

# The Borden Citizen

VOL. 9.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUG. 5, 1909.

NO. 39.

## VOTE SATURDAY.

Don't Fail to go to the Polls  
Saturday and Vote for  
A Better School.

At the risk of wearying our readers we desire to say a few more words in support of the local tax issue, at the close of the campaign.

Remember Saturday when you reach the polls that if your ticket reads "For the Levy" you are casting a vote for more and better education, for a more enlightened citizenship, and for the very best interests, not only of your own children, but your neighbor's children, and in the interest of your town and country.

On the other hand if you refuse to support this measure you are saying by that act that you feel no interest in, and in fact are not a friend of education, and you will be casting a vote against your own property interests. By taking a sensible view of the matter, it can be readily seen that there is not a voter in the district that can afford to oppose this measure.

We hope to see a full vote polled Saturday and that it will be unanimously in favor of the levy.

### Texas Inventors

The following patents were issued this week to Texas inventors, reported by Swift & Co. of Washington:

H. B. Anderson, Lampasas, poultry-drinking fountain. J. J. Cruse, Houston, mail bag and delivering device, M. M. Franks, Corsicana, animal trap, G. Whitaker, Temple, railway tie, C. D. Wright, Dallas, oil burner.

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THE BORDEN CITIZEN.

### News and Comments

The penitentiary investigating committee has brought out the fact that the prisoners are very often flogged for trivial offenses. It will no doubt recommend that this barbarism be stopped.

The Wright brothers have established a new record for airships. In a few years we will no doubt be sailing through the air as we now fly over the land in railway trains.

Senator Jeff Davis has announced his candidacy for reelection to the United States Senate from Arkansas.

The town of Velasco is appealing for aid for its victims of the late storm that swept the coast country.

Work will begin at once on the replica of the Alamo at Dallas, which is being erected by the News, and it will be ready for the annual fair.

U. B. Colquitt, candidate for Governor, announces that he is not only opposed to statewide prohibition, but is opposed to submitting the question and would veto the measure when passed by the Legislature, were he Governor. Colquitt should make the race on the Republican ticket as we cannot conceive of a true Democrat who is opposed to allowing the people a vote upon any question.

### A BARGAIN

320 acres of land near Fluvanna and the Roscoe and Snyder railroad Bonus \$1 per acre. Call or write to Borden Citizen for particulars.

### From North by Tahoka

The Santa Fe will come to Lamesa from a point on the Coleman-Texico cut off north of here. Mr. O'Donnell and the citizens of Tahoka are now considering terms and conditions to bring the road thru there. No doubt Tahoka will meet Mr. O'Donnell more than half way. At any rate we hope they will come to an agreement with him, as we want the road to come just that way. Now that we know just what the plans are, and the mystery surrounding it all has been cleared away, let there be no more delay about the bonus. Every man do his part now, and the balance of the \$50,000 will soon be signed up. There is no excuse now that we can see for standing back. It's the Santa Fe you have been wanting, and it's the Santa Fe that you are now having to do with. So you had better sign up right now.—Lamesa News.

### 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.

### Notice Trespassers

Anyone fishing or cutting wood on the A. J. Long ranch will be prosecuted to the limit of the law.  
11 1 Sam Sanford.

# O. L. Wilkirson lumber co

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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.

**Hickory Chips**

Dr. Eliot says that matrimony is the most profitable profession for women. But think of the poor men victims.

If T. R. were in the White House, the tariff conference would look like a dazzling display of fireworks interposed by two minute bombs.

Ex-Chancellor von Buelow of Germany will find lively company if he should conclude to go on a little gunning trip in Africa.

When they get to putting kerosene butter on the quick-lunch ham sandwiches Uncle Sam will have to carry around him a pocketful of pepsin tablets.

One of the virtues claimed for the new Standard Oil butter is that it lasts longer than the real butter. Yea, we don't doubt it.

An inquirer wants to know where the liars go to, but up to date there is no evidence that they have gone anywhere.

In Africa after the hunting trip the cameras click and the typewriters rip.

Uncle Nelse Aldrich may perhaps let Taft be the nominal President.

Kansas City is to have a new \$20,000,000 union railway station Baltimore is trying to get a little \$500,000 one.

Wild and Woolly West is going some.

Ahmed Misra, the new ruler of Persia, cried when he was taken away from his mother. Poor little kid.

If at first you don't succeed, fly, fly again.

The biter also gets bit. Barney Oldfield, the famous auto driver has been run down by an automobile.

That's an astonishing sight—Cabinet officers actually cutting down the Government expenses.

A Colorado man says he has observed feat only ugly women vote. Evidently the rise of the suffragette movement is to be counteracted by diplomacy.

If England really wants to abate its suffragette mob, why does not the government arm the police with mice?

The price of wheat is having another little Marathon with the thermometer.

A Southern State has made it a misdemeanor to give trading stamps. A jail sentence was about the only thing left one could not get with the trading stamps.

The South is getting so solid that even a hurricane can't blow it away.

It will cost more to get a little squeeze of lemon now.

A Florida Republican explains that "the high cost of chickens is not because of the protective tariff on beef, but because the negroes steal so many chickens" If the negro has any political friends left in this country, we should like to know where they are.

An Illinois girl jolted a millionaire for a soda dispenser. The influence of soda water on the summer girl is marvelous.

**Austin Letter**

Even in this center of political activity, little is heard in this line right now and only tentative suggestions, more like feelers are thrown out.

Lieutenant Governor A. B Davidson was here during the past week from his home in De Witt county. He would not commit himself in regard to his gubernatorial aspirations.

His friends here appear to consider his candidacy as doubtful not for lack of faith in his personal strength or popularity, but because his section of the state is not sufficiently close to the center of population.

Railroad Commissioner O. B. Colquitt is an avowed candidate and apparently gaining strength. Cone Johnson, of Tyler, has friends here who declare for him at every opportunity. Former Congressman R. L. Ball has kept away from Austin for a long time but this may not mean he has lost his desire to occupy the chief executive chair.

Attorney General R. V. Davidson has said so little regarding his possible candidacy as to give his political opponents an opportunity to declare that he will not seek further political honors in Texas, some giving one reason and some another. One of his chief lieutenants, however, states that he will be in the race and will so announce at the proper time. Attorney General Davidson never has been one to act

hastily, and in this matter he appears to be exercising his usual deliberation.

For the office of Lieutenant Governor, wonly three persons are mentioned as yet, former State Senator A. S. Hawkins, of Midland, and Representatives Brown F. Lee, of San Angelo, and F. F. Hill, of Denton. The latter was an openly avowed candidate up to the time of his break with former Speaker of the House, A. M. Kennedy.

To turn from politics crops the first bale of cotton ginned this year in Texas has been reported at Falfurias, in Starr county. The rains during the past week have altered the cotton situation.

State Senator Bryan, of Abilene, who was here last week, continues to view with equanimity the recent enactment providing for a state bagging and twine factory under the supervision of a state penitentiary board. He believes that it will prove the beginning of an immense industry in Texas, which will eventually provide a home market for the bulk of cotton grown in Texas.

During this week the annual convention of the State Association of County Superintendents is to be held in Austin and it promises to be of much interest.

**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. 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 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 ght.

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Clothing, Shelf Hardware and

General Rackets.

**SNYDER, TEXAS**

**GEO. T. CURTIS, Manager.**

**THE ROSCOE HOTEL**

**S. F. LAGOW, Prop.**

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Lumber well seasoned under sheds.

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ELUVANNA, TEXAS



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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

W. R. McHargue, 15 years old is one of the successful dry land farmers of Sanders, Montana, who will attend the Congress at Billings October 26-28. This boy has set a good example for many older farmers to follow. He is starting in early in life in an energetic, progressive manner which bespeaks for him success in whatever he attempts. He has written to the Dry Farming Congress for instructions in the method of preparing grains for entry at the Exposition, stating that this is his first year at the business, and that he has raised some rye that stands five feet high.

It is a wise father who will need this hint: Get your boy a job when school is out and keep him busy until next term begins. Give him to understand that it is unmanly to depend on his dad for pocket change and clothes, and impress upon him that business men and corporations never select their men from loafers and idlers. And say, let Sis have a course in practical housekeeping. Give her a list of duties that will be helpful to her and restful to mother, and gently but firmly break the news that ability to cook and sew is just as much of a woman's accomplishments as is the power of endurance at the piano. If buddy is not able to make his own living by the time he graduates the chances are against him the rest of his life. If Sis can't work button-holes and make bread before she gets a diploma it is a ten to one shot she will feel too smart to learn

such things later on. Remember parents, as the tree is bent so will it grow. It is easy to bend it while yet a sapling but an impossibility when it attains toughness of fiber and roughness of bark.—Exchange.

### Bryan on Bailey

If the doctrine announced by Senator Bailey becomes the doctrine of the Democratic party the party might as well abandon its opposition to a restrictive policy. First, if Senators and memosers can not be bound by platforms, then there is no hope of resisting the influence that the protected interests bring to bear upon the public officials. Second, if, instead of lessening the number of those benefited by protection, we are to increase the number by extending protection to all industries, we will fix it next to impossible to make any headway in the direction of tariff reform, for those who derive a pecuniary benefit from the tariff—even though that benefit be incidental—will be active opponents of any reduction, while the public, feeling only a general interest, will be unable to cope with the special interests.—The Commoner.

### Only a Mule

A doctor was riding along a country road and came upon an old negro man trying to ride a mule away from his cabin, but the mule was in a very stubborn balk. The doctor said, "Hello Primus, can I give you any help?" Primus said, "I reckon not, doctor, kase I don't think all the powers in heaven and hell could make this mule go another step from here." So the doctor walked up to the mule and told Primus to get down, and in a few minutes he used his hypodermic syringe to inject a solution into the mule's flank. The mule did not budge, even to the switching of his tail. But in about three minutes he raised his back, opened wide his eyes and distended his nostrils, looked around at his side and went off pitching and snorting across the prairie. Primus stood and looked until he was nearly a mile away. Then he turned to the doctor and asked what did he charge for using that medicine. The doctor said ten cents. Primus said: "Well, doctor here's 20 cents, put some of dat in me quick, kase I got to ketch dat mule."—Ex.

We regard Hon. H. Bascom Thomas as an honest and well-meaning man, but he isn't big or strong enough to be Governor of Texas—not yet, anyway. If he were he would be in evidence in next year's race, for the story he tells the people and the way he tells it is impressive and fires the popular heart. And what makes it more impressive is the fact that Senator Thomas' charges are heard of all men—notably, by those whom he arraigns—and no denials worthy the name are entered. But the manner in which Thomas bore himself last year is against him. The opportunity was there and he wanted to achieve, but it wasn't in him. The people know that, and while believing much he says and sympathizing with him, as many do, they would hesitate about making him Governor. But he will contribute to the interest of next year and more than one man will wish H. Bascom could be gagged.—Waco Tribune.

The newspaper business is a fine disciplinary school for a person. It forces one to form habits that count for his own good. Aside from the training he gets in staying at his post of duty, he learns that he, like all men, has faults, and so prominent do they stand out before him that he is ashamed to magnify the faults of others, so he utters more good things than bad things about people. His human nature remains with him, however, and he sometimes thinks a plenty that will not do to print.—Foard County News.

He is certainly made to learn his faults, and the knowledge of one's faults exerts a strong disciplinary influence. A man who makes good with a newspaper has an all-round training which fits him to be everything except a financier.—State Press.

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303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

## 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 months ..... .50

### 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, Aug. 5, 1909.

### Houston's Indian Wife

A Muskogee, Okla., dispatch says: On a stately white shaft of marble within the officers' circle of the national cemetery at Fort Gibson is engraved the simple inscription "Talihina Houston."

The monument has only recently been put into place and is the culmination of seven years of effort on the part of a patriotic citizen, J. S. Holden, editor of the Fort Gibson Post, to get permission from the war department to place the remains of this Cherokee woman under the Stars and Stripes as he thought befitted the wise of the great Sam Houston, soldier, statesman and wanderer.

When General Houston suddenly and mysteriously deserted his home, his bride of a few hours and his office as governor of Tennessee, he came to the Cherokee Nation and fell in love with Talihina, a beautiful Cherokee girl. There is a story that he had seen this girl in Georgia before she came to the Indian Territory and that it was memory of her that led him westward. Anyway he found her and they lived together during his stay in the Indian Territory. There in Fort Gibson on the bank of the Grand they were happy and content. But the lust of battle was in his blood and the call to liberate Texas he could not resist. Without warning he left as suddenly as he abandoned his eastern home when he came there. Talihina pined for her lord and in a few months after his disappearance she died, in 1833.

Her body was buried at Wilson Rock, a high bluff overlooking the Arkansas River near Muldrow, I. T., and a small cedar tree was planted over her grave. For nearly sixty years the body lay there in its forgotten grave, the cedar tree keeping lonely vigil by night and the river murmuring in discontent as it rolled by. Then Mr. Holden conceived the notion that the wife of the great warrior was entitled to a more noble resting place and he petitioned the department to allow the bones to be taken up and reinterred in the officers' circle over which floats the flag in the national cemetery at Fort Gibson. This was a very unusual request and the first thing the government required was proof that the grave was that of Talihina Houston before it would give permission. It took a long time to collect this proof, to sixty years in a lonely grave seals the book of memory in many a mind. But the proof was finally secured and later permission was granted by the government to place the remains in the officers' circle. In the meantime Mr. Holden had been raising money by subscription to bear the expense of transferring the body and erecting the marble monument.

Unattended save by workmen, one Saturday afternoon, Mr. Holden went to Wilson Rock and exhumed the remains. He found the bones in a well preserved state. In the grave was found a large tortoise shell comb nearly six inches across which had been one of Talihina's favorite ornaments in life and had been buried with her. It was in a perfect state of preservation. The casket into which the remains were placed was completely enfolded in an American flag and thus enshrouded the body was placed in its last resting place, in the presence of many noted Cherokees, for Talihina came of a family that had produced many chiefs, and a curious throng.—Ex.

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Snyder,

Texas.

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L. A. PEARCE

### Dry Farming in Arizona

It is predicted by persons conversant with the development of Arizona that within a few years practically all of the tillable land in the northern part of the territory will be under cultivation by dry farming methods. In many places in the districts tributary to Prescott people are growing crops of various kinds. Dry farming is becoming popular and there is a steady gain in the influx of homeseekers. Corn is one of the thriving crops of the northern part of Arizona and vegetables are reported doing well this year.

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# THE BARRIER

BY  
REX BEACH



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back nearer to the table where he sat, his sharp ears caught these words from Runnion's lips:

"Not with me! She'd never go with me!" And Stark's reply:

"She'll go where I send her and with anybody I tell her to."

The Frenchman lost what followed, for a newly dealt hand required study. He scanned his cards and tossed them face up before the dealer; then he overheard Runnion say:

"It's the only one in camp. He might sell it if you offered him enough." At this Stark called one of the men at the bar aside, and the three began to dicker.

"Not a cent less," the third man announced loudly. "There ain't another Peterborough in town."

Going outside, Runnion said again to Stark:

"She won't go with me, Ben. She don't like me. You see, I made love to her, and she got mad and wanted me killed."

"She'll never know who you are until it's too late to turn back," said the other, "and you are the only man I can trust to take her through. I can trust you. You owe me too much to be crooked."

"Oh, I'll act square with you! But, look here, what's all this about anyhow? Why do you want that girl? You said you didn't care for her that way. You told me so yourself. Anyway, I ain't the safest kind of a chap-eron for a good looking girl."

Stark laid a cold hand on Runnion's shoulder close up to his neck.

"Never mind what I said. She's mine, and you've got to promise to be straight with her. I've trusted you before, and if you're not on the level now say so. It will save you a lot of trouble."

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Runnion testily. "Only it looks mighty queer."

He melted into the darkness, and Stark returned to his cabin, where he paced back and forth impatiently, smiling evilly now and then, consulting his watch at frequent intervals. A black look had begun to settle on his face, but it vanished when Necla came, and he met her with a smile.

"I was afraid you had weakened," he said. "Everything is ready and waiting. I've got the only canoe in the place, a Peterborough, and hired a good oarsman to put you through, instructing him to make as fast time as he can and to board the first steamer that overtakes you. Too bad this freighter that just got in isn't going the other way. However, there's liable to be another any hour, and if one doesn't come along you'll find enough blankets and food in the skiff, so you needn't go ashore. You'll be there before you know it."

Then he led her out into the darkness, and they stumbled down to the river's bank, descending to the gravelly water's edge, where rows of clumsy hand sawed boats and poling skiffs were chafing at their painters. The up river steamer was just clearing.

Stark's low whistle was unanswered a hundred yards below, and they searched out a darker blot that proved to be a man's figure.

"Is everything ready?" he inquired, at which the shadow granted unintelligibly. So, holding Necla by the arm, Stark helped her back to a seat in the stern.

"This man will take you through," he said. "You can trust him all right."

justed his sweeps; then Stark laid a hand on the prow and shoved the light boat out into the current, calling softly:

"Goodby and good luck!"

"Goodby, Mr. Stark. Thank you ever so much," the girl replied, too numb and worn out to say much or to notice or care whither she was bound or who was her boatman. She had been swept along too swiftly to reason or fear for herself any more.

Stark did not return to his cabin, but went back instead to his saloon, where he saw Poleon Doret still sprawling with elbows on the table, his hat pulled low above his sullen face. Stark then went out and down toward the barracks. A light behind the drawn curtains of the officer's house told that Burrell was not abed, but he waited a long moment after his summons before the door was opened, during which he heard the occupant moving about and another door close in the rear. When he was allowed entrance at last he found the young man alone in a smoke filled room, with a bottle and two empty glasses on the table.

For at the sound of his voice Gale had whispered to Burrell, "Keep him out!" and the lieutenant had decided to refuse his late visitor admittance when he lighted on the expedient of concealing the trader in the bedroom at the rear. It was only natural, he reasoned, that Gale should dislike to face a man like Stark before he had regained his composure.

"Go in there and wait till I see what he wants," he had said, and, shutting the old man in, he had gone forth to admit Stark. Stark entered and closed the door.

"I've got some work for you, lieutenant. It's got to be done tonight, right now! You represent the law, or at least you've taken every occasion to so declare yourself, so now I've come to you with something big. It's a serious affair, and, being as I'm a peaceful man, I want to go by the law." His eyes mocked the words he uttered. "You seem to carry the weight of this whole community on your shoulders, so I'm here to give you some information."

Burrell said quietly: "It's a little late for polite conversation. Come to the point."

"I've got a murderer for you."

"You've had a killing in your place, eh?"

"No; I've just made a discovery. I found it all out by accident, too—pure accident. By heaven, you can't tell me there isn't a beneficent Providence overlooking our affairs. He's a friend of yours and a highly respected party. He's a glorious example to this whole river. He's everybody's friend. He's the shining mark of this whole country. He's the benevolent renegade, Squaw Man Gale. Gaylord is his name, and I was a fool not to know it sooner."

The disclosure had not affected the soldier as Stark expected, and his anger began to lift itself.

"The man's a murderer. He's wanted in California, where I came from. He's been indicted, and there's a price on his head. He's hidden for fifteen years, but he'll hang as sure as I stand here."

Burrell knew he must gain time for thought. One false step might ruin all. He could not face this on the spur of the moment; so, shrugging his shoulders with an air of polite skepticism, he assumed a tone of good natured raillery.

"Fifteen years? Murder? John Gale, a murderer? Why, that's almost—pardon me if I smile—I'm getting sleepy. What proof have you?"

"Proof!" blazed the gambler. "Proof! Ask Gaylord! Proof! Why, the woman he murdered was my wife!"

It was Burrell's turn now to fall incoherent, and not only did his speech forsake him, but his thoughts went madly veering off into a wilderness where there was no trail, no light, no hope. What frightful bones were these he bared? This man was Bennett! This was Necla's father! He raised a pair of eyes that had become furious and bloodshot and suddenly realized that the man before him, who persisted in saddling upon Gale this heinous crime, was the slayer of Necla's mother, for he did not doubt Gale's story for an instant. He found his fingers writhing to feel the creature's throat.

"Proof!" Stark was growling. "How much proof do you need? I've followed him for fifteen years. I've tracked him with men and dogs through woods and deserts and mining camps. I've slept on his trail for 5,000 miles, and now do you think I'm

mistaken? He killed my wife, I say, and robbed me of my little girl! That's her in his house. That's her he calls Necla. She's my girl—my girl, do you understand?—and I'll have his life."

Burrell had no inkling yet of the father's well shaped plans nor how far-reaching they were and could barely stammer:

"So! You—you know?"

"Yes! She wears the evidence around her neck, and if that isn't enough I can furnish more—evidence enough to smother you. My name isn't Stark at all. I changed it years ago for certain reasons. I've changed it more than once, but that's my privilege and my own affair. Her name is Merridy Bennett."

"I don't suppose you know I'm going to marry her?" said the Kentuckian irreverently.

"No," replied the other; "I wasn't aware of the fact."

"Well, I am. I'll be your son-in-law."

"There's a lot of things, Burrell, for you and me to settle up first. For one thing, I want those mines of hers. I'm her father, and she's not of age. I'll take them anyway as her next of kin."

Burrell did not follow up this statement, for its truth was incontrovertible, so he continued:

"We'll adjust that after Gale is attended to. But meanwhile what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to arrest the man who killed my wife. If you don't take him the miners will. I've got a following in this camp, and I'll raise a crowd in fifteen minutes—enough to hang this squaw man or batter down your barracks to get him. But I don't want to do that. I want to go by the law you've talked so much about. I want you to do the trick."

At last Burrell saw the gambler's devilry. He knew Stark's reputation too well to think that he feared a meeting with Gale. Stark had planned his settlement coldly and with deliberate malice. Moreover, he was strong enough to stand aside and let another take his place and thus deny to Gale the final recourse of a hunted beast, the desperate satisfaction that the trader craved. He tied his enemy's hands and delivered him up with his thirst unsatisfied—to whom? He thrust a weapon into the hand of his other enemy and bade this other enemy use it—worse than that, forced him to strike the man he honored, the man he loved. Burrell never doubted that Stark had carefully weighed the effect of this upon Necla and had reasoned that a girl like her could not understand a soldier's duty if it meant the blood of a parent. If he refused to act the gambler could break him, while every effort he made to protect Gale would but increase the other's satisfaction. There was no chance of the trader's escape. Stark

seign him in his name. Was it possible, the lieutenant wondered, to move this man from his purpose?

"Have you thought of Necla? She loves Gale. What effect will this have on her?"

"D—n her! She's more his brat than mine. I want John Gaylord!"

At this a vicious frenzy overtook Burrell, and he thought of the man behind yonder door, whom he had forgotten. Well, why not? These two men had stalked each other clear into the farthest places, driven by forces that were older than the hills. Who was he to stand between such passions?

The gambler's words rang in his ears—"I want John Gaylord"—and before he knew what he was doing he had answered, "Very well; I'll give him to you," and crossed quickly to the door of his bedroom and flung it open. On the threshold he paused stockstill. The place was empty. A draft sucked through the open window, flitting with the curtain and telling the story of the trader's exit.

"If you're looking for your coat, it's here," he heard Stark say. "Get into it, and we'll go for him."

The lieutenant's mind was working fast enough now, in all conscience, and he saw with clear and fateful eyes whither he was being led, at which a sudden reckless disregard for consequences seized him. He felt a blind fury at being pulled and hauled and driven by this creature and also an unreasoning anger at Gale's defection. But it was the thought of Necla and the horrible net of evil in which this man had ensnared them both that galled him most. He determined to finish this thing here and now.

Meade went to his bureau, took his revolver from the belt where he had hung it and came out into the other room. Stark, seeing the weapon, exclaimed:

"You don't need that. He won't resist you."

"I've decided not to take him," said Burrell.

"Decided not to take him!" shouted the other. "Have you weakened? Don't you intend to arrest that man?"

"No!" cried the soldier. "I've listened to your lies long enough. Now I'm going to stop them once for all. You're too dangerous to have around."

They faced each other silently a moment; then Stark spoke in a very quiet voice, though his eyes were glittering.

"What's the meaning of this? Are you crazy?"

"Gale was here just before you came and told me who killed your wife. I know."

"Well?"

"It's pretty late. This place is lonely. This is the safest way."

The gambler fell to studying his antagonist, and when he did not speak Burrell continued:

"Come, brace up! I'm giving you a chance."

But Stark shook his head.

"Don't be afraid," insisted the lieutenant. "There are no witnesses. If

you get me, nobody will know, and your word is good. If not, it's much simpler than the other."

Then when the gambler still made no move he insisted. "You wouldn't have me kill you like a rattlesnake?"

"You couldn't," said the older man.

"You're not that kind, and I'm not the kind to be cheated either. Listen. I've lived over forty years, and I never took less than was coming to me. I won't begin tonight."

"You'll get your share."

"Bah! You don't know what I mean. I don't want you. It's him I'm after, and when I'm done with him I'll take care of you, but I won't run any risk right now. You might put me away, there's the possibility, and I won't let you or any other man—or woman either, not even my girl—cheat me out of Gale. Put up your gun."

The soldier hesitated, then did as he was bidden, for this man knew him better than he knew himself.

"I ought to treat you like a mad dog, but I can't do it while your hands are up. I'm going to fight for John Gale

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Don't Forget The Place

## WARREN BROTHERS

SNYDER, TEXAS.

### Should Own Home

That history repeats itself is an axiom that none can gainsay. We boast of our great strides along advanced lines and yet we are often brought face to face with problems that were solved ages ago, of which we have, nor can we form any clear idea. This but proves that what we are pleased to term advancement is but a departure from the customs and methods of our forebears. Nations long ago were born and grew to be reckoned as great powers in their time, and doubtless were, judged by the standards of their time, but of them nothing today remains but memories, and foremost is the thought that they built not wisely, but too well. Rome, in all her boasted glory and power overlooked the foundation on which to build an enduring structure. True they developed a race of stalwart men and women who were the admiration of the world but this, within itself, was not enough. From well-bred men and women arose a desire for opulence and ease, with the result that Rome decayed and passed from the annals of nations. The effects of Rome's undoing will hold good with any nation from like cause—the centralization of wealth. Nations to endure, must of necessity be nations of home owners—home builders—people who pride the home with all its sacred associations more than the glamour and glitter of the aduring dollar. Those who are led off in a mad chase for gain, irrespective of all life's other claims, have but one sure ending whose echo spells defeat. Landless man means manless land.

To prove conclusively the force of this argument, you have but to take a peep into conditions as they exist in England and Russia.

Russia has more undeveloped resources than any other nation of today yet Russia is reckoned

one of the old nations. Why is this? It is the result of landless men. That nation, the richest of all in resources, is in very truth the poorest, and all because the land is owned and controlled by a few. In England conditions are not so bad. There's not quite such a degree of oppression, and yet even England is beginning to get alarmed over the retrogression of her citizens. Owning a home brings a sense of security, a feeling of partnership that he who owns no home can never hope to feel. It makes one take a vital interest in affairs of state. Today America is drifting toward landlordism and it will have the same result here as in those other countries. It means the losing of the individualism upon which our nation was conceived and upon which it must either rest secure or, losing which, totter and decay. The harmful tendencies of the time are found in trying to ape after the big fellow and not being content to do those things which nature intended one should do. It is a commendable trait in anyone's character to try and excel but let us get down to a sane basis of operations. Let us decide to be content with owning and beautifying a home. Let us resolve that come what may we must and shall be home owners—home builders. Let's perpetuate America, the land of freedom's birth, as a heritage to the generations yet unborn. Remember—a landless man means manless land.—Lubbock Avalanche.

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### South Discriminated Against

Washington, July 30.—The tariff bill was submitted to the House today.

Representative Underwood, a Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee, and one of the best posted men in the House on the tariff, sums up the situation tersely in the following statement:

"The only material reductions are in the iron and steel and hide schedules; all the others are advanced. The average rate is above both that of the Dingley law and the Payne tariff bill. The most of the reductions that amount to anything outside of lumber and leather will go to the manufacturers and the big interests and the raises will fall most heavily on the necessities of life—clothing and food.

"The South has been discriminated against absolutely. The conferees refuse to put either cotton, bagging or ties on the free list, though giving binding twine free of duty to the Northern farmer, and they have plac-

ed on the free list cotton seed oil, the product of the Southern farmer."

Our volcanic neighbors across the Rio Grande who have just recovered from a demonstration against the re-election of Diaz as president, have been visited by a series of severe earthquakes covering more than a thousand miles and extending from ocean to ocean. The first shock was felt in the City of Mexico at 4:15 a. m., July 30 causing the bells of the many cathedrals to toll, breaking crockery and in some instances leveling walls. Six people are reported to have lost their lives in the City of Mexico and its environs. Owing to the disturbance of telegraph wires a full account of the loss of life cannot yet be given, but official figures on the day of the disaster show that 14 persons were killed outright. The people are reported suffering greatly because this is the rainy season and the repeated shocks are compelling them to live in the open without protection against the heavy rains.

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TRY US FOR BARGAINS

## Tariff Mentrosity

The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse. And a very small mouse indeed is the change in schedules produced as the result of President Taft's labors with the conference committee. Out of the struggling, juggling and jockeying between white house and conference room, the ultimate consumer reaps small benefit. Free hides and free oil and a \$1.25 rate on rough lumber the president has wrung from the committee. Free coal he does not get, for on that a duty of 45 cents a ton is placed nor does he get free iron ore, on which a duty of 15 cents a ton has been fixed. A few pitiful concessions on the raw materials of certain lines of manufacture is about all that Mr. Taft has been able to wring from his party in the way of real downward revision of the tariff. These will be confessedly of no benefit to the consumers of the country, but may add to the profits of the manufacturers.

Never has a tariff bill been put to passage in the history of this country which more completely fails to satisfy any considerable element of the party which must take the responsibility for it than this Payne-Aldrich-Taft patchwork. It is unquestionably the worst and most indefensible measure of the kind ever written. It is frankly admitted by a large proportion of the Republican members of congress and by the practically unanimous verdict of the reputable Republican press that the bill involves a shameful repudiation of the pledges made by last year's Republican platform and by Mr. Taft in his campaign for the presidency. Instead of giving relief from the burdens of the Dingley act the new bill fails to reduce the duties on a single one of the necessities of life, while the tax on many of the things the people must eat and wear is materially increased.

Thus does the Republican party admit incompetency and dishonesty in its dealings with the people. If the people do not rebuke such political treachery when the next congressional elections come around they will well deserve all the hardship this monstrous piece of legislation is bound to bring upon them.

Poor old Spain, in the throes of a revolution which threatens to sound the death knell of its monarchical form of government, is prominent in the world's news just now. The young King Alfonso is confronted for the first time in his life with a serious situation, well calculated to put his powers as a ruler to a severe test. The domestic trouble has been caused by the Moorish war. The people consider that enterprise merely a political affair based upon private mining concessions. They did not want war but had it forced upon them. Now they have turned and are snarling at the throat of their Boy King. It may require the intervention of the great powers to keep Alfonso on his throne.

We used to think we understood the English language as she is writ but the following opening of a report of a baseball game between the St. Louis and Nationals is a stumper. It looks like English, all of the words have a familiar look, but somehow they don't join together in a way that conveys definite ideas to our puzzled brain:

"The score was the bulky one of 9 to 3. Groom who worked on the mound for the Washingtons Thursday was back on duty Bert had but little and was found freely thruout. Every one of the Browns drove out one or more hits. Even big Jack Powell uncorked a safety, and it was some wallop going out on a line mid way and netting the massive pitcher a trip to third base. Hoff man, with three singles, and Stone, with a single and a triple, excelled in the walloping of the youthful Groom.

"Powell, too, was found pretty often, but as his supporters got him off in front by five lengths,

he stalled during the afternoon save when the Nationals threatened to get unduly obstreperous then he would uncork his speed and see that the customary cipher came."—National Tribune.

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## Local and Personal

### Bargain Sale

There will be a sales day at Jack Alley's in Tahoka beginning Aug. 7 to Aug. 14, inclusive, eight days only. Dry Goods and groceries will be sold at cost for the cash Best High Patent Flour for \$3.50 per 100 pounds and other things in proportion.

Dr. W. S. Kirkpatrick and H. Morrison, of Rotan, came thru in auto yesterday on their way to Lubbock.

G. L. Webater, formerly of the Rotan Advance, passed through yesterday en route to Lubbock to take a position with the Avalanche.

Mr. Wharton, of Dublin, is here visiting at the home of his uncle, H. C. Jolly.

When you know a local news item we will greatly appreciate it if you will kindly give us the item.

A good many Gail people will attend the barbecue at Post City, some having left for that place today.

Quite a number of people were in town the first of the week attending County Court, some as jurors and others as witnesses.

Walter Harris who had been working in the Mat Cathey shop for about ten days left Tuesday for Post City.

Mrs. Gregg and family of Dalhart who had been visiting relatives here for some time left yesterday for their home.

Rev. H. C. Jolly preached an interesting sermon to a large congregation Sunday morning.

### Election Returns

A very light vote was polled in this county at Tuesday's election. Up to last night only four boxes had been heard from which have given the amendments a majority of nine votes.

From reports it is thought the amendments have won in the state.

County Attorney Debenport was in town this week attending court.

In giving the names of those attending church at Tredway in our last issue we unintentionally omitted the names of J. H. Parker and Will Kennedy.

The young people met at the Stokes House Sunday night and passed a few hours very pleasantly singing.

An old time "candy breaking" was greatly enjoyed by a large crowd of young people at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Kennedy west of town Monday night.

Prof. J. W. Bryson informs us that there was 22 transfers to the Gail district, making a total enrollment of about 120.

W. B. Farris of Hermleigh passed through Saturday en route home from Seminole.

Three loads of lumber passed through town Friday for James Pratt who is erecting a residence on his ranch.

Tim B. Conovers of Durham was here Friday.

J. C. Olive of Tredway was here Friday.

John Burnett of Brownfield was here Friday. He reports dry weather.

Miss Nellie Hale returned Tuesday from a visit to Abilene.

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### County Court

County Court convened Monday in regular session with Judge E. R. Yellott on the bench.

There was only one case on the docket, the civil suit of Texas New Mexico Land Co. vs T. R. Mauldin, which was tried Tuesday, resulting in a verdict for the plaintiffs.

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