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# The Borden Citizen

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VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY. 2, 1908.

NO. 26

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Big Springs Texas

Prof. S. B. Wallace of Anson, who will be Principal of our next school in Gail, arrived with his family, wife and baby boy, last Wednesday. We consider ourselves fortunate in having secured the services of Prof. and Mrs. Wallace, as they are eminently qualified to take up and carry on successfully the excellent work accomplished by our teachers in the past. That Prof. Wallace has had eleven years experience as a teacher and principal of graded schools, gives assurance that he will succeed in building up a fine school here. Mrs. Wallace will be one of the assistant teachers. We expect to have a longer term and larger school than last year. Each and every citizen of the town should take a lively interest in the school, and lend it his hearty cooperation and support, and make it what it should be, an institution to which we can point with pride.

### DIED.

Joe McMahon a prominent citizen of Garza county died last Friday morning of typhoid fever. Mr. McMahon will be missed very much in his community, as he was an estimable man and had many friends.

### The Barbecue.

The barbecue of last week, all things considered, was the pleasantest occasion of the kind we have ever had in Gail. There was a good attendance of people of Borden and a few from adjoining counties, numbering in all about 800.

In this section of our state barbecues have become very popular holiday occasions and always draw together large numbers without respect to age condition or sex. Not a set or special few, but a reunion of all for a good time. The day before, there was a refreshing rain, which served to cool the atmosphere and moderate the heat, which with the cloudy forenoon, seemed to conspire to make the day a pleasant one.

There was also a good brush arbor, well provided with seats. In the morning we were entertained by an address of the Hon. W. B. Crockett of Abilene a candidate for the legislature. Mr. Crockett advocated what might be termed a single tax, also favored the proposed school amendment. His speech was quite interesting and seemed to be well received. After which the tables were loaded with barbecued beef, bread, coffee, pickles, pies, cakes etc. There was in fine a superabundance of good things, to which the crowd

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R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

LEPHONE NO. 51

did ample Justice; there was great havoc of provisions, but they were replaced with fresh supplies as often as they were swept away by the repeated onslaughts of the hungry brigades. After dinner came the tournament. It is needless to speak of the skilful riding displayed by the knights for the cowboys of this country are experts in equestrianism, graceful riders, and from boyhood, adapt themselves perfectly to every motion of the horse, so that horse and rider seem one and inseparable. The 1st prize was awarded to Will Johnson and second to Turner Hutcherson. There was a game of base ball, in the morning between the Tredway and Gail teams, in which the scores stood 8 to 16 in favor of Gail.

After the tournament contest, the crowd gathered under the arbor and listened to a sharp battle of words between T. P. Blankenship and E. R. Yellott candidates for the County Judgeship, the latter for re-election, after which some of the other candidates made short talks to the people. The concluding feature of the day was a spirited game of base ball, between the Gail team, strengthened with some good players from Julia and Vincent; the scores was 2 to 1 in favor of Gail, Supper

was then announced after which and most of those who did not engage in the dance at the platform with, drew from the grounds.

On the morning of the second day of the barbecue a game of base ball was matched between Gail and Post City, the score was 10 to 6 in favor of Gail. After dinner sack races were witnessed, the 1st race was won by Jake Morrow, the second by Lud Taylor. These races were quite amusing and watched with much interest by both ladies and men. In the afternoon the base ball games were played respectively between Julia and Gail, Vincent and Gail, and Post City and Gail. Next came broncho riding, a sport which the real cow boy of West Texas knows how to enjoy, and the greater the capers and the higher the pitching the more he enjoys it. Sam and Rodway Keen were the riders; it seemed a contest of skill between horse and rider the pitching was like that of ships in a great storm now approaching the clouds and now plunging to the nethermost depths. But the riders were veterans of the saddle and equal to the occasion. After this performance, M C Bishop delivered a good practical address on education, an appro-



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Texas.

priate subject at almost any time and place because of its importance. After the sport of the day were over, many repaired to the platform and enjoyed the dance until the wee hours of morning, when fatigue and the shrill crowing of the chanticleer admonished them of the approach of day. Thus ended a pleasant reunion of friends and acquaintances and memory will in the future recur to it as a pleasant and happy occasion.

Abilene, Tex, June 25th 1908.  
Dear sir:

I am a candidate for the democratic nomination for Senator from the 28th Senatorial District. I believe that my experience in the house of Representatives has to a certain extent qualified me to serve acceptably the people in this district in the State Senate, and a close scrutiny of my legislative record is invited. Should I be favored with the nomination and election, I will actively advocate the following principles and politics. I will contend for.

1st. A strict compliance with the platform demands and instructions of the democratic par-

ty and will oppose in the interest of harmony any effort to reopen the Bailey issue.

2nd. I will advocate the enactment of an effective law making it unlawful for the officers of the government to represent public service corporations during their term of office.

3rd. I am opposed to the indiscriminate issuance of free passes or franks by public service corporations and endorse the general principle underlying the present anti-pass law, but I believe that said law should be amended so as to authorize railway companies to contract with newspapers for the exchange of transportation for advertisements; also to authorize railway companies to issue free transportation to those firemen who protect their property when they desire to attend their annual State Conventions; also to authorize railway companies to issue under proper restrictions free transportation to bona fide immigration agents who are entirely engaged in the development of the state:

4th. I am in favor of the establishment of an adjunct to the

penitentiary system for the manufacture of cotton bagging, sacks and binder twine thereby relieving the agricultural interests of the State from the exactions of the bagging and twine trusts, and at the same time equipping the female and other convicts for useful and remunerative work after their discharge.

5th. I will advocate the establishment of at least two experimental stations in the Central West and Western portion of state for the purpose of aiding in the development of scientific farming in these sections. The experimental stations heretofore established at Troupe and Beeville have been of untold benefit to the farmers of those sections and these benefits should be promptly extended to all parts of the State.

6th. I will urge the establishment of a State Normal School at some point in West Texas, the location to be determined by a disinterested board, to the end that our Western girls and boys may enjoy the same advantages accorded to those of other sections of Texas; and I will advocate, as in the past, the enlargement, extension and perfection of the system of industrial education which has been so successfully inaugurated.

7th. I am in favor of the submission of a constitutional amendment, providing for State prohibition.

8th. I will lend my aid to the enactment of a law, or laws, which will provide for a systematic, scientific and permanent

system of public roads in Texas. No question is of greater importance.

The foregoing and all other matters of legislation will receive my careful attention, and I will appreciate your active support.

Respectfully,  
W. J. BRYAN.

Mexican Revolution.

A band of revolutionists attacked the town of Los Vacas and made a desperate assault on the Custom house on the morning of the 26, but were repulsed after a hard battle, losing about 50 men.

Visca June 26—The rattling fire of Mauser guns and other small arms was heard about 3 o'clock this morning (26) at Garza Galan a small town just across the river from Del Rio. From this side of the river several times during day small parties have been seen carrying either dead or wounded men around the town. Northern Mexico is reported to be in a state of ferment. The uprising may be general.—Ex.

The primary, so important to the candidate is drawing near, and some of the county candidates are getting down to their knitting. None are adopting the plan of making appointments and speaking in different neighborhoods, but they are making a round of social visits to the voters, and presenting their claims to each one personally. Judge E. R. Yelott returned last week from a house to house canvass and was out again this week. Rodway Keen and T. P. Blankenship were also out making calls this week. Other candidates have been and will continue to do likewise until the 25th.

## PETTUS MERCANTILE CO.

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# THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE  
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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"No, they won't. You can dodge up the sides when they go by."

This was indeed well possible, so we gripped our clubs and ventured into the darkness.

We advanced four abreast, for the cave was wide enough for that. As we penetrated the bellowing and barking became more deafening. It was impossible to see anything, although we felt an indistinguishable tumbling mass receding before our footsteps. Thrackles swore violently as he stumbled over a laggard. With uncanny abruptness the black wall of darkness in front of us was alive with fiery eyeballs. The seals had reached the end of the cave and had turned toward us. We, too, stopped, a little uncertain as to how to proceed.

The first plan had been to get behind the band and drive it slowly toward the entrance to the cave. This was now seen to be impossible. The cavern was too narrow, its sides at this point too steep and the animals too thickly congested. Our eyes, becoming accustomed to the twilight, now began to make out dimly the individual bodies of the seals and the general configuration of the rocks. One big boulder lay directly in our path, like an island in the shale of the cave's floor. Perdosa stepped to the top of it for a better look. The men attempted to communicate their ideas of what was to be done, but could not make themselves heard above the uproar. I could see their faces contorting with the fury of being baffled. A big bull made a dash to get by. All the herd flipped after him. If he had won past, they would have followed as obstinately as sheep and nothing could have stopped them, but the big bull went down beneath the clubs. Thrackles hit the animal two vindictive blows after it had succumbed.

This settled the rout, and we stood as before. Pulz and Handy Solomon tried to converse by signs, but evidently failed, for their faces showed angry in the twilight. Perdosa, on his rock, rolled and lit a cigarette. Thrackles paced to and fro, and the nigger leaned on his club farther down the cave. They had been left at the entrance, but now in lack of results had joined their companions.

Now Thrackles approached and screamed himself black trying to impart some plan. He failed, but stooped and picked up a stone and threw it into the mass of seals. The others understood. A shower of stones followed. The animals milled like cattle, bellowed the louder, but would not face their tormentors. Finally an old cow flopped by in a panic. I thought they would have let her go, but she died a little beyond the bull. No more followed, although the men threw stones as fast and as hard as they were able. Their faces were livid with anger, like that of an evil tempered man with an obstinate horse.

Suddenly Handy Solomon put his head down and with a roar distinctly audible even above the din that filled the cave charged directly into the herd. I saw the beasts cringe before him. I saw his club rising and falling indiscriminately, and then the whole back of the cave seemed to rise and come at us.

This was no chance of sport now, but a struggle for very life. We realized that once down there would be no hope, for while the seals were more anxious to escape than to fight we

knew that their jaws were powerful. There was no time to pick and choose. We hit out with all the strength and quickness we possessed. It was like a bad dream, like struggling with an elusive hydra headed monster, knee high, invulnerable. We hit, but without apparent effect. New heads rose, the press behind increased. We gave ground. We staggered, struggling desperately to keep our feet.

How long this lasted I cannot tell. It seemed hours. I know my arms became leaden from swinging my club. My eyes were full of sweat. My breath gasped. A sharp pain in my knee nearly doubled me to the ground, and yet I remember clamping to the thought that I must keep my feet. Keep my feet at any cost. Then all at once I recalled the fact that I was armed. I jerked out the short barreled revolver and turned it loose in their faces.

Whether the flash and detonation frightened them, whether Perdosa, still clinging to his rock, managed to turn their attention by his flanking efforts or whether, quite simply, the wall of dead finally turned them back I do not know, but with one accord they gave over the attempt.

I looked at once for Handy Solomon and was surprised to see him still alive, standing upright on a ledge the other side of the herd. His clothing was literally torn to shreds, and he was covered with blood. But in this plight he was not alone, for when I turned toward my companions they, too, were tattered, torn and gory. We were a dreadful crew, standing there in the half light, our chests heaving, our rags dripping red.

For perhaps ten seconds no one moved. Then with a yell of demonic rage my companions clambered over the rampart of dead seals and attacked the herd.

The seals were now cowed and defenseless. It was a slaughter, and the most debauching and brutal I have ever known. I had hit out with the rest when it had been a question of defense, but from this I turned aside in a sick loathing. The men seemed possessed of devils and of their unnatural energy. Perdosa cast aside the club and took to his natural weapon, the knife. I can see him yet rolling over and over and embracing a big cow, his head jammed in an ecstasy of ferocity between the animal's front flippers, his legs clasped to hold her body, only his right hand rising and falling as he plunged his knife again and again. She struggled, turning him over and under, wept great tears and fairly whined with terror and pain. Finally she was still, and Perdosa staggered to his feet, only to stare about him drunkenly for a moment before throwing himself with a screech on another victim.

The nigger alone did not jump into the turmoil. He stood just down the cave, his club ready. Occasionally a disorganized rush to escape would be made. The nigger's lips snarled and with a truly mad enjoyment he beat the poor animals back.

I pressed against the wall horrified, fascinated, unable either to interfere or to leave. After a little a tiny stream, growing each moment, began to flow past my feet. It sought its channel daintly, as streamlets do, feeling among the stones in eddies, quiet pools, miniature falls and rapids. For the moment I did not realize what it could be. Then the light caught it

down where the nigger waited, and I saw it was red.

At first the racket of the seals was overpowering. Now gradually it was losing violence. I began to hear the blasphemies, ferocious cries, screams of anger hurled against the cave walls by the men. The thick, sticky smell grew stronger, the light seemed to grow dimmer, as though it could not burk in that fetid air. A seal came and looked up at me, big tears rolling from her eyes. Then she flipped aimlessly away, out of her poor wits with terror. The sight finished me. I staggered down the length of the black tunnel to the boat.

After a long interval a little three months' pup waddled down to the water's edge, caught sight of me and, with a squeal of fright, dived far. Poor little devil! I would not have hurt him for worlds. As far as I know, this was the only survivor of all that herd.

The men soon appeared, one by one, tired, sleepy eyed, gluttoned, walking in a catlike trance of satiety. They were blood and tatters from head to foot, and from drying red masks peered their bloodshot eyes. Not a word said they, but tumbled into the boat, pushed off, and in a moment we were floating in the full sunshine again.

We rowed home in an abstraction. For the moment Berserker rage had burned itself out. Handy Solomon continually wetted his lips, like an animal licking its chops. Thrackles stared into space through eyes drugged with killing. No one spoke.

We landed in the cove and were surprised to find it in shadow. The afternoon was far advanced. Over the hill we dragged ourselves and down to the spring. There the men threw themselves flat and drank in great gulps until they could drink no more. We built a fire, but the nigger refused to cook.

"Some one else turn," he growled. "I cook aboard ship."

Perdosa, who had hewed the fuel, at once became angry.

"I cut heem de wood," he said. "I do my share. Eef I cut heem de wood you mus' cook heem de grub!"

But the nigger shook his head, and Perdosa went into an ecstasy of rage. He kicked the fire to pieces. He scattered the unburned wood up and down the beach. He even threw some of it into the sea.

"Eef you no cook heem de grub you no hab my wood!" he shrieked, with enough oaths to sink his soul.

Finally Pulz interfered.

"Here, you foreigners," said he, "quit it! Let up, I say! We got to eat. You let that wood alone or you'll pick it up again!"

Perdosa sprang at him with a screech. Pulz was small, but nimble, and understood rough and tumble fighting. He met Perdosa's rush with two swift blows, a short arm jab and an uppercut. Then they clinched and in a moment were rolling over and over just beyond the wash of the surf.

The row waked the nigger from his sullen abstraction. He seemed to come to himself with a start; his eye fell surprisedly on the combatants, then lit up with an unholy joy. He drew his knife and crept down on the fighters. It was too good an opportunity to pay off the Mexican.

But Thrackles interfered sharply.

"Come off!" he commanded. "None o' that!"

"Go to h—!" growled the nigger.

A great rage fell on them all, blind and terrible, like that leading to the slaughter of the seals. They fought indiscriminately, hitting at each other with fists and knives. It was difficult to tell who was against whom. The sound of heavy breathing, dull blows, the tear of cloth and grunts of punishment received; the swirl of the sand, the heave of struggling bodies, all riveted my attention, so that I did not see Captain Ezra Selover until he stood almost at my elbow.

"Stop!" he shrieked in his high, falsetto voice.

And would you believe it, even through the blood haze of their com-

bat the men heard him and needed? They drew reluctantly apart, got to their feet, stood looking at him through reeking brows half submissive and half defiant. The bullheaded Thrackles even took a half step forward, but froze in his tracks when Old Scrubs looked at him.

"I hire you men to fight when I tell you to and only then," said the captain sternly. "What does this mean?"

He menaced them one after another with his eyes, and one after another they quailed. And their plottings, their threats, their dangerousness dissipated like mist before the command of this one resolute man. These pirates who had seemed so dreadful to me now were nothing more than cringing schoolboys before their master.

And then suddenly to my horror I, watching closely, saw the captain's eye turn blank. I am sure the men must have felt the change, though certainly they were too far away to see it, for they shifted by ever so little from their first frozen attitude. The captain's hand sought his pocket, and they froze again, but instead of the expected revolver he produced a half full brandy bottle.

The change in his eyes had crept into his features. They had turned foolishly amiable, vacant, confiding.

"'Llo, boys," said he appealingly. "You good fellows, ain't you? Have a drink. 'S good stuff. Good ol' botti'." He lurched, caught himself and advanced toward them, still with the empty smile.

They stared at him for ten seconds, quite at a loss. Then:

"He's drunk!" Handy Solomon breathed, scarcely louder than a whisper.

There was no other signal given. They sprang as with a single impulse. One instant I saw clear against the waning daylight the bulky, foolish swaying form of Captain Selover, the next it had disappeared, carried down and obliterated by the rush of attacking bodies. Knives gleamed ruddy in the sunset. There was no struggle. I heard a deep groan. Then the murderers rose slowly to their feet.

## CHAPTER XX.

I HAD plenty of time to run away. I do not know why I did not do so, but the fact stands that I remained where I was until they had finished Captain Selover. Then I took to my heels, but was soon cornered. I drew my revolver, remembered that I had emptied it in the seal cave and had time for no more coherent mental processes. A smothering weight flung itself on me, against which I struggled as hard as I could, shrinking in anticipation from the thirsty plunge of the knives. However, though the weight increased until further struggle was impossible, I was not harmed and in a few moments found myself, wrists and ankles tied, beside a roaring fire. While I collected myself I heard the grate of a boat being shoved off from the cove and a few moments later made out lights aboard the Laughing Lass.

The looting party returned very shortly. Their plundering had gone only as far as liquor and arms. Thrackles let down from the cliff top a keg at the end of a line. Perdosa and the nigger each carried an armful of the 30-40 rifles. The keg was rolled to the fire and broached.

The men got drunk, wildly drunk, but not helplessly so. A flame communicated itself to them through the liquor. The ordinary characteristics of their composition sprung into sharper relief. The nigger became more sullen, Perdosa more snakelike, Pulz more viciously evil, Thrackles more brutal, while Handy Solomon, staggering from his seat to the open keg and back again, roaring fragments of a chanty, his red headgear contrasting with his smoky black hair and his swarthy hook nosed countenance—he needed no further touch.

Their evil passions were all awake, and the pain, so long indefinite, devel-



opened like a photographer's plate.

"That's one gone," said Thrackles.

"And now the diamonds," muttered Pulz.

"There's a ship upon the windward, a wreck upon the lee,  
Down on the coast of the high Barbare-e-e."

roared Handy Solomon. "It's the best night's work we ever did. The stuff's ours. Then it's me for a big stone house in Frisco O!"

"Frisco!" sneered Pulz. "That's all you know. You ought to travel. Paris for me and a little girl to learn the language from."

"I get heem a fine caballo an' fine saddle an' fine clo's," breathed Perdosa sentimentally. "I ride and the silver jingle and the senorita look!"

"What you want, doctor?" they demanded of the silent nigger.

But the nigger only rolled his eyes and shook his head. By and by he arose and disappeared in the dusk and was no more seen.

"D— fool!" muttered Handy Solomon. "Well, here's to crime!"

He drank a deep cup of the raw rum and staggered back to his seat on the sands.

"I am not a man-o-war, nor a privateer," said he.

Blow high, blow low; what care we!  
But I am a jolly pirate, and I'm sailing for my fee.

Down on the coast of the high Barbare-e-e."

he sang. "We'll land in Valparaiso and we'll go every man his way, and we'll sink the old Laughing Lass so deep the mermaids can't find her."

Thrackles piled on more wood, and the fire leaped high.

"Let's get after 'em," said he.

"Tomorrow's jest's good," muttered Pulz. "Les' hav' nother drink."

"We'll stay here 'n see if our ol' friend Percy don' show up," said Handy Solomon. He threw back his head and roared forth a volume of sound toward the dim stars.

"Broadside to broadside the gallant ships did lay.

Blow high, blow low; what care we!  
Till the jolly man-o-war shot the pirate's mast away.

Down on the coast of the high Barbare-e-e."

I saw near me a live coal dislodged from the fire when Thrackles had



At the edge of the wash I could make out something prone, dim, limp.

thrown on the armful of wood. An idea came to me. I hitched myself to the spark and laid across it the rope with which my wrists were tied. This, behind my back, was not easy to accomplish, and twice I burned my wrists before I succeeded. Fortunately I was at the edge of the illumination and behind the group. I turned over on my side so that my back was toward the fire. Then rapidly I cast

loose my ankle lashings. Thus I was free, and selecting a moment when universal attention was turned toward the rum barrel I rolled over a sand dune, got to my hands and knees and crept away.

Through the coarse grass I crept thus to the very entrance of the arroyo, then rose to my feet. In the middle distance the fire leaped red. Its glow fell intermittently on the surges rolling in. The men staggered or lay prone, either as gigantic silhouettes or as tattered mailings painted

by the light. The keg stood solid and substantial, the hub about which reeled the orgy. At the edge of the wash I could make out something prone, dim, limp, thrown constantly in new positions of weariness as the water ebbed and flowed beneath it, now an arm thrown out, now cast back, as though Old Scrubs slept feverishly. The drunkards were getting noisy. Handy Solomon still reeled off the verses of his song. The others joined in, frightfully off the key or punctuated the performance by wild staccato yells.

"Their coffin was their ship, and their grave it was the sea,  
Blow high, blow low; what care we!  
And the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea,  
Down on the coast of the high Barbare-e-e."

bellowed Handy Solomon.

I turned and plunged into the cool darkness of the canyon.

To be continued.

## IGNORE LOCAL OPTION

Advise Prohibitionists to Vote for Submission of Amendment and Ignore Local option Clause.

Local option is to be ignored by the democratic prohibitionists in the campaign for the submission to popular vote of the proposed constitutional amendment establishing state-wide prohibition. At a meeting of the democratic submission committee the following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas, local option is already imbedded in the constitution of the state of Texas, and it is incumbent upon the legislature to perfect our laws so as to make our constitution effective, therefore,

"We advise our people who are opposed to the saloon to vote for the submission of a constitutional amendment providing for state-wide prohibition without reference to the local option question."

It was declared to be the view of the committee that the local option question in Texas is settled. The following statement defining the attitude of the state-wide prohibitionists was made:

"The system of local option is thoroughly established in our state. The legislature is by the very nature of things, bound to make the law as effective as possible and every man who opposes

the liquor traffic is committed to this principle. The men who stand for the submission of state-wide prohibition are the men who have fought for and defended our local option system at all times and under every circumstance.

If the system were called in question or in any way endangered, except of being supplanted by a system that we believe to be broader and better, they would be the first men to rally to its support and defense.

"The local option system is not in any way an issue before the people of Texas. The system is not called in question. The proposition put on the ticket suggests no specific legislation for the strengthening of the law. It is simply a subterfuge for the purpose of confusing the minds of voters and of dividing, if possible, the prohibition vote. The legislature is under obligation to do all the alleged local optionists ask for, without any instruction, and the friends of state-wide prohibition will be there to help.

"If our enemies, who call themselves local optionists, but who are really opposed to prohibition in any kind of form, had put on the ticket a demand for some specific legislation for the strengthening of local option, such as making the violation of the local law a felony and making it a felony to rent property for that purpose, they would find our committee helping them in every possible way and voting for it to a man.

"But as their proposition calls for nothing that we have not as a constitutional right, and binds nothing on the legislature that is not already bound on that body, and is nothing but an effort to confuse the voters of Texas, we pass it by and take our stand for state-wide prohibition.

"In this we are only asking that the people of Texas be permitted to pass on the question of a constitutional amendment and settle it for themselves, without in any way committing the democratic party on the question of prohibition."

The session of the executive committee was continued through the morning and afternoon. Individual members of the executive committee had expressed themselves as believing it best to support both prohibition and local option, but this opinion was readily changed when it was argued that any expression on the local option question would be unwise in the present campaign. Were the prohibitionists to vote for local option as well as prohibition, it was contended, that, with the anti-prohibitionists also voting for local option, the ma-

jority for local option would be such that the democratic state convention would see in the result only a demand for better local option laws, without a demand for state-wide prohibition.

Those present yesterday were: S. I. Robinson, Texarkana; by proxy; F. E. Wilcox, McKinney; Eppes G. Knight, Dallas; H. C. Geddy, Mineola, by proxy; R. B. Brown, Longview, by proxy; O. T. Plummer, Cleburne; S. L. Benham, Waco; W. B. Stephens, San Antonio; Jesse P. Sewell, San Angelo; A. M. Kirby, Abilene; H. H. Halsell, Decatur, by proxy; S. V. Dealy, of Houston, represented by Rev. John W. Moore; E. H. Powell, Huntsville, by proxy; O. Lattimore, Fort Worth, by proxy.

The following were present in an advisory capacity: Judge Eugene Williams, of Waco, Rev. Arthur W. Jones, George W. Owens and George C. Rankin, of Dallas and J. D. Odom, of Grandview.

Rev. John W. Moore of Houston, president of the anti-saloon league of Texas, and pastor of the Shearn Methodist church, made the important announcement yesterday that the state superintendent, Dr. B. F. Riley, and other workers in the league, would offer their services to the submission committee.

## Thurmans Vaccum Cotton Picker

John S. Thurman claims to have invented and ready to place on the market a cotton picking machine, which by means of compressed air, will pick cleaner and better than it is possible to do by human hands, and thus effect a saving to the cotton growers of the World Millions of dollars. The machines are made in 4 sizes, two, four, six and eight operator capacity. He claims that with this machine each operator can do the work of 7 men by hand. At each stand the cotton in a radius of 100 feet in each direction from the machine is picked by the operator. The operator holds in his hand a specially designed tool to one end of which is attached a rubber hose leading to the cotton collecting receptacle on the machine.

If it will do all that it claims like Whitfield's invention the gin, it will work a revolution in cotton planting, by lessening the labor of picking, now the most difficult work incident to cotton planting.

It will also enable the planter to increase the area of his crop.



**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  
 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—  
**Farmers and Merchants Gin Company**  
 —Also—  
**The Snyder Gin Company**  
 Snyder, Texas.

Fine Watch repairing Engraving

**J. P. INMAN**  
**Jeweler and Optician**  
 BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS  
 At Arnold Tankersley Drug Store  
 Goldsmithing Glasses Fitted Right

grasses being the needle and mes-  
 quite.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Letter to T. W. Hale.**  
 Gail, Texas.

Dear Sir: We shall feel obliged  
 if you write us how you came out  
 on your first few jobs Devoe as to  
 gallons expected and used.  
 Take Job A. You expected to  
 use 25 gallons Devoe, and used 15.  
 Job B. You expected to use 15  
 and used 10. And tell us what  
 paint you had used before. Of  
 course, you judge Devoe by what  
 you have used before.

**Here's how a few came-out.**

M. A. Thomas, painter, Lynch-  
 burg, Va, writes: My first job  
 with Devoe, I estimated 37 gal-  
 lons; it took 25. Since then I  
 have used nothing else

Mayor W. W. Carroll, Montic-  
 ello, Florida, writes: Painter  
 estimated 35 gallons for my house;  
 took 20 gallons Devoe.

Gilmore & Davis Co, contrac-  
 tors and painters, Tallahassee,  
 Florida, say 2 gallons Devoe  
 spreads as far as 3 of any other  
 paint they know, and covers bet-  
 ter.

S. A. Bullard, painter, Sanford,  
 Florida, estimated 50 gallons for  
 Odd Fellows and Masonic Halls;  
 they took 29 Devoe.

Jones and Rodgers, Merkel,  
 Texas, estimated 10 gallons Devoe  
 for Mr. Pratt's house and bought  
 5 gallons for first coat; it painted  
 two coats.

Tom Masey's painter, Walnut  
 Springs, Texas, estimated for his  
 house 10 gallons Devoe; he had 4  
 left.

You see how it goes. Even the  
 best painters can't guess little  
 enough at first.

Yours truly  
**F. W. DEVOE & CO.**

New York  
**P. S. D. Dorward & Co. sell our  
 paint.**



**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 months ..... .50

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Display adds, one inch per double column, \$1.00. per month.  
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.

Gail, Texas, July, 2 1908.

San Antonio has been selected as the place and Aug. 11th as the date for the State Democratic Convention, to nominate a candidate for governor and other state officers, and a new Democratic Executive Committee, to serve for the next two years.

When Thomas B. Reed was in his glory in Washington he had a habit of asking embarrassing questions of young members to get a laugh on them. One day Reed was holding court in the lobby and Robert G. Cousins of Iowa, then a new member, came in. Cousins was big and awkward, and had a nervous habit of rubbing the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right. Reed saw him. "Young man" he said, "did you ever have the itch?" Everybody laughed. Cousins was flustered, but he stiffened up in a moment and replied: "I never had the presidential itch," and that quieted Mr. Reed for the remainder of the afternoon.—The Corning Observer.

**Job Work.**

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

Platform of Hon. R. C. Crane  
For State Senator.

- 1 I am for fewer laws and better laws.
- 2 I am for equal rights to all and special privileges to none.
- 3 I am for the development and upbuilding of Texas generally and Central West Texas in particular.
- 4 I am for the anti free pass law as applied to all public offi-

cers but favor amendment of the law in some of its features, notably so as to leave newspapers free to contract with railroads to exchange advertising for transportation, and to permit the issuance of passes to immigration agents (not public officers) to work in the interest of the development of Texas. That law should be made more liberal with reference to sheriffs.

5 Our agricultural interests are not looked after and fostered as they should be. I shall favor the location of an experiment station in this District for the benefit of agricultural interests. Our soils vary in different localities and they should be tested so as to demonstrate what they are capable of producing. So far that has been left to individual effort unaided by the state while other sections of Texas and other states have reaped great benefit from these stations.

6 Our live stock interests are not adequately looked after. Ample funds should be provided to fight infectious and contagious diseases among live stock, when ever in the state such diseases may appear.

7 I am in favor of the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment for State Wide Prohibition, and will vote for it when submitted.

8 I am in favor of a modification of our tax laws so that farm and ranch lands shall pay only their just share of taxes and so that all other classes of property shall pay their just proportion of taxes.

The so called Bailey question is not an issue in this campaign. The Legislature and the people at the polls have settled the fact that Mr. Bailey is our Senator and our delegate at-large to the National Democratic Convention and I think any personal fight or him should now cease. The Legislature will not elect his success or during the term for which I am a candidate.

**OUR BARGAIN LIST.**

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

**For \$1.00**

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

**For \$1.75**

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

**NOTICE.**

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

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

**FORTUNES UNDER YOUR FEET!**

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

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

**Come and get our Cash Prices**

**The Hinds Lumber Company,**

**Big Springs, Texas.**

**\$3.25 GIVEN AWAY**

**To Those Who Love Good Literature**

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

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

**TOTAL \$6.25**

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

**All 5 for \$3.00**

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





## Local and Personal

Mr. J. F. Maxey of the plains was here on Monday. He informed us that his neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Perry Crowley, on June 23 had born to them a twin boy and girl, weighing nine pounds each. Fortunately Perry is strong enough to carry one on each arm, and he can walk the floor with one whilst the other is asleep.

J. R. Jenkins who was in Gail Monday informed the Citizen that corn in his neighborhood was suffering very much from lack of rain, but cotton on the other hand was doing well.

Rev. J. W. Childers who had been absent a week attending the Methodist District Conference at Big Springs returned Monday evening, on the Mail hack. He reported a good Conference and a big attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston Benton have been spending several days in Gail with relatives, at the home of Mr. J. H. Berry.

The Misses McClintons of Snyder who have been visiting their sister Mrs. Hannabass, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Katie Willis attended services in Gail Sunday.

Mrs. Creighton from the plains was shopping in Gail Saturday.

Mr. Bills of Cisco is visiting the family of our townsman W. A. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor who have been visiting their daughter Mrs. G. A. Cathey of Texico returned home Friday. Mrs. Cathey was convalescent when they left and doing well.

Bob Colwell and wife have been visiting friends in Gail but have now returned to their home near Big Springs.

Miss Simpson of Morris is the guest of Miss Pearl Johnson this week.

Mrs. Tom Hudson who has been spending several weeks in Gail returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Lump Woods of Big Springs has been spending several days with her father and mother Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Berry.

Mrs. O. Johnson and Mrs. Minta Yarbrough of Snyder were among those who attended the barbecue here Thursday last.

The Misses Yorks were at the Woodman barbecue on Thursday. Messrs. Williams, Weathers and Coughran of Tahoka were with friends here at the barbecue Thursday and Friday.

Misses Carys have been the guests of Mrs. Henry Holler.

J. F. Maxey reports the crops growing off nicely in his neighborhood, tho the pasture is failing on account of dry weather.

Mr. Gober is off this week hauling lumber to Post City.

Rev. M. C. Bishop preached here Sunday morning taking his text from the 18th chapter of John "I am the vine, ye are the branches." He pointed out the necessity of fruit bearing and the proneness of christians after conversion to fail in that particular. He called in his night service here to marry a couple at Tahoka.

Mr. Tom Edwards is visiting his brother Thad Durst who is our telephone operator.

Mr. J. G. Pou and wife returned home Sunday accompanied by his sister Miss Mollye Hopkins.

Mr. Debenport was shaking hands with friends in Gail last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison from the plains are spending several days with relatives.

Jesse Walker who has been here for several weeks returned to Loving county Monday.

Little Chandler Dodson is suffering from being severely cut by glass.

Mr. Ross the Blacksmith is unwell this week.

Mr. Ervins from Dallas has been here visiting his relatives, the Dorwards and Dodsons.

Misses Myrtle and Ora Snoot were shopping in town Tuesday afternoon.

A. S. Tuney who has been stopping in the Tredway neighborhood for the past six months, left here Wednesday to return to his home near Austin Texas. Mr. Tuney has been in constant employment since his stay here, as mail carrier for several months, to Tredway, and we are loth to part with him.

Uncle Jim Kincaid went to Snyder on a business trip Monday.

Mrs. Coffey daughter of Mr. H. H. Hollar is making a short visit in the city.

Fred Petzel who was here Saturday reported crops in his vicinity suffering for rain, the corn particularly as it is well advanced and tasseling out.

Saturday seemed an unusually quiet day with the merchants; only a few persons came in on account, we suppose, of having attended the barbecue on Thursday and Friday and having no business not already attended to.

Mr. Kelsey of the McCord Collins Co. of Colorado was taking orders here on Friday.

### Plainview Community,

Wind has been blowing pretty hard for the last few days.

We had a storm Friday night doing considerable damage, tearing up several barns and wind mills and moving several houses off their blocks.

Singing school is in progress at Six Mile. The instructor being Prof. W. M. Smith.

Mrs. Elmer Russell is on the sick list today.

Mr. and Mrs. Beach made a flying trip to Tahoka last Saturday.

Ball game at Tredway last Saturday, the score was 8 to 9 in favor of Six Mile.

Mr. George King happened to a very painful accident last Tuesday, a horse fell with him breaking his collar bone, shoulder and arm in two places.

The families of W. M. Davis, R. I. Rains and John Berry spent last Saturday with Mrs. Beach.

Nearly all are up with farm work until it rains.

Mrs. Lillie Davidson of Post City are visiting relatives near Tredway.

Messrs Moyers and Gleastine made a visit to Tahoka on business on Saturday.

Mr. Tom Farris is sick this week.  
U. No. Me.

Mr. W. A. Clark and Mr. Bills made a pleasant trip down about the river Sunday, returning Monday.

### NOTICE.

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

SAM SANFORD, Mgr.

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

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

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

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

R. F. POWELL, Mgr.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

For District Judge  
JUDGE JAS. L. SHEPHERD

For District Attorney.  
J. S. CRUMPTON

For Conty Judge  
T. P. BLANKENSHIP  
E. R. YELLOTT

for County and District clerk.  
T. R. MAULDIN  
RODWAY KEEN  
J. S. WEATHERFORD

For County Attorney.  
For county Treasurer.

D. DORWARD.  
M. H. LEAKE

For Sheriff and Tax collector.  
W. A. CLARK.

J. R. WILLIAMS  
J. C. OLIVE

For Tax Assessor.  
W. A. BEDELL

S. L. JONES

For Justice of Peace prect. 1.  
T. M. JONES.

For Commissioner Prect. 1  
F. M. CHRISTOPHER.

for Commissioner Prect. 2

For commissioner Prect. 3  
WALTER BISHOP

For commissioner Prect. 4

Watch inspectors  
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**



# WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Horse Shoeing  
a specialty

For Cash only  
Work Guaranteed

**Smith & Ross Pro's.**

East of Public Square

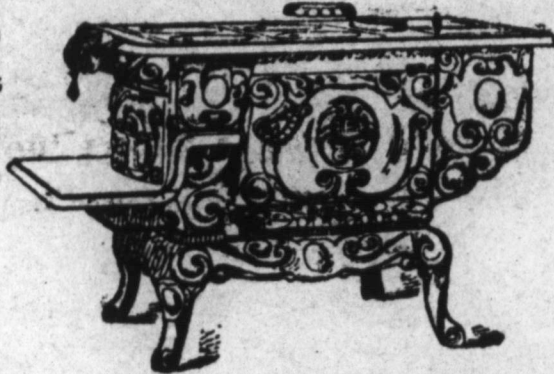
Gail, Texas.

## H. L. RIX & Co.

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

Undertakers goods

Big Springs, Texas



Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

**Higginbotham, Harris & Company**

Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas

# LUMBER

Building Material of All Kinds

Heath & Milligan Paints.

## THOMPSON HOTEL.

Excellent Fare  
Good service  
Comfortable beds

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

Sample Rooms

MRS. W A WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder.

Texas

### The Pomeroy Peach

Is a seedling from Van Buren's Golden Dwarf It partakes of the flavor and color of its parent, but is much larger and the tree is a vigorous and upright grower and does not take on any of the dwarfish nature of the parent tree.

It originated on the farm of Mr. Pomeroy Page about eight miles north of Mt. Pleasant, Texas. The peach is very large of firm flesh, excellent flavor, and one of the most attractive yellow peaches ever seen; ripens three or four weeks later than the Elberta. All who have it bearing, pronounce it the best. It is a regular and abundant bearer. In the orchard of the introducer of this wonderful peach, there were twenty trees from which the fruit was sold for \$3.45 per bushel. No family orchard is complete without it, and no better peach for commercial purposes can be found. For sale ONLY by the Vine Hill Nurseries,

Mt. Pleasant, Texas. T. M. Jones, agent.

Prices for first class trees: 4 to 6 feet, 50c, \$5 per dozen; 3 to 4 feet, 40c, \$4 per dozen; 2 to 3 feet, 25c, \$2.50 per dozen.

Below are appended only a few of the testimonials on file in the office of Vine Hill Nurseries.

Mr. W. B. Roundtree, Mt. Vernon, Texas, writes.

"The Peach you pronounce the Pomeroy is one of the finest peaches I have ever seen, and a valuable peach, as it comes when there are no other peaches. It has excellent flavor and the qualities of a good shipper."

Mr. M. G. Black,  
Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

Dear Sir and Friend;—I have been selling the Pomeroy peach for the past three years, and find them to be an excellent shipper—really better than the Elberta, and brings the highest prices. It is a large yellow peach, ripens about a week after the Elberta.

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.

I consider it one of the best for shipping or canning, and believe it is the coming peach.

Respectfully,

W. T. LaPrade.

[Mr. LaPrade is one of the largest fruit growers in Titus county.]

### CAN WE WIN?

If we give the antis all the votes in the wet counties 60 per cent of the mixed counties they have a total vote of 170,588. Give the pros all the votes in the dry counties and 40 per cent of the vote in the mixed counties and they have a total of 316,476, indicating a prohibition majority of 145,888. This would seem a fair way of estimating the matter but let us go into detail and analyze each group.

Give the antis 66 2-3 per cent of the vote in the wet counties, and 55 per cent of the vote in the mixed counties, and 33 1-3 per cent of the vote in the dry counties, and they have a total of 222,355. Give the pros 66 2-3 per cent of the dry counties, 45 per cent in the mixed counties, and 33 1-3 per cent in the wet counties, and this would give them a total of 264,687 By this estimate, which claims little enough indeed, the pros would have a majority of 42,332

These are the figures for the direct vote on the prohibition issue which will come next year. For the Democratic submission campaign we have a chance for even a better showing, as only democrats will participate, and nearly all of the negro antis would be shut out, and also the anti vote among the Germans of southwest Texas would be largely reduced,

as many of them do not vote the democratic ticket.

There are thousands of business men in the cities and towns of Texas who have always voted against prohibition because of a mistaken idea that it would hurt business. As all the state would be put on the same basis with prohibition in our Constitution, and all possibility of discrimination be eliminated, they can readily now yield to the natural moral impulse that says "Kill the vile liquor business" and vote with us. Yes, we will win in the primaries, and then we are bound to win in a democratic legislature, and when the question is once up to the people we will follow the lead of Oklahoma, Georgia Alabama and Mississippi, and sweep the hellish traffic into the Gulf of Oblivion, and TEXAS SHALL BE FREE.

ARTHUR W. JONES,  
Chairman Texas Prohibition Federation.

There are 111 suits involving trusts and violations of the anti-trust and other laws pending in the courts, all the way from Austin to the supreme court of the United States, with fines and penalties aggregating \$2,000,000. Democrats of Texas should keep their eyes open and retain in office the man who brought the suits, the man who has fought them almost to a finish and the man who can not be controlled by party bosses or captians of industry. His name is Robert Vance Davidson, who has been marked for defeat by Standard Oil interests in and out of Texas. —Times Herald.