals. The crop, except as to irrigation, is cultivated and harvested like wheat, and then cleaned or husked by machinery. Much of the crop still stood in shocks, unthrashed, on account of the wet season. This country furnishes a striking contrast to the plains, in its topography, its forest growth, its products, and in its population.

Negroes who do most of the farming greatly outnumber the whites. They rent the land usually on the share system.

On large plantations in the cotton raising section, you will some time see from 20 to 50 rent houses, standing in a row at short intervals apart East and West, they are occupied principally by negroes. The lumbering business is quite an extensive industry in the Brazos and Trinity valleys. we saw a good many saw mills and some of them had large stocks of lumber ready for shipment.

This section abounds in valuable hardwood, suitable for the manufacture of carriages, saggies and furniture, tanning &c, and a Sulphur mine is being worked with good prospects of success. Tho on the Southern Pacific Railroad, the town is not growing as it should. It is well located for factories, having the advantage of transportation by water and by rail and should in the near future be a progressive and flourishing town. When its natural advantages are supplemented by the spirit of public enterprise and co-operation on the part of its citizenship.

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### Statement of Taxpayers.

Austin Tex., Dec. 28.—The Travis County Commissioners' at a meeting today, passed a resolution authorizing the publication of a statement to the taxpayers of Travis County along the lines proposed by the assessors at their annual convention in Austin. The statement will set forth the oath taken by the court and will explain the full rendition law, showing the court is bound to assess property at what they believe to be its full value. Similar action was taken recently by the Commissioner's Court of Caldwell county.—Galveston News.

### Cut Them Out.

Why should the Democrats in Texas be asked to send our Senators or Congressmen to the National Democratic Convention? They are provided for, and Why should they want to monopolize all honors? This editor is opposed to sending any one of them as a delegate to the national convention. We have hundreds of as able men in Texas, and we should select our delegates from those who are not holding offices.—Tyler Courier and Times.

Conventions are held by political parties for the purpose of announcing party policies and instructing the public servants. That being the case, what could

R. N. Miller, Pres. J. D. Brown, Cash. D. Dorward Jr. Asst. Cas.

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Snyder,

Texas

be more absurd than to send the public servant to a convention to formulate a policy for himself to pursue and to instruct himself to do it? It would look as if Congressmen might be content with the honors and emoluments of office, but it appears of late years that they want it all. Not a member of Congress should be sent to the national or any other convention. They should keep away from the meetings of the people where such people are considering what instructions shall be given them and what policies should be shaped. As long as they "hang around" these gatherings or conventions, so long the impression will be left that they are anxious for policies to be formed and instructions issued to them which will redound to their own benefit. Keep them at home, where they ought to be.

—State Press in Dallas News.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP

E. R. YELLOTT

For County clerk.

For county Treasurer.

For Sheriff and Tax collector.

W. A. CLARK.

J. R. WILLIAMS

For Tax Assessor.

W. A. BEDELL

J. C. HOWE

For Commissioner Prect. 1

F. M. CHISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prect. 2

For commissioner Prect 3

For commissioner Prect. 4

Edd Dillard of Palestine is in Gail once again.

Mrs. Graham and Eli Whitaker were in town Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Jolly visited in Gail Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Sammie Morrow who has been visiting relatives in Colorado returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Paige is on the sick list this week.

Wade Howell of the plains was in town Tuesday.

J. Y. Everett was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Voney of Palestine is in Gail.

Mr. Fred Parks and family attended church here Sunday.

We are authorized to announce the name of F. M. Christopher as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of prect. No. 1 of Borden county.

We are authorized to present the name of E. R. Yellott as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge of Borden county.

Mr. Mitchell was in town Tuesday.

H. S. Morrow of Sierra Blanco is visiting his son Samp Morrow this week.

Bean Cathey who has been in Gail for the past two weeks returned to his home in Big Springs Tuesday.



## Local and Personal

We are glad to state that Miss Fannie Whittington's health is rapidly improving.

The Leap-year party at Mrs. B. N. Greens Saturday night was a pleasant occasion and enjoyed by all.

Henry Hale and family of Monahans are visiting in Gail this week.

The W. O. W. dinner at the school house the 4th was a grand success. There was a large crowd, lots of dinner and a good time reported by all.

The dance at the court house Saturday night was reported a great success.

Mrs. L. A. Pearce is on the sick list.

E. O. Price, cashier of the First National Bank of Big Springs died this morning, his funeral will take place tomorrow at 4 o'clock.

### TO THE CITIZENS OF BORDEN COUNTY.

We are authorized to announce the name of S. L. Jones for the office of Tax Assessor of Borden County, subject to the primaries of the Democratic party. Mr. Jones' record is before you and he asks that if you have found him to be faithful and efficient, you will accord to him your support in the ensuing election, promising as in the past if re-elected to do his best in the discharge of the duties pertaining to the office of assessor.

W. H. Sutes of the Plainview neighborhood, Dawson county, was here this week with cotton for the gin.

Dr. J. H. Harland of Snyder arrived yesterday and will be here a week or so, prepared to do all kinds of dental work.

Our cotton gin is running very smoothly this week. The crop will soon be all gathered, about 100 bales more will probably finish the crop in this county. Little if any is being held in this section.

We are authorized to announce the name of T. R. Mauldin as a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Borden county, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

### Civilized Women.

See the woman!

She has step-ladder, cork-screw heels on her shoes and has squeezed her feet into a pair several sizes too small; and she looks as if she was going

### To Preserve a Husband.

Select with care; the very young and green varieties take longer to prepare, but are often excellent when done; those too crusty take a long time to cook. One neither hard nor soft will give the best satisfaction.

Do not keep in a pickle, nor in hot water, for even a little

while, as this toughens the fiber, retards the cooking and often spoils the result. Never prick to test for tenderness; this leaves a mark and they are never so smooth afterward.

Even the poorer variety may be made sweet and tender by the following method: Wrap in a mantle of charity and keep warm over a steady fire of loving domestic devotion; garnish with patience, well sweetened with smiles and flavored with kisses to taste. Serve with peaches and cream.—National Magazine.

## The Western Windmill Company

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All kinds of Blacksmithing, Wheelright and Woodwork

also Horse shoeing promptly done and

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West side public square

Gail Texas

to fall forward and be deformed some more. She is having a continuous struggle with the law of gravitation.

She has a steel frame about her upper part and has compressed her waist so that it looks like the small end of a funnel, and she can hardly breathe, and her internal anatomy has shifted quarters, and there are several jobs ahead for the family doctor. And she doesn't know why she feels "poorly" most of the time. She is pinned, tied, laced and braced.

She uses cosmetics, hair dyes, paints, powder, belladonna to

brighten her eyes, and all manner of false and uncomfortable things are on and about her from her head down.

She has rings on her fingers, bangles on her wrists, a chain about her neck, many trinkets on her breast, and her blood has to struggle for circulation.

She has birds and gay-colored plumes and feathers on her hat, and she weareth many colors.

She is not what she was created, but is what she has created.

Is the woman a savage?

No—she is the flower of civilization!—New York Life.

### Best Roads in The World.

Among the reasons which make the highways of France the best in the world is the requirement that all preliminary road making operations shall be thoroughly performed. When embankments are made the earth work is built up only a few inches at a time and the successive strata are leveled and in the neighborhood of masonry, rammed.

Every inch is carefully cut at a proper angle, rammed, and, if necessary, paved with stones. Dangerous turns are protected by stone parapets; at each cross road there are sign posts, always in order, and the Touring Club of France has established indicators to remind the tourist of dangerous curves, rapid descents, etc. Every railroad crossing is protected by a gate, which has a watchman in charge day and night.—Leslie's Weekly.

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

J. K. Mitchell,  
Gail, Texas.

### For Sale

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

J. B. DITTO,  
Ira, Texas.

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

W. L. Doss,  
Colorado, Texas.

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

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

Bean Cathey who has been in Gail for the past two weeks returned to his home in Big Springs Tuesday.