

The Borden Citizen

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NO. 36.

Face to Face With Danger

There are large sections of the dry country where but very little rain has fallen this year, in some places the drouth is acute.

We know of regions where scores of families have gone away and have given up hope of a crop this very season. There are other regions where rain is essential during July if the crops are to be saved. Others find that the grain crops they are now harvesting have been cut short by reason of there not being sufficient moisture in the ground to mature the crops. But this is no uncommon condition.

Do you recall what was in the papers about a year ago in regard to the drouth which hit the region of the upper Ohio valley?

There was the usual amount of rain in the spring and everything looked good up to about the middle of July. Then there were signs of trouble. In August the farmers were hoping for rain. Before the first of September some of them were praying for rain. The spectators at the great grain markets were eagerly devouring information as to the "terrible effects of the drouth," which seemed to be severest in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

And the people of those states, where they boast of abundant rainfall every year, seemed to have no thought that they could in even the slightest degree overcome the evils of the drouth. They just took it for granted that when the clouds were not present there was nothing for them to do but groan and grumble.

What those people experienced in a region where the rainfall goes over 30 inches a year, is likely to happen anywhere at any time.

The recurrence of periods, more or less prolonged, of extreme dry weather, in the western country, forces upon the people the study of the problem of the drouth. While many will simply give up and go away, others will apply themselves diligently to the study of the question. Those who do apply themselves will be the winners. Some good always comes out of the greatest of misfortunes, and out of this sad experience of the drouth the western farmers will be able to gain something if only they will get down to business.

For one thing, it will compel abandonment of half measures. It will make it very certain that farming the dry country cannot be done successfully by mere adaption of old methods. It will convince very many that simply good farming is not enough, but that they must do real scientific farming. It will show that it is not enough to know something about sub-soiling and deeper plowing and the "dust blanket" and rotation and new and strange varieties of plants from far-off lands. The farmer who stands out against the perversity of nature must understand the whole problem and be able to apply principles that go to the very heart of the question of tillage.

Every farmer, especially every one having a large area of land in his charge, should maintain an experimental plot on which he should try out scientific soil culture. Then he will know for himself just what can be done.

The farmers are always face to face with danger, and this is especially true of the farmers of the western country. But out

of this danger some valuable lessons can be learned.—Campbell's Scientific Farmer.

No man has a better right to address the Democratic members of Congress in relation to the tariff, in either admonition or criticism, than has Mr. Roger Q. Mills of Texas who declares that the Democratic party, as now represented in Washington, might as well pass out of existence. Speaking for the bold time Democracy, Mr. Mills adds: "I believe that men who believe as we do would rather see the party die than to see it further prostituted to serve the uses of the base men who now seem to control it." It has been a long time since the country has heard from Mr. Mills. But never has he forfeited authority to speak on public affairs, and especially on the tariff, the literature of which he has mastered as few men of his time have ever attempted to master it. Mr. Mills was in Congress continuously from 1872 to 1899, approximately the last seven years of that term having been served in the Senate. He was a member of the ways and means committee of the House for some years. And as chairman of that committee drew the Mills Tariff Bill which was passed by the House and on which the campaign of 1888 was made. While he has been recognized as one of the strongest of the Democratic tariff reformers and one of the most conspicuous leaders of the cause at a time when the issue was clearly drawn between the two parties, Mr. Mills has other claims to Democratic attention. He is a Kentuckian by birth. He has lived in Texas sixty years. He served in the Confederate army through the Civil War and was wounded three times.

This distinguished democrat, who was a power in the three Cleveland campaigns and in Congress is constrained to break the silence of his retirement at 77 to declare that his party would be better dead than longer submit to the control that now seems to possess it.

This outburst is obviously due to the attitude of certain Democrats, particularly in the South, in making alliances with Aldrich and Cannon and the interests these Republican leaders represent in the revision of the tariff. The Democratic party is vastly better than these representatives, just as the Republican party is vastly better than Aldrich and Cannon. A new party would not mean much unless the people could make sure of its leaders. The interests seeking to exploit the people do not care anything about parties; they want men. They want men in Congress, in Legislatures, in city councils. And in placing their men where they can do the most good for the interests which intend to rob people, these interests have to depend entirely upon the people who are to be robbed.—Ex.

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.

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Cornado Destroys Home
 Ballinger, Tex., July 4.—One of the miraculous freaks performed by cyclones took place three miles west of this place last evening. A small cloud and shower of rain came up accompanied by much thunder and lightning. A small cyclone struck the home of C. H. Martin blowing the house about sixty yards and completely wrecking it. Mrs. Martin was standing on the gallery of the house with a small baby in her arms, and the gallery was not disturbed. Trees were twisted off for a considerable distance along the path of the storm, but it left the ground before striking other houses. The neighbors came to town today to solicit aid for Mr. Martin, as torrents of rain damaged his household goods after the house was destroyed. The rain was confined to a small territory.

Hon Cone Johnson
 The Hon. Cone Johnson, of Tyler, tentative candidate for Governor, spoke last week at Bruceville and also at Meridian on previous occasions, and he spoke out unequivocally on the subject of submission and also prohibition. He scored the treacherous minority in the Legislature for turning down the will of the people and the demands of their party. He did not mince matters on any part of the ground. He then defined his position on these two questions, and left no room for doubt as to where he stands. He had a great crowd, and he thrilled them from the opening sentence to the conclusion. It was a brilliant speech, just such a one as only Cone Johnson is able to deliver. He is by all odds one of the finest campaigners in Texas, and whenever and wherever

he speaks he has an enthusiastic gathering to hear him. If he continues in the race he is one of the men that the other candidates will have to reckon with, and he will make it very interesting for them.—Home and State.

Fruit of the Saloon

In one of the police courts of New York a woman of 25 was arraigned upon a charge of murdering her husband. She was haggard and worn and emaciated and pale as marble. Her face was bruised and blackened by the hands of her husband. This is the story she told:

"I have been pawning our things for months to buy food for my baby and me. My husband gave us nothing. He was always looking for money. Last Tuesday he beat me so that I am still black and blue from the beating.

Last night he came home drunk at 10 o'clock. I cooked supper for him and gave him tea. He said 'I don't want tea, I must have some beer.' Then he grabbed my pocket-book. There was 13 cents in the pocket-book—all the money I had in the world—and I needed it to buy milk for baby.

So as he grabbed the pocket-book I reached from the other side of the table and grabbed it too. I hung on, no matter how hard he tried to pull the pocket-book from me. Then he took me by the throat. 'O,' he says, 'I'll bet you never tell anyone what I did to you this time. You will never have me arrested for this.'

"He choked me so hard that I was getting blind. Everything in the room looked black. I picked up the knife that I had cut his meat with. It had a sharp point. I struck at him with it."

How men can vote to permit the selling of stuff that compels women to resort to murder in order to protect and feed their offspring is something we cannot understand.—Home and State.

The Country Newspaper

There are few who appreciate the country newspaper and its editor as they should.

The country newspaper is a "home grown" institution, and should be a part of every man's and woman's pride, who lives upon its good deeds.

The country newspaper weeps when you weep, it mourns when you mourn, it sighs when you sigh. It tells all of your good traits, and you have to be devilish mean when it says anything bad about you.

It tells of your prosperity and weeps when adversity overtakes you. It will sit up at nights with your sick family and contribute to your wants when in need.

It will go for the doctor at midnight for you if you need him. It will delay its issue a day to attend the funeral of one of your family. It will give you the best room in its dwelling if your house burns down. It will send you a "mess" of fresh meat if it butchers before you do. And this is not all. If your family is too poor to erect a tombstone when you die it will chip in to help erect one to remember your last resting place. Still this is not all as it will close its eyes to the truth and say something nice about you after you're dead, and still you'll cuss it and let the poor editor send your paper 'steen' years without paying him a cent and stop your paper if he intimates that he is hard up.—National Rip Saw.

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 Monday in February, May, August and November.

Precinct Officers
 J. N. Hopkins, J. P. Prec. 1
 J. H. 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.

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Farming

After passing the 98th parallel of latitude west, farming from lack of sufficient rainfall is conceded to be uncertain. West of this latitude there is an immense territory of very fertile land, the greater portion of which is devoted to pasture for live stock and has never been put in cultivation.

Whilst this area is subject to drouth, yet there are seasons, or years, in which good crops are raised, and as the farmer mixes stock raising with farming, in drouthy years he can dispose of a portion of his herd and bridge over the hard times.

This section under the old system of farming, is eminently adapted to stock farming, i.e. the raising of cattle on the products of the farm, owing to the fact that kaffir corn, dwarf maize and sorghum flourish here in spite of drouth and furnish the very best of feedstuff for keeping and fattening cattle for the market. The insufficiency of moisture for successful farm-

ing may be overcome in two ways. First, by irrigation where conditions are favorable, and by this means the soil is made to produce immense crops of grain, hay and fruits as the moisture is supplied at such times and in such quantities as is most needed. Secondly, where irrigation is impractical, by the Campbell system of dry farming. This consists in deeply plowing and thoroughly pulverizing the soil and then packing it so as to enable it to conserve the moisture, and then keeping the surface continually stirred.

This system is being adopted in many parts of the west with wonderful results, and will probably in time when its advantages are better known become quite general in West Texas.

If the Campbell system proves to be all that is claimed for it, it will no doubt revolutionize farming and be a great boon to the country deficient in rainfall for successful farming and add wonderfully to the productive ability of the West.

Crue Democrats

That those Democratic senators who abandoned party principles at the behest of private interests in the consideration of the Aldrich tariff bill do not faithfully reflect the views of their constituencies is apparent to all. Happily the Democratic party has many able, courageous, uncompromising representatives in both branches of congress whose presence there offsets in a measure the delinquency of others.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma is one of the Democratic senators of whom the party can be proud. His speech on the woolen schedule was brilliant, keen, forceful and a perfect exposition of the Democratic viewpoint. A new member of the house of representatives, Mr. Dent of Alabama, also made a speech the other day that rang true. In it he scored those of his fellow members who are known to have a direct personal interest in the tariff upon certain articles in the pending bill. He declared that for such members to vote on the passage of the bill is no better than it would be for a judge to sit, hear and determine his own case.

Mr. Dent is right, and some time the people will rise up and endorse his logic by retiring from public life those members of congress who use their official power to aggrandize and enrich themselves.

The Objection to John

The Gaylords and Nelsons have always been neighbors and intimate friends. So when John Gaylord at twenty-four, as fine a fellow as ever was, began to see what an altogether charming girl Molly Nelson was there was naturally no opposition. Indeed as the affair became serious it was evident to all, including John and Molly themselves, that the parents concerned were delighted. As yet there was no formal announcement, but every one knew that it was understood, and evening after evening John talked to Molly on the front porch often lingering after the other Nelsons had retired.

The surprise of the two was consequently great when one evening a shuffling step was heard in the hall, and presently Mr. Nelson appeared in slippers and dressing gown, candle in hand. Quite evidently, he had gone to bed and then got up—for some purpose.

"Why, father, what is the matter?"

Molly's cheeks were burning, as her father stood there hesitating and eyeing John closely. John, leaning against the doorpost, where he had stood for the last fifteen minutes saying good night to Molly, felt decidedly uncomfortable under Mr. Nelson's gaze.

In fact, it was embarrassing all around. But John is a young man who goes straight to the point. "Is anything wrong Mr. Nelson?" he began. "Am I to infer that you object to my being here?" "Well no, not exactly, John." Mr. Nelson coughed slightly, hesitating. "It's only that mother and I would like to get a little sleep."

"Father," cried Molly quite indignant, "we couldn't have been disturbing anyone! John has been talking very low!"

"I don't doubt that my dear" Mr. Nelson was beginning to enjoy the situation. "It's not that nor have I any objection to John talking to you. In fact I have not an objection in the world to John nor to his conduct except!"

Mr. Nelson is open to suspicion of having prolonged the matter unnecessarily at this point.

"except in one thing. Mrs. Nelson and I do object seriously, my dear John, to the habit you seemed to have formed this evening of leaning against the bell push. Our bedroom is next to the kitchen, and this continuous bell ringing is not conducive to repose."

Clubbing Offer

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T. M. JONES, Ed. and Prop.
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Gail, Texas, July 15, 1909.

Wandering Thoughts

The Gubernatorial candidates have been feeling of the public pulse in their patriotic Fourth of July orations.

Don't forget to cast your vote for the school amendments on Aug. 3rd. And on the 7th of Aug. we have a local school issue to be settled in which every citizen should be interested. Be sure that your ticket reads for the 30 cent levy.

The Citizen has a nice list of country correspondents and very much appreciates the good work they are doing for the paper.

The hot summer weather is upon us in all its fury and it is exceedingly difficult to "keep cool"

Gail's prospects for a successful term of the public school are indeed flattering.

The bold bank robber in Fort Worth was not so bold after all. It has proven to have been the cashier, who has skipped. An indictment has been returned against him.

Good schools and churches are a town's best advertisement. We have them.

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

New Mexico is becoming famous for the agricultural resources which have been developed during the last few years and in addition to the preparations by the territorial authorities for an exhibit at the International Exposition of Dry Farm Products at Billings, Montana, October 25-29 there will be a number of individual exhibits and many farmers have declared their intention of going to Billings to tell their experience at the Fourth Dry Farming Congress October 26-28. In a recent issue of the Gallup Republican the editor stated that while the territory was deeply indebted to her mineral, livestock and wool resources for her prosperity, farming interests are largely represented and many sections of New Mexico are ideal for farming. He says: "The dry farmer is a new factor in the life of New Mexico, who has entered it within the last few years and with general success. A dry farmer is a man who, in a region of rainfall under 25 inches annually cultivates the land that has in the past been deemed worthless, and conserves the moisture so that it is sufficient to his crop. These farmers have met with most flattering success and add a new feature to the important possibilities of the territory."—Ex.

Gruesome Find

While plowing in a field on his farm six miles east of town. Thursday morning, W. A. McIlhenny discovered the dead body of a Mexican. He immediately notified the officers and Sheriff Crowley, accompanied by a number of others went out to investigate. Justice Bainbridge went with the party and held an inquest. It was evidently a case of murder. There were marks on the head and other parts of the body to indicate this. The body is believed to be that of a Mexican who is known to have left here sometime in the early part of May, driving a horse hitched to a buggy and having about \$150 on his person. Several other Mexicans were about here at that time and it is supposed they murdered the man and buried the body where it was subsequently found.—Lamesa News.

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L. A. PEARCE



THE BARRIER

BY
REX BEACH

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who was steering his course by the sense of feel and the wind's direction heard her and paused. His steps were muffled in the soft footing, so that she had no warning of his presence until he was near enough to distinguish her dimly where she leaned against the log wall of a half completed cabin.

To his question, "What's the trouble here?" she made no answer, but moved away, whereupon he detained her. "There's something wrong. Who are you anyhow?"

"It's only Necla, Mr. Stark," said the girl, at which he advanced and took her by the arm.

"What ails you, child? What in the world are you doing here? Come! It's only a step to my cabin. You must come in and rest awhile, and you'll soon be all right. Why, you'll break your neck in this darkness."

She hung back, but he compelled her to go with him in spite of her unwillingness.

"Now, now," he admonished, with unusual kindness for him; "you know you're my little friend, and I can't let you go on this way. It's scandalous. I won't stand for it. I like you too much."

He led her inside his cabin and closed the door in the face of the night wind before he struck a light.

"I can't stand to see you cry," he repeated as he adjusted the wick. "Now, as soon as—" He stopped in astonishment, for he had turned to behold instead of the little half breed girl this slender, sorrowful stranger in her amazingly wonderful raiment.

"By"— He checked himself insensibly and stood motionless for a long time.

"I—I—hope you'll excuse me for acting this way," she smiled at him piteously; then, observing his strange features: "Why, what is the matter, Mr. Stark? Are you angry?"

His hawklike face was strained and colorless, his black eyes fierce and eager, his body bent as if to pounce upon a victim. In truth, he was now the predatory animal.

"No," he replied as if her question carried no meaning; then, coming to himself. "No, no; of course not. But you gave me a start. You reminded me of some one. How do you come to be dressed like that? I never knew you had such clothes."

"Poleon brought them from Dawson. They are the first I ever had."

He shook his head in a slow, puzzled fashion.

"You look just like a white girl—I mean—I don't know what I mean." This time he roused himself fully, the effort being more like a shudder.

"So I have always thought," she said, and her eyes filled again.

He shoved forward a big chair with a wolfskin flung over it, into which she sank dejectedly, while he stepped to the shelves beside the Yukon stove and took down a bottle and some glasses.

"I'm not fixed up very well yet," he apologized. "I've been too busy at the saloon to waste time on living quarters. But it's comfortable enough for an old roadster like me."

He was talking to give her leeway and when he had concocted a weak toddy insisted that she must drink it, which she did hesitantly, while he rambled on:

"I've noticed a few things in my life, Miss Necla, and one of them is that it often does a heap of good to let out and talk things over—not that a

fellow gains any real pleasure from disseminating his troubles, but it serves to sort of ease his mind. Folks



He took down a bottle and some glasses. don't often come to me for advice or sympathy. I don't have it to give. But maybe it will help you to tell me what caused this night marauding expedition of yours." Seeing that she hesitated, he went on: "I suppose there's a lot of reasons why you shouldn't confide in me. I don't like that old man of yours nor any of your friends, but maybe that's why I'm interested. If any of them has upset you I'll take particular pleasure in helping you get even."

"I don't want to get even, and there is nothing to tell," said Necla, "except a girl's troubles, and I can't talk about them." She smiled a painful, crooked smile at him.

"Your old man has been rough to you?"

"No, no! Nothing of that sort."

"Then it's that soldier?" he quizzed shrewdly. "I knew you cared a heap for him. Don't he love you?"

"Yes. That's the trouble, and he wants to marry me. He swears he will in spite of everything."

"See here. I don't quite follow. I thought you liked him. He's the kind most women go daffy over."

"Like him!" The girl trembled with emotion. "Like him! Why—why, I would do anything to make him happy."

"I guess I must be kind of dull," Stark said perplexedly.

"Don't you see? I've got to give him up. I'm a squaw."

"Squaw h—! With those shoulders!"

Stark checked himself, for he found he was rejoicing in his enemy's defeat and was in danger of betraying himself to the girl. In every encounter the young man had bested him, and these petty defeats had crystallized his antipathy to Burrell into a hatred so strong that he had begun to lie awake nights planning a systematic quarrel.

He had brooded over his quarrel with Gale and the lieutenant ever since their first clash, for in this place they furnished the only objects upon which his mania could work, and it was a mania, the derangement of a diseased, distorted mind.

"So you like him too much to stand in his way," he said meditatively. "How does your father look at it?"

"The lieutenant is to marry

me. He says he will fix it up all right. But he doesn't understand. How could he?"

"You are doing just right," concurred the man hypocritically, "and you'll live to be glad you stood out." Now that both his enemies desired this thing he was set on preventing it regardless of the girl. "How did the lieutenant take it when you refused him?"

"He wouldn't take it at all. He only laughed and declared he would marry me anyhow." The very thought thrilled her.

"Does he know you love him?" The tender, sobbing laugh she gave was ample answer.

"Well, what's your plan?" "I—I—I don't know. I am so torn and twisted with it all that I can't plan, but I have thought I ought to go away."

"Good!" he said quickly, but his acquiescence, instead of soothing her, had the contrary effect, and she burst out impulsively:

"Oh—I can't—I can't! I can't go away and never see him! I can't do it! I want to stay where he is!" She had been holding herself in stubbornly, but at last gave way with reckless abandon. "Why wasn't I born white like other girls? I've never felt like an Indian. I've always dreamed and fancied I was different, and I am in my soul. I know I am! The white is so strong in me that it has killed the red, and I'm one of father's people. I'm not like the other two. They are brown and silent and as cold as little toads. But I'm white and full of life all over. They never see the men and women that I see in my dreams. They never have my visions of the beautiful snow white mother with the tender mouth and the sad eyes that always smile at me."

"You have visions of such things, eh?"

"Yes, but I came a generation late, that's all, and I've got that other woman's soul. I'm not a half breed. I'm not me at all. I'm Merridy—Merridy! That's who I am."

Her face was turned away from him, so that she did not notice the frightful effect her words had upon Stark.

"Where did you get—that name?" His voice was pitched in a different key now. Then after a moment he added, "From the story I told you at the mine that night, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I've always had it, though they call me Necla. Merridy was my father's mother. I guess I'm like her in many ways, for I often imagine she is a part of me, that her spirit is mine. It's the only way I can account for the sights I see."

"Your father's mother?" he said mechanically. "That's queer." He seemed to be trying to shake himself free from something. "It's heredity, I suppose. You have visions of a white woman, a woman named Merridy, eh?" Suddenly his manner changed, and he spoke so roughly that she looked at him in vague alarm.

"How do you know? How do you know she was his mother?"

"He told me so."

Stark snarled. "He lied!"

"I can show you her wedding ring. I've always worn it." She fumbled for the chain about her neck, but it eluded her trembling fingers. "It has her name in it—'From Dan to Merridy.'"

Stark's hand darted forward and tore the thing from her shoulders. Then he thrust it under the lamp and glared at the inscription, while his fingers shook so that he could barely distinguish the words. His eyes were blazing and his face livid.

Necla cried out, but he dropped the ornament and seized her fiercely, lifting her from the chair to her feet. Then with one swift, downward clutch he laid hold of her dress at the left shoulder and ripped it half to her waist. A hoarse sound came from his throat, a cry half of amazement, half of triumph.

"Let me go! Let me go!" She struggled to free herself, but he held her in a vice-like grip, while he peered closely at a bluish welt down upon her back,

and, seized with terror, she staggered away from him. He was leaning heavily with both hands upon the table, his thin lips grinning, his whole manner so terrifying that she shrank back. She turned and made for the door, whereupon he straightened up and said in a queer, commanding voice:

"Wait. Don't go. I—I—you"— He licked his lips as if they were dust dry, passed an uncertain hand across his beaded brow and, raising the water pail beside the door to his mouth, drank heavily in great, noisy gulps.

"Let me out of here!" the girl demanded imperiously.

"Don't be scared," he said, more quietly now. "You must excuse me. You—you gave me an awful fright. Yes, that was it. Don't worry. I didn't mean any harm."

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, almost ready to cry. "And you tore my dress," she added angrily—"my fine dress. Are you crazy?"

"You see, it's like this—that name of Merridy and that ring—well—the whole thing was so startling I—I went off my head. It came sudden, and I thought—it don't matter what I thought, but I'm sorry. I'll apologize, and I'll get you a whole lot of dresses if you like."

His first impulse had been to tell her everything, but his amazement had rendered him speechless, and now he was thankful for it. Care must be exercised. She must not learn too much, for if she suspected the truth she would go to her soldier lover at once, and no power on earth could hold her back. That would block the vengeance that he saw shaping in the dank recesses of his distorted brain.

First, and above all, he must get the girl away from Flambart.

These last few moments had driven Necla's own worries from her mind, but he was bent on recalling them and so continued cautiously:

"You were saying that you thought you'd go away. I think that's a good plan, and you'd be wise to do it for



"Let me out of here!" the girl demanded imperiously.

more reasons than one. It will give you time to think it all over and know your own mind. I want to help you—I'm going to help you—because I've got an interest in you like you were mine." Again he betrayed that strange, mirthless amusement.

"There is no place for me to go," said Necla blankly, "except the mission, and I have no way of getting there."

"Don't you worry. I'll furnish the means, and you'd better go tonight"—she flinched—"yes, tonight. There's no use prolonging your agony. I'll get a boat ready and send a trusty man with you. The current is swift, and if he rows well you can make it by tomorrow evening. That's only one night out, and I'll put some blankets aboard so you can wrap up and have a sleep."

"I must go back and get some clothes," she said, at which he would

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WARREN BROTHERS

SNYDER, TEXAS.

O'Donnell's Deal

The Santa Fe people will not at this time, build a railroad by way of Lamesa and Stanton south. That much is settled. They so informed Mr. O'Donnell while at the same time intimating that they would build such a road at some future time.

But they made Mr. O'Donnell another proposition and he has put it up to the people here to act on. The proposition is this: For a bonus of \$100,000 and the right-of-way, the Santa Fe people to build a railroad from a point on the Coleman cut-off to Lamesa. The road to be completed within one year from the time right-of-way is turned over to them. A time limit of thirty days is given to accept or turn down the proposition. Our part of the bonus is to be \$50,000. Mr. O'Donnell has a preliminary agreement in writing signed by himself and Mr. Storey, chief engineer of the Santa Fe system, covering these points, which was submitted to the people at a meeting held at the court house this (Friday) morning.—Dawson County News.

Going With Father

Johnny had been a very bad boy during the day, and when his father came home it was decided that he should talk to him instead of the usual whipping. So the father took Johnny on his knee and spoke to him thus:

"Johnny, do you know what happens to good boys?"

"Yes, sir; they go to heaven."

"Well, Johnny, wouldn't you like to be a good boy and go to heaven?"

Johnny thought a moment and then said:

"No, father; I'd rather go with you." That broke up the conversation.

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Man a Little Cuss

"Man is a little cuss and hasn't long to stay. He flies around and makes a fuss and then he hikes away. Some men imagine they are great and try to tear up jack, but each one meets the same old fate, and trots the same old track. Great Caesar's dead and turned to clay, and so is Cicero. Alexander has gone the way the rest of us must go. The sages, poets, heroes, all the men of the world, into an open grave must fall and crumble back to earth. Then let's not join the mad affray, and struggle like the duece, and agonize our lives away, for really what's the use? Let's live and love and sing the while and work some now and then, and give to everyone a smile that cheers the hearts of men. And whether we are crowned with flowers or chilled with winter snows, with happiness let's fill the hours ere we turn up our toes."—Western Publisher.

Old King Cotton is still the sceptered monarch of the fields, and though there are many to dispute his claims, it is not likely he will be dethroned. The cotton fiber makes every grade of cloth from duck to silk. The cotton stalk makes paper, the cotton root makes medicine, the cotton hull makes fat cattle, the seed makes olive oil and dairy butter. The South has in her cotton industry the greatest monopoly on earth. Pity 'tis that Southern people allow Northern manufacturers to reap the lion's share of the profits.—Honey Grove Signal.

The South has a great monopoly in its cotton crop, but it is unable to realize the enormous profits. The reason is that the tariff brings no grist to the cotton grower's mill. He pays a tariff tax on his plow gear, his hoes, wagons, farm tools, hat, socks, shoes, barb wire, sugar, cheese, pocket knife, nails, lumber, axer, saws, suspenders, buttons, coal, books, newspapers, but he collects not one cent of protection on his crop of cotton. And still some people wonder why he doesn't get rich.—Dallas News.

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Read 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, J. 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.

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SNYDER, TEXAS.

The Hypnotic Eye

In the issue of June 10. referring to the "Silly Season" we spoke of the time coming when the foolish story joins the foolish question. Here is one of the choicest taken from the New York Press:

Cedar Grove, N. J.—Frank Coulter, an artist, had an exciting experience with a large snake with a hypnotic eye in a field bordering the Little Falls road here today.

Coulter was out sketching. He had set up his easel in the field. Not far away was a clump of tall grass. The artist was hard at work on a landscape. He heard the clump of grass rustle and noticed it was swayed by what seemed to be a struggle going on within its covert.

Curiosity prompted Coulter to leave his easel to see what the trouble was. He stood over the clump and looked down. In the center he beheld a snake eight feet long. The reptile fixed its eyes upon those of the artist. In a few seconds Coulter felt he had lost the power of locomotion and was held by a hypnotic spell.

Then the snake opened its mouth and hissed. To the surprise of the artist a live toad hopped out of the reptiles mouth. It was followed by two others before the snake could get its jaws closed again. The toads hopped away a few feet and then turned to look at the snake. It kept one eye on the artist and the other on the toads. They cringed and began hopping back toward the snake. It opened its mouth. One by one the toads hopped in and began working their way down.

The snake opened its mouth to hiss again and a live robin dashed out. It preened itself a few minutes about two feet from the snake, then it flew to a bush near by and began singing. The snake made no effort to pursue it, seemingly it knew the bird would not go far. The robin glanced at the snake. Instantly its song ceased. It tumbled from its perch and timidly but steadily made its way back to the jaws of the reptile. As soon as the mouth was distended the robin went in.

Coulter, although deprived of the power of locomotion, had not lost his voice. He yelled for help. Persons in the road ran to his assistance. They procured clubs and killed the snake. When it was cut open the robin, six live toads, a live ground squirrel and four field mice were discovered. Two of the mice were dead.

It Is Different Now

Twenty two years ago President Taft and his bride went to Paris on their wedding tour and wished to see all that was to be seen—even to the royal families. It was then, says the Vicksburg American, that Mr. Taft requested Mr. White, then secretary of the legation, to procure invitations for him and his bride to some notable function.

Although he could have easily obtained the card of admission, Mr. White sent Mr. Taft the following kind note in response to his request: "I am sorry to inform you that I was unable to accomplish what you asked. The affair is very exclusive. The number of invitations are limited and they have been ordered sent only to persons of importance and distinction. I enclose, however, tickets to the museum, and trust that Mrs. Taft and yourself will spend a pleasant afternoon."

"Mr. Taft, like all fat men is good natured and forgiving, and would probably long ago have forgotten the incident, but Mrs. Taft kept that letter for twenty-two years.

The results of it is that Mr. White will no longer be ambassador to Paris, a post which is his life's ambition; and when he comes back to America and asks for an invitation to the White House he will probably be handed a ticket to a moving picture show.

This is only a repetition on a higher scale of many instances in the lives of Americans where so many opportunities are found and every American boy is the author of his own fortune. The boys and young men of today who attract no notice and their neighbors expect but little of them will be the leading figures ten years hence.—Ex.

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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 choic colt will be given the season free.

Local and Personal

Camp Meeting

There will be a camp meeting at Soash to begin the 1st Sunday in August and continue two or three weeks. People will come in wagons and camp, bringing provisions enough to supply everybody until it closes. The services will be conducted by Evangelist J. L. Robertson and it is hoped that all will attend who can.

Drs. Lang and Ortner, dentists of Big Springs, were here this week.

Prof. Z. T. Stephenson was here last week.

Jno. B. Slaughter and family spent Friday night in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Benton of Garza county stopped at the home of H. D. Pruett Thursday evening and attended the tent meeting. Mr. Benton said he was following the Campbell system of dry farming and that he was a believer in it. He says his cotton has begun to bloom and is in thrifty condition.

J. M. Christopher foreman of the Godwin ranch, while driving cattle Saturday had his horse to fall and roll on one of his legs, wrenching it pretty badly without, however, breaking any bones. He was here yesterday and while able to walk, he is still unfit for ranch work.

For the last week the weather has been excessively hot, the thermometer registering 90 to 104 degrees in the shade. But for the breezes the heat would have been intolerable at times.

Plainview and Berry

The Berry school is progressing nicely, we are proud to note.

Rain is needed.

W. E. Biggs of Beckville visited the family of G. T. Beach last week.

R. I. Rains made a business trip to Post City Saturday.

Meedames Walls and Anderson are on the sick list.

Miss Mildred of Tahoka is visiting home folks here.

Will Berry and wife and Jno. Gregory have gone to Snyder.

G. T. Beach and wife and W. E. Biggs went to Tahoka Thursday.

Bro. Cash preached at Plainview Sunday.

G. T. Beach and daughter Sallie carried Mr. Biggs to Fluvanna Friday.

George Riley was here from Tahoka last week.

E. H. Russell is in Gail this week. Brown Eyes.

Mrs. Elzie Creighton of the Tredway community is reported sick this week.

Col. Godwin who has been looking after his ranch here for the last month left yesterday for his home in Fort Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Foster were visitors to Gail Tuesday of this week. Mrs. Foster came in to have some dental work done by Drs. Lang and Ortner.

Drowned

Sunday afternoon the sad news was received here of the drowning of Finis Seigler of the Tredway neighborhood.

Sunday evening Seigler with his companions Clyde Creighton, Oscar Parker and Troy West were bathing in Indian Canyon Tank and after swimming across it two or three times Finis Seigler's strength failed him some eight feet from the shore. The young man having called for help, Clyde Creighton swam to him and Seigler having seized his hand he was unable to rescue him; Oscar Parker then swam to them and was seized around the body by Seigler and narrowly escaped drowning. Young Creighton succeeded in pulling him ashore strangled and for a time unconscious and was only revived after considerable effort on the part of Creighton and West. Seigler sank the third and last time in spite of the efforts of his companions to rescue him.

Finis Seigler was a worthy young man about 22 years of age and much esteemed by all who knew him. His remains were shipped to Collin county for burial.

Evangelist G. A. Lambeth's meeting is progressing nicely, interest and attendance are very good. Eld. Lambeth's discourses are strong and persuasive yet marked by an earnest Christian spirit, and a spirit of candor and fairness. So far only one addition, by letter. The meeting will continue on several days longer.

Notice 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.

E. R. Yellott,
County Judge, Borden County, Texas.

Otto and Fred Jones, two Nolan county boys, passed through Saturday with the Spade outfit en route to Lubbock after a bunch of cattle.

Miss Tannie Roberts, who has been acting as stenographer in the office of Thornton & Pearce, returned Tuesday to Mount Pleasant.

Clubbing Offer

The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News makes a specialty of

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