

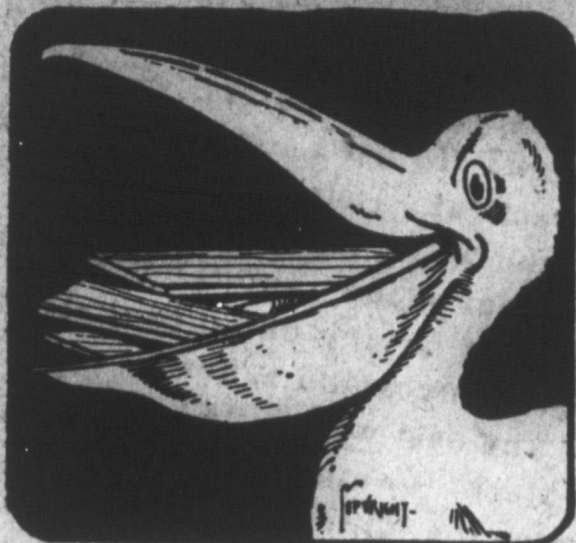
The Borden Citizen

VOL. 9.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1909.

NO. 33.

Just
Fills
The
Bill



and you get all you bargain and pay for when it's our lumber that's contracted for

For Lumber

come here to this yard. Our lumber hasn't any frills or scallops, but it's sound to the core. Estimates for large or small jobs are always at bottom figures. Write or call on

CONNELL LUMBER COMPANY

Big Springs, Texas

First Street

Half Block from Main

A United States Post office inspector was here last week. He found the Gail office in excellent condition.

C. B. Andrews was in from his place south of town Friday.

Prof. Z. T. Stephenson was over from Tredway Saturday and paid the Citizen a pleasant visit. He informs us that he will likely accept a school in Kaufman county the ensuing term.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Selman, ten miles east of town, a fine boy on June 6th.

Prof. Taylor's singing school which closed Friday night was celebrated by an all day singing Sunday with dinner on the ground. We are glad to hear his work has been appreciated by his pupils and much benefit has been derived from the instruction given. We understand the Prof. is teaching another school which began at once after the closing of the first and which will be virtually a continuance of it, with the same class. With this second course of instruction, our singing will no doubt be greatly improved and Gail will in future have good church music.

D. Dorward.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

Druggists Sundries

Furniture Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

Bailey Opposes Free Paper

Senator Bailey has repudiated the platform of the Democratic party and aligned himself with the Republican party in favor of a high protective tariff, and openly advocates the cause of the protected interests and trusts.

The Denver platform in express and in positive terms binds the party to favor the repeal of the duty on every trust manufactured commodity, among these commodities mentions lumber and wood pulp. The Senator declares himself not bound by the express terms of the platform and that he favors a tariff on lumber and wood pulp.

A man cannot serve two masters, nor can he advocate and contend for the platform of the Republican party and still be true to the Democratic party. Away with such Democracy.

Prof. E. A. Bills was here on Tuesday, having closed his school at White Flat Friday. He proposes to make a two weeks visit to Cisco and returning to begin a school at once at the Sealy school house.

The people of the Julia neighborhood are very anxious for the road reviewers to establish their road from that point to Gail, and get the Commissioners Court to open up the route. The present route is being fenced up until it is almost impossible to get through.

Rain

Tuesday afternoon we had another nice rain to revive the crops and put an end to gloomy forebodings of short crops and consequent hard times. The mail carrier reported six telephone posts north of the Colorado struck and badly damaged by lightning, and a fine rain on the route.

Jerry Kelly, who recently sold his lease and crop to Henry Hollar, has developed into a Socialist orator, or rather into a Socialist lecturer. He was published to speak here last night and some regarded it as a hoax, but Jerry was on hand to fill his appointment. He began by distributing his ammunition, i.e. Socialist literature and then introduced himself to the audience, mentioned his fruitless efforts to enlist in the armies recruited for Cuba and the Phillipines, and tho' rejected by the recruiting officers, he visited both countries and informed himself of the cause of the Phillipine war. He claimed that the war was waged solely in defence of the Catholic regime there although the natives despised the Catholics and were determined to free themselves from their despotic rule. He then referred to the doctrines of Socialism, one of which was that every man should receive as compensation the profits accruing from his labor. He condemned newspapers generally saying they were capitalistic.

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.

SEE

Davis Brother's.

FOR BARGAINS IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries

EAST SIDE SQUARE SNYDER, TEXAS

Go to Coates-Coleman Mercantile Co

When in Snyder for your Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Clothing and Millinery.

Quick Sales, Small Profits and One Price to All is Our Motto.
East Side Square.

Sins of Swell Society

There is one thing that every thoughtful man knows—that too many parents allow their daughters to associate with men with no character of honor for the sake of so called society and being allowed to walk in the limelight of public notice. The old toothless vagabond called elite society has been the downfall of many a pure innocent girl and a great many married women. Society money, show, pomp and parade in too many homes. Society, the toothless old hypocrite, the despoiler of homes and the debaucher of womanhood and manhood; the poor old deluded skeleton that tries to defame the church, prostitute christianity and fool God! The loaded pistol has slain its thousands but the parading skeleton of cheap society has slain its tens of thousands.

One beautiful summer morning I walked down the street and heard the cries of an old blue headed jay. The old mother bird was screaming, cackling and yelling as if she was being killed. Presently as I approached the spot I saw a pug-nosed dog smelling around in the grass. The mother bird was frantic. Her feathers stood the wrong way and if she had been a steam engine she could have been heard for miles and miles. She was desperate. She jumped from the fence before the dog, tumbled and screamed vociferously. I could not understand it and thought perhaps she was a lunatic bird or had Americus dementia. Directly in front I saw a little baby bird, not in good feather, that had fallen from the tree nest above and could not fly back. I drove the dog away, caught the baby bird, put it on the fence and that old mother bird came near having a spasm—

she was so glad. She screamed, chattered and stroked the little thing—but the young bird seemed perfectly unconcerned of the danger it had been in. As I walked on down the street I could hear her chatter, and see her feathers assume their natural shape and color.

When mothers push out their tender girls for society's sake they do not display the courage of this old blue headed jay. The story is worth something; cheap passing notoriety does not always pay. It sometimes brings ruin and disaster. Many a mother and father instead of encouraging the smooth tongued schemer, married and unmarried, young or old, ought to profit by the instinct of animals and scent the danger that lurks in the approach of the dog in human shape. Mothers, for God's sake, just stop a moment and at times emulate the example of the old blue headed jay for the sake of your home and daughter.—Georgetown Commercial.

Would Stop Kissing

An Ohio minister says there must be no more kissing among the young members of his church. Now if your Uncle Tobey will wagger a jug of Buttermilk that that preacher has the dyspepsia. At any rate he is following a mightyp cold trail when he undertakes to start a crusade against kissing. The art of kissing is too old and too well entrenched now in this old world of ours to be overturned.

The doctors (the old ones) have written a good deal against kissing on purely sanitary lines. They have piled up evidence which seems to be absolutely conclusive that it is an unhealthy practice. They have told us that there were bacilli, or germs of disease, on the lips of pretty

girls, and that the prettier the girl was the more germs there were.

But doctors don't always tell the truth. Sometimes when we are sick they tell us we will get well in a week and we don't. Sometimes they say we will die, and we don't. I haven't got much confidence in doctors when they stick strictly to their profession, and none at all when it comes to kissing.

When we look at the pretty cherry red lips of a girl or woman how do we know there are germs there? How do the doctors know? To use a microscope is impractical. Before you could use it you would have to obtain the consent of the subject to be kissed, and having obtained that the ceremony would suffer no delay. The best way to tell is to use Mark Twain's receipt for knowing the difference between a mushroom and a toadstool: "Eat it, and if you live it's a mushroom; if you die it's a toadstool."

But suppose that the doctors and the Ohio preachers are right in their premises. How are you going to put a stop to it? These things are not done on a house top nor in the open market. The sweetest kisses are the ones that are known only to the kisser and

the kissee. They are not always stolen, but simply exchanged. Of course there are stolen kisses. Sometimes they are put out where they are easy to steal. If they are not you had better let them alone. Your Uncle Tobey read of a man who stole one ounce and it cost him over a thousand dollars. That looks like buying it. A kiss that you have to buy isn't worth anything at all. The ones you don't have to buy are usually valued at about a million dollars. If the Ohio minister wants to know how unpopular a crusade against kissing would be let him try the local option law on the practice right in his own country.—Uncle Tobey in Home and Farm.

CHOPS.

What are you going to do with those chops? I am going to feed them to my cow. Chops are a third better than nubbins, they make a cow give more and richer milk than any other provender.

A BARGAIN

320 acres of land near Fluvanna and the Roscoe and Snyder railroad Bonus \$4 per acre. Call or write to Borden Citizen for particulars.

DIRECTORY

District Officers

Jas. L. Shepherd Judge
R N Grisham Attorney
Court convenes on the 1st Monday in February and September.

County Officers

E R Yellott Judge
Jno. R. Williams Sheriff
J S Weatherford Clerk
M H Leake Treasurer
H R Debenport Attorney
Court convenes 1st Modday in February, May, August and November.

Precint Officers

J. N. Hopkins, J. P. Prec 1
J. C. Miller, J. P. Prec. 3
E. F. Wicker J. P. Prec. 4,

Commissioners

F M Christopher Prec. No. 1
Francis Abney " " 2
Walter Bishop " " 3
C E Reeder " " 4

Secret Orders

Masons meet on Saturday night on or preceding the full moon.
W. O. W. meets 1st Saturday night after each full moon and on Saturday night two weeks thereafter.
Gail Commercial Club meets 2nd Thursday night of each month.

Churches

Methodist preaching every 4th Sunday, Rev. J L B Cash, preacher in charge.
Church of Christ Church meeting every Lords day at 2:30, p. m.
Ladies Home Mission Society meets at the church Thursday before the 1st Sunday in each month.
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night.

**W A SUTHERLAND
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON**

office at
DORWARD'S DRUG STORE
Resident Phone No. 6.

**BERT RAMSAY
DISTRICT SURVEYOR.**

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

**E. R. YELLOTT
ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT**

Will Practice in District and
Higher courts only.
GAIL, TEXAS.

THE VARIETY STORE

is a Stunner in Prices on
Clothing, Shelf Hardware and
General Baskets.
SNYDER, TEXAS
GEO. T. CURTIS, Manager.

Rates \$2. per Day

**THE ROSCOE HOTEL
S. F. LAGOW, Prop.**

ROSCOE, TEXAS
Entirely New and Modern
Hot and cold Baths
commodious and light sample Room
CATERING ESPECIALLY TO COMMERCIAL TRADE

Building Material of every Description.

Lumber well seasoned under sheds.

FIGURE WITH US

A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.
ELUVANNA, TEXAS



THE CHORUS ALL JOIN IN

All our customers agree, with one accord, that this is the satisfaction lumber yard.

That's because we do our level best to give every man all that's coming to him when he buys here. The result is that once we get a customer, we usually keep him. Our song is "Quality first, price second." "Quality" has a loud voice. So has "Price." But a duet between the two, such as is always sung at this yard makes everybody join in the chorus in proclaiming us the satisfactory lumber dealers. Won't you join the chorus next time you need lumber or building material? We know we can please you if you'll only give us the chance.

Phone or mail us your orders and inquiries.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

Another name has been added to the long list of men who complain that justice is a hard thing to get in a New York court. Many years ago before he became of age he married a woman on the shady side of forty who entered into an agreement that if he survived her he should get her entire estate. In the course of time he eloped with a girl and was landed in jail in consequence thereof, but what has a little incident like that to do with the sanctity of a business agreement? About thirty years after her desertion by her young husband the wife died worth almost a million dollars which she bequeathed to her nephews and nieces. Did the husband take his medicine silently? Not he. He went into the Supreme Court in defense of his "rights." The judge did not drop dead with astonishment nor did he fling his gavel at the petitioner's head but declared that such a claim would not be upheld in any court. If his statement was true what are courts of equity good for anyway?

All this talk of the need of a greater navy in this country is rot. There is absolutely no danger of the United States having a war with any other nation within the next ten years, and even if we did get into a scrap, our present navy is amply sufficient to protect this country. A first-class battleship costs about ten million dollars. Just think of the number of agricultural colleges that could be maintained on ten million dollars! The great need of more battleships exists principally in the minds of steel manufacturers and shipbuilding contractors—Handley Enterprise.

That is what it is—rot. State Press has believed all along that that was just what the big-navy and big-like agitation amounted to; but he couldn't think of the word. Rot—that is right; thank you.—Dallas News.

STOP AT

The Western Hotel in the Alderman Building next door to Arnold, McCamant Drug store, when in Big Springs.

The Dreams Ahead.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." The man at the foot of the ladder, the discouraged he who is struggling hard with fate, he who has met with sad disappointments and sorrows, is hoping—dreaming ahead, that the time will come when he will yet have his heart's desires.

Were it not for the courage and inspiration that many receive from the "dreams ahead" life would hardly seem worth living and would indeed be dark and despondent.

We cannot read our friends' hearts, we know not the sorrows and heart aches nestling there, we cannot know the scars left there by the cruel arrows of an unconscionable world, but this we may know he is 'dreaming ahead to better things and it is vividly portrayed in the following little poem

"What should we do in this world of ours—
Were it not for the dreams ahead?"

For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers

No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

To some its a dream of high estate,
To some its a dream of wealth;
To some its a dream of a truce with fate
In a constant search for health.

To some its a dream of home and wife,
To some its a crown above;

The dreams ahead are what make each life,
The dreams—and faith—and love."

B. F.

Another of the old school of journalists has passed away in the death of Colonel Alexander K. McClure. For 26 years Col. McClure was editor-in-chief of the Philadelphia Times and he wielded a vigorous pen. He was a contemporary of Dana, Greeley, Raymond and other tall sycamores of a generation ago. About the only one of the old-timers of note remaining is Henry Watterston of the Louisville Courier-Journal. May he long remain as a landmark of the days that are gone.

CHOPS.

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A BARGAIN

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Mother's in Law.

One hears a great deal about the shortcomings of women towards their sons-in-law; but there is something to be said on the other side of the picture—there always is in this world. One is a little inclined to wonder sometimes whether many of the errors of mother-in-law hood (to coin a word) may not be put down to the way in which sons-in-law behaved towards those acquired relations of theirs. A tyrannical husband is apt to make his wife's mother rise in indignation to defend a daughter from oppression; and much of the attitude taken up by the traditional mother-in-law of the stage and the comic paper is due to the contemptuous intoleration with which her daughter's husband regards her.

Now, all this is surely a mistake and a pity. If a man loves and admires his wife, does he ever stop to consider to whom he owes the bringing-up that has made her so admirable? If it had not been for her mother she would never have learned the lessons which make her so perfect a wife; and it is the worst compliment he could possibly pay her to sneer at the hand that moulded her, and made her what she is.

Some day that young wife of his whom he worships, will be mother-in-law to the husband of that little curly-haired girl in the nursery. Would he like to think that she, in her turn, will be made a jest and a butt for cheap wit, and held up to public derision? The three duties—the first is that of respect. Try to remember that, however little you may personally care for her, she is still the mother of your wife and that, as such, you owe her the outward reverence you too often forget.

The next duty is that of kindness. It is very hard for her to understand all at once that anyone else is responsible now for what always used to need her care and attention and when you are inclined to call her meddling try to consider that it is only her motherly affection and desire for her child's comfort and happiness.

The third duty is that of consideration. If she sometimes makes you feel impatient or vexed think how her devotion and love helped to bring up your wife to strength and gentleness; and that, but for her, you might have been a miserable husband instead of a happy one.—Crosbyton Review.

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 Payable in advance 1.00
Six months50

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, June 24, 1909.

Wandering Thoughts

Look on the sunny side. See the good and the beautiful in nature.

Extend to your friends the glad hand. Discard that surly, grouchy look and you'll feel much better.

And don't forget to tell us all the local news you know.

Three things are essential in building a town, push, pull and enterprise. Do you catch on? If you do act accordingly.

Gail has a picturesque location for a beautiful little city and when we get the Central we'll make the city too.

Advertise your country, your town and its resources. Get it before the people. And the best means to accomplish this end is to help make your home paper better by giving it your loyal support and then send it out over the land to do missionary work for your town.

Knockers are out of date. They are hardly noticed in up-to-date communities. We are pleased to note that they are scarce in Gail.

Five avowed candidates for Governor already and some more "prospectives." Oratory will indeed be in the air next year.

A SET OF HARNESS

If you will place an order for a set with us you can pick out the material you may want it made of, get what you wish in style and workmanship and as cheap as it can be made anywhere.

H. D. Pruett,
GAIL, Texas.

The Putrid Tongue of the Slanderer

We may porate much of the evils of war and the heart aches caused thereby, but they sink into an infinitesimal nothing as compared to the evil wrought and the heart aches caused by the putrid tongue of the slanderer. Of all creatures on earth he or she (as the case may be) is the most uncompromising. They grant no quarter and stop nothing short of their damnable intention to blight the life of some fellow creature. Of the three, war, rum and slander, the first two are far the more merciful. They claim untold thousands of victims, but they send them to their graves and away from the troubles of earth, while slander makes the life of its victim a living death.

Think, if you please, of the many separations of husband and wife, of parents from children, of brother from brother, of lover from lover, and when you sound its depths to the bottom you find there the foul tongue of slander whose venom is more poisonous and more deadly than that of the rattler.

When, oh when, will the glad millennial day come when mankind will cease to pick the faults of its brother and enlarge upon them, thus blighting promising careers and tearing asunder all the ties that make life worth living, and throw the broad mantle of a kindly charity around these faults, give them the glad hand and the warm clasp of a friend, tell them of the good and the beautiful, assist them along lofty lines of honest endeavor, and thus hasten the glad day of the Golden Rule. Echo answers when? B. F.

The Modern Statesman.

It is a pathetic fact that statesmanship has not kept pace with commercial progress in the United States. Where are the patriotic, broad-minded statesmen of our present day who will in any way compare with Washington, Franklin, Jackson and our own immortal John H. Reagan? They are not to be found.

The modern statesman possesses intellect and the ability alright, but the greed for gold is a contagious disease, one that is threatening our nation. It has thoroughly saturated a majority of our public men, more especially in what is presumed to be the greatest deliberative law-making body in the world, but which is in fact only a rendezvous for the money changers of Wall street and their paid employes—the Senate of the United States.

We of the South have just witnessed the sad spectacle of eighteen members of our representation in the Senate directly repudiating our party platform and voting with that arch-Republican, Al drich.

Sadder still they were lead by our own brilliant Senator Bailey in this bolt. They have since been in deep water trying to justify their infamy. But no explanations are in order. The people thoroughly understand the situation. Treason to party is an offense equally as great as treason to country and while the statute does not so recognize it, the people of Texas do and their erst-while useful and respected Senator

Bailey, will go down to an untimely and disgraceful political death by the votes of his constituents—the producers of Texas. Here's hoping that it will at least be a warning to others and that Texas will not be troubled again for years to come with an offspring of the infamous Standard Oil trust.

B. F.

WHY?

Why send off for your stationary? We keep good material and guarantee good work, and present you a copy for your inspection before the work is done thus ensuring satisfaction both in style, and neatness of work.

Matt Cathey, Woodworkman

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.

Pool Brothers

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

Exclusive Dealers In

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Special attention given to country orders Highest prices paid for country Produce.

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 Lumber under Sheds

Big Springs,

Texas.

Groceries and Feed

AT THE OLD COTTEN & COTTEN STAND IN GAIL

L. A. PEARCE



THE BARRIER

BY
REX BEACH



COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HARPER & BROTHERS

HIS EARL SAVANNAH OCCASION.

"Blen! I'm glad! You'll be rich gal for sure now an' wear plained fine dress lak I fetch you. Jus' t'ink, you fin' gol' on your place more quecker dan your fader, an' he's good miner too. Ha! Dat's bully!"

"Oh, well, they will find it on your claims very soon," she replied.

He shook his head. "You better knock wood w'en you say dat. Mebbe I draw de blank again. Nobody can't tell. I've do de sam' t'ing before, an' dose men w'at been workin' my groun' dey're gettin' purty blue."

"When you do become a Flambeau King," she continued, "what will you do with yourself? Surely you won't

continue that search for your far country. It could never be so beautiful as this." She pointed to the river that never changed and yet was never the same and to the forests, slightly tinged with the signs of the coming season.

"It's very fine," agreed the Canadian. "I don't see w'y anybody would care for livin' on dem cities w'en dere's so much nice place outside."

"Yes," said Necla, "I've no doubt one would get tired of it soon and long for something to do and something really worth while, but I should like to try it once, and I shall as soon as I'm rich enough. Won't you come along?"

"I don't know," he said thoughtfully. "Mebbe so I str. here, mebbe so I tak' my canoe an' go away. For long tam' I t'ink dis Flambeau she's de promis' lan' I hear callin' to me, but I don't know yet for w'ile."

"What kind of place is that land of yours, Poleon?"

"Ha! I never see 'im, but she's been cryin' to me ever since I'm little boy. It's a place w'ere I don't get too hot on de summer an' too col' on de winter; it's place w'ere birds sing an' flowers blossom an' de sun shine an' w'ere I can sleep widout dreamin' 'bout it all de tam'."

"Why, it's the land of content. You'll never discover it by travel. I'll tell you a secret, Poleon. I've found it—yes, I have. It lies here." She laid her hand on her breast. "Father Barnum told me the story of your people and how it lives in your blood—that hunger to find the far places. It's what drove the voyageur and coureur du bois from Quebec to Vancouver and from the Mississippi to Hudson bay. The wanderlust was their heritage, and they pushed on and on without rest, like the salmon in the spring, but they were different in this—that they never came back to die."

There was a look of great tenderness in his eyes as he bent toward her and searched her face, but she was not thinking of him, and at length he continued:

"Fader Barnum he's goin' be here nex' Sunday for cheer up dem Injun. Constantine she's got de letter."

"Do you know," said Necla wistfully, "I've always wanted him to marry me."

"You t'inkin' 'bout marry on some feller, eh?" said the other, with an odd grin. "Waal, w'y not? He'll be here all day an' night. S'pose you do it. Mos' anybody w'at ain' got some wife already will be glad fer marry on you, an' mebbe some feller w'at has got wife too! If you don' lak dem an' if you're goin' marry on somebody you can be wife to me."

Necla laughed lightly. "I believe you would marry me if I wanted you to. You've done everything else I've ever asked. But you needn't be afraid, I won't take you up." In all her life

she had never spoken of love to her, and she had no hint of the dream he cherished.

While they were talking a boat had drawn inshore and made fast to the bank in front of them. An Indian landed and, approaching, entered into talk with the Frenchman.

By and by Poleon turned to the girl and said:

"Dere's hundred marten skin come in. You min' de store w'ile I mak' trade wit' dis man."

Together the two went down to the boat, leaving Necla behind, and not long after kunnion sauntered up to the store and addressed her familiarly.

"Hello, Necla! I just heard about the strike on your claim. That's fine and dandy."

She acknowledged his congratulations curtly, for, although it was customary for most of the old timers to call her by her Christian name, she resented it from this man. She chose to let it pass, however.

"I had some good news last night myself," he continued. "One of my men has hit some good dirt, and we'll know what it means in a day or so. I'll gamble we're into the money big, though, for I always was a lucky cuss. Say, where's your father?"

"He's out at the mine."

"We've used up all of our bar sugar at the saloon, and I want to buy what you've got."

"Very well; I'll get it for you."

He followed her inside, watching her graceful movements and attempting, with his free and easy insolence, to make friendly advances; but, seeing that she refused to notice him, he became piqued and grew bolder.

"Look here, Necla; you're a mighty pretty girl. I've had my eye on you ever since I landed, and the more I see of you the better I like you."

"It isn't necessary to tell me that," she replied. "The price of sugar will be just the same."

"Yes, and you're bright, too," he declared. "That's what I like in a woman—good looks and brains. I believe in strong methods and straight talk, too—none of this serenading and moonlight mush for me. When I see a girl I like I go and get her. That's me. I make love like a man ought to."

The girl laughed derisively in his face.

"Now, don't get sore. I mean business. I'm no soft talking southerner with gold buttons and highfalutin ways. I don't care if you are a squaw, I'll take you."

"Don't talk to me!" she cried in disgust, her voice hot with anger and resentment.

But he continued, unheeding: "Now, cut out these airs and get down to cases. I mean what I say. I know you've been casting sheep's eyes at Burrell; but, Lord, he wouldn't have you, no matter how rich you get! Of course you acted careless in going off alone with him, but I don't mind what they're saying around camp, for I've made little slips like that myself, and we'd get along."

"I'll have you killed!" she hissed through her clenched teeth, while her whole body vibrated with passion. "I'll call Poleon and have him shoot you!" She pointed to the river bank a hundred yards away, where the Canadian was busy assorting skins.

But he only laughed at her show of temper and shrugged his shoulders as he answered her roughly:

So think it over and don't go up in the air like a skyrocket."

She cried out at him "Go-go-go!" and finally he took up his bundle, saying as he stepped out slowly:

"All right! But I'm coming back, and you'll have to listen to me. I don't mind being called a squaw man. You're pretty near white, and you're good enough for me. I'll treat you right. Why, I'll even marry you if you're dead set on it. Sure!"

She could scarcely breathe, but checked her first inclination to call Poleon, knowing that it needed only a word from her to set that nut brown savage at Runnion's throat. Other thoughts began to crowd her brain and to stifle her. The fellow's words had stabbed her consciousness and done something for her that gentler means would not have accomplished. They had opened her eyes to a thing that she had forgotten—a hideous thing that had reared its fangs once before to strike, but that her dreams of happiness had driven out of her Eden.

All at once she saw the wrong that had been done her and realized from this brute's insult that those early fears had been well grounded. It suddenly occurred to her that in all the hours she had spent with her lover, in all those unspoken sweet and intimate hours, there had never been one word of marriage. He had looked into her eyes and vowed he could not live without her, and yet he had never said the words he should have said, the words that would bind her to him.

His arms and his lips had comforted her and stilled her fears; but, after all, he had merely made love. A cold fear crept over the girl. She recalled the old corporal's words of a few weeks ago, and her conversation with Stark came back to her. What if it were true—that which Runnion implied? What if he did not intend to ask her, after all? What if he had only been amusing himself? She cried out sharply at this, and when Doret staggered in beneath a great load of skins he found her in a strange excitement.

When he had finished his accounting with the Indian and dismissed him she turned an agitated face to the Frenchman.

"Poleon," she said, "I'm in trouble. Oh, I'm in such awful trouble!"

"It's dat Runnion! I seen 'im pass on de store w'ile I'm down below." His brows knit in a black scowl, and his voice slid off a pitch in tone.

"W'at he say, eh?"

"No, no; it's not that. He paid me a great compliment." She laughed harshly. "Why, he asked me to marry him." The man beside her cursed at this, but she continued: "Don't blame him for liking me. I'm the only woman for 500 miles around—or I was until this crowd came—so how could he help himself? No; he merely showed me what a fool I've been."

"I guess you better tell me all 'bout dis t'ing," said Poleon gravely. "You know I'm all tam' ready for help you, Necla. W'en you was little feller an' got bust your finger you run to me queeck, an' I feex it."

"Yes, I know, dear Poleon," she assented gratefully. "You've been a brother to me, and I need you now more than I ever needed you before. I can't go to father. He wouldn't understand, or else he would understand too much and spoil it all, his temper is so quick. Don't think I'm unwomanly, Poleon, for I'm not. I may be foolish and faithful and too trusting, but I'm not—unmaidenly. You see, I've never been like other girls, and he was so fine, so different, he made me love him. It's part of a soldier's training, I suppose. It was so sweet to be near him and to hear him tell of himself and all the world he knows. I just let myself drift. I'm afraid—I'm afraid I listened too well and my ears heard more than he said. My head is so full of books, you know."

"He should have know' dat, too," said Poleon.

"Yes," she stared up. "He knew I was only an Indian girl."

The only color in Doret's face lay now in his cheeks, where the sun had

put it, but he smiled at her—

engaging smile—and laid his great brown hand upon her shoulder softly. "I've look' in hees eye an' I'm always t'ink he's good man. I don't never t'ink he'll mak' fun of poor little gal."

"But he has, Poleon. That's just what he has done." She came near to breaking down and finished pathetically, "They're telling the story on the street, so Runnion says."

"Dat's easy t'ing for feex," he said. "Runnion she don' spread no more story lak' dat."

"I don't care what they say. I want the truth. I want to know what he means, what his intentions are. He swears he loves me, and yet he has never asked me to marry him. He has gone too far. He has made a fool of me to amuse himself, and—and I couldn't see it until today. He's laughing at me, Poleon; he's laughing at me now! Oh, I can't bear it!"

The Frenchman took up his wide hat from the counter and placed it carefully upon his head, but she stopped him as he moved toward the door, for she read the meaning of the glare in his eyes.

"Wait till you understand—wait, I say! He hasn't done anything yet."

"Dat's de trouble. I'm goin' mak' 'im do somet'in'."

"No, no! It isn't that. It's these doubts that are killing me. I'm not sure!"

"I hear plaintee," he said. "Dere's no tam' for monkey roun'."

"I tell you he may be honest," she declared. "He may mean to marry me, but I've got to know. That's why I came to you. That's what you must find out for me."

"I'm good trader, Necla," said the Canadian after a moment. "I'll mak' bargain wit' you now. If he say yes he'll marry you I don' ask no more, but if he say no you geeve 'im to me. Is it go?"

She hesitated, while he continued musingly, "I don't see how no man on all dis worl' could lef' you go," then to her, "Waal, is it bargain?"

"Yes," she said, the Indian blood speaking now, "but you must learn the truth. There must be no mistake. That would be terrible."

"Dere ain' goin' be no mistak'."

"If he should refuse I—I'll marry some one quick. I won't be laughed at by this camp. I won't be a joke. Oh, Poleon! I've given myself to him just as truly as if—well, he—he has taken my first kiss."

Doret smote his hands together at this and began to roll his head backward from side to side as if in some great pain, but his lips were dry and silent. After a moment the spell left him, the fire died down, leaving only a dumb agony in its place. She came closer and continued:

"I'll never let them point at me and say, 'There goes the squaw that—he threw away.'"

"You mak' dis very hard t'ing for me," he said wearily.

"Listen," she went on, lashing herself with pity and scorn. "You say Father Barnum will be here on Sunday. Well, I'll marry some one, I don't care who! Then, with a sudden inspiration, she cried: "I'll marry you. You said I could be a wife to you!"

He uttered a sharp cry. "You mean dat, Necla?"

"Yes," she declared. "Why not? You'll do it for my sake, won't you?"

"Would you stan' up wit' me long-side of de pries, lovin' dat oder feller all de tam'?" he asked queerly.

"Yes, yes! I'd rather it was you than anybody, but married I'll be on Sunday. I'll never let them laugh at me."

Doret held his silence for a moment; then he looked up and said in level tones:

"It's easy t'ing for go an' ask 'im, but you mus' hear hees answer wit' your own ears; den you can't t'ink I'm lyin'. I'll fetch 'im 'ere on dis place if you feex it for hide you'sef' behin' dose post." He indicated a bundle of furs that were suspended against a pillar and that offered ample room for

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SNYDER, TEXAS.

The Religion That Wins

I have no patience with that religion that turns its back upon the sinner and shuts its door in the face of the poor Magdelene, whose only sin is that her heart was bigger than her judgment. I believe in the religion that forgets and forgives, in the religion that takes the erring one by the hand and sheds a tear over her misfortune, bidding her to take heart again, to look up where the golden sun is shining and to have faith not only in God but in humanity as well. I believe that every man should stand ready to reach out a helping hand to those whose environments have been less fortunate than his own, who have been too weak to stand up under the temptations of an alluring world. More people can be saved by human heart interest than by songs of prayer and shouts of praise. The person who preaches the forgiveness of Jesus Christ and refuses to forgive the sinner himself, is a hypocrite. When a man is hungry, he doesn't want a prayer, and when he is heart-sore and weary with the trials and tribulations of life he doesn't care for a creed or a dogma. He wants food and some one to sympathize with him and put a loving arm around him and help him to be strong and brave again.

The majority of us are so busily engaged in attending to the duties that minister to our physical and material welfare that our neighbors and our friends die and are buried without a single visit from us or an offer to help. We intend to go tomorrow, but to morrow finds us just as busy again. So our resolutions never reach realization.

Life is so very short that every person should strive in every way to scatter as much sunshine and happiness as he can. There are so many ways that this can be done, with very little effort, that it seems that no one has a reasonable excuse for neglecting to do so. Kindness, love and sympathy is cumulative. The human heart is a wonderful instrument. A doll to a child, a few moments devoted to the old and the decrepit, a cheerful word to the sick, a warm hand-clasp to the downcast, a few flowers to those who cannot buy them, a little self sacrifice and the

heart expands, and as the ministrations send their sweet vibrations they grow and reach out just like the ripples made upon the surface of a limpid stream by the dropping of a beautiful blossom from a bending bough.

One of the best ways to preserve sentiment is to commune oftener with nature, the source of all that is beautiful and best. The competitive business of the city tends to dry up the sympathies and to tighten the bands around the heart. A day in the woods is a wonderful restorative. There is rest and contentment. A sequestered nook where the tall trees shake shimmering shadows down, where the perfume of flowers steals in upon the senses, where the love songs of birds and the hum of insects creep through the tangled wild-wood, and the glint and the gleam of the sun on the back of the striped bass as he leaps to catch the careless fly—these are nature's panaceas for a callous heart and the decline of sentiment.—Cleburne Enterprise.

A Dissatisfied Subscriber

"I hereby offer my resignation as a subscriber to your paper. It being a pamphlet of such small consequence as not to benefit my family by taking it. What you need in your sheet is brains and some one to rattle up news and rite eddytorials on live topics. No mention has been made in your sheet of my butcher's a polen china pig weighin' 369 pounds or the gapes in the chickens round here, you ignore that I bought a brand new bob sled, and that I sold my blind mule, and say nothin about it. Hi Simpkin's jersey calf broke his two front legs fallin in a well, two important chiverrees have been utterly ignored by your sheet & a 3 column obituary notice rit by me on the death of grandpa Henery was left out of your sheet to say nothin of the alphabetical poem beginnin "A is for And and also for Ark" rit by me darter. This is the reason your paper is so unpopular in town. If you kant rite eddytorials & aint goin t' put no news in your sheet we dont want your sheet. If you print the obituary in your next I may sine agin for your sheet."—Hudson Republican.

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Eld. G. A. Lambeth of Cone Texas, will preach a series of sermons in Gail, beginning Thursday evening July 1st.

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SNYDER, TEXAS.

TRY US FOR BARGAINS

Co Texas Newspapers

A word with the brethren of the Texas press.

Texas has been long disgraced by the indifference of legislators to the lack of facilities for the proper care and treatment of the insane. From time to time we bewail this inhumanity and demand additional facilities; we denounce the incarceration of these unfortunate people in filthy jails as unspeakable, and we have inserted in our platforms the pledge that facilities shall be provided for the accommodation of these unfortunates.

But insane patients languish in the jails nevertheless.

To the point:

There is at this moment imprisoned in the Harris county jail, because of insanity, the widow of a former treasurer of the Texas Press association. Efforts to obtain room for her in the state institutions at Austin, San Antonio or Terrell have failed because these institutions are so crowded that no more patients can be received.

This woman is indigent and unable to obtain accommodations in a private sanitarium. So she languishes in prison where murderers and thieves are confined, denied the comforts and refinements of life to which she was accustomed when her husband conducted one of the very best newspapers in this state. And she must continue to languish in her cell during the sweltering heat of a Texas summer unless something is done to mitigate the hardships to which she is subjected.

The Post hopes and believes that this pitiful case will bring home to every newspaper of this state the enormity of the brutal official indifference which inflicts upon the generous and enlightened people of Texas this foul disgrace and inspire it to thunder against the stupidity, demagoguery, brutality or indifference that is responsible for it until the people demand in the name of civilization that those who serve them in official station shall eradicate this dark blot from the state's escutcheon.

The Post has revealed the identity of this unfortunate woman to the president of the Texas Press association for such action he may think necessary in the way of obtaining accommo-

dation and treatment for her until her health is restored or until the state can do its duty and receive her into one of its institutions.—Houston Post.

Henry Ward Beecher once said "I think I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood, than for almost anything else in this world. After a long life I can say that I have not lost faith in women. The longer I live the more chivalric is my regard for them. I should look upon it as a fatal canker in my soul if I fell from my confidence in the general trustworthiness, honesty honor and charity of womanhood. Therefore, when I hear young men, or men in middle life, or old men, cast gross aspersions on the character of women I feel as if I were in a den of hissing serpents. My soul, come not into communion with such men; abhor them, pass by them, for they are themselves far down in corruption. If I hear a man speak contemptuous words of a woman, my heart sighs at the thought that he had a mother whose memory he insults."

Unique Idea

W. D. Boyce publisher of the Saturday Blade is now arranging an expedition to Africa. From high in the air, the great telephoto camera will catch animals and natives of the jungle in natural attitudes.

"Will you travel in balloons?" Mr. Boyce was asked.

"I don't know," he replied "but we may if the wind is right. The primal idea, however, is to use the balloons as captives. We can put them up in the air 1000 feet and if the country is malarial or flies and mosquitoes are bad, we can sleep high in the air in the balloons.

The telephoto camera has been improved so much that it now is practicable. It is like a camera with a field glass attachment in its results. I propose taking a telephoto camera up in a balloon and spying out the game in the vicinity. Then, with the camera we can get pictures of game in its natural state without arousing suspicion on the part of the animals and have them as large as if they were taken at close range with an ordinary camera.

Led Like a Horse

Waterloo, Iowa, June 17.—Determined that her husband should be kept away from further recourse to the flowing bowl, a wife this week took extraordinary measures to get her "better half" home. People living along 4th street were astonished to see a woman driving a horse to a light wagon and leading a man with a rope halter. He was hanging back, tugging at his tether like a colt not yet fully broken to lead.

It appears that the couple had come to town in the afternoon and he had visited several thirst parlors. When the shades of evening began to fall the wife got the rig ready to return home and managed to get her husband into the wagon. But a controver-

sy soon arose and the man, with wobbly knees and thick-tongued speech, demanded "anozzer."

"Goin' back and get s'more, darling" he informed her getting out of the rig and starting, with unsteady steps back to town.

"No you don't," snapped the wife. She pulled out the halter from under the back seat and lassoed her husband neatly, the rope sliding over one arm and around his neck. A couple of quick twists and the wife had him foul. Then the woman mounted to the seat, gave the horse a touch with the whip and hubby didn't go back.

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Will make the season at the Stokes Stable at Gail for \$25 to insure a living colt. Now is the chance to raise some of the finest horses on Earth and horses that bring the highest prices

The Hugh Kincaid Horse

Will stand this Season at the Godwin ranch, at \$10.00 ensuring a live colt.

On September 11th we want to have a show of the colts of this horse and have two disinterested judges to select the best, and in case they cannot agree they will choose a third party as an arbitrator. The owner of the colt will be given the season free.

Local and Personal

W. Leon Culberson, of Hillsboro Masonic Lecturer for lodges in this part of the state, made our town about the middle of last week and will continue with us throughout this week also. He is holding what is termed a Masonic School of Instruction, lecturing members on their duties and responsibilities. We presume the object is to increase the interest as well as instruct the members in their duties to one another and to sister lodges.

I have a nice new lot of wall paper samples of all kinds. I represent the West Texas Paper Co. at Midland, and can give prompt deliveries on all paper ordered by me. Call and see my sample books and prices. J. C. Howe.

W. A. Clark and family were in town Saturday.

Mrs. H. D. Pruett has been quite unwell this week but is now up and improving.

The Gail Board of School Trustees have engaged Prof. G. W. Bryson of Fisher county as principal for the next term of our public school. No assistant has as yet been selected. School will begin in September.

J. M. Kincaid, familiarly known as Uncle Jimmy, who left here with several families for Corpus Christi, got back Tuesday evening. Uncle Jimmy says there were no fish to be caught in the Concho, but that he caught so many in the 18 pound fish in the Lipan Springs, a branch of the Concho, the whole party got sick of fish diet.

Mac W. Weaver of Snyder carries a full and complete line of C. H. Hyers' Cowboy Boots. Don't fail to see him.

Mrs. Maud Carlyle, of Thurber, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Berry.

J. S. York and wife were shopping in Gail Saturday.

F. M. Long and family were in Gail Friday. Mr. Long visits us occasionally to look after his ranch interests here.

Exclusive agent for the C. H. Hyer Boot. Prices same as at factory, \$8 to \$10.75. Mac W. Weaver, Snyder.

Joe Miller and Charlie Rector were in Gail Friday.

Tom Hudson and wife were trading in town Friday.

Tom Smith and daughter Delvia of the Tredway neighborhood were in Gail Friday, there being but little to do on the farm while the drouth lasts.

When in need of a pair of C. H. Hyer Boots send to Mac W. Weaver, Snyder.

Mesdames H. D. Pruett and N. C. Cathey spent Friday at the country home of Mrs. Fritz.

H. G. and Rufus Whitaker were in Monday from the ranch. H. G. is about well of the kick he received some two weeks ago.

A young man about 19 years of age named Gill, of Scurry county, who had been at work a short time in the Durham neighborhood was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Sam Keene on Monday and lodged in jail here. Mr. Keene had notice from Mr. Sellers of the Durham neighborhood that the young man had stolen \$50 from him. He is believed by our authorities to be of unsound mind.

Boots, Boots and good Boots C. H. Hyer Cowboy Boot at Mac W. Weaver's, Snyder.

Mrs. W. S. Moore of Mangum, Okla., daughter of our townsman W. K. Clark arrived Friday to visit relatives.

Grandma Cathey arrived Thursday from the plains on a visit to relatives here.

Mrs. J. B. Stokes visited relatives in Tahoka and Lubbock Saturday and Sunday.

Mac W. Weaver of Snyder, the Only Exclusive Gent's Outfitter in the west, carries everything for men and is agent for the celebrated C. H. Hyer Cowboy Boot. Call on him when in Snyder.

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