

L. D. Borden

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 8.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAR. 12, 1908.

NO. 11.

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CITIZEN, \$1 Per Year

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of Judge Jas. L. Shepherd for re-election to the office of District Judge of this the 32nd Judicial District.

Judge Shepherd succeeded Judge W. R. Smith as judge of this district, not merely in the faithful discharge of the grave responsibilities of the bench, but in winning the universal esteem and confidence of the people. We believe the voters of this county will be loth to exchange Judge Shepherd for any untried man, but when the primaries are called will give him not only a compliment but a solid vote.

The Debate.

The meeting of the Gail Literary Society Saturday evening was decidedly the most interesting and best attended of any held since its organization. It marked the close of the Literary, until the re-opening of school next fall.

All the available space in the court house was filled, and the audience is estimated at about 250 to 300 people. The intervals between speaking were enlivened by good music, discoursed by the Gail string band. The subject of debate was Should the govern-

ment own and operate the Railroads of the Country.

Speakers on the affirmative of the question were profs. McKay and Debenport, on the negative T. P. Blankenship and W. S. McClung. The question was ably discussed and some of the data and arguments produced showed considerable research into the history of the subject of debate. Prof. McKay, the first who lead in the affirmative stacked upon the table a formidable array of authorities for reference. The Prof. spoke to the point acquitted himself well adducing many sound and strong arguments in support of ownership of railroads by the Government. His colleague Prof. Debenport also presented some good argument on the affirmative side. The Judges decided the question in favor of the Morris debaters, Prof's. McKay and Debenport, and the Literary was adjourned till the next School Term.

Misses Dona May Creighton and Annie Bell Jones of Freilway were the guests of Misses Alma and Josie DeShazo Tuesday night

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Beds 25 and 50 cts.

Regular meals

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Pool Hall on second floor

Clairmonte St.

North of Snyder Merc. Co.

Snyder,

Texas

CATTLE FAMINE NEAR.

Report for 1907. 300,000 Head had Been Moved From Panhandle of Texas.

The cattle industry is growing lesser in the Panhandle and in the Texas plains country. A Telegram reporter during the past few weeks made an extensive trip through the plains country, visiting nearly every town upon the plains and traveling 485 miles without once seeing a train.

Every where the story of the ranchmen was the same. The settlers, the homeseekers, the farmers, are coming in and the cattle are going out. The ranchmen anticipating that early day when their ranches must be cut up into farms, are selling off their cows. They are disposing of their yearling steers and their calves. Their heifers for the past season or two have been subjected to the spaying knife.

Then where is the future beef supply of this once great cattle breeding section coming from? If the yearlings are being sent away in trainloads and if the calves are being sold, where can they get their next years' beef

and the beef of the following season? If the cows are no longer there, where will the calves come from? There will be none.

Not only ranchmen, brand inspectors and government inspectors tell the same story. They are closing out with view to turning over their lands to the settler. The herds are diminishing the vast droves of cattle are growing less.

300,000 CATTLE LEAVE PANHANDLE

One inspector interviewed stated that in rough figures 400,000 cattle had left the Panhandle country so far this year.

Dr. I. H. Barr of Canyon, who has this year himself inspected 80,000 head, and is a government inspector, states that the foregoing is a fact.

While cattle are going out more or less the greater part of the year, the real cattle shipping season commenced about Aug. 1 and it is since that date that the most of this exodus has occurred. But with the breaking of the bigger herds another condition is arising. Hogs are becoming a staple of the west Texas country. And again while the herds of cattle are becoming smaller, the quality of

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Phone or write us your orders and let us send you whatever you need in Drugs and Drug Sundries, Freshest Goods—Fairest Prices.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

Arnold Tankersley Drug Co.

THE PROGRESSIVE DRUGGISTS

BIG SPRINGS, - TEXAS.

the beef is improving.

The farmer is now raising his own grain. He will hold a few beef animals and finish them here. Hitherto range cattle have been shipped northward to receive those finishing touches on grain which make the juicy steaks a delight to the epicurean.

West Texas, when conditions become normal, may produce more flesh of the beef animal for market than ever before. It will not be the range animal as in the past, but the well-fatted, grain-fed, finished product. There may and may not be so many cattle shipped from West Texas, but one thing is certain and that is they will be better cattle.

SCARCITY BOUND TO COME.

For a time there will be a scarcity of beef in that great

section. This is bound to be.

But with the fine finished grain-fed cattle and the grain-fed hogs and the introduction of diversified farming a few acres will produce what sections have produced in the past.

If for a few years this section may suffer a lack of cattle it will not be long. Some cattlemen have been speculating on what effect this temporary diminishing of herds will have upon the markets. Will it cause any raise in the price of meat during the next year or two? This is a question which must be answered by the passing of time.

To the southward of the plains country and to the west, New Mexico, and to the north, this condition is not so marked. Market quotations will tell the story in the next two years of the Panhandle and the plains country's relation to the market centers.—Ft. Worth Telegram.

NOTICE.

I will stand my horse Canadian Reno at my place 15 miles Northwest of Gail from April 1st, 1908, at \$10.00 per season, insured, also a fine Jack at \$8.00 insured,

JAMES PRATT.

Railroad Passes Lacking.

The unusual absence of senators and congressmen from Washington during the past summer has caused a good deal of speculation concerning the motives that have prevented them from making their customary visits to the capital to look personally after the interests of their constituents.

The fact that they have not been there as usual since last Congress adjourned is not to be disputed. Formerly they have been much in evidence on the streets and around the government departments. Their names

appeared on the hotel registers. They would drop in town for 2 or 3 days at a time; sometimes for merely a few hours. Now they depend upon the mails to keep in touch with their departmental work. Why? The reason is universally acknowledged to be the stoppage of the railroad pass courtesy.

Previous to the passage of the railroad rate bill, passes were to had for the mere asking by every senator or representative over any and all the railroads of the United States. Moreover if a man did not ask for such free transportation for himself and for himself and family, it was promptly offered to him.

It was thus an easy matter for a member to run down to Washington several times during the recess of Congress. Now that the trip costs real money, the practice has been practically discontinued. G. E. M.

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Queen Quality and Stacy Adams Shoes

Implements and Wagons

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District Officers.
 J. L. Shepherd Judge
 M. Carter Attorney
 Court convenes eighth Monday
 after first Monday in February and
 September.

County Officers.
 E. R. Yellott Judge
 W. K. Clark Sheriff & Tax Collector
 J. D. Brown Clerk
 D. Dorward, Jr. Treasurer
 S. L. Jones Tax Assessor
 No Attorney.
 Court convenes first Monday in
 February, May, August and Novem-
 ber.

Commissioners.
 J. A. Scarlett Precinct No. 1
 W. P. Coates Precinct No. 2
 J. H. Wicker Precinct No. 3
 C. E. Reader Precinct No. 4

Secret Orders.
 Mason.—Meets Saturday night on
 or preceding full moon.
 W. O. W.—Meets first Saturday
 night after each full moon, and on
 Saturday night two weeks thereafter.

Churches.
 Methodist: Preaching every first
 Sunday R. v. J. W. Childers, Preach-
 er in Charge.
 Church of Christ: Preaching every
 second Sunday. Eld. H. D. Pruett,
 Pastor.
 Presbyterian: Preaching every
 third Sunday. Rev. W. W. Werner,
 Pastor.
 Baptist: Preaching day every
 fourth Sunday.
 Baptist Sunday School, at 3. p. m.
 T. R. Mauldin, Supt.
 M. C. Bishop, Pastor
 Union Prayer Meetings every Wednes-
 day night.

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No argument is needed to prove
 this statement correct. You also
 need a paper for world-wide-gen-
 eral news. You cannot choose a
 better one—one adapted to the
 wants of all the family—than The
 Dallas Semi-Weekly News. By
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 ZEN and the Semi-Weekly News
 together, you get both papers one
 year for \$1.75. No subscription
 can be accepted for less than one
 year at this special rate and the
 amount is payable cash in ad-
 vance. Order now. Do not de-
 lay.

1908 will be Presidential Year.
 Your order will receive prompt
 attention. BORDEN CITIZEN.

BORDEN COUNTY.

Borden county is located part-
 ly below and partly above the
 "cap rock". The altitude below
 the cap rock is about 2300 feet.
 Soil fertile, climate pleasant. A-
 bout 25 per cent of the land to
 some extent is rough and better
 adapted to stock raising than to
 farming. Timber for fuel is
 plentiful, below the foot of the
 oaks, mesquite being the most
 abundant. This country is well
 set in good grass, the principal

Harness & Repair Shop and Made to Order. H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gall, Texas.

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 Bath and sample rooms
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 \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day
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 Snyder, Texas.

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BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

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Goldsmithing

Glasses Fitted Right

grasses being the needle and mes-
 quite.

The rainfall here is sufficient
 for abundant and successful
 farming. The products of the
 farm are cotton, corn, maize, cane
 Kaffir, wheat and oats. Wheat
 and oats have not been grown
 extensively in this county, but
 some parts are specially adapted
 to the raising of small grain. We
 find the gardens bedecked with
 beans, peas, turnips, onions rad-
 ishes, potatoes, peanuts
 and watermelons. The orchards
 furnish peaches, pears, apples,
 grapes, plums and apricots. The
 wild fruits are grapes, plums and
 mulberries. At present orchards
 are comparatively few, but bear
 good and abundant fruit. Agri-
 culture is fast becoming the lead-
 ing industry. The lands which

only a few years since were trod-
 den under the foot of the buffalo
 and mustang pony, and the howl
 of the lobo and the yelp of the
 coyote were the only signs of life
 now are under fence and the soil
 beneath the plow. At present the
 whistle of the farm boy, the songs
 of the milk maid, the bark of the
 neighbor's dog, the rattling of
 wagons, and the hum of gins are
 some of the indications of life and
 civilization.

Stock raising is still a leading
 factor in the progress of our
 county. Borden county takes
 pride in raising some of the best
 horses, cattle and hogs. Poultry
 does extremely well in this local-
 ity.

The development of this county
 has been quite rapid the last six
 months. During that time there
 has been a nice little town build-

up. The Methodist have erected
 a handsome church building at
 Durham in the South-Eastern
 part of this county.

Gail, the county seat is a
 small town but is building fast.
 There are eight business houses,
 besides a bank, two hotels, a
 restaurant, a livery stable and
 a wagon yard, two blacksmith
 shops and a new gin. Several
 of these improvements have
 been recently erected. Borden
 county is almost sure to average
 one-half bale per acre to all
 lands planted in cotton. I have
 lived in Borden county for eight
 years and have never witnessed
 a complete failure in crops. The
 lands about Gail have not heret-
 ofore been for sale, hence the
 slow development. At present
 some of the pastures are for sale
 in small tracts.

Decay in Wood Prevented.

It is estimated that a fence
 post, which under ordinary cir-
 cumstances will last for perhaps,
 two years, will if given preserv-
 ative treatment costing about
 10 cents, last about eighteen
 years. The service of other
 timbers, such as railroad ties,
 telephone poles, and mine props
 can be doubled and often trebled
 by inexpensive treatment. To-
 day, when the cost of wood is
 a big item to every farmer,
 every stockman, every railroad
 manager—to everyone, in fact,
 who must use timber where it
 is likely to decay—this is a fact
 which should be carefully con-
 sidered.

It is easy to see that if the
 length of time timbers can be
 used is doubled, only half as
 much money will need to be
 spent in the purchase of timber.
 Moreover, many woods which
 were for a long time con-
 sidered worthless can be treated
 and made to last as long as the
 scarcer and more expensive
 kinds.

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 yourself of these rare opportunities to
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Red Saunders

...By...
KENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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the spectacle than the blacksmith. He was capering in the middle of the road, waving a hand hammer, and shouting: "Hold him down! Hold him down! Why do you let him jump up like that? If I was on that horse I'd show you! Aw, there it is again. Stop him! Stop him!"

At this point the buckskin made three enormous leaps for the blacksmith, as though he had understood. The smith cast dignity to the winds and went over the nearest fence in the style that little boys when coasting call "stomach whopper," or words to that effect, and took his next breath two minutes later. He might have saved the labor, as the horse wheeled on one foot and pulled fairly for the picket fence opposite. Red regretted the absence of herders as the sharp pickets loomed near. It was no time for regrets. The horse was over with but little damage—a slight scratch; enough to rouse his temper, however, for he whaled away with both hind feet, and parts of the fence landed a hundred feet off. Then a dash through an ancient grape arbor, and they were lost to view of the road. Some reckless small boys scampered after, but the majority preferred to trace the progress of the conflict by the aboriginal "Yerhoops" that came from somewhere in behind the old houses.

"There they go!" piped up a shrill voice of the small boy brigade. "Right through Mis' Davisses' hen coops! You ought to see them hens fly!" The triumphant glee is beyond the reach of words. Simultaneous squawking verified the remark as well as a feminine voice urging a violent protest, cut short by a scream of terror, and the slam of a door. The inhabitants of "Mis' Davisses'" house instantly appeared through the front door, seeking the street.

To show the erraticness of fate, no sooner had they reached the road than Red's mount cleared the parapet of the bridge in a single leap, a beautiful leap, and came down upon them in the road.

All got out of the way but a three-year-old, forgotten in the excitement. Upon this small lad, fallen flat in the road, bore the powerful man and horse. Then there were frantic cries of warning. Fifty feet between the youngster and those mangling hoofs—twenty-five! The crowd gasped. They were blotted together! Not so. A mighty hand had snatched the boy away in that instant of time. He was safe and very indignant in a howling, huddled heap in the ditch by the roadside, but alas for horse and rider! The buckskin was not used to such feats, and when Red's weight was thrown to the side for the reach he missed his stride, struck his feet together, and down they went, while the foot deep dust sprang into the air like an explosion.

Miss Mattie rushed to the scene of the accident, followed by everybody. Young Lettis, equally frightened, was close beside her.

"Oh, Will, are you killed?" she cried. And then a voice devoid of any signs of weakness, but loaded to the breaking point with wrath, told in such language as had never been heard in Fairfield that the owner was still much alive.

"Run away, Mattie! Run away and let me cuss!" shrieked Red. Miss Mattie collapsed into the arms of Lettis.

The dust settled enough so that the

anxious villagers could see horse and man; the former resting easily as if he had had enough athletics for one day and the latter sitting in the road. Neither showed any intention of rising.

"What's the matter, Mr. Saunders, are you hurt?" inquired the fussy postmistress.

"Please go 'waw, ma'am," said Red

and he was glad to get rid of it for almost a song. They were a jubilant three at the news. It saved the cost of building a mill, and, including that, the price was as low per acre as any land they could have obtained. Red closed the bargain instantly.

Lettis' part of the business was chiefly to arrange for the disposal of their product, and when he explained to his partners what he could reasonably hope to do in that line the affair lost its last tint of unreality and became a good proposition, for Lettis had an excellent business acquaintance who would be glad to deal with the straightforward young fellow.

The night after the signing of the deeds Red said to Miss Mattie: "We ought to have a stockholders' dinner tomorrow night, Mattie. If you could hire that scow built girl who wears her hair scrambled to come in and give you a lift, would you feel equal to it?"

"You always put it that I'm doing you a great favor in such things, Will, but you know perfectly well there's nothing I'd rather do," replied Miss Mattie, with a dimpling smile. "However, it adds to the pleasure of it to have it put in that way, so I won't complain. I'll just have my supper first and then you men can talk over your business undisturbed."

"You will not—you'll eat with the rest of us!"

"Yes, but you stockholders"—The word had an import to Miss Mattie, a something, if not regal, at least a kinship to the king. Under her democracy lay a respect for the founded institution, impersonal, an integral part of the law of the state—in fact, a minor sovereignty within an empire.

"Stockholder yourself!" retorted Red. "Don't you call me names."

"What do you mean, Will?" asked Miss Mattie, with wide opened eyes.

"I mean you're a stockholder as good as anybody. You've got half my stock. Now, hold on! Just listen. This is a queer run, Mattie, from the regulation point of view, this company of ours. I know enough about fillin' and backin' to know that. You ought to have seen the pryin' and pokin' and nosin' around them Boston men did before they took hold of the Chanta Seechee and made it a stock company! One feller was the ablest darn fool I ever come across. I used to let on I didn't savvy anything about it. Now, explain to me," says I to him. 'You say you have so many shares of them stock,' waving my hand to a bunch of critters in the distance. 'What part do you take? I mean, what's your share of each animal? and does the last man get the hoofs and the tail?' 'Oh, you don't understand,' says he. 'I'll explain it to you.' So he starts in to tell me that 'stock didn't necessarily mean beef critters' and a lot more things, whilst old man Ferguson, who was putting the deal through, stood listening and chewing his teeth, thinking I was going to give our friend the frolicsome hee-hee at the wind-up. But I stood solemn and never even drew a smile, for fear of queer-

ing Ferguson. Well, that's the proper way to start a company—make it as dreary and long winded as possible. We ain't done that, and perhaps we'll go broke for breaking the rules, and then your stock won't be worth a cuss. So don't you get excited about it. I wanted the Saunders family to be represented. Pretty soon the old lad with the nose will be around, and you'll have a chance to read about the 'parties of the first part' and 'second parts of the party' and 'aforesaid' and 'be-hindsaid' and the rest of the yappl them lawyers swing so that honest men won't know what the devil they're up to."

"Oh, Will! How can I ever thank you?" cried Miss Mattie, her eyes filling. It seemed a great and responsible position to the gentle lady to be a stockholder in the corporation. It wasn't the monetary value of the thing; it was the pride of place.

"If you don't know how, don't try," returned Red. "You give the other three stockholders a good feed tomorrow."



Six feet straight in the air.

row and the thanks will be up to you. Hello! There's the old lad now!" as a trumpet blast rang out from the front porch. "It must take some practice to blow your nose like that. I've heard jackasses that could not bray in the same class with that little old gent—come in. Come in! You needn't sound the rally again."

Thus adjured the lawyer made his entrance, and Miss Mattie became in due and involved course of law a stockholder in the Fairfield Strawboard Manufacturing company.

Fairfield rose to activity like a very small giant refreshed. Teams and their heavy loads kept the respectable dust in constant commotion. A

grist mill was added to the intended plant, thus offering an inducement to the farmer to raise grain, and incidentally straw. "So we can catch 'em on both ends, too," as Red put it.

The time seemed like enchantment to Miss Mattie. As a bringer of the tidings and a stockholder in the company she had risen to be a person of importance, with the result that she was even more modestly shy than before, although in her heart she liked it; but more delightful yet was the spirit of holiday activity which inspired and pervaded the place.

Red had insisted on operating on the lines that are laid down with railroad spikes in the western communities—to patronize home industries as much as possible. Therefore the machinery orders went through Mr. Farrell, the blacksmith, initiating that worthy man into the mysteries of making money without doing anything for it, which seemed little less than a miracle to him. Everything that could be bought through local people was obtained in that way. It cost a trifle more, but it brought more money into the place and enabled the villagers to partake of a civilization without



"Yes, ma'am, but we don't want that paint."

the feeling that it was a Barmecide feast. The postmistress furnished the paint, and it is painful to add that she tried to furnish a No. 3 paint for a No. 1 price, arguing that she was a poor, lone woman struggling through an uncharitable world and that the increased profit would do her considerable good, a view which Red did not share. He would willingly have made her a present of the difference, but he did not in the least intend to be choused out of it by man or woman. They had a very funny debate in private, wherein the feminine tried to dominate the masculine principle by sheer volubility and found to its disgust that the method didn't work. Red listened most respectfully and always replied: "Yes, ma'am, but we don't want that paint. Get us some good paint—bully old paint with stick 'um in it. This stuff is like whitewash, only feebler. We're going to put on a swell front up at the mill, and we've got to have the right thing." And at last the postmistress said that she would, her respect for the ex-cow puncher having risen noticeably in the meantime.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE work on the mill was pushed, and in spite of the usual amount of unforeseen delays it was ready for business by the latter part of September. The official opening was set for the 27th, Miss Mattie's birthday, and the village of Fairfield was invited to a picnic to be held at the mill in honor of the occasion. It is needless to say that the Fairfield Strawboard Manufacturing company did the thing up in shape. Wagons loaded with straw and drawn by four horse teams went the rounds of the village collecting the guests. It is doubtful if Fairfield was ever more surprised than at the realization of how much there was of her, using the pronoun out of respect to the majority, "when she was bunched," as Red said. You would not have believed that struggling, lonesome looking place held so many people. As Red could discover no means in the town's resources to provide a meal for 300 people, it was necessarily a basket party, which struck Mr. Saunders as being grievously like a Swede treat. He made up for it in a measure by having barrels of lemonade and cider on tap at the grounds, stronger beverages being barred, and by hiring a quartet of strings "clear from town."

At half past 2 on a resplendent but hot September afternoon the caravan started for the mill grounds, the women dressed in the most unpickney costumes imaginable, and the men atten-

tastefully at ease in their store clothes. Every one was in the best of spirits, keen for the excitement and pleasure that was sure to mark the occasion.

Red rode old Buckskin, who had succumbed to the inevitable and only "jumped around a little," as Red put it, on being mounted. It was pretty lively "jumping around," but perhaps Mr. Saunders found some satisfaction in sitting perfectly at his ease, smoking his cigarette, while Buck jumped and Fairfield admired. And, at any rate, Buck had legs of iron and the wind of a locomotive, carrying Red all day and willing to kick at anything which bothered him when night came. He was a splendid beast through and through, from forelock to tail tip, but

he had learned who was his master and obeyed him accordingly.

It was a five mile ride, mostly under the shade of fine old trees. The road wound around the hills; here and there a break in the arboreal border showed views of rolling country, well shaped and pleasing, winding up grassy slopes in groves of verdure. Of course most of the freshness of leaf was past, yet the modest gray green gave a silvery sheen to the landscape that brought it into unity.

One member of the party felt that his heart was very full as he looked at it. That was Lettis. "Blast the old office!" he kept saying to himself. "Blast its six dingy windows and the clock at the end! Doesn't this look good, and doesn't it smell good, dust and all?" and then he'd howl at the horses in sheer exuberance of good feeling, making the mild old brutes put a better foot of it to the front.

Red cantered up beside his wagon. "Well, Lettis," he said, "here we go for the opening overture with the full strength of the company—we're great people this day, ain't we?" And the big man smiled like a pleased big boy.

"Oh, what a bully old fellow you are!" thought Lettis as he looked at him. Lettis was thinking of other qualities than flesh, but the physical Red Saunders on horseback was deserving of a glance from anybody; the massive figure so well poised; the clear cut, proud profile; the shapely head with its crown of red gold hair; the easy grace of him by virtue of his strength—it would be a remarkable crowd in which Chanta Seechee Red couldn't pass for a man. He was every inch of that from the ground up.

Lettis had come to bow down to him in adoration, with all an affectionate boy's worship. To those eyes Red was just right in every particular; likewise to Miss Mattie, who even now was filling her eyes with him from behind the vantage of a broad brimmed straw hat.

At last the whole party disembarked at the flat before the mill and made ready for the official starting of the machinery. The big doors were thrown open, so that the company could see within while resting outside in the shade, and under the cooling influence of what breeze there was. The mill was officially started. Red climbed the bank to the flume and raised the gate. The crowd cheered as the imprisoned waters leaped to freedom with a hollow roar, raising in pitch as the penstock filled and the wheels began to go round. Speech was called for, and the vigorously protesting Red was forced to the front by his former friends, Demilt and Lettis. Thus betrayed by those he trusted, Red made the best of it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow citizens," said he, "the mill is now open to all comers. We hope to make this thing a success. We hope to see every horny handed, hump backed farmer in the country rosin the soles of his moccasins and shove his plow through twice as much ground as he ever did before, and if he comes here with his plunder we'll give him a square shake. We'll pay him as much as we can and not let him in on the ground floor, so he can crawl out through the coal hole, as is some. Now, everybody run aw— a good time, for I don't see more

no! gosh! my-by!"

It was a very successful picnic. They spent the afternoon in wandering around in the usual picnic fashion, developing appetites, until it occurred to Red to liven the performance by showing them the art of roping as practiced upon an old cow found in the woods. As a spectacle it was a failure. The combined efforts of all the hooting small boys could not make that cow run. She even stretched her neck toward Red, as though saying: "Hurry up with your foolishness. I have a cud to chew and can't stand here idle all day." So Red galloped by and threw the noose over her head as an exhibition of how the thing was done rather than how it ought to be done. Nevertheless picnic parties are not hypercritical in the matter of amusement, and the feat received three encores. The last time he missed his cast through overconfidence, whereat the old cow tossed her head and tail in the air and tore off at an elephantine gallop, with a bawl that sounded to Red mightily like derision.

"Durned if she ain't laughing at me!" he cried. But as a matter of fact it was a hornet and its unmistakable sting that injected this activity into her system. It was all very pleasant to Miss Mattie, as one's first picnic in many years should be. She enjoyed the crisp green sod, the great trees standing around, parklike, with the sunlight falling between their shade like brilliant tatters of cloth of gold, while from the near distance came the tiny shouting of cool waters. They had a camp fire at night, making the moonlight still more mysterious and remote by contrast. The quartet of strings played for the ears of those who cared to listen and for the legs of those who chose to take chances on tripping their light fantastic toes over tree roots in the grass.

Red loved music, and he loved the night. The poetic side of his memories of watching the Dipper swing around Polaris while he sung the cows to sleep came back to him. In his mind he saw the vast prairie roll on to infinity, saw the mountains stand out, a world of white peaks, rising from a sea of darkness. Again he heard the plaintive shrilling of an Indian whistle or the song of the lad down creek, made tuneful by the charm of distance.

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"Having a good time, Mattie?" he asked, with a smile.

"The best I ever had, Will," she answered, smiling back unsteadily. Poor lady! The size of an occasion is

so many standards, whether the standard be inches or feet or miles. Miss Mattie's events had been measured in hundredths of an inch, and it took a good many of them to cover so small an action as a successful picnic on a beautiful night. Her eyes were humid; her mouth smiled and drooped at the corners alternately. Red felt her happiness with a keen sympathy, and, as he looked at her, suddenly she changed in his eyes. Just what the difference was he could not have told, nor whether it was in her or in him. A sudden access of feeling, undefinable, unplaceable, but strong, possessed him. There is a critical temperature in the life of a man, when no amount of pressure can ever make the more expansive emotions assume the calmer form of friendship. There was something in Miss Mattie's eye which had warned Red to that degree, but he didn't know it. He only knew that he wanted to sit rather unnecessarily close beside her, and that he would be sorry when it came time to go home. And he was very silent.

During the drive back to the house he spoke in monosyllables; he went straight to the barn with Lettis afterward, and made no attempt to take the usual frank and hearty good night kiss.

"You're as glum as an oyster," said Lettis, when they reached their quarters. "What's the matter, old man?"

"I don't know, Let; I feel kind of quiet, somehow."

"Sick? Or something go wrong?"

"No; nothing of the kind. It's just sort of an attack of stillness, but I feel durn good."

Lettis laughed. "If it wasn't you, Red, I'd say you were in love," he said.

It was well the barn was dark, or he would have seen a change wonderful to behold come over the ex-puncher's face. "The lad has hit it," he said to himself in astonishment; aloud he grunted "huhh" scornfully, and aroused himself for an unnecessary joke or two.

Miss Mattie had noticed the "attack of stillness" and immediately tried to fasten the blame upon herself. What had she done? She couldn't recall anything. She remembered she had said something about the way his hair looked with the moon shining on it. Perhaps he had taken offense at that. The remark was entirely complimentary, but sometimes people are touchy about such things. Still, that was not the least like Cousin Will. She must have said or done something, though. What could it be? Oh, what a pitiful memory that could not recollect an injury done to one's best friend! She tossed and wondered over it for a long time before at length she fell asleep.

Red also looked up at the roof and took account of stock. His face was radiant in the dark. "If I could only pull that off!" he thought. "I must seem an awful rough cuss to her, though. All right for a cousin, but it's different when you come to the other proposition. My Jiminy! I'll take a chance in the morning and find out, anyhow!" said he, and, eased in mind by the decision of action, he too shook hands with Morpheus and was presently dreaming.

It had never occurred to Red Saunders that he was afraid of anybody. He even chuckled when he got Lettis out of the way with a plausible excuse the next morning. Then he strode briskly into the house, his question on his lips—a plump out and out form.

Miss Mattie looked at him with her slow smile. "What is it?" she asked.

Red swallowed his question whole. "I—I wanted a little hot water to shave with," said he. Then a fury took hold of him. "What the devil am I lying like this for?" he thought. He exhorted himself to go on and say what he had to say like a man, but the other Red Saunders refused to do anything of the sort. He took the cup of hot water most abjectly and fled from the house. He had to shave then, and in his hurry and indignation he turned the operation into a clinic. "Oh, Jiminy, look at that!" he cried as the razor opened up another part of the subject. "There's a slit an inch long! If I keep on at this gait I won't have face enough to say good morning, let alone what I want to do. What ails me? What ails me? Why should I be scared of the nicest woman God ever built? Now, by all the Mormon gods, I'll post right into the house and say my little say as soon as these cuts stop bleeding!"

Cobwebs stopped the cuts, and other cobwebs stopped Red Saunders, late of the Chanta Seechee ranch, 250 pounds of the very finest bone and muscle. And the cobwebs held him, foaming and boiling with rage and disgust, calling himself all the yellier pups he could think of, but staying strictly within the safe limits of the barn. It was a revelation to the big man, and not a pleasant one. How was he to know that the most salient point of his apparent cowardice was nothing less worthy than respect for the woman's security? That if he would stop swearing long enough to get at the springs of his action he would find that he hesitated because the new light on the matter made huge shadows of the alps in the career of a strong, lawless, untrained but sorely tempted man? He knew nothing of the sort, and the funniest of comedies took place in the barn. He would reach the sensible stage. "Pah! All foolishness! Go? Of course he'd go, and this very minute, and have the thing done with, soon or bad." He

was quite amused at his former conduct until he reached the door; then he'd skip nimbly back again, with a hot feeling that somebody was watching him, although a careful inspection through the crack of the door revealed no one.

Red discovered another thing that afternoon, which was that the more

nervous you are the more nervous you get. He groaned in perfect misery: "Ohoho! That I should have seen the day when I was afraid to ask anybody anything! What's come over me anyhow? It's this darn country, I believe. 'Tain't me." Then he stopped short. "What you saying, Red?" he queried. "Why don't you own up like a man?" The fact that it had a funny side struck him, and he laughed half feriously and half in thorough enjoyment. He suddenly sobered down. "She's worth it anyway," said he. "She's the best there is, and I ought to feel kind of leery of the outcome. Well, now I guess I won't say anything till there's a downright good chance. I see I didn't savvy this kind of business like I thought I did. 'Twouldn't be no kind of manners to step up to a lady and shout, 'I'd like to have you marry me if you feel you've got the time!' That don't go no more than a Chinaman on roller skates. Your work is good, Red, but it's a little lumpy in spots. Them two left feet bother you. You're good in your place, but you'd better build a fence around the place, d—n the luck! Smotheration! I think she likes me, all right, but when it comes to more'n that—oh, blast it, I'll just have to wait for a real good chance! Now come, old man, get four feet on the ground and don't roll your eyes. Take it easy till the chance comes."

Little he knew the chance was coming up the street at that moment. He only saw Miss Mattie step out into the bed of flowers, her face looking unusually pretty and youthful under the big straw hat, and start to reduce the weeds to order. She glanced around as though in search of some one, and Red felt intuitively that the one was himself.

"Here's where I ought to act as if I wore long pants," said he. "Now, what's to hinder me from going out there and get a-talking?" And then he sat down hastily, more disgusted than ever, and smote the air with his fist. "You'd think the nicest, quietest woman that ever lived was a wild beast the way I act; yes, sir, you would!"

Meantime the chance drew nearer. It was not a pleasant looking opportunity. Its eyes, full of dread and dreadful, peeped out from beneath a



She glanced around as though in search of some one.

brush of matted hair. A tough, ropy foam hung from his mouth. If you

To be continued.

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\$1.00
Six months50

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

Gail, Texas, Mar., 12 1908.

Bryan and the "World"

The New York World is having a jolly time with itself these days, demolishing Bryan. Mark Twain you may remember, tells how when he was a cub pilot, he killed his tyrannical master seventeen times every night, and each time in a new way. The World is doing the same for Bryan. Now it calls on the Democracy to arise and throw off the shackles which this Nebraska Machiavel has fastened on its fair limbs. Again it waves a handful of candidates in the nation's face, and cries out that any of these may be elected, but Bryan never. Yet again it represents the commoner as the car of Juggernaut, running over a helpless ancient maiden labeled "Miss Democracy." And when all else fails, there is the "Bryan map," that greatest "stunt" in all the World's efforts. For by this map it is shown how Bryan has lost the Democracy this province and that, and how if he is the candidate again, he will lose it some more. Wherefore cries the World, let the Democracy get up and hump itself, or it will be drowned in the nethermost depths of a sea of hostile votes, and never, never will even its poor "remainders" float to shore for friendly burial.

It may be a sin to laugh at such deadly earnestness. But how is a person with any sense of humor going to help laughing? How can even Bryan's opponents keep down a smile when they read how Bryan, with out a scrap of patronage, or a dollar of slush money, or a machine of any sort, is holding the Democratic party a languishing captive. "Where does he get the power to perform such

feats? Has he the evil eye, or is he perchance a universal hypnotist, at whose will all good Democrats must fall asleep?

The simple fact is that Bryan has no power over Democratic party, save such as he gets by being the ablest exponent of Democratic ideas. He is not coercing the party, for the simple reason that he is destitute of the slightest coercive force. As for the map on which the World lays so much stress, everyone with the least political memory knows that Bryan drove no states into the Republican column. On the contrary, he got out the biggest Democratic vote ever polled. Cleveland started the land slide toward Republicanism. Bryan won back a part of what Cleveland lost. Parker the World's own darling, got the worst licking ever handed to a Democratic presidential candidate.

And The News might as well register itself right here that Mr. Bryan is easily the foremost of Democrats today. From the time when a newly fledged congressman, he ventured to cross swords with the redoubtable Czar Reed, to the present time, when he stands as the party's choice for the third time, he has been a consistent of democracy, as he understands that word. Mr. Bryan's Democracy may or may not include things which Jefferson's Democracy would repudiate. We are not concerned on that point, for the simple reason that we have never known a political system so sacred that to change it were a sin. The essential fact is that Mr. Bryan's Democracy is the kind that America wants today. Theodore Roosevelt won his popularity by championing a garbled but still useful version of Mr. Bryan's political faith. The News believes that Mr. Bryan himself will get the chance next November to show how far the original is ahead of imitations. It may not suit the World, but it has every appearance of suiting the American people—Denver News.

E. R. YELLOTT

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT
Will Practice in District and
Higher courts only.
GAIL, TEXAS.

FORTUNES UNDER YOUR FEET!

The Geological formation of Texas indicates enormous undiscovered mineral resources. People pass daily, valuable beds of cement shale, salt, gypsum, coal, clay, kaolin, iron, lead, silver, sulphur, copper, gold and quick-silver—all of which are known to be in Texas, as well as other valuable minerals. You see a rock, clay or other substance "out of the ordinary," and may pass for days with a fortune under your feet. Send me samples of these "out of the ordinary" stones, clays and earths. A pound package by mail will cost you 16 cents in postage. I may be able to help you to a fortune. No charges to you. Buyers pay all charges. Address
Milton Everett, Box 1065 Dallas, Texas

D. Dorward & Co.

PURE FRESH DRUGS,

Druggists Sundris

Furniture

Fine Candies

GAIL, - TEXAS.

We are here to do business and meet competition. If you want building material of any kind, come and figure with us before buying elsewhere. and we will save you money.

H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

Big Springs,

Texas

We don't own a Saw Mill but
we have Saw Mill Prices

Come and get our Cash Prices

The Hinds Lumber Company,

Big Springs, Texas.

\$3.25 GIVEN AWAY

To Those Who Love Good Literature

We will save you that much on the price of the Citizen, the Western Breeders' Journal, the Woman's Home Companion, the American Monthly Review of Reviews and the Cosmopolitan Magazine if you order them through us. Let the figures talk.

Price Each per Year Taken Separately:

The Borden Citizen 1.00
Western Breeders' Journal .25
Woman's Home Companion 1.00
American Review of Reviews 3.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine 1.00

TOTAL \$6.25

These fine periodicals conform to the highest standard of literary merit in their respective fields and are well worth the above named prices, but since nothing is too good for our patrons, we have made arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer you

All 5 for \$3.00

And we save you all the trouble of writing letters and sending money.



Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Cleburn Stevens of Tredway were in Gail Saturday.

J. M. Rogers was in town Saturday.

The party at Mrs. Henry Holter's Friday night was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Biffle attended the Literary Saturday night.

Messrs Jim and Walter Jolly and sisters Misses Myrtle, Fay and Florence were in Gail Saturday.

Mr. Homer Nisbett was in town Saturday.

J. K. Mitchell was in Gail Saturday.

H. A. Kincaid and sons were in town Saturday evening.

Homer West of the plains was here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Abney and mother were in Gail Saturday.

Mr. Eckle Parks attended the debate Saturday night.

Miss Mable Baker has the mumps.

Mr. Clyde Willis and Misses Irma Wilson and Irene Hutchinson attended the Literary Saturday night.

Messrs. Graham, Rufus and Eli Whitaker were in town Saturday to hear the debate.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chandler who accompanied Mrs. Chandler's sisters, the Misses Whittingtons, to Big Springs last week, returned home Saturday.

Lick Wifree is in Gail this week.

A party of young folks with Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Cotton as chaperones went to the mountain Saturday night to shoot fire works. A jolly time was had by all.

J. Y. Everett and son, Harvey was in Gail Saturday.

Mr. John Pou of Post City arrived in Gail Friday afternoon.

Mrs. L. Miller of Post City visited friends in Gail this week.

Miss Ethel Atwood who taught the Primary department of the Gail School, left Monday for her home in Big Springs.

W. S. McClung left Gail Monday morning on a visit to relatives and friends in Calvert, Texas.

Miss Katie Turner who makes her home with J. A. Scarlett and wife left Monday morning to visit her father in Fort Worth.

Messrs. Jim Cathey and Frank Berry left Gail Monday afternoon for a trip to Big Springs.

Mr. D. E. Naylor and family of Post City are visiting relatives in Gail this week.

I have got 24 extra fine Registered Hereford Bull calves for sale from 8 to 12 months old.

J. K. Mitchell.
Gail, Texas.

WHO HAS IT?

I want at once a ranch between San Antonio and Amarillo in solid body, not less than 50 per cent tillable, from \$4.00 to \$7.00 per acre, in exchange of from \$50,000.00 to \$200,000.00 worth of first class, well improved, unincumbered black waxy farms and high grade business property; all in same community and owned by one man.

There could, perhaps, \$70,000.00 be borrowed on the above mentioned properties, if desired.

Want reply from owners of land only. Address Box 166, Hillsboro, Texas.

Jno. Wilbourn and daughter of Post City was in Gail this week.

A. T. Sealy was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. A. J. Baker had a message from her husband, who was on a trip to the plains, stating that he was ill with the mumps.

Mrs. McClinton and little daughter, of Snyder, Texas visited Mrs. McClinton's daughter Mrs. Jno Hannabass this week.

A Fisherman's Story.

Yes I suppose we must have gone fishing the other day, from the way I feel. Some people may say, Your bad feelings are not caused from eating fish. But let them say what they want to, for I know what's hurting me.

The crowd that went fishing was composed of a great variety of the human family; the gent's names ran something like this: Uncles' Tommie Hale and Jimmie Kincaid, Mr. James Wesley Berry and his beloved brother the old bachelor Franklin, Mr. C. F. Morrow and his father.

Now isn't that a crowd for your eye-sight? But wait a moment, I was about to forget to tell you about the main part of the crowd. There was old Cotton-eye, the little mules and the dogs. I guess you want to know how many fish we caught. Well—we had all we could eat and two nice ones left over. Uncle Jim caught the largest one; it weighed something over 500 pounds. It was so heavy he couldn't carry it so he ran a fence rail through its gills and got a man to help him carry it to camp. (He caught this one, out on the bank by the fire, after we had eaten supper) so you can believe it if you want to.

We had quite a good deal of amusement besides fishing. Uncle Tommie danced a jig, Uncle Jim sang a song entitled, "What's the Matter Susan?" Mr. Morrow's father gave a lecture on "How to catch Fish," and the three young men went hunting with the dogs, or the dogs went hunting with them. I don't know which.

I guess we would have been fishing till yet if Mr. Hale hadn't got home sick, he said he hadn't seen his wife in two days, so we hitched up and came home. Home Sweet Home, For there's no place like home.

A Fisherman.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For District Judge

JAS. L. SHEPHERD

For Conty Judge

T. P. BLANKENSHIP

E. R. YELLOTT

For County and District clerk.

T. R. MAULDIN

RODWAY KEEN

J. S. WEATHERFORD

For County Attorney.

For county Treasurer.

D. DORWARD.

For Sheriff and Tax collector.

W. A. CLARK.

J. R. WILLIAMS

J. C. OLIVE

For Tax Assessor.

W. A. BEDELL

J. C. HOWE

S. L. JONES

For Justice of Peace prec. 1.

T. M. JONES.

For Commissioner Prec. 1

F. M. CHRISTOPHER.

For Commissioner Prec. 2

For commissioner Prec. 3

WALTER BISHOP

For commissioner Prec. 4

Lost

One Black and red tan hound. Information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated by J. Y. EVERETT, Gail, Texas.

When in Colorado don't fail to see Miss Mills

Millinery

At Adams store

Best prices in the County

THE WIGWAUM RESTAURANT

Is the only First Class restaurant in Big Springs with Ladies dining room. Cold Drinks and Ice Cream. Regular Dinners 25 cts. Short orders day and night. Come and See Us.

J. C. Horn, Pro.

BIG SPRINGS.

TEXAS.

The Western Windmill Company

HOUSES
Colorado
Big Springs
Midland
Odessa
Lubbock

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Windmills, Hardware,
Implements, Wagons,
Queensware. Cut
Glas and China

WINDMILLS
Eclipse
Lead r
Sampson
Star
Ideal

R. L. PERMINTER, Mgr.

TELEPHONE NO. 51

WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Horse Shoeing
a specialty

For Cash only
Work Guaranteed

Smith & Ross Pro's.

East of Public Square

Gail, Texas.

**Full line of Groceries and Hardware
Buggies Wagons, Farm Implements
and General Merchandise.**

WILSON & STEPHENSON

Light

Texas

H. L. RIX & Co.

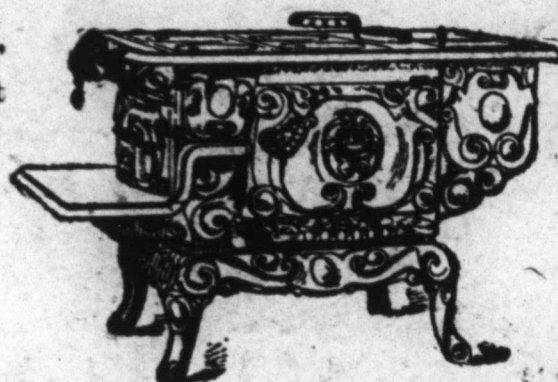
Carry the best assortment of Furniture,
stove etc. ever offered to the people of West

Texas. Second hand goods bought and sold

Write or call and see us when in the
city.

Undertakers goods

Big Springs, Texas



Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

Citation by Publication

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the sheriff or any constable
of Borden county greeting:

You are hereby commanded,
that by making publication of this
citation in some newspaper pub-
lished in the county of Borden, if
there be a newspaper published in
said County, (but if not, then in
the nearest County where a news-
paper is published,) for four weeks
previous to the return day hereof,
you summon O. B. Sterling whose
residence is unknown, to be and
appear before the Hon. Justice
Court, at the next regular term
thereof, to be holden in the Coun-
ty of Borden at the Court
House thereof in Gail on the
6th day of April 1908. File
number being 134, then and
there to answer the petition of
Gail Bank (Unincorporated) plain-
tiff, filed in said Court, on the 22nd
day of February A. D. 1908,
against the said O. B. Sterling De-
fendant and alleging in substance as
follows, to wit: Suit upon
promissory note of date Sept 26th,
1907, payable to said Bank 30
days thereafter for \$31.00 with
interest from maturity at 10 per
cent, and 10 per cent additional
as attorney fees if sued upon or
placed in the hands of an attorney
for collection. Total amount of
principle, interest and attorney
fees 36 36. To secure said note
the said Gail Bank or D. Dorward
trustee for said Bank retained a
mortgage on following described
property: One Iron Gray Mare

5 years old, 16 hands high, brand-
ed "k" on left shoulder, also one
rubber tired buggy and harness.
Plaintiff asks judgement for said
amount together with costs of
court in this behalf expended and
the foreclosure of said mortgage
as above described.

Herein fail Not, but have you
then and there before said Court
this Writ, with your return thereon
showing how you have executed
the same.

Given under my hand this 20th
day of Feb., A. D. 1908.

Attest: J. A. SCARLETT.
Justice of the peace Prec. No. 1
Borden County, Texas.

Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of

Garza county Greeting:

You are hereby commanded,
that by making publication of this
Citation in some newspaper pub-
lished in the County of Borden
once in each week for four con-
secutive weeks, previous to the
return day hereof, you summon
W. E. Alexander, Jr. whose resi-
dence is unknown, to be and ap-
pear before the Justice Court of
Precinct No. 1, Garza County,
Texas, at a regular term thereof,
to be holden, at the court
thereof, in the city of Post
on the 1st Saturday in April
A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock a.
m., it being the 4th day of
April A. D. 1908 then and there
to answer the suit of Double U
Company, filed in said Court on
the 18th day of February A. D.

Burton Lingo Co.

DEALERS IN

**Lumber and all kinds of building
material**

High Grades Low Prices

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.

THOMPSON HOTEL.

Excellent Fare

Good service

Comfortable beds

Rates

\$1.00 to \$1.50 per day

\$5.00 per week

Sample Rooms

MRS. W. A. WADKINS, Prop.

Snyder,

Texas

Gail Blacksmith Shop

J. C. Babb, Prop.

All kinds of Blacksmithing Wheelright and Woodwork
also Horse shoeing promptly done and
satisfaction guaranteed.

West side public square

Gail Texas

1908, and numbered 4 on the
civil docket of said Court, against
W. E. Alexander, Jr for the sum of
61.75, besides interest, cost and
instituted upon an account due
plaintiff by defendant for money
wrongfully and illegally collected,
by said defendant from Plaintiff
wherefore Plaintiffs pray for
Judgment for amount sued for
and all cost of suit.

Herein fail not. But have you
before said Court this writ, with
your return thereon, showing how
you have executed the same, at
the April term, A. D. 1908.

Given under my hand officially
at Post City, Texas, this 18th day
of Feb, A. D. 1908

SIDNY GARRETT,

Justice of the Peace Prec. No. 1
Garza County, Texas.

SOCIAL

Last Friday evening Miss Nel-
lie Hale entertained a number of
her friends in a delightful manner.
The features of entertainment
were catch games of various
kinds. At about 11:30 the guests
were invited to the dining room
where they were served to deli-
cious chocolate tea and cake.

Upon returning to the parlör,
fruit was passed around

and after a short time spent in
pleasant conversation the guests
departed, hoping the next enter-
tainment at this delightful home
was not far off

Altho the party numbered 13,
which is considered a very unlucky
number, the evening was one of
solid pleasure.

NOTICE.

All persons getting wood on
the pastures of A. J. Long are
notified that they will hereafter
be prosecuted to the extent of
the law. SAM SANFORD.

Young Man Commits Suicide East of Snyder.

Monday night a young man by
the name of Pearson, living
seven miles east of town in the
Werner community committed
suicide by hanging himself by
the neck. He was not found un-
til the next morning, when his
mother, on going out to the
barn, discovered his lifeless body
hanging from the rafter of the
building. He took his life some
time in the forepart of the night.
It is supposed that he had be-
come disappointed as a result of
a horse trade he had made here
the day before. He came to
Snyder, riding a good horse, so
it has been stated, and traded
with a horse jockey, and in the
deal he lost saddle and watch,
and rode home a plug of a pony.
—Western Light.