

B. L. McCann

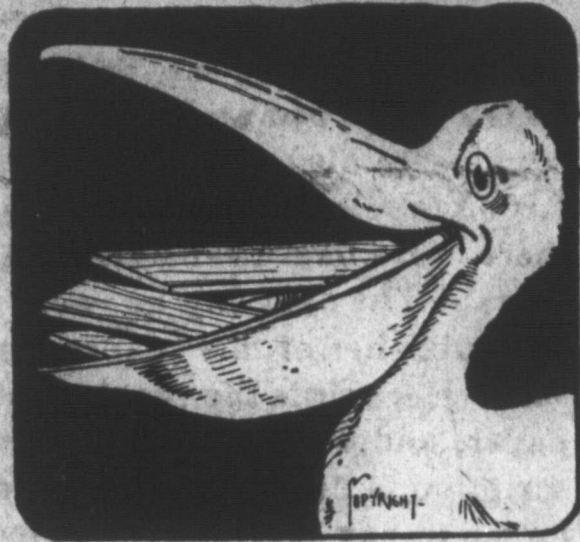
The Borden Citizen

VOL. 9.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

NO. 34.

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

County Attorney H B Debenport was here this week on legal business.

Tul Ivey has gone to Post City to bring the tent which will be used in Elder G. A. Lambreth's meeting here.

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

Miss Roberts, of Roby, has accepted a position as stenographer in the office of Thornton & Pearce.

J. J. Dodson is in Clairemont this week.

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

Charles Fryar, of Big Springs, left here yesterday on his return from a two weeks visit to Lubbock. Mr. Fryar will take charge of the paper recently installed at the nice little town of Coshoma. With the advertising he should secure from his own town and also of Big Springs and Colorado, our brother in the craft ought to do well.

The Right Man

Last week Charley Gill, a young man of weak mind from Scurry county, who had been at work about a day on Joe Vickers farm near Durham was brought here and lodged in jail on a charge of theft of \$50 from a Mr. Sellers who lives with the Vicker family. On Monday our Sheriff Jno. R. Williams, having been notified by the father of Charley Gill from Snyder, went over to the Vicker place and arrested Parks Adams who had in his possession the stolen money. Adams makes the weak claim that Gill stole the money, entrusted it to his keeping, and that he had kept it. He was committed to jail and awaits his trial.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Cates were here Monday.

Mr. Kelsey who represents McCord-Collins Co. of Fort Worth passed through our town yesterday with two other drummers in auto from Tahoka en route to Snyder.

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. O. Howe.

Notice

Soash will give a barbecue, ball game and dance on July 5th Public invited.

R. L. Slaughter.

J. W. Clark and family were in from the ranch Friday.

Credway Locals

A part of Mesquite community had fine rains last week.

There was a stinging at A. H. Berry's Sunday night.

J. J. Walk and family and Z. T. Stephenson went to Post City Friday returning Sunday.

Miss Leona Berry, who has been suffering from an abscess on her face underwent an operation Saturday.

Mr. Patterson has recently painted his house.

Prof. Z. T. Stephenson has accepted the Mesquite school.

There is to be a candy breaking at Bud Miller's Wednesday night.

Notice to School Patrons

All persons who intend to transfer their children from one school district to some other in Borden county, will have to make a written application to the County Judge before the 1st day of August, stating that it is their bona fide intention to send their child, or children, to the school to which transfer is asked. Very respectfully,

E. R. Yellott.

County Judge, Borden County, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark entertained Friday evening.

Alex Vaught and Geo. T. Reynolds of the Chattanooga Medicine Co. were taking orders in Gail yesterday.

J. A. Smith has sold to S. G. Jones lots 11 and 12 in block 49 of the Gail town plat, consideration \$40.

Miss Leona Stillwell of Bowie arrived yesterday and is visiting her uncle J. D. Brown and family.

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 BARGINS 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.

The Cowboys Ideal Girl

A preacher in the mesquite grass country preached a sermon on the "Ideal Young Women" and asked the young men of the community to furnish short descriptions of their conception of the "ideal." The following letter is one that did not appear on the program.

"My ideal woman is a native. She is a well graded one, too, but not a thoroughbred. They take too much care and are not good rustlers when the range is short. She is pretty enough to make some honest cowman lose his heart to her and make her queen of his herd, if she will have him, but she isn't such a looker that every chuck-line riding cow puncher in the country will hang around the old man's ranch until he is fired. She may not have been raised in the saddle, but she knows enough to tell a lariat from a branding iron, and is the kind of girl that can get on a good broncho and hold the butout herd when your extra cowboy goes back on you at the last minute. She's got all the book learning she needs, but don't go around talking dead language while biscuits burn, nor let the chickens scratch up a good garden, while she experiments in botany. She knows how to talk and loses a great deal of it, but you don't have to put on a jerk knee to get a spiel yourself sometimes. She does not get locoed at the sight of a cook stove, and can give an old-time cook tips on sour doughs. It doesn't take lariats and hobbles to keep her at home part of the time, and she doesn't get on the prod every time anything goes wrong on the ranch. She dresses as well as

she can put up for, but doesn't blow in every cent she can get hold of for jingle-bobs and other fixtures, and she doesn't spend two hours doing up her hair to look like a Water Spaniel that has been through a cactus patch when somebody is in a hurry to go somewhere. In fact, she is always alright and we love her and look up to her and lose our hearts to her and let her make any old kind of fools of us, and we put in our lives making money for her to spend, and we are glad to do it. She is our home-grown girl and we are proud of her, and would not exchange her for any other kind on earth. She helps us enjoy life when we can, and when the other kind of time comes she is the bravest and truest little partner on earth and we reverence her more than ever. More than that she is right here and we don't have to go off of our range to find just the one we want. Every cowboy in the country knows just where to find one that tops the market in all these points, and may his claim never be contested. Yours for western girls.

A Business Parable

Once a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold, not to a single grain merchant, but 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. A few of them paid in cash, but for the greater number said it was not convenient then; they would pay later. A few months passed, and the man's bank account ran low, "How is this?" he said "My 1800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect fast enough

to pay expenses." So he posted up a public notice, asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay some of these days." forgetting that, though each account was very small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so bad that he fell out of bed and awoke and running to his granary found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had been dreaming. Moral—The next day he went to the publisher of his paper and said: Here sir is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how he feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."—Trafford News.

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.
- Precinct Officers**
J. N. Hopkins, J. P. Prect 1
J. C. Miller, J. P. Prect. 3
E. F. Wicker J. P. Prect. 4,
- Commissioners**
F M Christopher Prect. No. 1
Francis Abney " 2
Walter Bishop " 3
C E Reeder " 4
- Secret Orders**
Masons meet on Saturday night on or preceeding 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.

Clubbing Offer

The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News makes a specialty of
TEXAS
news. Outside of this, it is unquestionably the best semi-weekly publication in the world. It gives news from all over the world, but particularly an unsurpassed
NEWS SERVICE
of the great Southwest in general. Specially live and useful features are the Farmers Forum, A page for the Little Men and Women. The Woman's century. And Particular attention is given to Market Reports. You can get The Semi-Weekly Farm News in connection with The Borden citizen and the Kansas city Journal for only \$1.75 a year cash for three papers. Subscribe now and get the local news and the news of the world at remarkably small cost.

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.

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 Necessities.
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 Rooms
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 CHOROUS 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

G. Washington Jenks of the Stephenville Tribune would rather fish than write or set type, but when he waltzes up to a case he can make the dusty cubes tell some pretty truths. For instance he says: "The editor of the Tribune commends Campbell for cutting out the normal school and the \$50 going as a bonus to appointees. The State has no right to put its hands in the pockets of tax-payers, and give their money to able bodied citizens. The Tribune does not believe in doing things that make people dependent. If a boy has not got the grit to get through school through his own efforts he is of

little value. As a matter of fact appointees to the normal schools who get a donation of \$50 in cash and also free tuition are usually people simply able to pay their way. Give to the blind and crippled, but never to a healthy, normal man or woman. It's folly to say good teachers cannot be had without first making pensioners out of them. The Tribune believes the State is going wild over the superstructure and not providing sufficiently for the common schools. We only get a pittance now of \$5 for each pupil in the common schools. We should first build up the common schools."

Mark Twain's Dents

With as much real philosophy as humor Mark Twain delivers a few "don'ts" to the sweet girl graduate.

When he advises her not to smoke or drink to excess, of course he is joking in leaving the inference that it is proper for her to drink or smoke at all. He is only leading by a facetious process to the main thought, "Don't marry—to excess" by which he means to rebuke the heedless and wicked matrimonial adventures of modern society.

Really, the much-marrying of these latter days is nothing less than intemperance—riotous, besotted drunkenness of fancy or passion. It is no more holy matrimony than wine-bibbing is Christian sacrament. To use the mildest term, it is a downright sin.

"Marrying to excess" is the humorous phrasing of a great crime which is doing more to wreck domestic life and to poison the very fountains of civilization than any other indulgence or intemperance.

Anti-divorce laws or uniform divorce laws or divorce reform statutes are well enough in their way to punish or prevent some of the more flagrant cases of evil conduct in matrimony, but they cannot reach the root of the curse. That lies deep in a perverseness that cannot be more accurately described in polite speech. The cure is a revival of the primitive conception of wifely and husbandly oneness, of the merging of purpose and aspiration "for better or for worse" of the twain made one flesh so long as both may live.

The marriage that is only a partnership subject to dissolution by mutual consent, or the marriage that is the test of a fancy subject to separation upon better acquaintance—such a marriage is the licensed abuse of the holiest function of life. It is the bestial debasement of a relation instituted as a sacrament for the honorable happiness of the contracting parties and the perpetuation of virtuous society.

If it be not so esteemed in the original contemplation there is little reason to hope that it will endure. Therefore the mothers and the fathers of the rising generation must see to it that sound matrimonial ideas are instilled into the minds and hearts of their sons and daughters. The law court can do something for correction, but the fireside is the great source of inspiration for correct thinking and living.—Ft. Worth Record.

Great enterprises which build up and promote the private happiness and public prosperity of the country are not grown in a day: it is the constant dripping that wears away the hardest stone. The persistent and well directed will of the people is what brings results. The country being treated and educated to the commercial value of good roads and their relation to property values, to say nothing of the unpriced conveniences of better highways. The press is doing its part in this laudable work and it is only a question of time when the people will come as a unit to their assistance. When the people get together something will be accomplished.—Sulphur Springs Gazette.

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The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News makes a specialty of

TEXAS

news. Outside of this, it is unquestionably the best semi-weekly publication in the world. It gives news from all over the world, but particularly an unsurpassed

NEWS SERVICE

of the great Southwest in general. Specially live and useful features are the Farmers Forum, A page for the Little Men and Women, The Woman's century. And Particular attention is given to Market Reports. You can get The Semi-Weekly Farm News in connection with The Borden citizen and the Kansas city Journal for only \$1.75 a year cash for three papers.

Subscribe now and get the local news and the news of the world at remarkably small cost.

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 choicest colt will be given the season free.

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, July 1, 1909.

Wandering Thoughts

The lone bank robber in Fort Worth proved that the day of the sensational yellow backed journals is not over. There is still material left on which they can work up good stories.

The old maxim, "He that tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted" is also applicable to towns. If our citizens don't do the tooting for Gail, none will be done. We have the surroundings, the natural advantages, fine prospects for railroad connections, and now is the time to get the country before the eyes of the people. The most judicious way to do that is to stand by your home paper and help it do the boosting.

The Citizen's platform is "A bigger and better Gail along social, commercial and religious lines." If you like the platform help us win the campaign on it.

Texas boasts the only Attorney General in the United States who has won a litigation against the oil octopus. Remember this same man will be a gubernatorial aspirant next year and deserves your careful consideration.

Party loyalty and the party lash are now obsolete terms in the vocabulary of Senator Bailey.

Don't forget to tell us all the local news you know. It will help us to get out a better paper and reflect more credit upon your town.

Factions mean the death of any town. Where the citizens work in unity results will follow their efforts just as surely as night follows day.

Socialism is the first step to anarchism, their orators to the contrary notwithstanding.

W. J. Bryan, Jr., only son of the great commoner, is soon to wed a Milwaukee girl. The Democratic press of the United States extends congratulations.

The Passing of a Brilliant Man

It is indeed a sad spectacle to witness the passing of a man who possesses the intellect and ability to accomplish much good for the cause of the so-called common people of the country. Be it remembered that the party of the masses—the Democratic party—has made J. W. Bailey what he is to-day. He boldly proclaimed that his services for the oil and other trusts in a legal (?) capacity did not bias his service for his constituents in Texas. Some, in fact a majority as shown by the final vote, swallowed the bait.

But the biblical adage, "No man can serve two masters" has again been forcefully illustrated. During the present session of the Congress of the United States, Bailey has boldly alligned himself with the trust masters upon every question. He has declared that the Democratic party nor its platforms had no 'strings' on him. He has repudiated its basic planks and given the framers the "horse laugh." At last he has had the courage to show his true feathers and allign himself with the Republican party. The people of Texas do not want a Republican Senator hence his defeat is a foregone conclusion.

Peace to his ashes. Let us revere the memory of the Bailey that once was, as much as we abhor and despise the arch-traitor to his people and his party, the Bailey that now is. B. F.

The Common People

We often see in the millionaire press and hear from the plutocratic mouths flurring references made to the common people. And right here it is entirely pertinent to ask a few pointed questions. Where are the divorce scandals found? Who is it that sells their souls for a foreigner's empty title? Where is the centre of the swell society that is damning our country to-day? The correct answer to each is, among the immensely wealthy.

Let us paint two pictures and illustrate the two classes.

In picture number one we see a vain old mother whose only thought is that her daughters may be shining stars in the social world. They are taught that money and station makes the man. All is whirl and giddy fashion. The daughter marries either a titled foreigner who has come over to replenish his pocket book and who has no more conception of honor than a bat, or she weds the worthless, drinking son of some millionaire and in a few years another divorce scandal is aired in the courts.

In picture number two we see a dear old mother as she gathers the family circle together at the close of another day. She instills into the minds of her daughters love and reverence for the good, the true and the noble. She teaches her children the obligation they owe to the Giver of all good and to their fellow beings. She tells them the true test of nobility is an honest, upright moral, clean life and that money does not make the man. Her daughters are pure as God intended they should be. The result is they marry the sturdy sons of the common people and we find more happy homes—and homes are the foundation and perpetuation of an independent country.

To which set had you rather belong? We answer unhesitatingly the common herd. For "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," and we had rather in the evening of life look back upon our days that were spent with the people who recognize and respect the man and not his money, than in the last days to recline on the luxurious couch of the millionaire and know that our every thought had been money, society and their attendant evils. B. F.

PROTRACTED MEETING.

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

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



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He pulled himself together and went on with the tired gait of an old man, his great shock head bowed low. A few moments later he returned.

"I've sent li' Jean for 'im. You get in dere out of sight—an' wait."

CHAPTER XII. TANGLED SKIN.

WHEN Burrell entered he wasted no time in greetings.

"I know why you sent for me, Poleon. I've heard the news, and I would have been up anyhow to congratulate her very soon. I call it pretty fine."

"Yes, dere's been beeg strike all right, an' Necla is goin' be riche gal."

"I'm as pleased as if the claim were mine, and you feel the same way, of course."

"You know me for good man, eh? An' you know I ain' try for bre'k up oder fellers' bisnesse, never! Waal, I'm come to you now lak wan good man to 'noder, because I'm got bad trouble on de min', an' you mus'n't get scre."

"There's no danger, Poleon. Let's ave it. If there is anything I can do you may count on me."

"Waal," he began nervously, clearing his throat, "it's lak dis. Dere's feller



"I'm tired of the game, and you interest me no longer."

been talk some 'bout Necla, an' it ain' nice talk nelder."

"Who is he?" exclaimed the soldier in a tone that made the girl's heart leap.

"Wait! Lemme tol' you w'at he say; den we'll talk 'bout feex 'im plaintee. He say dere's joke down on Stark's saloon dat Necla Gale is mak' fool of herse'f on you an' dat you ain' care for marry her."

"Rannion!" cried Burrell and started for the door. "I'll settle with him now for fair!" But Poleon blocked his way and, observing him gravely, continued in a tone that the other could

place you'll tol' me if it's true."

"Truc?" the lieutenant retorted angrily. "What business is it of yours? This concerns me."

"An' me too! I'm w'at you call garden for Necla till John Gale come back, an' I'm broder of her too. You promis' jus' now you don' get mad, an' I don' say she's Rannion nelder w'at spik dose t'ing. Dere's more dan 'im been talkin'. Is it true?"

His sternness offended Burrell, for the soldier was not the kind to discuss his affairs in this way; therefore he drew back, scowling.

"Poleon Doret," he said, "it's not one's enemies who do him injury; it's his d—d fool friends. I have learned to regard you highly, because you are a brave man and an honest one, but it seems that you are a sentimental idiot."

"Dem is tough word," Doret replied. "But dere's reason w'y I can't tak' on no madness. You say I'm hones'. Waal, I'm hones' now, an' I come to you wit' fair words, an' I show my han' to you—I don' hol' out no cards, m'sieu—but I don' t'ink it is you who have play square altogether. I'm Necla's frien', an' I'll fight for her jus' so quecker lak you, but I mus' know dis t'ing for sure, so if you have de good heart an' de courage of good man you'll tell me de truth. Do you have the feelin' for marry on her?"

The pause that followed was awkward for both of them, while the girl, who stood concealed near by, held her breath and buried her nails in her palms. Why did he hesitate? Would he never speak?

"I am amazed at myself for listening to you," he said at last, "and quite shocked, in fact, at my answering your questions, but perhaps I'd better, after all. First, however, let me say that the little girl is just as pure now as she was before she knew me."

Poleon threw up his hand. "M'sieu, dat's more closer to de insult dan w'at you call me jus' now. You don' need for spoke it."

"You're right. There's no need to tell you that. As for showing her certain attentions—well, I admit that I have, as you know; but, thank God, I can say I've been a gentleman and addressed her as I would the fairest lady I've known."

"An' you mean for marry, eh?" probed the other.

"I did not say so," Burrell declared at last. "It's a thing I can't discuss, because I doubt if you could understand what I would say. This life of yours is different from mine, and it would be useless for me to explain the reason why I cannot marry her. Leaving out all question of my sentiment, there are insurmountable obstacles to such a union. But, as to this talk, I think that can be stopped without annoyance to her, and, as for the rest, we must trust to time to bring about a proper adjustment."

A low, discordant sound of laughter arrested his words, and, turning, he beheld Necla standing revealed in the dimness.

"What an amusing person you are!" she said. "I've had hard work holding in all this time while you were torturing your mind and twisting the honest English language out of shape and meaning. I knew I should have to laugh sooner or later. That's your Dixie chivalry, I suppose. Well, I've played with you long enough. Lieutenant Burrell. I'm tired of the game, and you interest me no longer."

She taunted him like a baited badger, for this thing was getting beyond her control, and the savage instincts of the wilderness were uppermost.

"You are quite right," he replied. "I am very foolish, and the laugh is with you." His lips tried to frame a smile, but failed. He bowed low and, turning, walked out.

The moment he was gone she cried breathlessly:

"You must marry me, Poleon. You've got to do it now!"

"Do you mean dat for sure?" he said.

"Can't you see there's nothing else for it after this? I'll show him that he can't make me a toy to suit his convenience. I've told 'im I would marry you on Sunday, and I'll do it or die. Of course you don't love me, for you don't know what love is, I suppose. How—could you?" She broke down and began to catch her breath amid coughing sobs that shook her slender body, though they left her eyes dry and feverish. "I—I'm very unhappy, b-but I'll be a good—wife to you. Oh, Poleon, if you only knew!"

He drew a long breath. When he spoke his voice had the timbre of some softly played instrument, and a tremor ran through his words.

"No! I don' know w'at kin' of love is dis, for sure. De kin' of love I



"Five year I've wait—an' jus' for dis." know is de kin' I sing 'bout in my songs. I s'pose it's different breed to yours, an' I'm begin to see it don' live nowhere but on dem songs of mine. Dere's long tam' I waste here now—five year—but tomorrow I go again lookin' for my own cuntry."

"Poleon," she cried, looking up with startled eyes, "not tomorrow, but Sunday! We will go together."

He shook his head. "Tomorrow, Necla! An' I go alone."

"Then you won't—marry me?" she asked in a hushed and frightened voice.

"No! Dere's wan t'ing I can't do even for you, Necla; dere's wan t'ing I can't geeve, dat's all—jus' wan on all de worl'. I can't kill de li'l' god wit' de bow an' arrow. He's all dat mak' de sun shine, de birds sing an' de leaves wisper to me; he's de wan li'l' feller w'at mak' my life wort' livin' an' keep music in my soul. If I keel 'im dere ain' no more lef' lak it, an' I'm never goin' in' my lan' of content nor sing nor laugh no more. I'm t'inkin' I would rader sing songs to 'im all alone onderneat' de stars beside my campfire an' talk wit' 'im in my bark canoe dan go livin' wit' you in fine house an' let 'im get col' an' die."

that I had always intended to. He'll believe I was lying," she moaned in distress.

"Dat's too bad, but dis t'ing ain' no doin's wit' me. Dere's wan t'ing in dis worl' mus' live forever, an' dat's love. If we kill 'im den it's purty poor place for stoppin' in. I'm cut off my han' for help you, Necla, but I can't be husban' to no woman in fun."

Poleon waited patiently until her paroxysm of sobbing had passed, then gently raised her and led her out through the back door into the summer day, which an hour ago had been so bright and promising and was now so gray and dismal. He followed her with his eyes until she disappeared inside the log house.

"An' dat's de end of it all," he mused. "Five year I've wait—an' jus' for dis."

Meade Burrell never knew how he gained his quarters, but when he had done so he locked his door behind him, then loosed his hold on things material. He raged about the room like a wild animal and vented his spite on every inanimate thing that lay within reach. As yet his mind grasped but dully the fact that she was to marry another, but gradually this thought in turn took possession of him. She would be some one else's wife in two days. The thought drove the lover frantic, and he felt that madness lay that way if he dwelt on such fancies for long.

As he grew calmer his reason began to dissect the scene that had taken place in the store, and he wondered whether she had been lying to him, after all. No doubt she had been engaged to the Frenchman and had always planned to wed Poleon, for that was not out of reason. She might even have set out mischievously to amuse herself with him, but at the recollection of those rapturous hours they had spent together he declared aloud that she had loved him, and him only. Every instinct in him shouted that she loved him in spite of her cruel protestations.

A man came with his supper, but he called to him to begone. There are those who believe that in passing from daylight to darkness a subtle transition occurs akin to the change from positive to negative in an electrical current and that this intangible, untraceable atmospheric influence exerts a definite psychical effect upon men and their modes of thought. Be this as it may, it is certain that as the night grew darker the lieutenant's mood changed. He lost his fierce anger at the girl and reasoned that he owed it to her to set himself right in her eyes; that in all justice to her he ought to prove his own sincerity.

An up river steamboat was just landing as he neared the trading post—a freighter, as he noted by her lights. In the glare at the river bank he saw Poleon and the trader, who had evidently returned from Lee's creek, and without accosting them he hurried on to the store. Peering in from the darkness, he saw Alluna. No doubt Necla was alone in the house behind. So he stumbled around to the back to find the window of her room aglow behind its curtain, and, receiving no answer to his knock, he entered, for it was customary at Gale's to waive ceremony. Inside the big room he paused, then stepped swiftly across and rapped at her door, falling back a pace as she came out.

Instead of speaking at once, as he had planned, to prevent her escaping, he was struck speechless, for the vision that met his eyes was that which he had seen one blithe spring morning three months before, but tonight there was no shawl to conceal her sweetly rounded neck and shoulders, whose whiteness was startling against the black of the ballroom gown. The slim gold chain hung around her neck, and her hair was piled high, as before. He noted every smallest detail as she stood there waiting for him to speak, forgetful of everything else.

She had put on the gown again to

When in Snyder call and let Mr. Ed Thompson show you our stock of Wall Paper. They are new and up to date, also a full line of Varnish for spring cleaning. Drugs and Toilet Articles, Cigars, Cold drinks and Magazines

**Don't Forget The Place
WARREN BROTHERS**

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Women of Valais

Among the curious communities of the world that of Valais, a beautiful canton of Switzerland, certainly ranks as one of the most peculiar and interesting. It provides a delightful picture of topsy turvydom. From time immemorial the women have worn the "breeks" and performed the manual labor of the fields while their lords and masters lounge their days away in ease.

What is more the women are quite content with this inverted order of things and are perfectly satisfied if their husbands brew the herbs, fry the meat and look after the baby, while they wrestle with the sterner duties of the field and stable.

And not only do the women of Valais wear trousers for convenience when working in the field but also on Sundays and fete days. "They have no hankering for the trammels of skirts," says Miss Van der Veer in the Wide World Magazine. "I was highly amused to see the pretty girls sauntering along the picturesque trails with their sweethearts' arms around their waists, looking to the casual stranger like two looney young men.

"One can scarcely imagine a wedding party with bride and groom dressed alike but I have seen one in the mountains, when the bride wore a white bodice, white trousers and a bunch of white violets in her hair! She was as pretty as a picture despite the attire, and quite as blushing and shy as any bride out of a convent.

"And in spite of their familiarity with trousers these women do not walk or sit in a masculine manner. Any one can see at a glance that they are women in men's clothes. They always sit sideways on horseback and get over fences by first mounting to the top rail and sliding down, woman fashion.

"Another feminine absurdity is the wearing of a long sort of toga which trails down their backs and gets in the way whenever they bend over or go thru the tangles of the mountain wood
"Why don't you wear a cap or small felt hat like the men?" I asked an old woman once.

"We have always covered our heads so" was her explanation—an explanation, in her opinion, that was all sufficing. Peasants from one generation to another do everything simply because their forefathers did the same"

Road Notice to Non Resident Land Owners

State of Texas } ss.
Borden County }

We the undersigned Jury of Freeholders, citizens of said Borden County, Texas, duly appointed by the Commissioners Court of Borden County, Texas, at its regular May term, 1909, to view and establish a second class road from the south-west corner of J. R. Roper's west section No. 47, block 32, E. L. R. R. Ry. Co. survey to the north boundary line of Borden county, and having been duly sworn as the law directs, hereby give notice that we will on the 2nd day of Aug., 1909, assemble at G. W. Miller's residence and thence proceed to survey, locate, view, mark out and establish said road, beginning at the south-west corner of the J. R. Roper section 47 in block 32, E. L. R. R. Ry. Co's survey. Thence north to County line with section lines and we do hereby notify Sarah A. Colvin, Frank Smith, W. R. Hester, C. A. Sewell and J. R. Hendrick and any and all persons owning lands through which said road may run, that we will at the same time proceed to assess the damages incidental to the opening and establishment of said road, when they may, either in person or by agent or attorney, present to us a written statement of the amount of damages, if any, claimed by them.

Witness our hands this 26th day of June, A. D., 1909.

J. E. Moore,
G. W. Miller,
J. E. Eubanks,
A. M. Tredway,
W. F. Seigler,

Jurors of View.

PROTRACTED MEETING.

Eld. J. A. Lambeth of Cone Texas, will preach a series of sermons in Gail, beginning Saturday evening July 3rd. Everybody cordially invited.

Short orders a Specialty
Open Day and Night

Regular Dinner
Phone No. 361

T. & P. EATING HOUSE

J. C. HORN, Proprietor.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Most Up-to-Date Restaurant in West Texas
Cater to the Best Trade and strive to Please
Everything Neat and Clean
Give us a call

**When You Need Anything
In Drugs, Paints, Oils, Carbon, Cigars or
Sporting Goods, come to see us.
Our Prices are Right.**

Biles & Gentry.
Big Springs, Texas.

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

GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do a general Banking business.
Exchange drawn on the principal Commercial cities.

Fire at Fluvanna

Intelligence was received here Sunday of a serious fire at Fluvanna which started about 2:30 Sunday morning, destroying Herron Bros' Dry Goods and Hardware house also Rufus Whitaker's barber shop and the Post-office building. Herron Bros. had just papered and refitted their dry goods department and put in a new stock of dry goods.

Their loss was about \$24,000, \$12,000 of which was covered by insurance. Rufus Whitaker saved his barber chairs and some of his barber utensils, no insurance. Some of the post-office furniture and valuables were saved. Fluvanna has no fire protection.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Darnell Lumber Company.

Complete Stock of Building Material Under Sheds

Sherwin Williams Paints and Varnishes

TRY US FOR BARGAINS

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Co-operation the Secret of Success

The town in which every one works only for what he thinks will promote his own business success, and cares nothing for his neighbors welfare, needs to catch the spirit of enterprise and to realize the fact that in business there is no such thing as single blessedness, and that our prosperity depends upon the prosperity of those around us.

It is folly for one, like Sampson of old, to pull down the temple of prosperity that we may destroy others when in so doing we accomplish our own ruin. We are interdependent one upon another, and no reputable business in a town suffers, that we do not suffer with it. If the farmer prospers the town prospers, if an individual enterprise in a town prospers every other enterprise of the town will share its prosperity. Co-operation is the watchword of success and the town is weak in resources and population there is nothing too difficult for it to accomplish, if it will unite with one purpose and one mind to attain the objects and ends it may have in view, however beset with difficulties and dangers the pathway to the goal may be.

Our School Proposition

Two petitions to our Commissioners Court are being circulated this week, one of which has for its purpose the enlarging of the territorial limits of the district, the other to increase the tax rate to 30 cents on the \$100 valuation. No doubt these elections will be ordered at the next term of Court and a few words just now in regard to the school in general will not be amiss.

The new principal, Prof. G. W. Bryson, comes to us highly recommended, both as an instructor and as a Christian gentleman. He is a man of many year's experience in school work and will no doubt do everything in his power to build up and improve our public school.

Gail should by all means have a nine months school term and in order to have this and equip and improve the building and ground as they should be it is almost absolutely necessary that the tax rate be raised to the amount prayed for in the petition.

The increase in taxes would be hardly noticeable to any individual, and even though it was, there is not a person in the district that could not well afford to pay a little more tax and get the advantages of a better school.

The citizenship of Gail and surrounding country should stand squarely behind their teachers, and even though someone might have cause for a personal grievance it would be far better to pass it up in the interest of harmony.

"In unity there is strength" and the Citizen hopes and believes that our people will unite and pull together for a better school and the start will be to vote affirmatively on the two propositions to be submitted, remembering that a good school is our very best advertisement.

The Citizen will be found at all times advocating every measure in the interest of education and progress.

Answer the Knockers

The Citizen has, unfortunately been the recipient of a good many knocks, slurs and insinuations in the past which, up to the present time, we have refused to notice in our columns.

It is charged by some that we do not boost the town and its progressive (?) citizenship as we should.

A glance at our advertising columns will show that some of the leading business men are not our patrons in that line and are not even subscribers to the paper. Then how can we consistently boost a people who are so dead to their own interests they cannot see that a newspaper is the prime factor in the upbuilding of any town? It reflects your town's business acumen and any man with business acumen can readily see whether or not the town is progressive.

Regardless of the fact that you do or don't like the personalities of those behind the paper it is a duty you owe yourself and your neighbor to help us in every way possible to put your town and country before the people. Ponder well these matters and look at yourself a moment before again criticising us.

The Citizen's management is heartily in favor of any progressive measure and will "dig up"

as liberally as anyone for any laudable enterprise. But it is human nature for one to desire that their efforts, unselfishly bestowed, are appreciated by the people whom they benefit most.

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.

D. Dorward.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

{ Druggists Sundries }

Furniture

Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

Higginbotham, Harris & Company

Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas.

LUMBER

Building Material of All Kinds

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THOMPSON HOTEL

GOOD SERVICES

NICE BEDS

RATES \$1. PER DAY

MRS. J. F. BUTLER Prop.

SNYDER, TEXAS

Harness & Repair Shop

and

Made to Order.

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

NOTICE!

When in Big Springs put your team up at the Big Stall Wagon yard just East of Burton Lingo's. If you will stop with me once you will be treated in a way that you will come back again. I handle flour and meal, also, and sell all kinds of feed stuff.

E. E. WILLIAMSON

Phone No. 368

Big Springs, Texas.

New WAGONS

Complete With Bed, Brake and Seat - - - - - \$84 00

Deere & Company and Parlin & Orendoff Sulkey Plows \$35.00

Deere & Company Disks, Full Size - - - - - \$27.00

Double U Company,

Post City, Garza County Texas.

An accident happened at the home of W. B. Dillahunty last Monday of quite an alarming nature. A little child of Mrs. Gregg, daughter of Mr. Dillahunty fell on its head out of a little express wagon and was knocked insensible for a time. A doctor was hurriedly called in but the little one soon recovered from the shock and so far as we have heard no serious results followed.

D. Dorward installed a soda fount in his drug store this week.

E. A. Hawkins of the Champ neighborhood was in Monday and reported a nice rain Tuesday week in his locality and the crops looking well.

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

Jack Smith who has been located here for some time as stock inspector returned Thursday evening from a trip to Houston bringing with him a bride.

D. Birdwell of the Plainview neighborhood who came to town Monday reported the stand of crops good, but needing rain.

J. K. Brimm of Denton has accepted a clerkship in the Dorward drug store and will be on hand at all hours to give prompt attention to their customers.

Prof. S. B. Wallace principal of the last term of the Gail school, left Saturday for Sterling City, having accepted that school.

W. G. Miller was in from his ranch near Tredway Friday. He reports partial rains on the plains.

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.

A. H. Berry of the Berry community was here Tuesday.

The family of D. E. Naylor are visiting in Gail.

HUNTER MERCANTILE CO.,

SNYDER TEXAS.

Successors to Pettus Merc. Co. Call on us when in Snyder for Dry Goods Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. In fact everything usually kept in a First-class Dry Goods Store. Pettus Mercantile Co's old stand, Clairemont street. We will treat you right and sell you goods for less money than any Merchant in West Texas.