

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 9 GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 1909. NO. 43.

To Our Readers

With this week's issue the Citizen announces a change of management, a deal having been consummated between T. M. Jones, the retiring editor, and myself on yesterday.

G. A. Givler will be associated with me in the publication of the Citizen and will have charge of the soliciting department, and call regularly upon the business men of Gail, as well as those of surrounding towns, soliciting business for the paper.

In assuming editorial charge of the Citizen we wish to state that we do not propose to revolutionize journalism in Gail, but with an experience in the business that dates back almost to our earliest recollection, we feel that we are prepared to make of the Citizen a good paper - as the town will warrant.

Our entire time, energy and ability shall be directed to the one end of making of the Citizen a live, up to date local paper. We believe in optimism and not pessimism and shall take advantage of every opportunity to preach the gospel of good cheer through our columns. We believe that here is a golden opportunity to assist in building a town and developing a rich, productive country, and the Citizen will be found at all times boosting our country and advocating any and all things that tend to our development along religious, social and

commercial lines. We believe that a newspaper, as an individual, should have opinions upon all public questions and express them without fear or favor. This we intend to do, at the same time freely granting to every man the inalienable right to differ with us.

Our readers should not judge us by this week's issue, as the extra business that demanded our attention has caused us, to some extent, to neglect this issue. We shall try to improve the Citizen with each issue, and solicit your co-operation and patronage to the end that we may be more useful in the task we have undertaken—that of keeping Gail in the front lines of publicity.

With this outline of policies and with hearty good wishes, we remain,

Yours to Command,
BEN FORD.

Dr. E. O. Ellington
DENTIST

Office over R. L. McCawant & Co's Drug Store, Big Springs. Located Permanently in Big Springs. Will Guarantee Perfect Satisfaction.

DARBY & BAZE,

Dealers In

Windmills, Plumbing Goods and Pipe, Etc.

Monitor Steel Mills, Cypress Tanks and Stock Tubs.

Standard Wood Wheels, Bath Tubs, Sinks and Lavatories

Experienced Plumbers, Phone 64.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

The Blue Front Store

IS HEADQUARTERS

For Everything in the Dry Goods and Ladies and Gents Furnishing Lines. A Swell Line of New Fall and Winter Suits Just Arrived.

See Me for Everything in the Grocery and Hardware Lines.

J. W. Chandler,

Gail, Texas.

A Little Late
The Citizen is a few hours late this week, despite strenuous efforts on our part to get out on time. We shall see that this does not occur again.

Attention is called to the large ad of J. W. Chandler appearing on this page. Mr. Chandler has a large and complete stock and will appreciate your trade.

Therapeutic Offices
Cade Building, Snyder, Texas. Besides other equipment prepared for scientific treatment of disease by electricity, x-ray high potential and high and other frequency currents.

For Spectacles, Watches and Jewelry see H. G. Towle, Graduate Optician and Watchmaker, Snyder, Texas.

Notice Creepers
Anyone fishing or cutting wood on the A. J. Long ranch will be prosecuted to the limit of the law.
H. I. Sam Sanford.

We have an arrangement where by 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.

SEE
Davis Brother's.
 FOR BARGAINS IN
Staple and Fancy Groceries
 EAST SIDE SQUARE SNYDER, TEXAS

Go to Coates-Coleman Mercantile Co
 When in Snyder for your Dry Goods, Notions, Boots
 and Shoes, Clothing and Millinery.
Quick Sales, Small Profits and One Price to All is Our Motto.
 East Side Square.

Champ Clark, Democratic house leader, has good grounds for his belief as recently expressed, that the Democratic party will have a majority in the next house of representatives, the elections for which occur in 1910. To achieve this would not be so remarkable a feat as many may suppose. The Republican majority in the house has been steadily falling off in recent years. A Democratic gain of only 24 seats would make the party master of the house. As Clark points out, there are 19 Republican representatives whose pluralities at the last election ranged below 1,000 and 18 more whose pluralities were under 3,000. Even under ordinary circumstances these 37 districts would be debatable ground, but with the present disrepute of the Republican party because of its broken tariff pledges, it will be a Herculean task for the party to hold these districts. The present spirit of discontent and revolt in Republican ranks is not apt to be lessened during the next year. Rather may it reasonably be expected that, with increased tariff burdens when relief was expected and promised, the Republican party will face a grave situation in the congressional elections of 1910. Mr. Clark believes that the Democrats will gain not only the 24 seats necessary to give them control of the house, but twice that many. And his belief is founded on sound and logical reasons.

A rich man is exceedingly popular as long as his money lasts. Let John D. Rockefeller once get into a bankruptcy court and that innumerable horde of flunkies who now fatten by fawning at the feet of that old mummified hypocrite will drop off like flies from a dead rabbit. When the blood stops circulating in the veins the fleas quit their former patron like steers in a gallop. It must be a cheering thought to the rich man to realize that not less than 99 per cent of the friends who toady at his heels are solely attracted by his pocket book. To hell with such miserable, hoodlicking, fawning, groveling, selfish travesties on mankind. But their name is legion.—Harpoon.

After all the desperate efforts made by the officials of the different States as well as by the government itself, Texas is the State that was first to land a solar plexus blow on illegal trusts and force them to bow to the law in deed and in fact, instead of on paper. Attorney General Davidson, aided by his able assistants made the Waters-Pierce-Standard Oil trust walk the plank, and have not only vindicated Texas anti-trust laws, but taught them a rather expensive lesson, which will not soon be forgotten. Texas and Texas law decides and will protect every dollar invested legitimately in this State, but it wants no trusts or combines which creep across her borders by deceit and perjury, and then proceed to rob her citizens in regular Sam Bass style. The Waters-Pierce-Standard Oil was not the only illegal trust in Tex

as, as the people will find out before R. V. Davidson's term of office has expired. The big fight hasn't come off yet. Just keep your eye on the board and watch the play. It is going to be exceedingly interesting.—Harpoon.

Santa Fe Extension

San Angelo, Texas, Aug. 22.—(Special).—President Ripley of the Santa Fe was wired Friday and asked regarding the statement to the effect that within ten days the Santa Fe is to place engineers in the field between San Angelo and Sterling City. He states that the report is correct, but that his company is simply taking over the contract San Angelo, Water Valley, Carlsbad and Sterling City have with J. J. Lanin.

When Mr. Lanin first submitted his proposition it was looked upon as a Santa Fe scheme, but later the idea was dispelled. Now that the money has been raised, there is no objection to the Santa Fe building the line, but had

the citizens of San Angelo known in advance that the Santa Fe was back of the movement they would not have contributed one cent, inasmuch as they hold that this road has already gotten enough money from San Angelo.

Clubbing Offer

The *Santa Fe Semi-Weekly Farm News* makes a specialty of TEXAS

ably the best semi-weekly 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.

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

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
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THE ROSCOE HOTEL
 S. F. LAGOW, Prop.

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

Building Material of every Description.

Lumber well seasoned under sheds.

FIGURE WITH US

A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.

FLUVANNA, TEXAS



THE CHORUS ALL JOIN IN

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

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

Phone or mail us your orders and inquiries.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

Texas has actually joined hands with the trust in hugging the people, with R. V. Davidson the famous attorney general trust buster in control. They forced old W. P. O. Co. to fork over nearly two million plunks and then assumed control of the property. Good so far—but. Since taking charge they have been doing business for the same trust, selling their oil at old trust prices, which means the consumer is paying the fine after all and not the oil trust. The people had a right to expect cheaper oil after the trust was dissolved, but here is where the Herald pauses for more light to be focused on the subject. Have the people been benefited?—Jayton Herald.

Editor Kent should be satisfied and not ask so many impertinent questions. He has evidently overlooked the beautiful political halo this case has pro-

duced and \$150,000 in fees paid to lawyers and official favorites "on account." Of course the price of oil had to be increased to meet this extra drain on the treasury of the oil company. It does seem wrong though that while the price of both oil and gasoline has been raised in drouth stricken Venus, it has been lowered at Wills Point and Denton. And it is hard to see the justice in selling oil in Dallas at 11 cents, in Paris at 18 cents, in Comanche at 14 cents and in Ballinger at 9 cents.—Ft. Worth Record.

A. H. Mahon oph D

Eye Sight Specialist.

Glasses Correctly Fitted. Ex-

amination Free,

Office over McCamant's Drug Store.

Big Springs, Texas.

When a man makes up his mind that he will succeed or die he usually succeeds but it takes about that kind of resolve for him to do so. It takes lots of grit and eternal effort to win and one reason so many people fail is simply because they do not possess the necessary amount of backbone. To succeed you must get up with a smile every time the world knocks you down and you may depend on the knocks being plentiful. As eternal vigilance is the price of liberty so also is eternal effort the price of success. When at last success comes it is made doubly sweet by the consciousness that you are a winner on the firing line of life. The writer of this article has not accumulated much of this world's goods but there is no man on earth who has toiled more relentlessly for the past fourteen years and the fight is still on with the victory apparently as far away as when the fight began, but the heart is young yet in its pulsations and the pleasures of each day work are never dimmed by disappointment. Let the wagon remain hitched to a star. Money success is not all or even a fair percentage in the higher rating of attainments. Friendships, love of little children, the pleasures of a happy home, these and many more ties stand far ahead of any pleasure of money getting. To do each day some act that will bring a smile on the face of a fellow wayfarer—to let good cheer radiate from within your heart—to be companionable—these are some of life's duties aside. The accumulation of a competence for old age is a duty one owes to self, but count that life a failure whose purposes knew nothing higher than the piling up of dollars.—Lubbock Avalanche.

PATENTS

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D. SWIFT & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

More, slowly! My little girl is talking too furiously for these poor old wits to follow. I can't understand. I'm amazed. What is this tale? Whether they told him, while his Every now opened wide with wonder soft with pity, then with a messenger laid his hand upon give his best to the for your good talent was not given you. You saved to provide bread and buttered. luxuries for yourself and family, but to make the world a little better place to live in, to pay your debt to humanity, to make the largest possible man or woman of yourself.

If every person extant today could only realize the truth of this paragraph how grand would be the journey from the cradle to the grave. The really selfish life would be unknown. Each would take for themselves only what was needed and of the surplus the world would be raised to higher and higher ground until with one mighty sweep and shout mankind could proclaim in very truth the universal brotherhood. Ambition too often becomes a selfish attribute of the race. Men enter the battles of life and when success comes they are wont to claim its presence as the result of their own efforts, not caring for others or the help offered by outside influences. Man within himself is but an atom. Working apart from his fellows he can accomplish but little and yet man is prone to get puffed up and imagine vain things. Selfishness warps the mind and narrows its perspective until the eye can see nothing save a centralized focus with self as the all important object. From such a source life receives no more than a chilly blast and the passing of such from the earthly habitat occasions a feeling of relief. Would you partake of the nectar of the gods add to the bowl this ingredient, love, devotion, fidelity, truth and loyalty, thereby leaving a surplus to your credit in the final balance.

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THE BARRIER

BY
REX BEACH



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whose claws ripped, whose every move was irresistible. And so it was over shortly.

Poleon rose and ran to the fallen girl, leaving behind him a huddled and twisted likeness of a man. He picked her up tenderly, moaning and crouching. But as her limp head lolled back, throwing her pale, blind features up to the heavens, he began to cry, this time like a woman. Tears fell from his eyes—burning tears, the agony of which seared his soul. He laid her carefully beside the water's edge, and holding her head and shoulders in the crook of his left arm, he wet his right hand and bathed her face, crouching over her, half nude, dripping with the sweat of his great labors, a tender, palpitating figure of bronzed muscle and sinew, with all his fury and hate replaced by apprehension and pity. The short moments that he worked with her were ages to him, but she revived beneath his ministrations, and her first frightened look of consciousness was changed to a melting smile.

"What happened, Poleon?" she said. "I was afraid."

He stood up to his full height, shaking and weak as the water that dripped from him, the very bones in him dissolved. For the first time he uttered words, "Tank God, ba gosh!" and ran his hand up over his wet face.

"Where is he?" She started to her knees affrightedly; then, seeing the twisted, sprawling figure beyond, began to shudder. "He—he's dead?"

"I don't know," said Poleon carelessly. "You feel it purty good now, eh, w'at?"

"Yes—I—be struck me!" The remembrance of what had occurred surged over her, and she buried her face in her hands. "Oh, Poleon, Poleon! He was a dreadful man."

"He don't trouble you no more."

"He tried—he—ugh! I—I'm glad you did it!" She broke down, trembling at her escape, until her selfishness smote her, and she was up and beside him on the instant. "Are you hurt? Oh, I never thought of that! You must be wounded."

The Frenchman felt himself over and looked down at his limbs for the first time. "No; I guess not," he said, at which Necia noticed his meager attire, and simultaneously he became conscious of it. He fell away a pace, casting his eyes over the river for his canoe, which was now a speck in the distance.

"Ba gosh! I'm h—I of a ting for lookin' at," he said. "I'm paddle hard; dat's w'y. Sacre, how I sweat!" He hitched nervously at the band of his overalls, while Necia answered:

"That's all right, Poleon." Then, without warning, her face froze with mingled repulsion and wonder. "Look, look!" she whispered, pointing past him.

Runnion was moving slowly, crawling painfully into a sitting posture, uplifting a terribly mutilated face, dazed and half conscious, groping for possession of his wits. He saw them and grimaced frightfully, cowering and cringing.

Poleon felt the girl's hand upon his arm and heard her crying in a hard, sharp voice:

"He needs killing! Put him away!" He stared down at his gentle Necia and saw the loathing in her face and the look of strange ferocity as she met his eyes boldly.

"You don't know what he—what he did," she said through her shut teeth.

but the man wanted to hear no more.

Runnion saw him coming and scrambled frantically to all fours, then got on his feet and staggered down the bar. As Poleon overtook him he cried out pitifully, a shrill scream of terror, and, falling to his knees, groveled and debased himself like a foul cripple at fear of the lash. His agony dispelled the savage taint of Alluna's aboriginal training in Necia, and the pure white blood of her ancestors cried out:

"Poleon, Poleon—not that!" She hurried after him to where he paused above the wretch waiting for her. "You mustn't!" she said. "That would be murder, and—and—it's all over now."

The Frenchman looked at her wonderingly, not comprehending this sudden leniency.

"Let him alone. You've nearly killed him. That's enough." Whereat Runnion, broken in body and spirit, began to beg for his life.

"W'at's dat you say jus' now?" Doret asked the girl. "Was dat de truth for sure w'at you speak?"

"Yes, but you've done your work. Don't touch him again."

He hesitated, and Runnion, quick to observe it, added his entreaty to hers.

"I'm beaten, Doret. You broke me to pieces. I need help—I—I'm hurt."

"W'at you 'spee' I do wit' 'im?" the Canadian asked, and she answered:

"I suppose we'll have to take him where he can get assistance."

"Dat skin 'im' carry all 'ree of us."

"I'll stay here," groaned the frightened man. "I'll wait for a steamer to pick me up, but for God's sake don't touch me again!"

Poleon looked him over carefully and made up his mind that the man was more injured in spirit than in body, for outside of his battered muscles he showed no fatal symptoms. Although the voyageur was slower to anger than a child, a grudge never died in him, and his simple, self-taught creed knew no forgiveness for such men as Runnion, cherished no mercy for preying men or beasts. He glanced toward the wooded shores a stone's throw above, then back at the coward he had beaten and whose life was forfeit under the code. There was a queer light in his eyes.

"Leave him here, Poleon. We'll go away, you and I, in the canoe, and the first boat will pick him up. Come," Necia tugged at his wrist for fear she might not prevail, but he was bent on brushing away a handful of hungry mosquitoes which, warmed by the growing day, had ventured out on the river. His face became wrinkled and set.

"Bien!" he grunted. "We lef' 'im here because dere ain't nough room in de batteau, eh? All right. Dat's good t'ing. But he's seeck man, so mebbe I feex it him nice place for stop till dem boats come."

"Yes, yes. Leave me here. I'll make it through all right," begged Runnion.

"Better you camp yonder on de point, were you can see dose steamboat w'en she comes roun' de ben'. Dis is bad place." He indicated the thicket, a quarter of a mile above which ran out almost to the cut bank. "Come. I help you get feex."

Runnion shrank from his proffered assistance half fearfully, but, reassured, allowed the Frenchman to help him toward the shore.

"We tell it de first boat 'bout you an' dey pick you up. You wait here, Necia."

The girl watched her rescuer guide Runnion up to the level of the woods, then disappear with him in the firs, and was relieved to see the two emerge upon the river bank again farther on, for she had feared for an instant that Poleon might forget. There seemed to be no danger, however, for he was crashing through the brush in advance of the other, who followed laboriously. Once Runnion gained the high point he would be able to command a view of both reaches of the river and could make signals to attract the first steamboat that chanced to come along. Without doubt a craft of some sort would pass from one direction or the other by tomorrow at latest, or, if not, she and Poleon could send back succor to him from the first habitation they encountered. The two men disappeared again, and her fears had begun to prey on her a second time when she beheld the big Canadian returning. He was hurrying a bit, apparently to be rid of the mosquitoes that swarmed about him, and she marked that, in addition to whipping himself with a handful of black-berry bushes, he wore Runnion's coat to protect his shoulders.

"Woo! Dose skeeter bug is hon-gry," he cried.

"Dis nice batteau," Poleon remarked critically; "I mak' it go fas," and began to row swiftly, seeking the breeze of the open river in which to shake off the horde of stinging pests that had risen with the sun. "I come way queeck wit'out t'inkin' 'bout gun or skeeter net or not'in'. Runnion she's len' me dis coat, so mebbe I don' look so worse lak I do jus' now, eh?"

"How did you leave him? Is he badly injured?"

"No; I bus' it up on de face an' de rib, but she's feelin' good now. Yes, I'm leave 'im nice place for stop an' wait on de steamboat—plante spruce bough for set on."

She began to shudder again, and, sensitive to her every motion, he asked solicitously if she were sick, but she shook her head.

"I—I—was thinking what—supposing you hadn't come! Oh, Poleon, you don't know what you saved me from."

She leaned forward and laid a tiny, grateful hand on the huge brown paw that rested on his oar. "I wonder if I can ever forget!"

She noted that they were running with the current and inquired:

"Where are we going?"

"Waal, I can't pull dis boat 'gainst dat current, so I guess we pass on till I fin' my shirt, den bimeby we pick it up some steamboat an' go home."

Five miles below his quick eye detected his half submerged "bark" lodged beneath some overhanging firs which from the water's action had fallen forward into the stream, and by rare good fortune it was still upright, although awash. He towed it to the next sand bar, where he wrung out and donned his shirt, then tipped the water from the smaller craft and, making it fast astern of the Peterborough, set out once more. Toward noon they came in sight of a little stern wheeled craft that puffed and pattered manfully against the sweeping current, hiding behind the points and bars and following the slackest water.

"It's the mission boat!" cried Necia. "It's the mission boat! Father Barnum will be aboard."

She waved her arms madly and mingled her voice with Poleon's until a black robed figure appeared beside the pilothouse.

"Father Barnum!" she screamed, and, recognizing her, he signaled back.

Soon they were alongside, and a pair of Siwash deck hands lifted Necia aboard, Doret following after, the painter of the Peterborough in his teeth. He dragged both canoes out of the boiling tide and laid them bottom up on the forward deck, then climbed the narrow little stairs to find Necia in the arms of a benighted, white haired priest, the best beloved man on the Yukon, who broke away from the girl to greet the Frenchman, his kind eyes bright with astonishment.

"W'at de 'im' 'im' I hear? Slowly,

Doret, slowly! My little girl is talking too furiously for these poor old wits to follow. I can't understand. I am amused. What is this tale?"

Together they told him, while his blue eyes now opened wide with wonder, now grew soft with pity, then blazed with indignation. When they had finished he laid his hand upon Doret's shoulder.

"My son, I thank God for your good body and your clean heart. You saved our Necia, and you will be rewarded. As to this—this—man Runnion, we must find him, and he must be sent out of the country."

It required some pressure to persuade the Frenchman, but at last he consented, and as the afternoon drew to a close the little steamboat came squattering and wheezing up to the bar where Runnion had built his fire that morning, and a long, shrill blast summoned him from the point above.

When he did not appear the priest took Poleon and his round faced, silent crew of two and went up the bank, but they found no sign of the crippled man—only a few rags, a trampled patch of brush at the forest's edge, and that was all. The springy moss showed no trail. The thicket gave no answer to their cries, although they spent an hour in a scattered search and sounded the steamboat's whistle again and again.

"He's try for walk it back to camp," said Doret. "Mebbe he ain' hurt so much, after all."

"You must be right," said Father Barnum. "We will keep the steamer close to this shore, so that he can hail us when we overtake him."

And so they resumed their toilsome trip, but mile after mile fell behind them, and still no voice came from the woods—no figure hailed them. Doret, inscrutable and silent, lounged against the pilothouse smoking innumerable cigarettes which he rolled from squares of newspaper, his keen eyes apparently scanning every foot of their slow way, but when night fell at last and the bank faded from sight he tossed the last butt overboard, smiled grimly into the darkness and went below.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUNNION FINDS THE SINGING PEOPLE.

"NO CREEK" LEE came into the trading post on the following morning and found Gale attending store as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Say! What's this about you and Stark? I hear you had a horrible run in and that you split him up the back like a quail."

"We had a row," admitted the trader. "It's been a long time working out, and last night it came to a head."

"Lord—ee! And to think of Ben Stark bein' licked! Why, the whole camp's talkin' about it! They say he emptied two six shooters at you, but you kept a-comin', and when you did get to him you just carved your initials on him like he was a basswood tree. Say, John, he's a goner, sure."

"Do you mean he's—passing out?"

"Oh, no. I reckon he'll get well, from what I hear, though he won't let nobody come near him except old Doc. But he's lost a battle, and that ends him. Don't you savvy? Whenever a killer quits second best it breaks his hoodoo. Why, there's been men layin' for him these twenty years from here to the Rio Grande, and every feller he ever bested will hear of this and begin to grease his holster; then the first shave tall desperado that meets him will spit in his eye just to make a name for himself. No, sir! He's a spent shell. He's got to fight all his battles over again, and this time the other feller will open the ball. Oh, I've seen it happen before. You killed him last night, just as sure as if you'd hung up his hide to dry, and he knows it."

"I'm a peaceable man," said Gale on the defensive. "I had to do it."

"I know! I know! There was witnesses. This dressmaker at the fort seen it, so I hear."

The other acquiesced silently.

"Well, well! Ben Stark licked! I

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 Magazine

Don't Forget The Place

WARREN BROTHERS

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Died of Joy

A few days ago we read of a woman in California dying of joy over the prospects of meeting her boy whom she had not seen for twenty years. The story goes that she bade him good bye ago, as he went out into the world to achieve the great things of the earth. A few days ago the son telegraphed his mother that he was coming to see her, and while in the depot waiting for the train to arrive which would bring her long absent boy, the excitement was too much for her and she dropped dead.

Just think of it, reader. Twenty years since that fond mother kissed her boy good bye, when he was a rosy youngster just starting out in the world to seek his fortune. These years might have been short to him, full of life and interest and adventure, but oh, how they must have dragged by to that fondly, waiting anxious mother, whose heart longed to again feel the embrace of his arms as she did in the long ago.

How sad it is to see men so strong in their manhood, brave in heart, perhaps noble and true in all things else, neglect their mother; who will leave them for years and years in their loneliness and heart yearnings. Men and boys, how can you do it? You may have thousands of interests, scores and hundreds of friends, and many things to interest you while that poor mother may have nothing that she really cares for, not anything that she feels so great an interest in as you. Don't let anybody or any interest keep you away from your best friend you have in the world or ever expect to have.

How much were the things that had kept this man away from his mother worth to him, if he did not have a heart of

stone, when he walked into that station, and found his mother dead? Joy of seeing her boy it is said brought about her death, but think you not the agony of waiting these long years did not have a hand in it?

We wish that we might impress upon mind and heart of every boy to be good to his mother.

The Yellow Flag

Should Crosbyton have a pest house? We regret a few individuals have found their way here who are a worse affliction than the small pox. If these were affected with the loathsome plague they would be isolated and their abode so marked that strangers could shun them and escape their contamination. As it is they are too much like unknown lepers in a community, and the question is should the unwary be exposed to such contaminating contact. We would advise anyone, or thing, against the despised rattler, and these human serpents are a worse reptile, for they give no warning rattle, and the venom of their sting is injected before the victim knows their depraved character. How white men are so organized no one can explain and it can only be accepted as moral depravity.

Gradually these individuals will be left to flock to themselves and will be shunned by all self-respecting persons and the mischief and damage they are endeavoring to impart must recoil upon themselves. But the unsuspecting need protection.—Crosbyton Review.

For Sale or Trade

For horses or cattle a splendid residence in Gail known as the J. L. DeShazo property. See Jno. R. Williams.

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.

Globe Trotters

Last Saturday afternoon at 6 o'clock Clarence O'Neal walked into town from Louise. Mr. O'Neal started from Butte, Mon., Jan. 1st 1908 for a 55,000 miles tramp around the globe. He made a wager that he could walk the distance in six and one half years. The terms are that if he accomplishes the feat he is to be paid \$7,000 with the rate of 3 1-2 per cent compounded for 6 1-2 yr. Other conditions of the wager were that he was to leave with only a five cent piece and to neither beg, borrow, steal or join any secret order. He exhibited the five cent piece though it was mutilated by having been placed under the wheels of a locomotive while in Japan. Mr. O'Neal is an educated gentleman and talks interestingly of his travels. He has already walked 52,000 miles and been under 53 foreign flags. In most countrys he was well received but says he feared the worst in Turkey. He was in good spirits and says he will complete his walk by Christmas when he will be at Buenos Ayres, S. A. Aside from his wager which is a neat sum, he has signed a contract with New York parties for a lecture course at \$35,000 per year. He says when this tramp is ended he'll never walk again.

He keeps a diary and makes a report each week. He makes affidavits at every town in which he stops and secures leading business men as witnesses.

While here he was a guest at the C. W. Silliman home where he spent the night most pleasantly and showed a great fondness for iced milk. At Victoria he penned a letter to Mr. Silliman as another token of his appreciation of hospitality accorded him here.—Ex.

Clubbing Offer

The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News makes a specialty of

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ably the best semi-weekly in the world. It gives news from all over the world, but particularly as surpassed

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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.

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Darnell Lumber Company.

Complete Stock of Building Material Under Sheds

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SNYDER, TEXAS.

TRY US FOR BARGAINS

Austin News

Somewhat unexpected, but none the less gratifying was the action of the automatic tax board last week in fixing the state ad valorem tax rate for the year at 5 cents on the \$100 valuation, a reduction of 1 1/4 cts. from the present rate. Since Governor Campbell was inducted into office his every effort appears to have been directed towards a reduction of this tax rate and each year he has brought it down.

The school tax rate of 16 2/3 cents on the \$100 valuation was left unchanged.

The reduction in the ad valorem tax rate is due to the surprising increase in the taxable valuations of the state, being placed at \$2,300,197,567, being the total of the estimated valuations for the year received from each county tax assessor, showing a gain of \$126,075,581 over last year. Added to this increase in values is the fact that the Waters Pierce Oil fine of \$1,718,099.14 was taken into consideration, being counted in the general revenue fund contrary to the ruling of the attorney general.

In a statement just given out by the railroad commission, showing the comparative earnings of the railroads of the state for the twelve months ending June 30, 1907, the gross earnings are placed at \$88,720,512, an increase of \$7,773,907 or 9.60 per cent over the previous twelve months, and the operating expenses are placed at \$66,938,527 a decrease of \$754,094 or 1.11 per cent. This shows the increased income of all roads to have been \$8,528,003 or 64.34 per cent. In view of the probable very short cotton crop this year it is not expected that the railroads will be able to maintain this favorable showing.

Commissioner of Agriculture E. R. Kone has brought himself into prominence again by his announced campaign to secure better roads, better schools and better farming, stock and poultry raising, thus extending the scope of the work of his department.

Pompeo Coppini, of San Antonio, who has already acquired fame as a sculptor, has been awarded the contract for the monument to be erected at Huntsville in memory of General Sam Houston. It is to be entirely of Texas granite from the Llano quarries.

The dream of the 5,000,000 Club, headed by John H. Kirby for a population of 5,000,000 in Texas in the year 1910 appears to have been anticipated if the ratio of six persons to each scholastic is correct, for figuring on this basis the population of the state at this time is shown to be 5,698,664.

In the neighborhood of four thousand permits for liquor licenses have been issued by the comptroller's department, most of them being renewals of old licenses.

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We have an arrangement where by 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.

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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.

The Citizen will appreciate it if our readers will kindly hand us each week all the local news they may know. This will greatly assist us in thoroughly covering the local field.

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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, Gall, 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

Local and Personal

No Court

We are authorized to announce by Sheriff Williams that there will be no court next week as previously announced, Judge Shepherd having written him to that effect.

Walker & Wootton will shortly open a clothes cleaning and pressing establishment in connection with their barber shop. This enterprise will fill a long felt want in Gail.

J. J. Dodson, H. T. Dodson, J. F. Denton and Jack Cumbie acting as chauffeur left Monday in their auto for New Mexico on business.

E. J. Hampton, of Wyoming, is visiting the family of H. C. Kenney.

Assessor S. L. Jones assisted by W. A. Clark is busy this week completing the tax rolls.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Yeates, of Hood county, who have been visiting relatives here left Monday on their way home.

Quite a crowd of Gailites will attend the Fluvanna barbecue next week.

Geo. B. Slaughter and family passed through yesterday en route to Big Springs.

O. K. Yantis was down from the 49 ranch yesterday on business.

R. L. Farrar, of Maryneal, Nolan county, passed through Wednesday on his way to the plains. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Messrs. Hale, Littlejohn, Kennedy and Kincaid went fishing Monday and caught 79 fish, had a feast at the tank and brought a string home.

Bob Gray was in from Durham yesterday.

The total assessed value of property in Borden county for 1909 is \$1,683,895. State and county taxes are as follows: State ad valorem .05, State School .16 2 3, county tax .52, total tax .73 2 3.

The young people had an enjoyable party in the vacant house opposite J. H. Berry resident last night. The following young people were present chaperoned by Mrs. Berry, Misses Eula and Lula Gober, Winnie Chandler, Nettie Sutherland, Mollie and Madie Hopkins, Cora, Nora and Bertha Berry. Messrs Lee Wootton, J. H. Parker, Waley and Frank Berry, Guy Clark, Holt Stokes, Jimmie Hopkins and Ben Ford.

A children party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark Monday night was greatly enjoyed by the little folks.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Mat Cathey on last Saturday night, a fine boy.

Don't forget the Thursday night Singing, Everybody is invited to attend.

M. J. Thornton and L. A. Pearce left Wednesday for Post City and other points on business.

Miss Myrtle Smoot left today for a visit to relatives at Ballinger. Frank Berry and Jess Smith have returned from a trip to the plains country.

A \$100.00 Scholarship Free

IN A SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

It Includes Board, Tuition and Stationery

Walden's Business Colleges or making it possible for ambitious young men and women to secure a complete Business, Shorthand or English course, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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Will make you a Bookkeeper or Stenographer.

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In equipment courses of study, thorough word and success of their pupils, these Schools stand at the head.

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Branch Schools at Lake Charles and New Iberia, La.

Only a short time until vacation will be over and the school bells will again be ringing.

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Short Orders a Specialty. Open Day and Night. Cater to the Best Trade and Strive to Please. Regular Dinner. Everything Neat and Clean. Give us a Trial.

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