

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 9.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1909.

NO. 6.

Mc Cullough Hardware Co.

Standard and Canton Implements

Success Sulkey Plows

Daisy Wind Mills, Bowsher Feed Mills &c.

SNYDER,

TEXAS



nello There!

It's a regular thing. The telephone keeps ring ing us up all day long. We're glad of it, as it makes business for us and keeps our customers happy and in good hu- mor.

—IN BUYING—

Cement and Lime

It's like everything else, people generally know where to go. We have a large and growing trade and it's be cause our patrons believe in us. Fair treatment and low prices is how we win our trade.

CONNELL LUMBER COMPANY

Big Springs, Texas

SEE

Davis Brother's.

FOR BARGINS IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries

EAST SIDE SQUARE!

SNYDER, TEXAS

FARMER

If you want to make 1909 a good year, you must plow with good tools. The Oliver or the Standard.

Write for prices and terms.

J. & W. FISHER

The Store that Sells Everything

Established 1882.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

Every member of a communi ty and especially every parent should take a deep interest in the public school. It is not enough to pay your school tax without complaining, or to know that the teachers are qualified, nor is it even enough to keep your children in school regularly. If you are really interested in the subject as you should be, you should visit the school regularly and persistently. Few people have any idea what an incentive it is to both teacher and scholar to know that par ents and outsiders are taking a lively interest in their work. We believe the "little folks" at school appreciate such interest more perhaps than the larger ones. Still the effect is not lost on any of them, and we hope every parent will take a hint from this and place the public

school on their visiting list — The Star.

Criticism is a medicine that sometimes kills, but often cures. It cured Lord Byron of some of his early foibles and lordly conceit, and it is said to have killed John Keats, an oversensitive young poet. But taken as a whole, criticism is a good thing if wisely directed and properly administered. It corrects errors, cultivates tastes, and con ducts the world in the right paths to the attainment of the most substantial good to the greatest number.

Miss Katie Turner returned Sunday from a trip to Snyder.

H. C. Dillahunty and J. C. Howe are building an addition to Mr. Oats house this week.

Rich Miller was here yester- day afternoon.

O. L. Wilkirson lumber co

LUMBER, DOORS SASH AND SHINGLES

LIME, BRICK AND CEMENT ETC.

And all kinds of Building Material

Lincoln Paints and Berry Brother's Varnish

G. B. CLARK, Manager.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

In Business for your Health

Everything in Jewelry, China ware

Cut Glass and Silver Novelties

Best Selected line of dolls in city.

Inspect our line before you buy.

Arnold..McCamant Drug Co

BIG SPRINGS, - TEXAS.

Who is on Top.

The landowner, the farmer, the man who is in position to exert an influence in production may be said to hold the key to the situation. There has been a great deal said in sympathy of the poor farmer, who is robbed on every hand; the railroads, the trusts and the monopolies of all sorts have been credited up with robbing the poor farmer. The farmer, however, has been content with the sympathy thus extended him and has kept steadily at work, not sawing wood, but ploughing corn, cultivating and raising crops, while the general prosperity of the country has been creating a demand for his land and its products.

It is true that the farmer and his business has not escaped the eye of the monopolistic avarice of humanity. His products are needed in trade; in fact, they are demanded and are a necessity and must be had. This demand has never been greater than in recent years and this has influenced in turning the attention of the whole world to the producer, the soil from which these products of necessity in man's existence are derived.

The poor western farmer is not the same object of pity today that he was in days of hard times, in the days of drouth and cheap lands. The farmer of today is the man of money, the man of means, in a great measure he has become banker, speculator, dealer, capitalist. He has emerged from that great army of land owners who patiently toiled away while an allwise Providence sent sunshine and showers on the fields and the crops grew and the harvests yielded abundantly and they became rich from their toil.

There is no class or occupation

or profession, so fully represented among the retired citizenship of our towns and cities as that of the farmer. It would be safe to say they exceed in numbers and wealth all others combined — Twentieth Century Farmer.

A DOLLAR IN WISE ADVERTISING IS AS GOOD AS A DOLLAR IN BONDS

Dollar for Dollar, the Intelligent Advertisement Pays Better Than any Office Building, Bank, Factory or Stocks.

(From the Chicago American)

Some young men engaged in the advertising business have asked advice as to the best KIND of work in the advertising line for a young man to take up. The best kind of work in any line is the most HONEST, the kind that gives the best results to those that patronize it. If you go into business, go into a good, HONEST business. If you undertake to advertise something, undertake something of which you can be PROUD, something that you would sell to your own brother as well as to strangers.

If you are proprietor as well as advertiser of the article, make sure that you are not throwing away your time and your money in advertising what is not good. A man who puts money into advertising ought to feel that his money is as permanently and safely INVESTED as though he had put it into brick, mortar or building material of any kind. Every dollar in advertising should be a brick in a structure that will permanently pay on the investment.

Many men have built up an advertising reputation, an advertising structure of words, facts and publicity, worth more per dollar than any investment in

railroads or hotels or business blocks.

The advertisement that lasts and continues must be the advertisement of something worthy, otherwise every dollar of advertising means a dollar spent in enlightening the people concerning a fraud, and it means the end of the enterprise just so much sooner.

The man who advertises in the right direction prides himself on having the confidence of the people and earning it. He looks upon advertising simply as a SHORT ROAD to public confidence. And this is the day of short roads.

The young advertiser should connect himself with a concern that gives the people value. In working for such a concern he can talk SINCERELY, and only the man who can talk sincerely can work sincerely can grow in his line of work. Get the right thing, advertise it, and yourself, and prosper.

The Future Farmer

The future farmer will subirrigate his land, defy drouth as well as floods. He will become a scientific forester, and every farm will produce wood and lumber as well as wheat and apples. A single acre will produce what ten acres yield now. Women will work outdoors as heartily as men; in fact, they will be the horticulturist and the truck gardeners. There will be closer relation between the producer and the consumer, ignoring a horde of middlemen who frequently waste more than is destroyed by ignorant help and insects foes combined. Under the alliance with the school the farm will be valued not only for its gross weight of products, but for its poems and its education. As our schools become places for applying, as well as

acquiring knowledge, our farm houses will become integral parts of the garden school and the school farm. The alliance between the home and the school will become very close. A valley full of farms is already the nearest to paradise that we have but the future will tenfold its wealth and hundredfold its delights.—Rural World.

"Facts Not Rumors"

Mr. Pulitzer, having received the terms of endearment offered by Mr. Roosevelt, seems to be preparing to return them in kind, only more so. He and his party are proceeding by yacht to Panama, and if there are any loose ends connected with the miraculous recognition of a government some hours before the government existed, as was the case when Panama became a republic, they are likely to be gathered in.

This is excellent. As Mr. Pulitzer is determined to fight, and having been branded as a liar, doubtless has the right to do so. He does well to dig for facts. Facts are wholesome. Truth is good even when it hurts, but rumor, which is the cause of most of the mud which is slung, is abominable. It too often hurts the innocent, which is sad, or it becomes a boomerang and returning besmirches the thrower, which makes men glad.

What Mr. Pulitzer may find at Panama is at this writing a matter of no little interest. A multitude of "official assurances" that all is well with the dam proposition is making the judicious fear that something is wrong.

A plague on "official assurances" and "official denials." Government officials should tell the truth and shame the devil. The newspapers(?)

The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

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

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"As the man I think him, he has reasons for avoiding me which I can very well understand. Let us go back, not to the hotel—I must see this adventure through tonight—but far enough for him to think we have given up all idea of routing him out tonight. Perhaps that is all he is waiting for. You can steal back!"

"Excuse me," said Sweetwater, "but I know a better dodge than that. We'll circumvent him. We passed a boat-house on our way down here. I'll just



He could see into every corner.

drive you up, procure a boat and bring you back here by water. I don't believe that he will expect that, and if he is in the house we shall see him or his light."

"Meanwhile he can escape by the road."

"Escape? Do you think he is planning to escape?"

The detective spoke with becoming surprise, and Mr. Grey answered without apparent suspicion.

"It is possible, if he suspects my presence in the neighborhood."

"Do you want to stop him?"

"I want to see him."

"Oh, I remember. Well, sir, we will drive on—that is, after a moment."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, nothing. You said you wanted to see the man before he escaped."

"Yes, but"—

"And that he might escape by the road."

"Yes"—

"Well, I was just making that a little bit impracticable. A small pebble in the keyhole and—why, see now, his horse is walking off! Gee! I must have fastened him badly. I shouldn't wonder if he trotted all the way to town. But it can't be helped. I cannot be supposed to race after him. Are you ready now, sir? I'll give another shout, then I'll get in." And once more the lonely region about echoed with the cry: "Wellgood! I say, Wellgood!"

There was no answer, and the young detective, mashing for the nonce as Mr. Grey's confidential servant, jumped into the buggy and turned the horse's head toward C—.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE moon was well up when the small boat in which our young detective was seated with Mr. Grey appeared in the bay au-

proaching the so called manufactory of Wellgood. The looked for light on the waterside was not there. All was dark except where the windows reflected the light of the moon.

This was a decided disappointment to Sweetwater, if not to Mr. Grey. He had expected to detect signs of life in this quarter, and this additional proof of Wellgood's absence from home made it look as if they had come out on a fool's errand and might much better have stuck to the road.

"No promise there," came in a mutter from his lips. "Shall I row in, sir, and try to make a landing?"

"You may row nearer. I should like a closer view. I don't think we shall attract any attention. There are more boats than ours on the water."

Sweetwater was startled. Looking round, he saw a launch, or some such small steamer, riding at anchor not far from the mouth of the bay. But that was not all. Between it and them was a rowboat like their own, resting quietly in the wake of the moon.

"I don't like so much company," he muttered. "Something's brewing; something in which we may not want to take part."

"Very likely," answered Mr. Grey grimly. "But we must not be deterred—not till I have seen"—the rest Sweetwater did not hear. Mr. Grey seemed to remember himself. "Row nearer," he now bade. "Get under the shadow of the rocks if you can. If the boat is for him, he will show himself. Yet I hardly see how he can board from that bank."

It did not look feasible. Nevertheless, they waited and watched with much patience for several long minutes. The boat behind them did not advance, nor was any movement discernible in the direction of the manufactory. Another short period, then suddenly a light flashed from a window high up in the central gable, sparkled for an instant and was gone. Sweetwater took it for a signal and, with a slight motion of the wrist, began to work his way in toward shore till they lay almost at the edge of the piles.

"Hark!"

It was Sweetwater who spoke.

Both listened, Mr. Grey with his head turned toward the launch and Sweetwater with his eye on the cavernous space, sharply outlined by the piles, which the falling tide now disclosed under each contiguous building. Goods had been directly shipped from these stores in the old days. This he had learned in the village. How shipped he had not been able to understand from his previous survey of the building. But he thought he could see now. At low tide, or better, at half tide, access could be got to the floor of the extension and, if this floor held a trap, the mystery would be explainable. So would be the hovering boat—the signal light and—yes! this sound overhead of steps on a rattling planking.

"I hear nothing," whispered Mr. Grey from the other end. "The boat is still there, but not a man has dipped an oar."

"They will soon," returned Sweetwater as a smothered sound of clanking iron reached his ears from the hollow spaces before him. "Duck your head, sir; I'm going to row in under this portion of the house."

Mr. Grey would have protested, and with very good reason. There was scarcely a space of three feet between them and the board's overhead. But

Sweetwater had so immediately suited action to word that he had no choice.

They were now in utter darkness, and Mr. Grey's thoughts must have been peculiar as he crouched over the stern, hardly knowing what to expect or whether this sudden launch into darkness was for the purpose of flight or pursuit. But enlightenment came soon. The sound of a man's tread in the building above was every moment becoming more perceptible, and while wondering possibly at his position Mr. Grey naturally turned his head as nearly as he could in the direction of these sounds and was staring with blank eyes into the darkness when Sweetwater, leaning toward him, whispered:

"Look up! There's a trap. In a minute he'll open it. Mark him, but don't breathe a word, and I'll get you out of this all right."

Mr. Grey attempted some answer, but it was lost in the prolonged creak of slowly moving hinges somewhere over their heads. Spaces which had looked dark suddenly looked darker; hearing was satisfied, but not the eye. A man's breath panting with exertion testified to a nearby presence, but that man was working without a light in a room with shuttered windows, and Mr. Grey probably felt that he knew very little more than before, when suddenly, most unexpectedly, to him at least, a face started out of that overhead darkness, a face so white, with every feature made so startlingly distinct by the strong light Sweetwater had thrown upon it, that it seemed the only thing in the world to the two men beneath. In another moment it had vanished, or, rather, the light which had revealed it.

"What's that? Are you there?" came down from above in hoarse and none too encouraging tones.

There was none to answer. Sweetwater, with a quick pull on the oars, had already shot the boat out of its dangerous harbor.

CHAPTER XX.

"ARE you satisfied? Have you got what you wanted?" asked Sweetwater when they were well away from the shore and the voice they had heard calling at intervals from the chasm they had left.

"Yes. You're a good fellow. It could not have been better managed." Then, after a pause too prolonged and thoughtful to please Sweetwater, who was burning with curiosity if not with some deeper feeling, "What was that light you burned—a match?"

Sweetwater did not answer. He dared not. How speak of the electric torch he as a detective carried in his pocket? That would be to give himself away. He therefore let this question slip by and put in one of his own.

"Are you ready to go back now, sir? Are we all done here?" This with his ear turned and his eye bent forward, for the adventure they had interrupted was not at an end, whether their part in it was or not.

Mr. Grey hesitated, his glances following those of Sweetwater.

"Let us wait," said he in a tone which surprised Sweetwater. "If he is meditating an escape, I must speak to him before he reaches the launch. At all hazards," he added after another moment's thought.

"All right, sir. How do you propose?"

His words were interrupted by a shrill whistle from the direction of the bank. Promptly and as if awaiting this signal the two men in the rowboat before them dipped their oars and pulled for the shore, taking the direction of the manufactory.

Sweetwater said nothing, but held himself in readiness.

Mr. Grey was equally silent, but the lines of his face seemed to deepen in the moonlight as the boat, gliding rapidly through the water, passed them within a dozen boat lengths and slipped into the opening under the manufactory building.

"Now row!" he cried. "Make for

the launch. We'll intercept them on their return."

Sweetwater, glowing with anticipation, bent to his work. The boat beneath them gave a bound, and in a few minutes they were far out on the waters of the bay.

"They're coming!" he whispered eagerly as he saw Mr. Grey looking anxiously back. "How much farther shall I go?"

"Just within hailing distance of the launch," was Mr. Grey's reply.

Sweetwater, gauging the distance with a glance, stopped at the proper point and rested on his oars. But his thoughts did not rest. He realized that he was about to witness an interview whose importance he easily recognized. How much of it would he hear? What would be the upshot and what was his full duty in the case? He knew that this man Wellgood was wanted by the New York police, but he was possessed with no authority to arrest him even if he had the power.

"Something more than I bargained for," he inwardly commented. "But I wanted excitement, and now I have got it. If only I can keep my head level, I may get something out of this, if not all I could wish."

Meantime the second boat was very nearly on them. He could mark the three figures and pick out Wellgood's head from among the rest. It had a resolute air. The face, on which, to his evident discomfort, the moon shone, wore a look which convinced the detective that this was no patent medicine manufacturer, nor even a caterer's assistant, but a man of nerve and resources, the same, indeed, whom he had encountered in Mr. Fairbrother's house with such disastrous, almost fatal, results to himself.

The discovery, though an unexpected one, did not lessen his sense of the extreme helplessness of his own position. He could witness, but he could not act; follow Mr. Grey's orders, but indulge in none of his own. The detective must continue to be lost in the valet, though it came hard and woke a sense of shame in his ambitious breast.

Meanwhile Wellgood had seen them and ordered his men to cease rowing.

"Give way, there," he shouted. "We're for the launch and in a hurry."

"There's some one here who wants to speak to you, Mr. Wellgood," Sweetwater called out, as respectfully as he could. "Shall I mention your name?" he asked of Mr. Grey.

"No, I will do that myself." And raising his voice, he accosted the other with these words: "I am the man, Percival Grey, of Darlington Manor,

England. I should like to say a word to you before you embark."

A change, quick as lightning and almost as dangerous, passed over the face Sweetwater was watching with such painful anxiety, but as the other added nothing to his words and seemed to be merely waiting, he shrugged his shoulders and muttered an order to his rowers to proceed.

In another moment the sterns of the two small craft swung together, but in such a way that, by dint of a little skillful manipulation on the part of Wellgood's men, the latter's back was toward the moon.

Mr. Grey leaned toward Wellgood, and his face fell into shadow also.

"Bah!" thought the detective. "I should have managed that myself. But if I cannot see I shall at least hear."

But he deceived himself in this. The two men spoke in such low whispers that only their intensity was manifest. Not a word came to Sweetwater's ears.

"Bah!" he thought again, "this is bad."

But he had to swallow his disappointment and more. For presently the two men, so different in culture, station and appearance, came, as it seemed, to an understanding, and Wellgood, taking his hand from his breast, fumbled in one of his pockets and drew out something which he handed to Mr.

Grey.

This made Sweetwater start and peer with still greater anxiety at every movement, when to his surprise both bent forward, each over his own knee, doing something so mysterious he could get no clew to its nature till they again stretched forth their hands to each other, and he caught the gleam of paper and realized that they were exchanging memoranda or notes.

These must have been important, for each made an immediate endeavor to read his slip by turning it toward the moon's rays. That both were satisfied was shown by their after movements. Wellgood put his slip into his pocket and without further word to Mr. Grey motioned his men to row away. They did so with a will, leaving a line of silver in their wake. Mr. Grey, on the contrary, gave no orders. He still held his slip and seemed to be dreaming. But his eye was on the shore, and he did not even turn when sounds from the launch denoted that she was under way.

Sweetwater, looking at this morsel of paper with greedy eyes, dipped his oars and began pulling softly toward that portion of the beach where a small and twinkling light defined the boathouse. He hoped Mr. Grey would speak; hoped that in some way, by some means, he might obtain a clew to his patron's thoughts. But the English gentleman sat like an image and did not move till a slight but sudden breeze, blowing in shore, seized the paper in his hand and carried it away, past Sweetwater, who vainly sought to catch it as it went fluttering by into the water ahead, where it shone for a moment, then softly disappeared.

Sweetwater uttered a cry; so did Mr. Grey.

"Is it anything you wanted?" called out the former, leaning over the bow of the boat and making a dive at the paper with his oar.

"Yes; but if it's gone, it's gone," returned the other with some feeling. "Careless of me, very careless, but I was thinking of"—

He stopped. He was greatly agitated, but he did not encourage Sweetwater in any further attempts to recover the lost memorandum. Indeed, such an effort would have been fruitless. The paper was gone, and there was nothing left for them but to continue their way. As they did so it would have been hard to tell in which breast chagrin mounted higher. Sweetwater had lost a clew in a thousand, and Mr. Grey—well, no one knew what he had lost. He said nothing and plainly showed by his changed manner that he was in haste to land now and be one with this doubtful adventure.

When they reached the boathouse Mr. Grey left Sweetwater to pay for the boat and started at once for the hotel.

The man in charge had the bow of the boat in hand, preparatory to pull-



He picked off a small piece of paper from the dripping keel, holding it up on the boards. As Sweetwater turned toward him he caught

To be continued.

Full Value not Grasped.

Colonel Milliner says: "The business interest of the South have never been able to grasp the full value of cotton. With the world for a market and possessing nearly all of the soil upon which it is practicable to raise it, less than one-sixth of the crop is left in the South for the factory, while the rest is sold at a price which, compared with its intrinsic value, is insignificant and often at figures that are pitiable. Why should not the producer be the manufacturer as well? All the brain and muscle which we have been able to make use of in the production of a bale of cotton have not made its market value more than \$50 per bale on an average.

Often when the man who raised it has contended for more he has been reminded that 10 cents per pound is a big price for cotton.

"Cotton has no practical value in the form of a bale," continued Colonel Milner. "However much labor, capital and intelligence may be required in its production, it is no use to man until it has been manufactured into wearing fabrics. At Southern markets, where cotton is grown, it represents a commercial value of \$50 per bale. That is about the average price for the last 30 years. That bale of cotton is shipped to New England, where its value is increased to \$127.93, the average value of the manufactured product according to the United States census for the past 37 years, or a gain to New England of \$77.93 per bale. From 1870 to 1905 inclusive the South produced 259,408,942 bales, receiving in the aggregate the sum of \$11,100,725,285. During that time New England manufactured 59,591,000 bales and received for the product the sum of \$623,836,443. In other words, New England increased the value of less than one-fourth of the total amount of the cotton that the South produced in these years to over one-half the producers received for the entire raw product. The Southern people must learn the importance of providing by co-operation with each other for machinery and skill to be employed at home in the manufacture of a good per cent of the raw material, thus doubling and trebling the wealth of cotton in the fields where it is produced."—Southwestern Farmer.

Higginbotham, Harris & Company
Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas

LUMBER

Building Material of All Kinds

Heath & Milligan Paints.

Building Material of every Description.

Lumber well seasoned under sheds.

FIGURE WITH US

A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.

ELUVANNA, TEXAS

Cheap and Desirable Homes.

We do not misstate facts when we say that Borden County, has not been advertised as extensively, as the neighboring Counties of the plains, besides while they are given full credit for all the advantages they possess, Borden as a county is underrated, and her wealth of soil and climate are but little known to the outside world.

About one-fifth of the county lies on the plains, the balance below the foot hills or Cap Rock as it is termed. The greater portion of the County is prairie interspersed with groves of Mesquite trees which tho a small tree, affords wood for fuel and is very useful for fence posts. Water can be usually had in wells at a depth of from 60 to a 100 feet. Live stock are supplied by surface tanks, made by digging where there are swags.

The face of the country is gently undulating, sufficiently so however for good drainage but not enough so to create pools of stagnant water, to breed mosquitoes or create malaria.

We have an altitude of about 2800 ft. so that the air is pure and healthful and we enjoy freedom from malaria and Ague and Fever. In this high altitude the Summer heat is tempered by cooling Gulf breezes, and the nights are so cool one requires a quilt or blanket for covering, on the other hand our winters are generally so mild that most of the stock live and do well on open pasture with but little feed. Our soil is fertile producing abundant crops of corn, cotton, oats, milo, maize, kaffir corn, sorghum, millet, fruits, vegetable etc.

Our land tho cheaper at present than those of adjoining counties are advancing in value as the country settles up and develops. Good unimproved land can be had at from \$6. to \$10 per acre. Our Real Estate tax is very low.

We have a good stock raising as well as a good farming country as stock have natural protection from cold.

We have no negroes here to depredate on us or give us trouble. There are good schools in every neighborhood and religious services of the various Protestant denominations.

Gail the county seat has several stores, 2 Hotels, 2 Blacksmith shops, a post office, a bank, a cotton gin and a Grist Mill, a fine school and Union church used by all religious organizations.

Our people are sociable, conservative and law abiding, and settlers are welcomed regardless of party or political affiliation. With its cheap lands, fertile soil and adaptability to nearly all kinds of crops, fruits, vegetables and to stock raising Borden county offers to the settler one of the most inviting fields for investment to be found in the State.

NOTICE.

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

W. C. FULLILOVE.

Job Work

Nearly all kinds of Job work are done at this office. We keep nice material, and guarantee satisfaction.

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

This gives you a live metropolitan paper and a live local paper, 3 papers each week, not only through the campaign and election, but for one whole year.

Place your order NOW, with THE BORDEN CITIZEN.

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

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 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 whole year. You can't afford to miss it.

Republicanism in the South.

Mr. Taft is finding the biggest job of the Administration he will shortly enter upon in recasting the Republican Party of the South. He has announced that he proposes to make radical changes, and these are waited for with breathless interest. The Republican Party in most of the Southern States has for years been constituted mainly of a few self appointed leaders who held all the offices and did not propose to contest for the possession of these. They were too often in actual alliance with the Democrats in this suppression of any expansion of Republicanism. The Democrats were well satisfied with the way things were going, and they relied upon their Republican allies to make it unpleasant for any Democrat who wanted to revolt against the ring rule and go over to the Republican Party. This condition was greatly intensified by President Roosevelt's action in constituting three referees in each State to distribute the patronage. President Roosevelt hoped by this to save himself from the annoyance arising out of the bitter fights among these leaders for the offices. The referee system, however, resulted in even worse conditions. The referees used their power for their own ends and to reward their

Harness & Repair Shop and



Made to Order.

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

D. Dorward.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

{ Druggists Sundries }

Furniture

Fine Candies

GALL, - - TEXAS.

Open day and night

First-class service

WIGWAUM RESTAURANT

The Up-to-date Short Order House

We Strive to Please. Handsomely furnished establishment in the new brick block.

J. C. HORN, PROPRIETOR

Big Springs, Texas

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

friends and supporters. They drew the Republican line sharply on these. Those who were their henchmen constituted the Republican Party, while everybody else was outside the breastworks. The National Tribune has in the past frequently commented upon the way that good, deserving veterans, men who were Republicans from principle, and who had gone South to help build up the country, were sternly turned down by these referees in favor of some obscure person, whose sole merit was his subserviency to the political boss. The South is so remote politically from Washington and the great party movements in the north that there seemed no help against the dictatorship of these men. Mr. Taft promises to break up this system and make it possible for men who approve of the Republican policies to be represented in the Republican Party and have their influence felt in their States. It will be interesting to watch the method by which Mr. Taft goes about this. -N.Y.

ional Tribune.

A New One on Maud

We've heard of Maud on a hot summer day, who raked bare-footed the new mown hay; we've read of the maid in the early morn, who milked the cow with the crumpled horn; and we've read the lays that the poets sing, of the rustling corn and flowers of spring; but of all the lays of tongue or pen, there's naught like the lay of the Texas hen. Long before Maud raked the hay the Texas hen began to lay, and ere the milkmaid stirs a peg, the hen is up and laid an egg. The corn must rustle and the flowers spring, if they hold their own with the barnyard ring. If Maud is needing a hat or gown, she doesn't hustle her hay to town; she goes to the store and obtains her suit with a basketful of fresh hen fruit. If the milkmaid's beau makes a Sunday call, she doesn't feed him milk at all, but works up eggs in a custard pie and stuffs

him full of chicken pie; and when the old man wants a horn, does he take the druggist a load of corn? not much, he simply robs the nest, and to town he goes—you know the rest. He lingers there and talks perchance, while his poor wife stays at home and scowls, but is saved from want by those self-same fowls, for while her husband lingers there, she watches the cackling hens with care, and gathers the eggs and these she'll hide, till she saves enough to stem the tide. Then hail, all hail, to the Texas hen, the greatest blessing to all men. Throw up your hat and make Rome howl, for the preserving barnyard fowl. Corn may be king, but its plainly seen that the Texas hen is the Texas Queen.—Ex.

THE STATE PRESS.

Weatherford Herald: President Roosevelt says after his return from his African hunting trip he expects to make his home in the West. It may be inferred from this remark that Teddy expects to devote much of his future time to the practice of rough riding.

Mr. Roosevelt, many years ago, owned a small cattle ranch in Montana and lived on it. He likes the life of the West, and he carried a great deal of the strenuousness of it with him into the White House. He is yet a young man, and no one who knows him has any idea that he intends to retire to a private home, there to train honeysuckles on the porch or to sit and twirl his fingers. It would be as impossible for him to lapse into inactivity as it would be for him to be calm and indifferent in contest. If State Press were to make a guess or two on what he would do on his return from his hunt in Africa, he would say that he will write a book or two, which will be "warm from liver to liver," or that he will go to the Senate from New York, simply for the delight of stirring up the animals in the House of Lords enjoying the ecstasy of so doing. Roosevelt is under the impression that he has done much of good for the country, but he also thinks there is much good yet to do and that he is the man to do it.

The Borden Citizen

T. M. JONES, Ed. and Prop.
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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 till ordered out.

Gail, Texas. Feb. 11 1909.

Wireless

Has again shown its great value in the Messina catastrophe. A battle-ship squadron had sailed from Italy for a cruise in the Atlantic. The ships were among the best in the navy, and were urgently needed at the scene of the trouble. By means of wireless it was possible to reach them when the first news of the earthquake arrived and to order them to proceed at full speed to Messina.

In fifty years it may be possible for the newspapers of the world to print the pictures of such disasters within a few hours of their occurrence.

We may have wireless photography.

Who can tell?

Marvels which in former ages would have caused the inventor to be burned at the stake have become the commonplaces of our generation.

We don't know what is about to happen, and we do not particularly care. When the next wonder appears in print we will cheerfully read of it, unless it comes in the base-ball season or at the time of a prize fight in the Antipodes. Even then we will read it if we have the time.

We may have in some future age wireless legislatures, congresses, et al, but this is a strain on the imagination.

GREAT SCRAMBLE FOR TEXAS LANDS

Farmers in Dakotas and Minnesota Seeking More Genial Climate and Richer Soil.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan., 24—
"People are simply land mad,

that's the best way to put it," says W. F. Halsell, one of the richest men in Oklahoma, in speaking of the great scramble for lands in the Southwest. Mr. Halsell lives at Vinita, Ok. and probably owns more land in Texas, Mexico and Oklahoma than any living man.

He refused to state just how much land he owned, but he admitted he refused nearly \$2,000,000 for his Texas holdings.

When asked why he refused such a large sum, he replied:

"What would I do with that much cash in Oklahoma? The land in Texas doesn't eat, and is growing more valuable every day; taxes down there are so low at present and getting lower every year, that a man doesn't miss the amount. 'John D.' and his crowd have been so completely 'skinned' down there lately that Texas has money to burn."

"Practically every cattleman in Texas is forced out of the business by the hungry horde of landseekers. The day of the so-called 'cattle barons' has passed and gone, and the man with the hoe is supreme. The farmer is the coming 'baron of the cattle and the poor long horn' raiser will soon be a thing of the past. In fact he has been walking around for several years to save funeral expenses.

"There never was a time in Oklahoma and Texas when common dirt was so eagerly sought after by a class of men who produce wealth by honest industry and true American thrift. I am glad to see this wonderful transformation. It only teaches the old time cattleman that it don't pay to graze an onery old cow worth \$15 to \$20, on lands that will produce that much every year per acre. I have about all the money I want, and I am willing to see the other fellow get his share.

As a further evidence that people are becoming "land mad" Dan Donovan and Senator Wing of Minneapolis have just returned from the Texas Panhandle with a dozen or more North Dakota farmers, who bought, all told, nearly 25,000 acres. Senator Wing stated last night that hundreds of North Dakota farmers are flocking into Northwest Texas to avoid the rigors of the

WINDMILLS

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

Leroy Johnson

—Proprietor of—

Farmers and Merchants Gin Company

—Also—

The Snyder Gin Company

Snyder,

Texas.

Burton Lingo Co

All Lunber under Sheds

Big Springs,

Texas.

Groceries and Feed

AT THE OLD COTTEN & COTTEN STAND IN GAIL

L. A. PEARCE

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.

Do You Eat

BREAD

IF SO TRY MOUNTAIN PEAK FLOUR

I HANDLE THE FRESHEST GROCERIES

Come play with me when in Fluvanna

Edgar L. Davis.

North, and that Minnesota farmers are going to the southwest in droves. He said the great Southwest offers many flattering inducements to Northern farmers on account of the climate, and that Missouri and Kansas lands are also being bought by them.—Tulsa Standard.

White Deer and a Black Fox.

Something unusual in the animal kingdom has just been killed by Prince Edward hunters and brought home. It is a deer pure white in color, save for two small black spots back of its ears. The animal is a fine looking stag and weighs about 200

pounds. It has a magnificent pair of antles. The hunters were reticent as to which member of the camp captured this very unusual species, but it is understood that Grant Sprague of Big Island was the lucky shot. The animal was found in the northern part of Hastings or Lennox and Addington.

Another unusual kill made by one of the hunters was a black fox, now a very rare animal, whose skin is very valuable.—Piston Correspondence Toronto Globe.

NOTICE.

Fresh Garden Seed and Onion Sets at L. A. Pearces store.

Darnell Lumber company

SNYDER TEXAS

A Complete stock of Building material. Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes

PRICES RIGHT.

TERMS RIGHT

SEND US YOUR INQUIRIES

Local and Personal

CHOPS

Corn ground into chops is excellent feed for poultry or stock. We keep good chops on hand at the mill to sell in quantities to suit purchaser.

NOTICE.

As most of the parties who have been preparing the program for the Literary Society have become tired of it, we have decided to discontinue it.

Messrs J. H. Head and Jno. L. Wilson of Hereford have been here for several days awaiting the decision of the county commissioners in regard to selling the county school land with the probable intention of bidding on same.

Buy your Seed Irish Potatoes from J. W. Chandler. He has a big supply on hand and all kinds of garden seed.

Elder J. L. Roberson will preach here next Saturday night Sunday and Sunday night if the weather permits.

There will be a meeting of the Commercial Club tonight and as it is a very important meeting, the members should all attend.

The singing at Mrs. Hollars on last Sunday night was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Christopher attended court here on last Wednesday.

Mr. Fred Johnson had business in town this week.

Mrs. Hanavan from Big Springs is in Gail this week.

Mr. Fairchild from Big Springs attended to some business in Gail this week.

Mr. Parker from Fort Worth spent Monday and Tuesday of this week in Gail.

Messrs Bryant and Powell of Big Springs transacted business in our town this week.

NOTICE.

Pure ribbon cane syrup, guaranteed pure; In one gallon cans, at L. A. Pearce's.

Miss Wardie Marley from near Lamesa was the guest of Miss Nell Hale on last Monday night.

Mr. Homer Miller had business in town on last Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Kennedy spent the night with Miss Nora Berry last Friday night.

Mr. Houston Benton and wife visited in Gail on last Saturday.

Mr. McCellen was in town on last Sunday.

Mesdames Stevens and Street from Tredway took dinner in Gail on last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark entertained a host of young friends on last Friday night.

Mr and Mrs Hardy from Fisher county spent last Tuesday night in Gail.

Sunken Steamboat

Discovered in Brazos

The following interesting story comes from Richmond: "About two miles below the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad bridge across the Brazos river a remarkable find was discovered the other day, which up to date has been unexplained, even by the oldest inhabitant. The government snag and dredge boat while engaged in river improvement, pulling out snags and blasting out rocks about fifteen miles above here, stopped in the progress of this work and drove piling, which directed a strong current against the opposite bank, which caused the earth to cave in great masses and after great quantities had fallen away by force of the current there was exhumed seventy-five feet of the rear end of a steamboat, estimated to be 150 feet long. The

THE ANDERSON HOTEL

Excellent Fare
Good Service

Rates—Meals .25, \$1.25 a day
\$4.50 and \$5 00 per week

Mrs. J. L. Anderson, Prop.

Snyder,

Texas.

stern wheel and smoke stack, now in full view, are in a fairly good state of preservation. The boat was buried thirty feet beneath the soil. It was found on the land of Mr. Cooper, who has been in possession for thirty-three years, and he was unable to give any solution to the remarkable find. The land on which the boat was found has been at one time the bed of the Brazos river. The forward portion of the vessel has not yet been uncovered. Great numbers of people have visited the curiosity, and many theories have been advanced as to what steamer this is. It is known that a large steamer was stranded here in the early days, but it is not known whether this is the one or not.—Breckenridge Democrat

Sanitarium Committee

Visits Big Springs

The committee to locate the Baptist sanitarium in west Texas, was here Tuesday. The members of the committee arrived on the morning train, were met at the depot by a committee of our citizens and welcomed to our city. In the afternoon they were given an auto ride over town and expressed themselves as being well pleased with Big Springs and thought it a most admirable place for the location of an institution of the character they propose. A fairly well attended mass meeting was held at the Christian church at night and the object of the sanitarium was explained. The Baptist people propose to furnish \$50,000 in money and the town that secures the location to give \$25,-

000 in money and ground upon which to erect the necessary buildings.

Big Springs has advantages over other places in west Texas for an institution of this kind that no reasonable committee will deny and if our people will do what is asked of them we are sure of getting the sanitarium.

E. S. Groner and Dr. Bunkley, of Stamford; C. T. Ball, Abilene; D. G. Wells and J. E. Bell, Stanton; Jno. R. Lewis and Will Job, Sweetwater, compose the committee.

Dr. Phoenix, of Colorado, was one of the speakers and made a very practical talk as to the objects of the sanitarium, stating that it was for the care and treatment of all diseases and that it was not the object of the projectors to make it a place for the treatment of tuberculosis only.—The Enterprise.

See J. D. McDonald for new and secondhand goods, Big Springs, Texas.

BERT RAMSAY

DISTRICT SURVEYOR.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

THE VARIETY STORE

is a Stunner in Prices on
Clothing, Shelf Hardware and
General Necessities.

SNYDER, TEXAS

GEO. T. CURTIS, Manager.

E. R. YELLOTT

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT

Will Practice in District and

Higher courts only.

GAIL, TEXAS.

BORDEN COUNTY.

Borden county is located partly below and partly above the "cap rock". The altitude below the cap rock is about 2300 feet. Soil fertile, climate pleasant. About 25 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 grasses being the needle and mesquite.

The rainfall here is sufficient for abundant and successful farming. The products of the farm are cotton, corn, maize, cane Kaffir, wheat and oats. Wheat and oats have not been grown extensively in this county, but some parts are specially adapted to the raising of small grain. We find the gardens bedecked with beans, peas, turnips, onions radishes, beets, potatoes, peanuts and watermelons. The orchards furnish peaches, pears, apples, grapes, plums and apricots. The wild fruits are grapes, plums and mulberries. At present orchards are comparatively few, but bear good and abundant fruit. Agriculture is fast becoming the leading industry. The lands which only a few years since were trodden under the foot of the buffalo and mustang pony, and the howl of the lobo and the yelp of the coyote were the only signs of life now are under fence and the soil beneath the plow. At present the whistle of the farm boy, the songs of the milk maid, the bark of the neighbor's dog, the rattling of wagons, and the hum of gins are some of the indications of life and civilization.

Stock raising is still a leading 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 locality.

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

Matt Cathey, Woodworkman

A L Cumbie, Forgeman.

The Matt Cathey Shop

East Side Square, Gail, Texas.

General Blacksmithing, Repairing. Woodwork and Horseshoeing a specialty. All work has our special prompt attention. Horseshoeing strictly cash.

MATT CATHEY, Prop.

Land Wanted

I have purchasers for land in large and small tracts, if you want to sell, list with me and get results. Write me and I will come over and see you.

YOURS FOR HONEST BUSINESS

Fluvanna Realty Co.

Roy Neblett, Mgr.,

Fluvanna, Texas.

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

W A SUTHERLAND

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

office at

DORWARD'S DRUG STORE

Resident Phone No. 6.

How many hungry hearts there are in the world, hungering for recognition, for a word of praise! The hungriest heart in this world is an unpraised woman whose husband never gives her a word of praise or recognition for a sacrifice made in his behalf. Love may be there in his heart for her, love deep and abiding, and should death claim her, the fountains of his heart would be broken up and he would realize what he had lost, and cover her grave with roses, which, had they been presented a single one at a time with fife of tenderness he now shows, her pathway would have been far brighter and in her life a ray of sunshine, not that her

burdens were diminished, but by a knowledge indisputable, that their efforts were appreciated. A hungry heart, which is destined ever to be sad, is one of the saddest spectacles ever witnessed in this world of ours. If you have a word of praise to bestow on your wife—if it is due, bestow it. Do not wait until she is dead, and be forced thru blinding tears to tell your heart in its wild throbbing that you have lived a dual life by stifling thoughts and keeping back words that would have brought a flush of pleasure to her cheeks, old as she is, and set her heart to dancing with a pleasure only known to those who have had their hungry hearts fed by words of praise and recommendation. The Star.

Did You Ever?

I believe that if farmers all over the South could wake up to the real value of fruit on the farm, nurserymen would not be able to fill their orders and farm property would double in value in a very short time. I am not sure either, but that a few acres of fruit best adapted to the particular section would pay in a commercial way on most farms. Be that as it may, I am sure that every farmer, who has been in possession of his farm eight to ten years and has not at least a small orchard with a good variety of fruits, has not worked to the best interests of his family or

himself.

In the case of fruit, at least, let us consider health and comfort first and finances later. You have, most of you, driven up to farm houses, where you were met by a lot of pale, sickly looking children. Did you ever have this occur on a farm abundantly supplied with fruit? I never did. —Southern Ruralist.

Commissioners Court Proceedings

Levid tax the same as last year. Rejected all bids for the school land because they were too low.

Appointed officers to hold trustee election.

Appointed judges to hold elections for the next two years.

Fixed the salaries of the officers for the next two years.

Approved the reports of the county officers.

Allowed the accounts.

Created school district no 13, taking that part of the line district in Borden county attached to the Plainview school in Dawson county and several sections from the Marley district to make 16 sections.

Created Road District No 13 by cutting district No. 5 in two.

Appointed road overseers.

Mrs. J. R. Hale of Sweetwater is visiting her mother Mrs. T. W. Hale this week.

An exchange says there are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, and the other is they haven't any business.

Some people think it a mystery that notwithstanding good advise their boys grow up to be wild and reckless young men. If these boys were taught from infancy that home was the proper place for them after dark, rather than prowling around the streets, annoying well and sick people alike, much of this mystery might be explained, and young men with better moral character and more intelligent minds would be the result. No parent need expect pure morals in a boy that prowls the streets at night, even if he does go to Sunday school.