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The Borden Citizen

CHAS. C. WYATT
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VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE. 25, 1908.

NO. 25

Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Standard and Canton Implements

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Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed

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TEXAS

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LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS

Big Springs Texas

Mr. and Mrs. Hannabass visited their relatives in Snyder last Wednesday returning Thursday.

Messrs. Doyle and Jolly are having telephones put in this week.

Mrs. Holler is suffering from a severe case of the mumps this week.

Jack Baker from Snyder was shaking hands with friends in Gail this week.

STARTLING ADVENTURE OF A HASKELL LADY.

Has Marvelous Escape from Death During the Overflow of the Trinity River at Dallas.

On Friday of last week Mr. Jas A Hankerson of this place, who is the official court stenographer for this judicial district, received a telegram from Cora Smith of the flood relief committee stating that a girl 17 years of age, blue eyed, with a letter pinned to her clothes with his address on the envelope, was taken out of the Trinity River below Dallas on Monday morning, that she could neither speak nor walk and was thought to be internally hurt and that they had

been told to send her to Abilene and for him to meet her there with nurses and a doctor on that date.

Mr. Hankerson believed the person described was his wife and he wired the Alexander Sanitarium at Abilene to prepare for her reception and he took the first train for Abilene, where he met the girl, who proved to be his wife.

The next morning she was still unable to speak, but under careful nursing in the sanitarium she soon became able to talk and tell something of her harrowing experiences in the Trinity flood.

Mr. Hankerson has written briefly of the circumstances to Judge Higgins, to whom the Free Press is indebted for what follows: Mr Hankerson writes that his wife was on a visit to her grandparents at Dallas, where her grandmother was in a Sanitarium and she and her grandfather were living at his home in West Dallas when the flood came. Her grandfather seeing that the house would be washed away swam to land and secured a boat, but before he could return the house had been carried away by the mighty rush of water. Mrs. Hankerson tells how the house was overturned and she managed to get on top of it, where a pet colt which belonged to the family saw her and nickered as if imploring assistance and she called to it and it swam

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Snyder, Texas.

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The Western Windmill Company

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

LEPHONE NO. 51

up to the house and she caught the halter it had on and tied the strap to her arm, then got off the house into the water in the hope of reaching land with the assistance of the colt. Before getting into the water she pinned the letter mentioned in the telegram to her clothing. She, with the colt, drifted several miles and was finally hit by a floating log and rendered unconscious. It seems that they had gotten into shallow water and the colt held her head up by means of the halter strap sufficiently to prevent her being drowned, and so they were found by a rescuing party in a boat after she had been in the water more than three hours.

She with others was carried to Fort Worth to be cared for and was identified by the letter pinned to her clothing. Although unable to speak and partially paralyzed, she at times knew what was going on and being said around her and heard the doctor who examined her say she could not recover.

Mrs. Hankerson was so far recovered that she was able to come home sooner than it was thought she could and she was brought up on Thursday by her husband. She is still, however, partially paralyzed and unable to help herself much.—Free Press.

What is a Home.

What constitutes a home? Folk or furniture? A house, or those who inhabit it? This is a mystery that the wayward pen cannot solve with a flourish. A home is expansive, indeed, for it includes all who are born in its charmed circle, and many more besides; but is it a thing that grows, that is subject to evolution? Make the answer to suit yourself; let it be whimsical or serious; but you may be sure that the spirit of home is not to be found in warehouses, nor in the auction shops, nor in the market places of the world. It is an ethereal essence, with a fluency which fills every corner from cellar to garret, and gives out its perfume even to the stranger that enters the door. And if you have ever had a whiff of this subtle perfume, count yourself fortunate among the children of men!—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus Magazine.

The Misses Hills were shopping in town last Friday.

In Business for Your Health

We Have the Goods we Have the prices

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

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BIG SPRINGS, - TEXAS.

Burton Lingo Co

All Lumber under Sheds

Big Springs,

Texas.

A Word of Encouragement.

Congressman Smith returned from Washington on the 10th of May and began his campaign at once. After making three or four speeches he was taken sick and was seriously ill for two weeks but is now on the road again, speaking at various places. So far he has made speeches in Howard, Martin, Ward, Reeves, Scurry and Nolan counties and the result of his campaign in those counties is highly gratifying.

At Snyder on Friday, June 5th, Mr. Smith and his opponent met in joint discussion and our friends at that place are highly elated over the result. As you know, Mr. Cunningham has boasted for three or four years that Representative Smith would not meet him in joint discussion. At Snyder Mr. Smith publicly announced that he was ready and anxious to meet Mr. Cunningham at any and all times and authorized his friends to accept any and all challenges Mr. Cunningham may make and to arrange joint discussions whenever and wherever they

could. Since that time nothing has been heard from Mr. Cunningham relative to future discussions. Mr. Smith will be in the field constantly until the day of the primary election and will visit as many places in the district as possible. The district embraces 57 counties, many of which have no railroads and it is absolutely impossible for him to visit every locality, hence he must rely upon his friends to a large extent to take care of his interests.

The campaign will be pushed vigorously and while we confidently expect Mr. Smith to be re-nominated for Congress by a large majority, there is much work to be done and only a short time in which to do it.

Thousands of voters have moved into the district within the last two years who are unacquainted with Mr. Smith and the admirable record he has made in Congress. Mr. Smith cannot see all of them and we trust his friends will not fail to properly present his claims for their support to the voters. A persistent effort on the part of

all his friends will result in a glorious and overwhelming victory.

It must be remembered that Mr. Cunningham has been campaigning for three years, during most of which time Mr. Smith has been in Washington looking after the interest of his district.

From the 1st of December till the 10th of May Mr. Smith was in Washington attending the session of Congress and during all this time his opponent was actively campaigning the district. Mr. Smith, however, remained at his post of duty, working for the people who elected him to Congress and the result of his labors during the session just closed further demonstrates his ability as a representative of the people and his faithfulness to their interests.

Briefly summed up, his accomplishments this session are as follows:

\$250,000 appropriation for the continuation of the tick eradication work.

\$60,000 for a post office building at Mineral Wells.

\$20,000 additional for the construction of the post office and United States Court building at San Angelo (making 120,000 in all.)

-15,000 for the construction of a United States Weather Bureau building at Abilene, the town in which his opponent lives. (All the time Mr. Smith was working

for this appropriation the newspapers of Abilene were continually heaping abuse on him, but this did not deter Mr. Smith from doing his duty.)

The establishment of twenty rural free delivery routes, making a total, in the district, of more than eighty.

Mr. Smith also secured from the Department of Agriculture the promise to establish a demonstration farm in the eastern part of the district this year.

This, added to Mr. Smith's previous accomplishments makes a record seldom equalled by a member of Congress who has had only five years service.

We believe that you will agree with us that the best interests of the district demand that he be returned to Congress and hope you will leave nothing undone to bring that about.

Yours very truly,

W. R. SMITH CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE,

ED W. SMITH, Secretary.
Colorado, Texas, June 12.

Jack Rodgers had business in Gail on Friday last.

Tol Benton was here buying supplies last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Abney and daughter Miss Ida were shopping in Gail on last Saturday.

Cleburn Stevens and his sister Miss Bessie, of the plains attended church in Gail last Sunday.

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SNYDER, TEXAS.

Dry Goods, Fine Clothing,

Queen Quality and Stacy Adams Shoes

Implements and Wagons

We solicit Your Business.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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is worth from six bits to a dollar and a quarter. Why don't you kill a few bull seals for the 'trimmings'?"

"Nothin' to do with a voodoo?" grunted Handy Solomon.

Darrow laughed amusedly. "No, this is the truth," he assured. "I'll tell you what: I'll give you boys six bits apiece for the whisker hairs and four bits for the galls. I expect to sell them at a profit."

Next morning they shook off their lethargy and went seal hunting.

I was practically commanded to attend. This attitude had been growing of late. Now it began to take a definite form.

"Mr. Eagen, don't you want to go hunting?" or "Mr. Eagen, I guess I'll just go along with you to stretch my legs" had given way to, "We're going fishing. You'd better come along."

I had known for a long time that I had lost any real control of them, and that perhaps humiliated me a little. However, my inexperience at handling such men and the anomalous character of my position to some extent consoled me. In the flaments brushed across the face of my understanding I could discover none so strong as to support an overt act on my part. I cannot doubt that had the affair come to a focus I should have warned the scientists even at the risk of my life. In fact, as I shall have occasion to show you, I did my best. But at the moment in all policy I could see my way to little besides acquiescence.

We killed seals by sequestering the bulls, surrounding them and clubbing them at a certain point of the forehead. It was surprising to see how hard they fought and how quickly they succumbed to a blow properly directed. Then we stripped the mask with its bristle of long whiskers, took the gall and dragged the carcass into the surf, where it was devoured by fish. At first the men, pleased by the novelty, stripped the skins. The blubber, often two or three inches in thickness, had then to be cut away from the pelt, cube by cube. It was a long, an oily and odoriferous job. We stunk mightily of seal oil. Our garments were shiny with it. The very pores of our skins seemed to ooze it. And even after the pelt was fairly well cleared it had still to be tanned. Percy Darrow suggested the method, but the process was long and generally unsatisfactory. With the acquisition of the fifth greasy, heavy and ill smelling piece of fur the men's interest in peltries waned. They confined themselves in all strictness to the "trimmings."

Percy Darrow showed us how to clean the whiskers. The process was evil. The masks were quite simply to be advanced so far in the way of putrefaction that the bristles would part readily from their sockets. The first batch the men hung out on a line. A few moments later we heard a mighty squawking and rushed out to find the island ravens making off with the entire catch. Protection of netting had to be rigged. We caught seals for a month or so. There was novelty in it, and it satisfied the lust for killing. As time went on the bulls grew warier. Then we made expeditions to outlying rocks.

Later Handy Solomon approached me on another diplomatic errand.

"The seals is getting shy, sir," said he.

"They are," said I.

"The only way to do is to you,

them," said he.

"Quite like," I agreed.

A pause ensued.

"We've got no cartridges," he insinuated.

"And you've taken charge of my rifle," I pointed out.

"Oh, not a bit, sir," he cried. "Thrackles, he just took it to clean it. You can have it whenever you want it, sir."

"I have no cartridges, as you have observed," said I.

"There's plenty aboard," he suggested.

"And they're in very good hands there," said I.

He ruminated a moment, polishing the steel of his hook against the other



We killed seals by clubbing them on the forehead.

arm of his shirt. Suddenly he looked up at me with a humorous twinkle.

"You're afraid of us!" he accused.

I was silent, not knowing just how to meet so direct an attack.

"No need to be," he continued.

I said nothing.

He looked at me shrewdly, then stood off on another tack.

"Well, sir, I didn't mean just that. I didn't mean you was really scared of us. But we're gettin' to know each other, livin' here on this old island, brothers-like. There ain't no officers and men ashore—is there, now, sir? When we gets back to the old Laughing Lass, then we drops back into our dooty again all right and proper. You can kiss the book on that. Old Scrubs, he knows that. He don't want no shore in his. He knows enough to stay aboard, where we'd all rather be."

He stopped abruptly, spat and looked at me. I wondered whether this devious diplomacy led us.

"Still, in one way, an officer's an officer, and a seaman's a seaman, thinks you, and discipline must be held up among mates ashore or afloat, thinks you. Quite proper, sir. And I can see you think that the arms is for the afterguard except in case of trouble. Quite proper. You can do the shooting, and you can keep the cartridges always by you. Just for discipline, sir."

The man's boldness in so fully arm-

ing me was astonishing, and his carelessness in allowing me aboard with Captain Selover astonished me still more. Nevertheless I promised to go for the desired cartridges, fully resolved to make an appeal.

A further consideration of the elements of the game convinced me, however, of the fellow's shrewdness. It was no more dangerous to allow me a rifle—under direct surveillance—for the purposes of hunting than to leave me my sawed off revolver, which I still retained. The arguments he had used against my shooting Perdosa were quite as cogent now. As to the second point, I, finding the sun unexpectedly strong, returned from the cove for my hat and so overheard the following between Thrackles and his leader:

"What's to keep him from staying aboard?" cried Thrackles, protesting.

"Well, he might," acknowledged Handy Solomon, "and then are we the worse off? You ain't going to make a boat attack against Old Scrubs, are you?"

Thrackles hesitated.

"You can kiss the book on it you ain't," went on Handy Solomon easily.

"Nor me nor Pulz nor the greaser nor the nigger nor none of us all together. We've had our dose of that. Well, if he goes aboard and stays where are we the worse off? I asks you that. But he won't. This is w'at's goin' to happen. Says he to Old Scrubs, 'Sir, the men needs you to bash in their heads.' 'Bash 'em in yourself,' says he; 'that's w'at you're for.' And if he should come ashore w'at could he do? I asks you that. We ain't disobeyed no orders dooly delivered. We're ready to pull halliards at the word. No, let him go aboard, and if he peaches to the old man, why, all the better, for it just gets the old man down on him."

"How about Old Scrubs?"

"Don't you believe none in luck?" asked Handy Solomon.

"Aye."

"Well, so do I, with w'at that law crimp used to call foodicious assistance."

I rowed out to the Laughing Lass very thoughtful and a little shaken by the plausible argument. Captain Selover was lying dead drunk across the cabin table. I did my best to waken him, but failed, took a score of cartridges—no more—and departed sadly. Nothing could be gained by staying aboard. Every chance might be lost. Besides, an opening to escape in the direction of the laboratory might offer. I as well as they believed in luck judiciously assisted.

In the ensuing days I learned much of the habits of seals. We sneaked along the cliff tops until over the rookeries; then lay flat on our stomachs and peered cautiously down on our quarry. The seals had become very wary. A slight jar, the fall of a pebble, sometimes even sounds unnoticed by ourselves, were enough to send them into the water. There they lined up just outside the surf, their sleek heads glossy with the wet, their calm, soft eyes fixed unblinkingly on us.

It was useless to shoot them in the water. They sank at once.

When, however, we succeeded in gaining an advantageous position it was necessary to shoot with extreme accuracy. A bullet directly through the back of the head would kill cleanly. A hit anywhere else was practically useless; for even in death the animals seemed to retain enough blind, instinctive vitality to flop them into the water. There they were lost.

Each rookery consisted of one tremendous bull who officiated apparently as the standing army, a number of smaller bulls, his direct descendants; the cows and pups. The big bull held his position by force of arms. Occasionally other unattached bulls would come swimming by. On arriving opposite the rookery the stranger would utter a peculiar challenge. It was never refused by the resident champion, who promptly slid into the sea and engaged battle. If he conquered, the stranger went on his way.

the stranger won, the big bull immediately struck out to sea, abandoning his rookery, while the newcomer swam in and attempted to make his title good with all the younger bulls. I have seen some fierce combats out there in the blue water. They gashed each other deep.

You can see by this how our hunting was never at an end. On Tuesday we would kill the boss bull of a cer-

tain establishment. By Thursday at latest another would be installed.

I learned curious facts about seals in those days. The hunting did not appeal to me particularly, because it seemed to me useless to kill so large an animal for so small a spoil. Still it was a means to my all absorbing end, and I confess that the stalking, the lying belly down on the sun warmed grass over the surge and under the clear sky was extremely pleasant. While awaiting the return of the big bull often we had opportunity to watch the others at their daily affairs, and even the unresponsive Thrackles was struck with their almost human intelligence. Did you know that seals kiss each other and weep tears when grieved?

The men often discussed among themselves the narrow, dry cave. There the animals were practically penned in. They agreed that a great killing could be made there, but the impossibility of distinguishing between the bulls and the cows deterred them. The cave was quite dark.

Immersed in our own affairs thus, the days, weeks and months went by. Events had slipped beyond my control. I had embarked on a journalistic enterprise, and now that purpose was entirely out of my reach.

Up the valley Dr. Schermerhorn and his assistant were engaged in some experiment of whose very nature I was still ignorant; also I was likely to remain so. The precautions taken against interference by the men were equally effective against me. As if that were not enough, any move of investigation on my part would be radically misinterpreted and to my own danger by the men. I might as well have been in London.

However, as to my first purpose in this adventure I had evolved another plan and therefore was content. I made up my mind that on the voyage home, if nothing prevented, I would tell my story to Percy Darrow and throw myself on his mercy. The results of the experiment would probably by then be ready for the public, and there was no reason, as far as I could see, why I should not get the "scoop" at first hand.

Certainly my sincerity would be without question, and I hoped that two years or more of service such as I had rendered would tickle Dr. Schermerhorn's sense of his own importance. So adequate did this plan seem that I gave up thought on the subject.

My whole life now lay on the shores. I was not again permitted to board the Laughing Lass. Captain Selover I saw twice at a distance. Both times he seemed to be rather uncertain. The men did not remark it. The days went by. I relapsed into that state so well known to you all when one seems caught in the meshes of a dream existence which has had no beginning and which is destined never to have an end.

We were to hunt seals and fish and pry bivalves from the rocks at low tide and build fires and talk and alternate between suspicion and security, between the danger of sedition and the insanity of men without defined purpose, world without end forever.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE inevitable happened. One noon Pulz looked up from his labor of pulling the whiskers from the evil smelling masks.

"How many of these things we got?" he inquired.

"About three hunder' and fifty," Thrackles replied.

"Well, we've got enough for me."

I'm sick of this job. It stinks."

They looked at each other. I could see the disgust rising in their eyes, the reek of rotten blubber expanding their nostrils. With one accord they cast aside the masks.

"It ain't such a fortune," growled Pulz, his evil little white face thrust forward. "There's other things worth all the seal trimpin's of the islands."

"Diamond's," gloomed the nigger.

"You've hit it, doctor," cut in Solomon.

There we were again, back to the old difficulty, only worse. Idleness descended on us again. We grew touchy on little things, as a misplaced plate, a shortage of firewood, too deep a draft at the nearly empty bucket. The noise of bickering became as constant as the noise of the surf. If we valued peace, we kept our mouths shut. The way a man spat or ate or slept or even breathed became a cause of irritation to every other member of the company. We stood the outrage as long as we could; then we objected in a wild and ridiculous explosion which communicated its heat to the object of our wrath. Then there was a fight. It needed only liquor to complete the deplorable state of affairs.

Gradually the smaller things came to worry us more and more. A certain harmless singer of the cricket or perhaps of the tree toad variety used to chirp his innocent note a short distance from our cabin. For all I know he had done so from the moment of our installation, but I had never noticed him before. Now I caught myself listening for his irregular recurrence with every nerve on the quiver. If he delayed by ever so little, it was an agony, yet when he did pipe up his feeble strain struck to my heart cold and paralyzing like a dagger. And with every advancing minute of the night I became broader awake, more tense, fairly sweating with nervousness. One night—good God, was it only last week? It seems ages ago, another existence, a state cut off from this by the wonder of a transmigration at least. Last week!

I did not sleep at all. The moon had risen, had mounted the heavens and now was sailing overhead. By the fretwork of its radiance through the rhinks of our rudely built cabin I had marked off the hours. A thunderstorm rumbled and flashed, hull down over the horizon. It was many miles distant, and yet I do not doubt that its electrical influence had dried the moisture of our equanimity, leaving us rattling husks for the winds of destiny to play upon. Certainly I can remember no other time in a rather wide experience when I have felt myself more on edge, more choked with the restless, purposeless nervous energy that leaves a man's tongue parched and his eyes staring. And still that infernal cricket or whatever it was chirped.

I had thought myself alone in my vigil, but when finally I could stand it no longer and kicked aside my covering, with an oath of protest, I was surprised to hear it echoed from all about me.

"D—that cricket!" I cried.

And the dead shadows stirred from the bunks, and the hollow eyed victims of insomnia crept out to curse

their tormentor. We organized an expedition to hunt him down. It was ridiculous enough, six strong men prowling for the life of one poor little insect. We did not find him, however, though we succeeded in silencing him. But no sooner were we back in our bunks than he began it again, and such was the turmoil of our nerves that day found us sitting wan about a fire, hugging our knees.

We were so genuinely emptied, not so much by the cricket as by the two years of fermentation, that not one of us stirred toward breakfast. In fact, not one of us moved from the listless attitude in which day found him until after 9 o'clock. Then we pulled ourselves together and cooked coffee and salt horse. As a significant fact, the nigger left the dishes unwashed, and no one cared.

Handy Solomon thought about him.

best also arose.

"I'm sick of this," said he. "I'm goin' seal hunting."

They arose without a word. They were sick of it, too—sick to death. We were a silent, gloomy crew indeed as we thrust the surfboat afloat, clambered in and shipped the oars. No one spoke a word; no one had a comment to make, even when we saw the rocky slide into the water while we were still fifty yards from the beach. We pulled back slowly along the coast. Beyond the rock we made out the entrance to the dry cave.

"There's seal in there!" cried Handy Solomon. "Lots of 'em!"

He thrust the rudder over, and we headed for the cave. No one expressed an opinion.

As it was again high tide, we rowed in to the steep shore inside the cave's mouth and beached the boat. The place was full of seals. We could hear them bellowing.

"Two of you stand here," shouted Handy Solomon, "and take them as they go out! We'll go in and scare 'em down to you!"

"They'll run over us!" screamed Pulz.



The darkness in front of us was alive with fiery eyeballs.

To be continued.

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead," has passed into proverb. In the matter of improving highways, for the last 300 years we have been going ahead wrong, and as a result, after all these years and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, less than eight per cent of the highways of the United States are improved.

Road building requires engineering skill to understand what ought to be done, and experience to know how to do it. In handling the road question the farmers have believed that the whole job was up to them, so they have gone ahead and done the best they could. It was a job they did not understand and the results have been disastrous; the roads have been very little benefited and hundreds of millions have been wasted.

Within the last 15 years it has been discovered that the roads are public property and that their building and maintenance is up to everybody and not alone to the farmer; that it is the duty of the state to do something; and so the state aid plan was devised. It proved to be the right plan—a plan by which the respective townships decide for themselves what roads shall be improved, and when the improvement comes to be made the state engineer takes the matter in hand, and this insures proper construction and the saving of money. As the state pays half the bill, the farmers are correspondingly relieved, and it has been found that more roads can be built than was supposed to be possible, and yet the taxation upon farmers has not increased because the state has paid for half the work and farm property is really only a small part of the state tax list. In Illinois, for instance, it is less than one-third.

The state aid plan is the only one that has been found satisfactory and effective, and state after state, in rapid succession, is adopting it. It is the sensible, equitable, up-to-date plan.

H. H. GROSS.

The text of the Republican platform contained the following declaration in favor of good roads:

"We recognize the social and economical advantage of good roads, maintained more and more largely at public expense and less and less at the expense of the abutting owners. In this work we recommend the growing factors of state aid, believe in such National assistance as can be appropriately rendered."

And it is probable that a good roads plank will also be inserted in the platform of the Democratic party. In advocacy of government aid, the Good Roads Congress at its meeting in Chicago on the 15 Inst. introduced and adopted a resolution, declaring that it was the sense of the Congress that the general Government should pay at least 1-4 the cost of constructing and maintaining a permanent system of highways.

Should the state lend its aid to the counties the attainment of good roads in the near future would be much more probable, than it could be under the present system.

The Legislative Threat.

The men behind the "Fewer Laws Better Laws" movement are not so much concerned about repealing any of the laws now in force, although they do insist that some of them need amendment, but they want to ask the people of Texas to consider the danger of so many new laws that keep the people uncertain as to what the law really is, and they object to constant changes, because while these changes are being made outside investors in railroad securities and factory stock never know when it is safe to invest here. The State administration admits that several of our laws need amending, and the last utterance of the governor is that he has no new laws to propose. In this respect he is in line with this movement, and all who have seen the evil effects of so many new laws agree with it. The people are tired of having every man elected to the legislature pack his grip with proposed new laws when he starts to Austin. Too much politics may not be bad for the ambitious legislator, who is trimming his sails for some higher office, but it is very bad for the interests of the farmer and the business man, Texas produces more cotton than any three other States of the nation, and she allows other States to manufacture it into the finished product and ship it back to her people with enormous profits added, and the advocates of the "Fewer Laws Better Laws" doctrine are trying to induce the people of the State to insist upon keeping down the multiplicity of new laws until capital can be convinced that it is safe to come to Texas and go into factories and rail roads. Amend a few of the present laws so as to make them just, and let us have no more new ones to upset the State and frighten investments away. Cheap money is needed to enable the farmer to lengthen his lines, to bring factories and railroads as Nature designed she should.

Let it be repeated that the "Fewer Laws" movement is not concerned in trying to wipe out present laws, but in preventing so many new ones at every session that the public never knows what the law is nor what the investor may depend upon. Let the legislative threat be put out of business in Texas.

DIRECTORY.

District Officers.

J. L. ShepherdJudge
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
Rodway Keen Clerk
D. Dorward, Jr.....Treasurer
S. L. Jones.....Tax Assessor
No Attorney.

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

Commissioners.

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

Secret Orders.

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

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

Churches.

Methodist: Preaching every first
sunday R. V. J. W. Childers, Preach-
er in Charge.

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

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

Baptist: Preaching day every
fourth Sunday.

Baptist Sunday School, at 3, p. m.
T. R. Mauldin, Supt.
M.C. Bishop, Pastor.

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednes-
day night.

A SAFE COMBINATION.

READ YOUR HOME PAPER.

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

This is Presidential Year.

Your order will receive prompt
attention. BORDEN CITIZEN.

BORDEN COUNTY.

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

**Harness & repair Shop
and**



Made to Order.

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

Go to Jake's Restaurant in Colorado

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

HOTEL SNYDER

Everything nice new and neat. Rates
Bath and sample rooms \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day

Nunn Building Northeast Cor. Pulic Square,

MRS. O. V. JOHNSON, Prop.

Snyder, Texas.

WINDMILLS

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

Leroy Johnson

—Proprietor of—

Earners and Merchants Gin Company

—Also—

The Snyder Gin Company

Snyder,

Texas.

Fine Watch repairing

Engraving

J. P. INMAN

Jeweler and Optician

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

At Arnold Tankersley Drug Store

Goldsmithing

Glasses Fitted Right

grasses being the needle and mes-
quite.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Letter to J. B. Stokes,
Gail Texas.

Dear Sir: There's twice as
much horse in one horse—it may
be a mare—as there is in two or
three others together.

So with paints too. If a paint-
can do your job with 10 gallons
Devco for \$50; it'll take 12 15
or 20 of other paints; and the
cost of a job is about \$5 a gal-
lon, whatever the paint may be.

There are paints adulterated
three-quarts—only one quart of
paint in a gallon—he's got to
paint four gallons of rubbish to
get one gallon of paint. The
worst horse you've got is as
good as that paint, and he'll go
as far.

The less-gallons paint is the
paint, as the most-horse is the
horse.

Yours truly

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

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

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

For \$1.00

The CITIZEN and either the Western
Breeder's Journal, a good well illustrat-
ed livestock paper, or the Kansas City
Journal which contains the world news,
good letters, interesting stories and the
full market reports.

For \$1.75

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

The Borden Citizen

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Per year\$1.00
Six months50

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, June, 25 1908.

The city dailey newspaper man has not been hurt by the Texas anti pass law, because he gets cash from the railroads for his advertising space and much more than he has to spend for railroad transportation, nor does the prosperous newspaper publisher so much feel the injustice of the law, but the newspaper publisher who is doing pioneer work in the most important work in our civilization today, who is leading the hosts of development in the corners and on the border lines; the man who works long hours for short pay; the man who gets few holidays, and rarely is able to leave home for necessary recuperation, he is the man who feels the weight of the injustice of the provisions of the anti-pass law that cuts him off from contracting his space for transportation. The work he is doing for the progress of the age requires that he have the opportunity to get out for recreation and observation, and for him we plead when we protest against the obnoxious provision, added to the anti-pass law as a punishment for his having dared to advocate a reform in giving out passes to legislators and others whose official actions might be colored by favors from the railroads. The next legislature must be induced to do the newspapers the justice of correcting that provision, and the Commercial Secretaries' Association is working for this reform.

HAUGHT UNDER WATER.

Last of the Spanish Fleet at the Battle of Manila Bay.

"What was it like, that battle of Manila Bay, do you ask?" The thunders of heaven would have been lost in its din. It was fierce and fast, like the rolling of all the drums in the world or like bolts of heavy sail-

cloth torn into shreds by the wind.

What a picture it would make—that battle, the last of the Spanish fleet, the Don Antonio de Ulloa. She fought, sinking a foot a minute! Gun after gun went under, and when the last onset was made only her bow gun remained. Its crew waist deep in water, fought as though victory was crowning them. It was theirs to fire the last gun upon that eventful day, and we cheered them as they sank.

These are the things men will write about, but memory alone can paint a picture so terrible that the moon, that old night watch of the universe, hid behind friendly vapors that she might not see the embers of war as they glared through the portholes and sponsons of half-sunken ships, while ever and none exploding magazines would tear the waters, and flames of yellow and red flaunt above all that was left of Spain's wreckage.

Surely Wellington was a Solomon when he wrote, "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." —St. Nicholas.

NOTICE TO PARENTS.

Anyone wishing to transfer his or her children from one district to another can do so any time before the 1st day of August 1908 and not afterwards, by making application to the County Judge and stating in said application that it is the bona fida intention of applicant to send his or her children to the school to which transfer is asked.

E. R. YELLOTT, Judge
Borden County Texas.

Some of the patrons of the last term of the Gail school, who live in other school districts, assigned their children to those districts and afterwards moved temporarily to our town to get the benefit of school advantages here. These patrons forgot or failed to have their children transferred to Gail, so the burden of their tutilage was imposed upon our school, while, other districts enjoyed the fund apportioned to them from the State. Had they been transferred, the State fund derived from them would have materially lengthened the school term here and Gail would have had only what was justly due her. Now the patrons referred to above should attend to this at once, self interest as well as duty calls for this action on their part.

NOTICE.

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

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

FORTUNES UNDER YOUR FEET!

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

**We don't own a Saw Mill but
we have Saw Mill Prices**

Come and get our Cash Prices

The Hinds Lumber Company,
Big Springs, Texas.

\$3.25 GIVEN AWAY

To Those Who Love Good Literature

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

Price Each per Year Taken Separately:	
The Borden Citizen	1.00
Western Breeders' Journal	.25
Woman's Home Companion	1.00
American Review of Reviews	3.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1.00
TOTAL	\$6.25

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

All 5 for \$3.00

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



WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Horse Shoeing
a specialty

For Cash only
Work Guaranteed

Smith & Ross Pro's.

East of Public Square

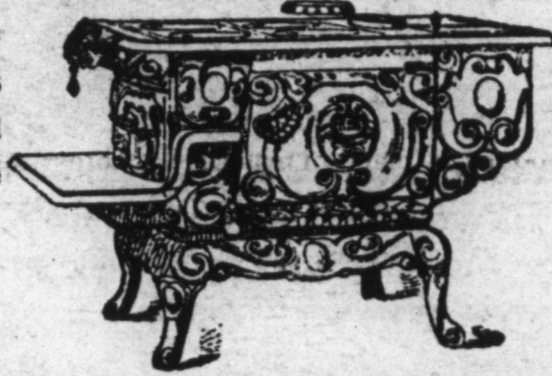
Gail, Texas.

H. L. RIX & Co.

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

Undertakers goods

Big Springs, Texas



Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

Higginbotham, Harris & Company

Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas

LUMBER

Building Material of All Kinds

Heath & Milligan Paints.

THOMPSON HOTEL.

Excellent Fare
Good service
Comfortable beds

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

Sample Rooms

MRS. W A WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder.

Texas

FOR THE SENATE.

It is with genuine pleasure that the Reporter presents the name of our fellow townsman and distinguished citizen, Judge R. C. Crane, to the voters of the 28th senatorial district, for state senator. The large district consisting of 83 counties could be gone over thoroughly and no man could be found who would fill this position more acceptably to the entire people.

Judge Crane's long experience in this country together with close observation and a careful study of the West and its needs, have especially fitted him to serve the people most efficiently as a law-maker.

Aside from being eminently qualified to look after the interests of the district Judge Crane is a man of convictions and has the courage to stand for the right regardless of opposition.

Judge Crane is the youngest son of Wm. Carey Crane, was born in Washington county in 1864 and grew to young manhood and

independence. He received his education at Baylor University, graduating in 1884. He studied law under Governor Roberts for two years in the state university, being one of the graduates of the class of 1886, and was admitted to practice law before the supreme court the same year, after examination before that body.

In August 1886 he moved to Roby in Fisher county and in the fall of the same year was elected county attorney of Fisher county, which position he filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his constituents. At the expiration of his term of office he declined re-election.

Fisher county being entirely without a newspaper, in January, 1888, he was induced to establish the first newspaper ever published in that county, which he edited for two years until the work began to interfere with his professional business. He then sold the paper, which was for a time edited by Judge Ossie Speer, now one of the judges of the court of civil

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

H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

Big Springs,

Texas

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

GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do a general Banking business.

Exchange drawn on the principal Commercial cities.

T. P. Home.

Meals and Lodging
Each 25 cts.

\$5.00 a week
\$20. a month

Located 1-2 block West of Depot

R. W. SEARS, Pro.

Big Springs, Texas.

appeals.

In 1897 a vacancy existing in the office of district attorney in the 39th Judicial district, Judge Crane was appointed to fill the vacancy by Governor Culberson without any solicitation on his part. At the expiration of the term he was elected to the position without opposition but resigned the position in the spring of 1899 and moved out of the district. Moving to Abilene he built up a fine law business and resided there three years when in 1903 he moved to this city.

Since residing here Judge Crane has served the city three years in the capacity of mayor, and voluntarily resigned when the official position interfered too seriously with his private business.

Judge Crane has been a life long Democrat, one who has never scratched the ticket except when his own name was on it. His platform is given in another column of this issue. We would urge that you look it up and read it carefully and you can conscientiously support him in the July primary not only will he appreciate it but his warm friends here and elsewhere will appreciate such support.

For the last ten years every senator for this district has been chosen from counties east of this place, and it is our honest belief that this the most rapidly growing section of the state, should be honored in a political way.

Consider the claims of Judge Crane carefully and conscientiously before casting your vote in the approaching primary for state senator.—Sweetwater Reporter.

Dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollections present them to view. The grindstone I turned for my father to sharpen his ax—and he threw all his weight on it, too. The strength of a farm boy has no limitations; at least that's the way they impressed it on me; so when I turn back to the days of my boyhood, my father, his ax and that grindstone I see. The stone was lopsided; its bearing were rusty; it turned with a grating, a squawk and a rasp; the handle had splits, and the iron it went on made callouses under my unwilling grasp. And pa kept me busy; he urged me to hasten in order to get through the job before night. And when he got through he would do it all over in order to feel we had done it just right. If ever I'm lost in the last day of judgement, I'm morally sure I will not have to burn; ah no; there'll be imps there with pitchforks to sharpen, and I will be given the grindstone to turn.

—Dallas News.

Mrs Daisy Galyou, from Hunt county, is visiting her sister Mrs. Hannabass this week.

Mr. J. K. Mitchell was transacting business in Gail on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Pou of Post City arrived in Gail yesterday, and will visit friends and relatives for a few days.

Mrs. C. A. Johnson has a very sick child this week.

Local and Personal

Porter Tredway who was here last Friday, reported the cotton on the plains nearly knee high, and in flourishing condition, but the early corn not doing well and needing rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Ras Cathey of Big Springs are visiting their parents here and enjoying the pure atmosphere, and cool breezes of this locality.

W. C. Swinney and family from New Mexico, were here last Thursday and left in the afternoon for Snyder. Mr. Swinney is a printer having worked on the Howard County News 15 years ago, and afterwards for the Enterprise.

Charlie Berry who has been in Post City for some time returned home last Tuesday.

Mr. Terry, who lives east of Gail, is having a telephone put in this week.

John Smith and Fred Johnson who have been absent from Gail for several months, returned Monday.

Miss Lottie Cranfill was shopping in Gail on last Tuesday.

Misses Lillie and Minnie Kennedy were shopping in town on Tuesday.

Joe Dillahunty who has been visiting his brother in Toyah for some time returned to his home last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston Benton were visiting their parents and sisters in town Tuesday.

Jno. Beroth was trading in town on last Monday.

Mr. Fullilove from near Durham was trading in Gail on last Monday.

Jas. B. Jelly was shaking hands with friends in Gail on last Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Smith was on the sick list the first of this week, but we are glad to say that she is improving now.

Jesse Smith and Frank Berry made a business trip to Snyder this week.

Jesse Walker went to Snyder this week on business.

Misses Eunice Nisbett was visiting Miss Turner of Gail on last Sunday.

Miss Erma Wilson from near Julia attended services in Gail last Sunday.

J. H. Whitaker attended reaching in town on Sunday last.

Jno. Fri'z and family were in Gail last Sunday.

Eli Whitaker was in Gail attending church last Sunday.

Homer Nisbett was shaking hands with friends in Gail last Sunday.

Mr. Pearce is filling his cistern, this week with fresh water.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nation passed through Gail last Thursday on their way to Tahoka where they expect to take charge of the telephone office.

Mr. Creighton from near Tredway was trading in town last Thursday.

Mrs. D. E. Naylor and children of Post came in this week to attend the barbecue and visit relatives.

Miss Hettie Kincaid, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Arnett of San Angelo, returned home Tuesday, accompanied by her sister.

Ejucate Children.

Every child has a right to such an education as will qualify for life's duties. This is recognized as a patriotic duty by the state. The permanence of our political institutions depends on the intelligence of our citizenship. "The bayonets of foreign soldiers are less to be feared than are the ballots of ignorant voters." The welfare of the state depends more on the moral and religious training of her citizens than on their intellectual training, yet the state makes no provisions for this moral discipline. In some cases it makes it difficult or even impossible to secure the moral and religious training of the mind at all. There must be a training of the moral sensibilities, particularly the will. Not all this is the duty of the church, but the largest part is the function of home. Every child deprived, by whatever means, of this education and training is defraud-

ed out of an inalienable right, and when he comes into the inheritance of his citizenship may be depended upon to avenge himself on the society that perpetrated the fraud upon him. In deference to the views of infidels, atheists and others, the Bible is cast out of the public schools, and all school books are stripped bare of everything that might tend to build up and strengthen the child's moral character. It is cruelty to withhold from children this higher and greater training. Children have rights which the state is bound to respect. It disregards them at its own peril.

A Few Dots on Man.

A man's life is full of crosses and temptations.

He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the important features of this trip.

If he is poor he is a bad manager, if he is rich he is dishonest.

If he needs credit he can't get it, if he is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favor.

If he's in politics it's for pie; if he's out of politics you can't place him, he's no good for his country.

If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss, if he does it is for show.

If he is actively religious he is a hypocrite, if he takes no interest in religion he is a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection he is a soft specimen, if he seems to care for no one he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young there was a great future ahead of him if he has lived to an old age he has missed his calling.

The road is rocky but man loves to travel it.—Chicago Trade Journal.

NOTICE.

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

SAM SANFORD, Mgr.

E. R. YELLOTT

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

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

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

WANTED.

100 Head of cattle to pasture.
Apply to S. T. Whitaker, Gail
Texas.

All parties are warned against
depredateing in any manner on
the Munger ranch property, es-
pecially cutting wood.

R. F. POWELL, Mgr.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Senator

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

For District Judge

JUDGE JAS. L. SHEPHERD

For District Attorney.

J. S. CRUMPTON

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP
E. R. YELLOTT

For County and District clerk.

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

For County Attorney.

H. R. DEBENPORT.

For county Treasurer.

D. DORWARD.
M. H. LEAKE

For Sheriff and Tax collector.

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

For Tax Assessor.

W. A. BEDELL
S. L. JONES

For Justice of Peace prec. 1.

T. M. JONES.

For Commissioner Prec. 1

F. M. CHRISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prec. 2

For commissioner Prec. 3

WALTER BISHOP

For commissioner Prec. 4

Watch inspectors
T. & P. Ry.

Watch and Jewelry
Repairing

MITCHELL & PARK

DRUGGISTS AND JEWELERS

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

Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Big Springs, Texas

CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year