

# THE BRADY STANDARD

Vol. I

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Thursday, June 3, 1909.

No. 11

## Brady Will Receive More Cotton From Wagons in 1909 Than Any Texas Town

### CYCLONE AT ZEPHYR

**Brown County Village Almost Totally Destroyed Sunday Morning---Twenty-nine People Were Killed.**

At about midnight Saturday night a cyclone struck the little village of Zephyr in Brown county, about twelve miles east of Brownwood on the Santa Fe, killing twenty-nine people, fatally injuring half a dozen others, and seriously crippling more than thirty. A dozen business houses and three times as many residences were totally destroyed, as was also the new \$8,000 stone school building, the Baptist and Methodist churches, and other property too numerous to mention. The list of killed is as follows:

M. G. Simmons, aged 51.  
Mrs. Beckie Simmons, aged 52  
Miss Bettie Simmons, aged 24.  
Wesley Simmons, aged 12.  
Mrs. W. A. Ramsey, aged 50.  
Ollie Ramsey, aged 13.  
C. F. Brown, aged 70.  
Mrs. C. F. Brown, aged 65.  
Mrs. Artie Hart, aged 37.  
Robert Hart, aged 5.  
Gibbs Cloys, aged 2.  
C. D. Cabler, aged 59.  
Thad T. Cabler, aged 31.  
Mrs. Ida Cabler, aged 25.  
Kenith Minor Cabler, aged 6.  
Infant Cabler, one month.  
Mrs. C. M. Carter, aged 40.  
Carter Boy, aged 3.  
Miss Gertrude Huston, aged 25.  
Miss Jessie Ware, age 13.  
Hardie Ware, age 10.  
Oscar Ware, age 45.  
Frank Ware, age 4.  
Cap Collins, age 30  
Ruth Campbell.  
Eva Ware.  
Mrs. W. H. Hicks.

Thad T. Cabler, County Clerk of Brown county, with his wife and two children had gone to Zephyr on Saturday afternoon to spend Sunday with his parents, whose home was destroyed and the county clerk, his wife and children instantly killed as was his father, C. D. Cabler, one of the oldest and best known citizens of the county. Mrs. C. D. Cabler was seriously injured and H. C. Keating and wife, son-in-law and daughter, were also hurt. The Cabler family were all buried at Zephyr.

The entire family of Constable M. G. Simmons, who were at home were killed, this including husband, wife, daughter and son. A married daughter lives at Abilene.

The Ware family lost the father and three children, the mother and two children being hurt. The little girl, aged about three had a leg horribly mutilated, a splinter fully an inch square being driven up the leg a distance of six or eight inches and the limb being otherwise so crushed as to necessitate amputation.

There were twelve people sleeping in the home of J. B. Arnold which was blown to pieces, and the occupants were scattered by the wind all over the place, all escaping without any other than slight wounds, and four being altogether unhurt. W. H. Teague and family of nine were caught by the cave-in of a storm house and were confined there though none of them were injured.

The injured people were taken to the Santa Fe hospital at Temple where they are receiving the most careful attention of the railroad surgeons and trained nurses. There were twenty-

seven of the injured loaded into baggage coaches and Supt. Hull's private car and hurried through to the hospital where they have the best of attention. These are the two Carter children, Mrs. Ware, R. N. Campbell, wife and two children, Gunter Hicks, Dr. Wrenn, Mrs. Wrenn, W. A. Ramsey, Willie Ramsey, Jim Hanks, Mrs. Hanks and four children, Prof. Cloys and three children and Prof. J. A. Skinner and wife and three children.

The work of relief to the stricken people was taken up by the city of Brownwood within a very few hours after the storm, and was ably handled from the start. Brownwood citizens responded liberally with both money, provisions and personal help, aid and sympathy. Other towns have also come to the rescue nobly.

#### Ballinger vs. Brady.

Ballinger is here today for a series of three games with the Brady team, and good games are anticipated. Ballinger has an exceptionally strong team this season, and has won a majority of games played. The locals are getting shaped up nicely, and considering the fact that they have only played one game they are exhibiting considerable nerve in taking on Ballinger at this time, but nerve wins games very frequently, and Brady is going after the doughty Ballingerites with a determination to win at least two of the three games. Games called at 4 p. m.

#### Eden Road Work.

The work of rebuilding the bad spots on the Eden road as undertaken last week by local business men is well under way. Messrs. D. F. Savage, Joe Matthews and T. P. Grant have the work in charge, and are devoting their own time and attention to seeing that it is done right. Mr. Grant informs The Standard that the money received last week will be sufficient to rebuild permanently four and one-half miles of the worst parts of the road. Work began last Friday and great headway was made up to Monday night when the big rain stopped operations temporarily. Remember, that subscription list is still open, and if you desire to contribute to this work see Joe Matthews at once.

#### They Remember Brady.

Dallas, Texas, May 31.  
Mr. John E. Cooke,  
Mgr. Brady Standard,  
Brady, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Was glad to find upon my return to Dallas copy of The Brady Standard with announcement on the front page regarding our visit to your city.

Although we had a splendid trip and visited many other pleasant cities and were very nicely entertained, our reception at Brady was as enjoyable as any we had on our trip. We thank you for your effort in making it so pleasant.

With best wishes, we are,  
Yours very truly,  
SOUTHWESTERN PAPER CO.,  
Geo. I. Thomplins.

The Methodist revival meeting came to a close Tuesday night, and Rev. Ballard left for his home at Sherman Wednesday. There were several conversions and additions to the church.

Mrs. Lawson an aged lady died here Sunday at the residence of her son Mr. J. D. Castleman, and was buried in the city cemetery at 6 o'clock Monday evening.

### NEGRO MAN IS KILLED

**Negro Woman Claims Shot Was Accidental Man's Dying Statement Indicates Jealousy.**

At the John Nelin farm about six miles east of town Saturday evening about eight o'clock, Will McBeth was shot by Viola McCoy, both parties being negroes. The man lived until four o'clock Sunday afternoon. The bullet struck him in the abdomen, ranging downward, and it was seen from the first that the wound was a fatal one.

The woman claims that the shot was accidental, and that she was "jes' a-playin'," but the death-bed testimony of the man was different, and if his statement is to be believed the shot was fired in a fit of jealous anger. It seems that the couple had formerly lived together as man and wife and the man had grown tired of the alliance and was trying to "shake" the woman, and the shooting was the result. Such was the gist of the dying man's statement as made to the county attorney. The woman is in jail.

#### Money For Storm Sufferers.

C. A. Trigg made the rounds of the business district Tuesday and in a short time secured \$148.25 for the Zephyr storm sufferers, which amount has been forwarded to the relief committee. On yesterday afternoon Mr. Trigg and his partner Bob Rutherford, owners of the Rutherford-Trigg Addition to Brady, auctioned off a lot in their addition, the proceeds to be donated by them to the storm victims. Sheriff Sansom acted as auctioneer and the bidding was quite spirited, the lot finally going to Baxter Gabbert of Carroll Colony at \$87.50. Mr. Gabbert gets choice of any lot in the addition.

The Standard wishes to commend these acts of charity on the part of these gentlemen. They certainly deserve credit for generosity, and Mr. Trigg is further deserving for the interest he manifested in taking the collection Tuesday. This makes a total of \$235.75 raised, which amount will doubtless be increased by Brady people within the next few days. Zephyr people need the money, so if you have not contributed see Mr. Trigg and give something.

#### Prospects For Oil.

We understand that Oklahoma capitalists have leased or purchased the oil and mineral rights of several farms in the Lohn country with the purpose of testing the field immediately. They propose to make the test complete and thorough by bringing to the work experienced, expert men and the latest and best machinery. If the report is true, (and it comes pretty straight) and a thorough test is made by people who "know how," things will begin to "git-up-and-git" in the Lohn country in the near future. The Standard will try and keep its readers posted in this matter.

O. N. Guthrie, of Yoakum, an experience gin man, was here the first of the week with a view to putting in a first-class gin for the coming cotton crop. He visited C. H. Bradley while here, and the Standard understands he will locate.

Dr. Mose Jones left Saturday to visit his family in Austin.

## EXTRA SPECIALS

**HART SCHAFFNER & MARX and SPERO, MICHAEL & SON**  
High Grade Tailored Clothing, guaranteed to give entire satisfaction at 1-4 off regular prices

Fifty Dozen Elastic Seam Drawers, regular 50c value, this week, 35 cents per pair

One Hundred Dozen "Perfection" Mesh Shirts and Drawers, regular value 50 cents each, now 35 cents

The most complete line of Shoes to be found in Brady at the lowest possible prices

We are receiving daily, New Neckwear, Shirts, Hats, Hosiery, Etc.

**S. NEUMEGER**  
CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN

#### New Business House.

S. P. Ward has bought the lot adjoining the Palace Drug Store from J. T. Baker, for \$3000 cash. He has let the contract for a stone business house 25x80 feet, which will be occupied by the firm of Ward & Boyd as soon as completed. Work will begin at once.

G. V. Gansel will take a half interest in Mr. Ward's west wall though he had not definitely decided at the time this was written whether he would build on the corner or not. He says it is likely that he will, however.

George House, of Waldrip community, was in to see The Standard Tuesday morning just after the big rain. He was all smiles, just having heard from home about the downpour of Monday night.

A. L. Norrell and J. W. West, of Brownwood, were here Tuesday representing the Batton-Norrell Music Company. They want to locate in Brady and were looking for a suitable business house.

Will Talbot, manager of the Crothers Lumber Co., at Rochelle, was here Tuesday and made The Standard a pleasant call. He was accompanied by Mr. Gentry, the Rochelle telephone man. Mr. Talbot is a booster for Rochelle, and invited the editor to call and see a real live town, of which invitation we shall avail ourself as soon as possible.

### WALDRIP AND FIFE WET

Northern Portion of McCulloch County Was Visited by a Big Rain Last Monday Night.

At last Waldrip and Fife communities and the balance of the northern portion of McCulloch county which has hitherto been overlooked by the rain god are wet. And they are very wet, too. About midnight Monday night the floodgates were opened and a regular downpour resulted. Not only did the localities above mentioned get rain, but the entire county as well. It was the biggest of the many good rains which have fallen during the past two weeks, and there is now

no dry territory in the county. The rains continued all through the latter part of the night and well up into the day Tuesday.

This rain is worth a million dollars to McCulloch county, and a good crop over the entire county is now assured. Except in the dry belt crops were about all planted, and a greater portion of the acreage was up, while in some localities crops had been plowed out once. Farming operations will now proceed with redoubled energy, and Brady serves notice right now to all the world and Ballinger, too, that the town which shows more bales of cotton next season than this old burg will have to get up and go some.

Commissioner J. J. Armor, of Voca, was here Monday.

WE OFFER

IT IS OUR POLICY to offer full value for every penny spent in this pharmacy. We don't believe in the old style practice of charging extortionate prices for drugs. JUST BECAUSE YOU NEED MEDICINE is no reason, in our minds, why you should pay exorbitant prices for it. Do your medicine buying here at reasonable cost. "It's the only way."

**Jones Drug Co. Inc.**  
C. A. TRIGG MGR

# COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL - - - \$100,000.00  
SURPLUS - - - 35,000.00

## OFFICERS:

G. R. WHITE, Pres. W. D. CROTHERS, Cash.  
LEWIS BROOK, V. P. J. E. WHITE, A. Cash.

## DIRECTORS:

T. J. SPILLER PAUL WILLOUGHBY  
G. R. WHITE W. H. GIBBONS  
W. D. CROTHERS D. F. SAVAGE  
LEWIS BROOK

### We Want Your Business

## Another Prize Story

Owing to my absence from town, I have delayed publishing the second of the prize stories. Out of several which have been handed in, the following by Master Hubert Adkins is considered the best, and he will call at my office and get his dollar. The contest is still open, and another prize of one dollar will be awarded the one handing in the best story using as many names as possible of Brady people, the story to contain reference to my insurance business. School is out now, and you can put more time getting up the story and trying for the prize. The next story will be printed about three weeks from now, so hand them in in time. A. R. CRAWFORD.

### DOES IT PAY TO INSURE?

Once there lived in the city of Brady a Mann by the name of Jones.

He was a Black-Smith and wielded the Steelhammer with the same strength that his grandfather who was a Knight and a Duke wore Armor and wielded the Spear.

He lived in a Bigg Brown Stone House which was noted for its large Hall.

It had a Broad Green lawn in front on which grew many flowers among them Roses and Snow-Balls.

This lawn was bounded on the side by a dense Wood in which Savage Wolves and Lions could be heard and in which Martins built their nests.

On the other side was a Doell or Glenn through which ran a little creek known as the West-brook which emptied into the Jordan river and then into the Hudson.

In this creek Sammons were Moore in abundance than any other fish.

Along the banks of this stream grew Long-Reeds, Holly trees with Berry's

and Thorn bushes with their White Thornblooms.

Behind the house was a Rice Cain and Mavse field.

The owner of this place was a Blunt Young Mann who, was a New-man to this country and did not realize the necessity of having such a valuable place insured.

He had been warned many times by Mr. Crawford who tried to get him to Ward off danger by having it insured with him against fire, Hale or Snow but to no avail. At last one day when he was out driving a Campbell he happened to an accident.

While he was crossing a Brook the hames broke and he had to Wade to the Shore and when he liked a Spann being across he heard a Bell Peele fourth and looking up he saw Sparks coming from the Walls of his house and altho he was a fast Walker he could not get there in time.

The Horns blew, the Bells rang and all the Smiths, Bakers, Millers and two agents, Sellers of Sloans liniment all came, but of no avail. No one was Hurt but his wife And-er-son who received slight Burns one of which was on the Foot.

The fire started when the Cook who was a Haggard, was cooking Rice and Welsh rarebit. That night the Plummer and the Carpenter who were on their Crafts held a Session to make a Plahn for the new House.

With the help of a piece of Chalk they finished it and Gav-it to Mr. Jones who had his new house insured for he had found out that it was as dangerous to let Holmes go without insurance as it is for a Bum-gardner to let Johnson grass grow in his garden and he was determined that he would not again be weighed in the Scales and found wanting.

# NOTICE

We have purchased the Garage and Repair Shop of Wade & Sheridan, and with our seven years' experience in actual service in one of the best auto cities of the South, our courteous treatment and every possible effort to please our customers, every piece of work, large or small, guaranteed all auto owners may rest assured that they can give us their work and supply business and get a perfectly square deal, and results that will make the machine go.

We will attend to your wants, day or night, in town or twenty miles away, with any make of machine.

We have a repair car that will come and bring you in when broke down on the road. Best supplies always on hand—also vulcanizing plant for inside tubes and outer casing.

Stop With Us When in Town

## BRADY AUTO CO.

WILLIAM S. BAKER, Mgr.

## Over the County

News Notes of Interest From Our Country Correspondents

### WALDRIP WANTS.

Waldrip, Texas, May 27.

Editor Brady Standard:  
Why can't McCulloch county have a cotton mill? We have the cotton and capital, also the labor. During our splendid crop years the farmers could operate the mill. Fifty-dollar shares to a certain number of farmers could erect one in the central part of the county, the price of one bale of cotton at 10c—and by selling the finished product instead of the raw material would increase the profit three hundred per cent, and a mill on the co-operate plan would cost very little to operate. The Farmer's Union could be induced to assist. Perhaps they could take it up and make it a part of the Union work, same as the warehouse. The handicapped farmer has begun to realize his freedom depends on his own efforts and if shown the way makes rapid strides. The Farmer's Union has done great work for farmers and if they would remain loyal to the Union it would do a great deal more. The peasantry of Finland was once a shame to the nation by their poverty, but finally some progressive son of the soil saw and realized their destable condition, so he started a co-operation movement. At first the people shunned the action as a Utopian theory, at last they began to see the sense in it and gradually the number increased until today The Voruit of Gent is a great city—every thing on the co-operative plan from the family kitchen to the great public library.

The people are no longer poor but thrifty, well educated people—not a pauper or beggar among them. Every child is given a good practical education now where it was once thought a luxury to read and write. McCulloch county has thirteen local Unions with a county Union extra. Among the officers of those Unions there is a number of sound thinking men—thinking that counts—let them get busy; they will be surprised to see how readily the farmers would join in a cotton mill proposition if it was put to them in the proper light.  
I hope the County Union to meet at Pear Valley, Oct 9 will discuss the matter unless it has already been settled by that time. Don't let the North say it any more that the south is indifferent to the cotton mill proposition.  
Get busy and drouth wont hurt you. We had a good shower of rain here Sunday the 10th, also another one Friday the 21st.

### Hog Breeders.

I have registered Poland China Boar for service at my place 1 mile south of Sweden church, 5 miles east of town. Terms \$1.50.  
W. H. COWSER.

### PLACID PARAGRAPHS.

Placid, Texas, June 1.

Editor Standard:  
As was mentioned in last week's letter Placid singing class attended the Cow Boy, Williams Lee and Sap Oaks singing convention Sunday.

The four classes of Holt (with Bowser's talent,) Milburn, Cow Boy and Placid composed the convention. Placid was the only class that had its own talent. Holt took the prize for the rendition of the most songs. As they disregarded the program and rendered three songs and two quartettes. The program read three songs and one quartette. Holt wanted to arouse our memory of childhood joys by the song entitled: "The cradle will rock me to sleep." On our way back we met Jack West and lady of Rochelle, who were on their way to the convention. A halt was called and all repaired to the hospitable home of Mr. Jordan's where another half hour was happily spent in singing. Altogether we consider the convention a success with plenty of dinner and lots of people present. Lon Williams was elected president; O. H. Robbins, secretary; and Miss Pearl Hardin, organist. The convention meets the fifth Sunday in August at Holt.

Mr. Editor, we believe when millenium dawns that it will be brought about by a singing people, therefore no man is fit for a singing organization unless he is a christian.  
May was rained out with torrents of rain that came at intervals all night and is still raining at this writing.  
Innocence Abroad in the form of J. W. Green was in our midst last week. J. W. is all right and we entertained him the best we could. We belong to the same order, "the brotherhood of man."

E. M. Keel has his wagon loaded for New Mexico.

Mr. Tillman and Mrs. Moore are both on the sick list.

Goodby and good luck to all.  
EPIA.

—Rent house to let. J. F. Schaeg & Bro.

—Work stock for sale. H. Meers, Brady.

### ROCHELLE RATTLINGS.

Rochelle, Texas May, 31.

Editor Brady Standard:  
Miss Olive Sellman, who has been attending school at Howard Payne College at Brownwood, returned home Thursday and will spend the vacation months with home folks.

Ernest Andrews of the Walker-Smith Co., of Brownwood was interviewing our merchants Monday.

Jim Wilmeth, who is working in Brady, visited home folks here Sunday and returned to your city Monday.

Messrs. Tom Heath and C. N. Lark are erecting a new building on the vacant lot near Alitzer's store will and put in a barber shop at an early date.

Tom Ivy is erecting a wind mill and tank over the new well drilled at his home place by Messrs. Henderson & Altizer.

Prof. A. L. Ryan, of the Columbian Conservatory of music of Brownwood is visiting in our city for a few days.

Rev. Anderson, a Christian preacher of your city, conducted service at the church Friday and Saturday night.

Mr. Meir, who has been drilling a well for Jim Williamson, left Sunday for Zephyr. Mr. Meir's family was in the cyclone at Zephyr Saturday night and he has been unable to hear from them since that time. We trust that he found them all well upon his arrival there.

Misses Ethel Irving and Hoffman left Wednesday for Miss Hoffman's home in Pennsylvania, where Miss Irving will visit for a few months. Miss Hoffman made many friends while here and we trust that she may decide to return at some future date.

C. N. Carr, our new druggist, is erecting new fixtures for his drug store and Rochelle will soon have another complete drug store.

Arthur Neal left Friday for an extended vacation which he will spend on a large ranch near Junction.

A car of heavy bridge steel was unloaded at this place this week and will be used in the erection of a bridge in San Saba county.

The supper, given by the ladies of the Methodist church, Wednesday night was a complete success both from a social and financial view. Everyone present had a splendid time and the ladies realized a neat little sum which will be used later in the erection of a church.

Horace Harden, who has been very sick for the past week, is reported as being much improved.

Mr. Cronch of San Saba, passed through Rochelle Saturday enroute home from Brownwood.

A nice, slow rain felt Saturday night, which will serve to brighten the prospects for a good crop and already some of our people are talking more of those good times ahead.

Geo. Brown will leave in a few days for West Texas, where he will visit for a few months and do a little prospecting as a side line. We hope that he will decide to return and locate with us again.

Tom Heath visited in your city Friday returning on the evening train.

Perry Neal is having his residence painted and other improvements made, which will add considerably to the looks of that part of town.

Miss Pearl Cain of Milburn is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Cottle this week.

The young folks enjoyed a singing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Henderson, Sunday night and all present report a splendid time.

Miss May Chapman, of Richland Springs is visiting Miss Kathyrne Thornton for a few days.

J. W. Bowers, of the firm of J. W. Little & Co., left Friday for Mason, where he will remain for a few months.

The interior of the Woodman Hall over the post office is being remodeled and we understand the I. O. O. F. lodge of Brownwood will institute a lodge here in the near future. ANON.

Save money by buying at 10 and 15 per cent off for next 30 days, Kirk, the tailor, nuf sed.

In sickness, if a certain hidden nerve goes wrong, then the organ that this nerve controls will also surely fail. It may be a Stomach nerve, or it may have given strength and support to the Heart or Kidneys. It was Dr. Shoop that first pointed to this vital truth. Dr. Shoop's Restorative was not made to dose the Stomach nor to temporarily stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That old-fashioned method is all wrong. Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to those failing inside nerves. The remarkable success of this prescription demonstrates the wisdom of treating the actual cause of these failing organs. And it is indeed easy to prove. A simple five or ten days test will surely tell. Try it once, and see! Sold by Central Drug Store.

The Standard—a winner.

Phone No. 163 for uptodate job printing. tf

### LOHN LOCALS.

Lohn, Texas, May 24.

Editor Brady Standard:  
(Delayed from last week.)

Odus Carroll and wife returned to their home at Winchell Wednesday.

Mr. Burrons, post office inspector was at Lohn last Thursday. He is going over the R. F. D. route from here to Fife thence to Waldrip and return. It is thought that he will report favorably to the Department.

Our school picniced Friday on Cow

Creek. The two schools joined in the outing. The children enjoyed the occasion very much. The young Americans crossed bats—struck right and left—pulled and sweat till near every mother's son got over-hot.  
Who over came, none ever knew.  
For none was able to play it thru.  
At least we failed to get the report of the game and so judge.

The meeting of Rev. Land closed Sunday night. Large congregations were in attendance. Rev. Dillingham from Rochelle preached in the evening and at night.

We are preparing for the 5th Sunday meeting which convenes here Thursday night. Oh, how we will entertain the visitors, and all be good.

We had a light rain here last Saturday.

Our gardens are a little behind, but the Babtists tell us they have been eating chickens since John baptized at Aeonon near to Salim, and they will have to try it a little longer. We have the chickens, send Brady's delegates along, Lohn will take care of them and be glad of the privilege.

REGINA.

Save money by buying at 10 and 15 per cent off for next 30 days. Kirk, the tailor, nuf sed.

### PEAR VALLEY PEELINGS.

Pear Valley, Texas, May 9.

Editor Standard:  
(Delayed from last week)

I had the blues so last I could not think of any thing to write but the dry weather, so thinking we were all pretty well up on that subject I decided to wait a week.

I am jumping sideways to keep from lying or taking the mumps one. G. H. Hudlow and Jim and Jessie Russell all have them so I guess I'm the next.

I read Mr. Green's letters with interest and think he is a good writer. Lohn Yearling and Bronco Bob's letters are also very interesting. Looks as tho they have it in for poor Homer. I saw him today and he was stuck in it but it was the mud.

Some of our people attended the Holiness meeting at Lohn last Sunday. Charlie Slaughter, the poor fellow, hung around the school house for quite a while; not knowing that the girls had all gone home.

Every body who attended the Salt Gap picnic report they had a fine time.

I noticed Charlie Bingham at Lohn Sunday, wonder what his business was there.

Pear Valley didn't get drownded but got a very good rain. I think Mr. Russell got wet watching the cloud.

Choctaw Bill got himself a shave for 25c and the barber had been asking him 75c before the rain. I guess the reason was his face was not so long.

Eugene Russel and Barney Sheryley went to Mason county Friday and have not returned yet. I expect they have found plenty to eat down there. Don't blame you, boys, I would stay too.

Little Beuna Hudlow is sick this week, but hope she will recover in a few days.

Grandpa Marshall was on the sick list the past week, but think he is recovering.

Mr. Baisden has been two weeks building his north string of fence and is not done yet. You will have to get away from the road Mr. Baisden if you expect to get done soon.

A. R. Watkin's brother from San Angelo was visiting him last week.

I am afraid if I don't quit writing it wont rain any more, so good luck to The Standard. CHOCTAW BILL.

### Oh My.

Just see the fresh line of candies, all new, just on display. Call and see 56 kinds of choice, good sellers at Tom Ball's stand. Yes, it's Tom—the restaurant man.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. H. W. LINDLEY,  
DENTIST

Office Over Anderson & Moffatt's Store.  
Phone 81.

DR. Wm. C. JONES,  
Dentist

Office Over Jones Drug Store  
PHONES Office 79  
Residence 202  
BRADY, TEXAS

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LAWYER

BRADY, TEXAS

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Prompt attention to both day and night calls.

Office Jones Drug Co.

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# WE WANT YOU

To consider THIS BANK just as a place of business dealing in money and credit; a place of business that depends upon the support of the people of this community and is vitally interested in the future growth and up-building of both our town and tributary territory.

WE WANT YOU TO FEEL JUST AS FREE TO COME IN HERE AS YOU WOULD IN GOING INTO ANY STORE IN THIS GOOD TOWN

Come in and get acquainted with our officers, take note of the class of people we have for customers; we are confident you will be glad to open an account with us and be associated with these people in a business way.

## The Brady National Bank

BRADY, TEXAS.

## A Music Store For Brady



Seeing the need for a first-class music house for Brady we are now opening up such a stock in the Syndicate building. We will carry a full stock of

*Pianos, Organs, Stringed Instruments, Sheet Music*

and everything else pertaining to the music business. Our line of Sheet Music will be complete, and we will keep on hand all the latest hits in both songs and instrumental pieces. Our stock will be complete just as soon as we can get the goods in the house and we are already beginning to get them in. There will be no necessity hereafter for sending your orders for this line away from home. You can get what you want right here in Brady.

## BOURLAND MUSIC COMPANY

J. C. BOURLAND, Manager.

SYNDICATE BUILDING

### GRAHAM & BALLOU

FIRE INSURANCE

At The Brady National Bank

Your Business Respectfully Solicited

### RIDDICK & DRAPER

BARBERS

Best Work, Clean Service

HOT AND COLD BATHS

We Want Your Trade. E. Side Sq.

The Standard for job printing.

#### Opening Music Store.

J. C. Bourland, manager of the Bourland Music Co., informs us that he has rented room in the Syndicate building and is now opening up a first-class music store. The line will consist of pianos, organs, stringed instruments, sheet music, and all the et ceteras pertaining to the music business. This store will be quite an addition to Brady's business enterprises, and Mr. Bourland says it will no longer be necessary for Brady people to send away for their supplies. The Standard wishes the new venture much success.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Neumegen this week moved into the new Wallace cottage on the north side, where they are at home to friends.

#### \$25 Reward.

I will pay \$25 reward to anyone who will make affidavit that they have seen either Mr. Millerkin or Mr. Brown turning stock out of their pens in order to get them in the city pound. If you don't see these things please quit lying about it.

PAUL SHERIDAN,  
City Marshal.

Ben Polk, a farmer of the Mountain community, while coming to town with a load of wool Monday fell of his wagon while coming down a steep hill on the Eden road about fourteen miles out and received quite serious injuries. He was brought to town by a passing auto and received medical attention.

We do not know of any other pill that is as good as DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills—small, gentle, pleasant and sure pills with a reputation. Sold by Central Drug Store.

The Standard is equipped to print wedding announcements and invitations, ladies' calling cards, dance programs, etc., in the latest styles of type and stationery and on short notice. When you need anything in this line it will be to your interest as well as our's to call on The Standard.

Any lady reader of this paper will receive, on request, a clever "No-Drip" Coffee Strainer Coupon privilege, from Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. It is silver-plated very pretty, and positively prevents all dripping of tea or coffee. The doctor sends it, with his new free book on "Health Coffee" simply to introduce this clever substitute for real coffee. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee is gaining its great popularity because of: first, its exquisite taste and flavor; second, its absolute healthfulness; third, its economy—1-2 lb. 25c; fourth, its convenience. No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. "Made in a minutes" says Dr. Shoop. Try it at your grocer's, for a pleasant surprise. All Grocers.

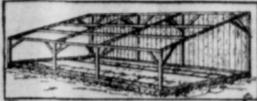
Miss Helen Elliott accompanied C. A. Anderson and family to Austin last week.

## Farm and Garden

### INEXPENSIVE HOTHOUSE.

Practical Structure For the Farm or Suburban Residence.

All farmers and their families, as well as people who live in the suburbs, are interested in hothouses. The illustrations in this article are nearly self explaining, the principal feature being the heating system. The cut showing the exposed framework also shows two trenches excavated the entire length of the house. These trenches are walled with stone, brick or portland cement concrete. The



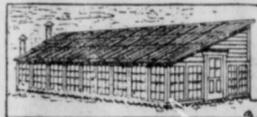
FRAMEWORK FOR HOTHOUSE.

front end, however, must be made of brick and also covered with brick at least eight feet from the outer end. The inside dimensions are about 12 by 14 inches. A tight fitting iron door is bricked in and the remaining portion of the trench finished with stone or cement. Thin stone may be used to cover the top, or cement slabs may be molded. A galvanized iron or brick smoke flue is built at the rear end and must be provided with a good, tight damper. The doors may be secured of a y foundry and are not at all expensive. The furnace and smoke flue must be as near air tight as possible, and no trouble will be found in holding the heat at almost any temperature between 70 and 103 degrees. A stick of cord wood placed on a live bed of coals will hold the heat at 100 for twelve hours or more.

For a hothouse fifteen to eighteen feet wide two of these furnaces are used, and the fire doors may be outside or have a roof over them, as suits your fancy. Compared to steam or hot water heat, the cost to install this system is very small, and the expense to operate will be still smaller. The south, east and west sides and ends are of glass. The north side is boarded up and down with boxing or stock boards, these covered with two or three layers of tar building paper, and the paper in turn covered with drop siding. The cable ends are finished in the same manner. The north ends, also the gables, have several nail ties for the boxing not shown in the drawing.

The posts for this structure are of 4 by 4 and about six feet at the low side and seven and a half to eight feet at the highest point. The posts are sixteen feet on centers and well braced, as shown.

Regular hotbed and storm sash are used for the sides and roof, as they may be secured ready glazed for less than a carpenter can make the open sash. As shown on the roof, the sashes are placed as shingles are laid, and all are fastened to the timbers with heavy screws, but each alternate sash of the top section is hung on hinges and arranged to be held open with long iron hooks. The sashes on the ends and sides are also hung on hinges, and each alternate sash opens out at the bottom. The cracks between the sashes are covered with O. G. battens, and a small one-quarter



HOTHOUSE COMPLETE.

inch groove, cut three-eighths of an inch from the edges of sash, catches any water that may blow under the battens, and the same is carried down on the lower sash. It is needless to say that this house should have a good foundation and all woodwork kept well painted. Curtains must be so arranged under the glass that the operator may at will exclude the sun's rays. If not so arranged the tender vegetables are very likely to be burned up.

#### Kerosene Emulsion.

To make kerosene emulsion boil one-half pound soap in one gallon of water and when boiling add two gallons of kerosene. Remove from the fire and churn vigorously for ten minutes, using for the purpose a hand force pump, or for small lots shake the material together in a pail or can. When the emulsion has a milky appearance cool it and add from ten to fifteen gallons of water. For the scale the preparation should be used with not over ten gallons of water to the quantity stated. In winter spraying for San Jose scale trees will stand a stronger spray, and the scalecide solution or the lime sulphur mixture is used.

#### Tightening Fences.

For tightening barbed or other wire in long lengths the farm wagon is a very handy and efficient tool. One of the rear wheels is raised from the ground, and the wire is passed once around the hub and fastened to a spoke of the wheel. The wagon is then braced by any suitable means and the wheel turned in the manner of the miter's wheel. In this way a pull of a hundred pounds on the tire will exert a force of 400 or 500 pounds on the wire.

## PIONEER STOCK FARM

MERCURY, TEXAS

Dealers in and Breeders of

Fine Stock. Registered Red Polled Cattle, Berkshire Hogs, Barred and White Rock Chickens. Owner of the Celebrated

German Coach Stallion, "VERO 3487" Also Two Fine Jacks, "GIP" and "BLACK TOM"

### RED POLL CATTLE

HERD BULL---Oyama 12955.

COWS---"Elsie 16561", "May Blossom 27185", "Hulda 18374", "Xanna 22436", "Rainbow 27389", "Bennenna 27379", "Queen Anne 23125", "Skein 5th 14259", "Lena Roosevelt 16984", "Lula 17044."

### BERKSHIRE HOGS

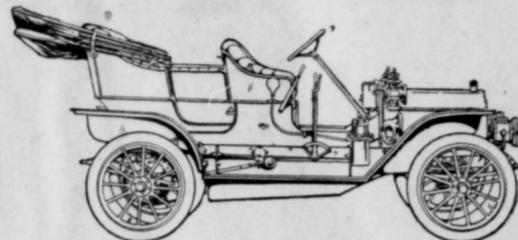
"Texas Chief 91355", "Longfellow's Gem 96815." Twenty-five pigs for sale, price \$10 per pig.

CHICKENS---Two pens of prize winning chickens, both White and Barred Rocks. Prices on application.

The above named stock cannot be surpassed in any country for health, strength, weight and beauty. The breeding is of the purest strains of registered blood, and parties desiring to improve their stock cannot do better than to buy from this stock. By patronizing your home people you get stuff that you can depend upon as being all they are represented to be, thoroughly acclimated and just what you want and need. Call and see for yourself, or address.

## PIONEER STOCK FARM

J. M. ROBINSON, Prop. MERCURY, TEXAS



We are local agents for the "REO"—the best car "in the business" Also do all kinds of repair work. Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing a Specialty.

## BRADY MACHINE AND AUTO GARAGE CO.

## WADE'S TRANSFER LINE.

Meet all trains. Prompt attention to all calls from any part of the city. Baggage delivered promptly. Teaming and general hauling. Leave calls at Frisco Hotel.

## E. L. WADE, Brady, Texas.

J. H. WHITE, Pres.

G. R. WHITE, V. Pres.

H. N. COOK, Sec. - Treas.

## The Brady Water and Light Company

Wants Your Business

Let us wire your residence. For terms see the Secretary. Rates most reasonable.

## POLK'S BARBER SHOP

Wants Your Whiskers for Business Reasons

Bath Rooms Fitted Up With the Latest Sanitary Plumbing

NORTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE

#### Ladies of Brady.

Let The Standard print your calling cards. They will be just right if they come from this office. We have the standard sizes, also the latest type faces for the printing. Calling cards are too cheap for any woman to be without them.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve—DeWitt's is the original. Be sure to get DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. It is good for cuts, burns and bruises, and is especially good for Piles. Sold by Central Drug Store.

Mrs. McNary, whose husband died recently at Mason, passed through the city last week en route to Barstow, accompanied by her father, J. G. Adcock. Mrs. McNary will make her future home in Barstow.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robbins of Mercury went to Brownwood Tuesday afternoon, with their daughter Miss Bessie, who will enter Howard-Payne College for a post graduate course.

#### Wanted.

Brown & Cline at Conner's wagon yard want to buy all your eggs and poultry. See them before selling.

Grover Middlebrook and niece, Miss Stella Bradley, left Sunday for Yoakum to attend the former's father who is quite sick. They expect to bring the old gentleman back with them to spend the summer as soon as he is able to travel.

Legal blanks in stock at The Standard office:—Blank Notes, Chattel Mortgage, Crop Mortgage, Release of Vendors Lien, Single and Joint Acknowledgments, Vendor's Lien Notes; for sale in any quantity. Other blanks in preparation. Call when you need them, or use the phone, 163.

Dr. J. B. McKnight will add materially to the looks of a handsome home on Blackhawk street by cutting down the walk to the street level and putting in cement paving.

## TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

Users of Typewriters will find a full stock of supplies at The Standard office. The line includes Ribbons, Carbon Paper, Linen Papers of several qualities, Onion Skin Papers for Manifolding, Manuscript Covers, etc. Anything you need in stock, cut and boxed ready for immediate delivery.

Also the finest grade of Typewriter Oil in small bottles at 10c—enough to run a machine twelve months. These supplies will be sold in any quantity from 10c up.

Phone 163

The Brady Standard  
North Side Square

## THE BRADY STANDARD

Published on Thursday of each week  
By  
JOHN E. COOKE, Editor and Proprietor

J. WALKER GREEN, Authorized Representative  
and Contributing Editor.

OFFICE IN CARROLL BUILDING,  
North Side Square, Brady, Texas

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year  
Six months ..... 50c  
Three months ..... 25c

Entered as second-class matter April  
1st, 1906, at the Post Office at Brady,  
Texas, under act March 3, 1879.

All obituaries, resolutions of respect and  
similar communications will be charged for at  
the rate of 5c per line by The Standard.

BRADY, TEXAS, JUNE 3, 1909

AFTER these spring rains,  
then a general clean-up. Let's  
keep it in mind.

THE Standard wishes to com-  
pliment the Brownwood Bulletin  
for the very able manner in  
which that paper handled the  
news of the Zephyr cyclone.  
The work was truly a specimen  
of metropolitan news service,  
both in scope of the information  
given and dispatch in getting it  
before the people.

REALLY, this lynching busi-  
ness seems to be going too far of  
late. At Abilene last week a  
mob stormed the jail and failing  
to break open the cell door shot  
and killed Tom Barnett who killed  
Alex Sears last fall. Barnett had  
been convicted and sentenced to a  
life term in the pen only a few  
weeks ago.

BRADY will show more cotton  
receipts from wagons next season  
than any other town in Texas.  
We were second to Ballinger last  
season by a margin of a few hun-  
dred bales, but next season  
Brady will play second fiddle to  
none of them. These last rains  
simply give us a dead lead pipe  
cinch and that's all there is to it.

THE Standard has heard many  
comments upon our continual  
boosting for a live commercial  
club, and we have hopes that  
such an institution may become  
an actuality in the near future.  
It is plain to be seen that Brady  
business people do not mind the  
expense of a club, and The  
Standard is firm in the opinion  
that if we ever get one properly  
organized and working it will  
prove the busiest, bulkiest propo-  
sition of the kind in Central  
West Texas.

### "THE BARRIER"

The Standard's serial story,  
"The Barrier," has proved quite  
a popular feature, and the calls  
for back numbers by new sub-  
scribers have been quite numer-  
ous. Not being able to supply  
these back numbers we have ar-  
ranged a synopsis of the story  
which will be found at the end  
of this week's installment, and  
regularly during the remaining  
weeks of its publication. There  
are several installments yet to  
come, so if you are not reading  
"The Barrier," begin now. You  
can pick up the thread of the  
narrative by reading the synop-  
sis, and we are sure you will  
enjoy it.

Some merchants are refusing  
to advertise because they say  
that times are hard and money  
is scarce. That is the very reason  
a merchant should advertise.  
People look for bargains when  
times are short. They must be  
offered some inducement to part  
with their money, and the well  
circulated newspaper is the medium,  
the only good medium, to use  
to let them know that you have  
what they need at right prices.—  
Brownwood Bulletin.

The logical time to advertise  
is when business is dull. If a  
merchant desires to apply logic  
to his efforts to induce trade he  
will go after the business dur-  
ing the dull season. No matter  
how it gets to be there are a  
number of goods in all  
which have to be bought.

The best advertisers go after  
these customers, and by offering  
bargains get the trade. The  
plan of advertising only when  
business is rushing is a fallacy.  
If advertising stimulates trade it  
should be used when trade is  
worst needed.

It's the fiat of fate, Brer  
Standard; it's the decree of  
destiny and it is bootless to rush  
into the vortex of impossibilities.  
For many years, San Angelo has  
controlled the bulk of the Men-  
ard-Eden trade and she will con-  
tinue in well doing. Summer-  
land was long since annexed to  
Concholand; it is ours by right  
of commercial conquest and  
eminent domain, her people are  
loyal and providence has been  
generous in the "lay of the land"  
which affords one of the finest  
natural highways in all the west.  
At present San Angelo gladly  
concedes all that Brady can se-  
cure from the realm of Summer-  
land, but when the projected  
Orient road is completed from  
San Angelo to Waring via Eden,  
Menardville, London and Fred-  
ricksburg, all these, including  
Brady, will become tributary to  
the Queen City on the Conchos.  
It's the decree of destiny, Horatio!—  
San Angelo Standard.

In which is reflected the undy-  
ing faith and dependance of San  
Angelo people in the Orient rail-  
road possibility. When San An-  
gelo gets the Orient railroad she  
will have earned it, and she will  
be entitled to all the benefits  
which may accrue, for the Lord  
knows she will have paid for  
them. In the mean time Brady  
will look after her trade ter-  
ritory, and any nightmares we  
may see will not be tinged with  
the Orient-al hue.

Even a sizzling commercial  
club cannot promote a whole-  
some prosperity without individ-  
ual co-operation. Business  
men, in any Texas town with a  
commercial club, should patron-  
ize their home paper with a gen-  
erous acreage of goods and  
wares publicity—the sort that  
compels attention to the new  
spirit of growth and progress.  
A spasmodic newspaper adver-  
tisement about as big as a freckle  
conveys to the farmer man and  
the homeseeker a tolerably fair  
idea of the extent of the town's  
optimism, hustle and good faith.  
Publicity in proportion to pros-  
perity generates the sort of gin-  
ger that keeps all interests on  
the jump for an increased inter-  
play of buying and selling.—Ft.  
Worth Star-Telegram.

All of which is plain worldly  
gospel. A good boosting news-  
paper is worth untold thousands  
to a community, and if it is  
liberally filled with live local  
advertisements it is worth still  
more. Prospectors ARE influ-  
enced by a newspaper from the  
locality in which they are in-  
terested. They are still more  
influenced if that paper looks  
prosperous. The advertising  
columns reflect the town's pros-  
perity. All the world loves a  
winner. No matter how good  
the paper; no matter how much  
it tells of the advantages of its  
town, the reader is not influenc-  
ed as much as he would be if that  
paper was full of the business  
men's ads.

MARK the prophecy and re-  
member it well—Brady will lead  
all other Texas towns in cotton  
receipts next season.

### MARKET REPORT.

The following prices are being paid  
by Brady dealers for farm produce.  
Report changed each Wednesday  
afternoon:  
Butter, per lb. .... 15 to 25c  
Eggs, per doz. .... 10c  
Hens, per lb. .... 7c  
Spring Chickens, per lb. .... 16c  
Ducks, per doz. .... \$3.00  
Milo Maize, per bu. .... \$1.00  
Oats, per bu. .... 55c  
Hay, (cane), per ton. .... \$10.00  
Cane seed, (red top), per bu. \$1 to 1.50  
Hides, green, per lb. .... 5c to 6c  
Hides, dry, per lb. .... 10c to 14c  
Millet, per bu. .... \$1.00  
Cotton, middling. .... 10c

We want to tell you again we  
are agents for the Babcock line  
of buggies, and we can truth-  
fully say we believe them to be  
the best line of buggies ever  
shown in Brady. In quality  
they stand at the top, while the  
price is a very little more than  
the ordinary buggies. Satter-  
white & Martin.

### SUPERSTITIONS.

They Find a Place in the Minds of  
Even Great Men.

A man more absolutely governed by  
pure reason than Lord Macaulay could  
not well be found. But in his diary  
he refers to an after dinner talk  
about the feeling which Johnson had  
of thinking oneself bound to touch  
a particular rail or post and to tread  
in the middle of a paving stone, and he  
adds, "I certainly have this very  
strongly." In one of his Hibbert lec-  
tures Max Muller said to the students:  
"Many of you, I suspect, carry a ha-  
penny with a hole in it for luck. I am  
not ashamed to own that I have done  
so myself for many years."

Charles Dickens refused to lie down  
unless his bed were placed due north  
and south. He gave notice of the rule  
before arriving at a friend's house or  
a hotel, but a compass was always  
handy in his baggage to make sure.  
Miss Justin McCarthy has told how  
Farnell gravely checked her stirring  
coffee "the wrong way" and insisted  
that she should take another cup. A  
gentleman of Portrush sent Lord Rob-  
erts an old horseshoe when things  
looked ill in South Africa. Gratefully  
acknowledging it, the general added  
that he would keep this horseshoe in  
company "with one I picked up the  
day I entered the Orange Free State  
and another I found at Paardeburg  
the day before General Cronje sur-  
rendered."—Fall Mail Gazette.

### BLUE EYED BABIES.

They Are the Favorites For Adoption  
Out of Orphan Asylums.

"Every baby who expects to be  
adopted out of an orphan asylum  
ought to make it a point of being born  
with blue eyes," said an asylum direc-  
tor. "That precaution will insure him  
a maximum of home comforts with a  
minimum of endeavor. There is no  
doubt that in an institution of this  
kind blue eyed babies up for adoption  
are more popular than the dark eyed  
youngsters. The brown eyed, black  
eyed or gray eyed girl or boy may be  
just as pretty, just as amiable, just as  
likely to achieve future eminence as  
the blue eyed child, but it is hard to  
make benevolent auxiliaries of the  
stork believe so. In their opinion blue  
eyes indicate special virtues.

"I know he will turn out to be an  
honest, reliable little fellow because he  
has such heavenly blue eyes," is the  
way they explain their preference.  
"So on the strength of these 'heavenly  
blue eyes' the baby is chosen. The  
youngster will no doubt do justice to  
his bringing up, but it is hard for the  
children with eyes of another color to  
be so discriminated against."—St. Louis  
Post-Dispatch.

### As Smart as His Boy.

When Sir William Gilbert was twenty-  
seven and was known to the world  
as a promising writer, his father, who  
was a retired naval surgeon, wrote a  
semi-metaphysical, semi-medical book  
entitled "Shirley Hall Asylum," his  
first book.

Edith A. Brown, when preparing a  
biography of the younger man, having  
heard that the son was the incentive  
from without which spurred into ac-  
tion the inherent but dormant literary  
talent of the father, asked if such was  
the fact.

"Yes," replied the author of the  
"Bab Ballads" and the wittiest libret-  
tos ever written. "I think the little  
success which had attended by hum-  
ble efforts certainly influenced my  
father.

"You see," he added, with a suspi-  
cion of a smile, "my father never had  
an exalted idea of my ability. He  
thought if I could write anybody  
could, and forthwith he began."

### Antiquity of Death Masks.

Although there is no mention of  
death masks in the works of Homer or  
in any of the later classics, modern ex-  
plorers have satisfied themselves that  
in the early burials of all nations it  
was the custom to cover the heads and  
bodies of the dead with sheets of gold  
so pliable that they took the impress  
of the form, and not infrequently,  
when in the course of centuries the  
embalmed flesh had shriveled or fallen  
away, the gold retained the exact  
cast of the features. Schliemann found  
a number of bodies "covered with  
large masks of gold plate in repousse  
work," several of which have been re-  
produced by means of engraving in his  
"Myceana," and he asserts that there  
can be no doubt whatever that each  
one of these represents the likeness of  
the deceased person, whose face it cov-  
ered.

### Dickens Characters.

All those elements that disgust Mr.  
Pugh in Dickens, the clowning and  
caricature, the preposterous figures  
and the practical jokes, Mr. Pickwick  
getting into the wheelbarrow and  
Tony Weller hardly getting into his  
waistcoat—all this is simply the life  
and laughter of the actual English  
people. One has only to go down the  
Battersea park road on a Saturday  
night to hear it.—G. K. Chesterton in  
London News.

### Couldn't Fool Johnny.

Widow Jones—How would my little  
Johnny like a new papa? Johnny  
(aged five)—Oh, you needn't shove  
the responsibility on to me, ma! It isn't  
a new papa for me, but a new hus-  
band for yourself, that you are think-  
ing of.—Boston Transcript.

### Our Helpful Maids.

Louise—I'm in an awful boat. After  
I started to bleach my hair I found I  
had only enough to do half of it, and  
Nelson is coming tonight. Julia—Never  
mind, dear. Let him sit on the  
porch-side.—Harper's Bazar.

# WAIT A MINUTE

And while you are waiting let us prove to you that we can save you money on each purchase. Some day it will rain—we do not claim to be prophets, but anyone can tell this, and when it does come you are going to need a good planter right now. We realized this and while the cost is more than we expect to get out of it, yet we knew you would have to plant on short time and wanted to assist you in every way possible, and have rushed a car of J. I. Case direct from the factory.

## SOME DAY

---it may be soon, we don't know, you are going to need a nice buggy. You are entitled to the best, for in the long run it is the cheapest, and we have selected with great care a variety of Buggies, Hacks, Surreys and Runabouts which we know to be the best the market affords.

We have spent the winter planning for your needs, picking the best from many builders, and hammering the prices down by means of cash purchases and large orders until we are satisfied with our buggies. Every buggy is the product of a house of standing—something we're sure of and therefore willing to offer you with our strongest recommendations.

## O. D. MANN & SONS

The Store of Quality

BRADY,

TEXAS

### POINT HE HAD OVERLOOKED

Man Thought He Had Saving Habit  
Down Fine, But There Was One  
Thing More.

"The late James Molloy," said a  
music publisher, "wrote humorous  
songs now and then, but it is as the  
author of 'Love's Old Sweet Song'  
that he will be remembered.

"Yet his humor was good, too—  
bright, clean and pure. He liked to  
make fun of people who lived in the  
country. I once heard him say in  
London to a Devon man:

"Why do you live in the country,  
anyhow?"

"So as to save money," was the  
reply.

"Are vegetables and milk and  
meat cheaper?"

"They are, on the contrary,  
slightly dearer."

"How do you save, then?"

"No Salome opera, \$50 a year.

No restaurant dinners, \$100 a year.

No theater, \$100 a year. No taxi-  
cab fares, \$50 a year. No distrac-  
tions of any kind, \$75 a year."

"Look here," said Mr. Molloy,  
'couldn't you save money if you  
died?'"

### PAPER BAGS AT THE OPERA.

Tell London society that it should  
not dine long and richly because ex-  
tended menus are an unnecessary ex-  
travagance and society will go on  
dining, but let the opera manage-  
ment demand attendance at a din-  
nerless cycle and there is not a mur-  
mur among the victims.

Quite to the contrary; eggs and  
ham are scrambled down at tea,  
sandwiches are bitten into with  
fierce delight in motor broughams  
and foraging excursions to the buffet  
between the acts are enjoyed as  
much as if hen roosts were being  
robbed. Who can say that we have  
reached an age of reckless extrava-  
gance when the crackling of paper  
bags is heard in the stalls of the  
opera house?—Lady's Pictorial.

### NATURAL SELECTION.

"Papa, will you tell me one  
thing?"

"Yes, son; what is it?"

"Are the wharves on the lakes  
they call lochs, what they have  
named quays?"

## Isn't This Town A Pretty Good Town? If Not, Why Not?

How do you like the town you live in?  
Pretty fair sort of place, isn't it? Otherwise you'd  
move to some other town, wouldn't you?

But you don't think much of this town, you say? Well,  
what's the matter with this town? If there's anything  
wrong, let's all get to-  
gether and right it.

All of us live here,  
and we ought to pull to-  
gether. Nobody living  
in New York or Chicago  
or St. Louis or San  
Francisco is going to do  
any pulling FOR us.

On the contrary,  
some of those cities are  
doing a lot of pulling  
FROM us. They not  
only pull away some of  
our best young men as  
the boys grow up, but  
they pull away many of  
our good American dol-  
lars, which ought to be  
spent right here, where  
they would do the most  
good.

What is your favor-  
ite book? The Mail Order Catalogue? Ah, so we  
thought!

Now suppose, just for a change, you read your local  
paper carefully, watch the advertisements, and if you don't  
see what you want ask the home merchant for it. Suppose  
all of us trade at home a little more regularly. That ought  
to help make this a better town.

And maybe if we'd keep more of our money at home to  
build up the town we'd keep more of our boys at home.



## Over the County News Notes of Interest From Our Country Correspondents

### BRYSON BRIEFS.

Brady, Texas, May 31.  
Editor Standard:

On the night of the 22nd we had a good rain also on the night of the 29th we had another good rain. Everything is looking fine in this part of the world.

J. L. Clifton was on the sick list Monday and Tuesday.

Geo. Smith and family took a fishing trip last week and report good luck.

I will ring off as the weeds are growing fast and need cutting.

SHARPSHOOTER.

### NEW HOPE HAPPENINGS.

New Hope, Texas, May 29.  
Editor Standard:

Another good rain fell here last night. Cotton and corn are looking fine.

A crowd from here attended court at San Saba this week.

The Ridgeway people report no rain as yet.

J. R. McCabe is clearing land and wants hands at \$1.25 per day.

H. L. Richman is working his land since the rain.

A. F. Wash has sold another span of mules. If he had something to trade on, he could make more than he can farming.

RUSTY.

### CORN CREEK COBS.

Corn Creek, Texas, May 29  
Editor Standard:

Some of the farmers are wearing smiles today, caused by the good rain that fell here the 27th. Some that was slighted are still wearing the frown and "cussin" the country. We think they don't know a good country when they see it and I am sure they do not read The Standard close enough.

Cotton that was planted last week is now up, but later planting wont come up without more rain.

Linsey McCoy and Y. T. Crouch have been hard at work this week putting up two miles of fence for the Company ranch and one mile and a half for Kid Jefferies. Now we can get to Placid without having to open gates.

We expect to have a R. F. D. line within the near future.

We are sorry to report Mrs. W. A. Crouch sick at this writing.

RUBE.

### SWEDEN SWIPES.

Brady, Texas, May 8.  
Editor Standard:

Mrs. C. O. Johnson was seen in Brady Wednesday.

The Sweden school which was taught by Miss Mary Harper closed last Friday.

Tim Landrum has completed his storm house.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet with Mrs. S. L. Hurd next Thursday.

On last Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cowser threw open the doors of their pretty home to a number of invited guests to an ice cream supper.

These present were: C. O. Johnson and family, R. O. Cowser and family, Tim Landrum and family, R. L. Cowser and family, Misses Annie and Victoria Johnson, Messrs Andrew, Gustaf, Oscar and Carl Johnson, and Andrew Turn, and Grandma Cowser. All reported a nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Gallaway are the proud parents of a fine boy, which arrived on the 23rd.

Success to The Standard and its many readers.

BIG BONNET.

### LOST CREEK ECHOES.

Voca, Texas, May 31.  
Editor Standard:

J. Coopender of your city, representing the Waxahachie Nursery company, was here last week on business.

Miss Eula Parker who is teaching music at Mercury, spent a few days with the home folks the last of the week.

Mr. McBee has completed the scholastic census of our neighborhood. Eighty children of the scholastic age were enrolled.

We said last week that T. J. Spiller had gone to Ballinger. We should have said Angelo.

Little Miss Ola Armor of Fredonia, visited at the home of her

uncle, W. H. Henderson, Sunday. Ed Campbell was through here Saturday in his auto on his way to Voca.

J. J. Armor and wife and Miss Leala Armor went to Brady Monday.

Emmet Sessom came near having a serious accident Saturday. While shucking corn in the crib he accidentally picked up a large rattlesnake. The snake was shedding and could not see and bit itself instead of Emmet.

A CITIZEN.

**Listen! Make your home** happy with an Edison Phonograph. Get it from Allen, the jeweler.

### SALT GAP SIFTINGS.

Salt Gap, Texas, May 30.  
Editor Standard:

This community has been visited by a few heavy showers, but not enough to do crops much good.

The picnic here the 21st was well attended. Everyone spent a pleasant day.

The young folks enjoyed an old time dance on the night of the 21st at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Duncan. Everybody reports a nice time.

Warren Spiller is visiting his home folks at Stacy this week.

Miss Myrtle Croft and sister Edna are visiting relatives at Stacy this week.

Miss Mary Craig will begin her subscription school at Union Band Monday 31st.

M. C. Conoley, J. N. Craig, B. A. Croft and Will Thompson visited Brady Saturday.

D. D. Craig is spending this week on the Concho.

Mrs. Henderson and son, Barlow, spent Friday with Mrs. Edd Peel.

Misses Inez Henderson and Edna Peel spent Friday with Joyce Gray.

Miss Vada Coffey, of Seaday, is visiting at the Littlefield home.

Vernie Hammond and Loyd Henderson spent Saturday night fishing on Brany expect they caught lots of fish.

G. W. Sutton of Pear Valley spent last Saturday in this community.

Wishing The Standard and its many readers success.

THE ROVER.

### CONSCIOUS OF RANK.

"Are there degrees of rank in the servants' hall?"

"To be sure. Maids who have charge of dogs won't associate with maids who look after children."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Band sawing, wood turning and stair work done right at Ramsay's planing mill. 1-4t

—McCormick harvesting machinery. Broad Merc. Co.

—Window screens and window glass work a specialty at Ramsay's planing mill. 1-4t

### A NEW ONE.

"What do you think of Mrs. Taft's riding up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House with the president?"

"Splendid! I think it is a new avenue opened up to women."

—Buggies and buggy harness is our hobby. We want your business. Broad Merc. Co.

**Listen, you need Spectacles.** Have your eyes-fitted by Allen, the jeweler.

—The Victor Cultivator—nothing its equal shown in Brady. Broad Merc. Co.

**New Home Sewing Machines,** the best on earth, at Allen, the jeweler's.

## BRADY MEAT MARKET,

WEGNER & SNEARLY,  
Proprietors

FRESH, BEEF, PORK AND  
SAUSAGE

We Want Your

You can't afford to send out of town for your printing. Your prosperity depends on the patronage given you by local people. If you send out of town for your printing you need not be surprised when local people send away for goods in your line. You will have no kick coming. **THE STANDARD** is a local institution, uses its columns to boost local enterprises, and fights your battles against the mail order houses. It is entitled to your patronage and is equipped to handle **YOUR** printing as well as it can be done in the city. We expect your patronage and will appreciate it.

### A Chance to Save Money.

As we are going to make a change in our business soon we will offer any goods in our house at a substantial reduction in price for the next 30 days. Now is the time to buy buggies, harness or saddles. We also carry a complete line of strictly high grade gloves. We will sell you for cash or good negotiable paper, or will give you a good trade on horses, cattle or other property.

J. F. SCHAEG & BRO.

Vendor's lien notes purchased. Shropshire & Hughes.

### To Men Who Care.

If you are going to buy a new suit, have it made to order. Don't buy an old hand-me-down, with vents in the back, six months out of date, but go to Kirk, the tailor, and be fitted with the latest styles and cloths. My prices are no higher than you pay for hand-me-downs. Nuf Sed.

A cement walk and curbing are being put down at the Wood building on the south side of the square, which adds considerably to the looks of that corner.

### REAL REMEDY FOR SHYNESS

"Self-Forgetfulness" the Keynote of the Formula Put Forward by This Adviser.

There is only one real remedy for shyness, and that is self-forgetfulness.

How can this be attained? Certainly not by thinking, "Go to, I will e'en now forget myself."

The only way is to have your thoughts so full of love and kindness toward other people that there is no room for thoughts of yourself. You cannot force this? Oh, but you can! A real desire to show love for your fellow beings—who are all sadly in need of it—will bring it about in time.

You need not try to sparkle if it is not your nature to do so. The pearl is quite as valuable as the diamond and is often more desired. Be gentle, sincere and, above all, natural. Watch for an opportunity to say or do pleasant, kindly things. Suppose you should be snubbed occasionally or ignored? It will but teach you what not to do to others and will increase your love for the ideal standard of conduct.—Woman's Life.

### VANISHED PHASE OF NEW YEAR.

"I was very, very sad this last New Year's eve," said the impecunious man. "New Year's eve is not for the poor any more. It's for the rich now. It used to be that you could take a dollar and break into nearly every cafe in town, buy a ten-cent drink at each and paint the town, but not any more. Now you must engage a seat at a table five weeks in advance and pay all the way from \$3 to \$10 for the privilege of sitting in it, whether they give you a bite to eat or a drop to drink or not while you are there. Some of them do, I understand, but a lot of them don't. No. The day of the poor man's New Year's eve of wild hilarity in New York is over and gone."—New York Times.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Finlay, of Fife, have gone to Mason to visit Mrs. Finlay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Doole, Sr.

—Nicely furnished rooms for rent, bath included. Phone 78.

—Blank notes for sale at The Standard office.

William White left Monday on a visit to Silver City, New Mexico.

—Baby buggies and all kinds of buggies. We can save you money on them.

Broad Merc. Co.

**All kinds of sewing machine needles.** Allen the jeweler.

Dr. Henry, of Menardville, was over this week on business.

Robert Newsom, of Coleman, is here this week visiting Sam Hughes.

### A PROPER OBJECTION.

"I am afraid, mamma, that Fred is a little profane."

"Good gracious! Why, my child?"

"Because when I came in last night when he was talking in the parlor about the Panama canal, I heard him ask papa what he thought of the dam lookout."

—Just think of it, a rubber tire runabout for \$75.00.

Broad Mercantile Co.

**Fine Watch repairing.** I do the best. Allen, the jeweler.

—Weeding hoes. We have all sizes. We can supply you.

Broad Mercantile Co.

### MORE MONEY IN IT.

"I was just reading of a man who has a hen that can sing; another man has a hen which whistles and imitates various birds."

"I don't care for these vaudeville hens. A hen should stick to the legit, and lay eggs."

The biggest and best—The Standard.

—Stoves at prices that count. Broad Merc. Co.

Mrs. Maggie McCan is moving her house to lots purchased in the Jones addition.

The Standard, \$1.

—Summer lap robes. The 5-A line. Broad Merc. Co.

—Chattel Mortgage blanks for sale at Standard office.

Larwence Callan passed through yesterday on his way home in Menard county from Ft. Worth where he has been attending school.

### EACH HAD HIS WORK.

Gyer—There go Peckem and his wife. She is a lecturer and he is an entertainer.

Myer—Both in public life, eh?

Gyer—Oh, no. When he wants to go downtown in the evening she gives him a lecture, then he stays home and entertains the baby.

### Have Your Horses Clipped.

And see the difference. Brown will clip him at Conner's wagon yard.

**Edison Phonographs** and records at Allen, the jeweler's.

—Typewriter ribbons and carbon papers at Standard office.

J. F. Coody, of Melvin, was in town this morning and paid The Standard a call.

Loans. Shropshire & Hughes.

—Iron beds, from \$2.50 up. Broad Merc. Co.

### TALKS ON ADVERTISING

## VI.—Selling Slow Sellers

By Henry Herbert Huff

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"Mr. Business Man, you were speaking of losing money on 'leftover' goods."

"Yes; I shall be glad to learn how I can avoid this loss."

"You cannot eliminate it entirely, but it can be very much reduced. I told you how to create a demand for new goods so they will move more freely, but the most experienced buyer will sometimes overstep or purchase the wrong kind of goods.

"The best way to avoid having many remainders is to **buy right**. Goods well bought are half sold. Study the wants of the people of the community. Buy what will sell, not what you like. Learn from experience the sizes and qualities that go best and stock up on these. Follow the trend of fashion. Study goods. Know all of their merits and defects. Learn all that is to be known about the lines you are handling. Buy in small quantities and often. **Pay cash if you possibly can.** The first cost may be less when you buy by the gross or ten gross; but, counting interest on money invested, deterioration in value, space occupied, the chance of going out of demand, etc., this difference is wiped out.

"The best of buyers will get 'stuck' occasionally. When it occurs make the best of it. **Profit by the experience.** You may stock up on something for which there is not the expected demand; you may buy heavily of an article that soon goes out of fashion; you may purchase more than regular selling will dispose of—whatever the cause or size, **get rid of it!**"

"But I hate to dispose of articles at cost or below."

"But you must! It is the most economical way out of it. You buy goods to sell—not to show. You can't afford to tie up capital in slow sellers, and then, too, the public gets a bad opinion of your store if you resurrect old goods each season or keep the same merchandise on your shelves year in and year out. Make things lively. **Keep goods moving. Turn over stock frequently.**"

"If an article doesn't go at cost, mark it lower! If you can't sell it at any price, put something with it and sell them together."

"How about dull seasons?"

"There are no dull spells for the merchant who advertises. When trade begins to lag he increases his space and makes better offers. During the summer months he pushes seasonable goods by **creating a demand** for them and makes things lively with frequent bargain offers. Advertising creates an artificial demand. It will sell wool blankets in July, straw hats in November and fall suits in February. Likewise it will shift trade to the less busy days of the week. Monday is the big day in cities and Saturday in the smaller towns. By continued advertising of 'leaders' on Friday it has been changed from a dull day to one of the best.

"Good day!"

# Green's Column Current Comment

By J. Walker Green

This has been a week of unalloyed pleasure to me: a week of journeying over the back track from Stacy to Lohn, to Mercury, to Placid, to Rochelle and thence to Brady. It has been a week rich in pleasing incident and happy prophecies complimentary to The Standard, and replete with assurances of continued friendship and support to the paper; indeed, in my somewhat large experience as a newspaper man I have seldom seen such unanimity of approval of the policies, trend of thought and general make-up of a newspaper. The homeward trek was indeed a primrose path of happiness, where a "plum plenty" of food for the soul as well as for the body, awaited "Sandy" and me at every turn in the lane. Congratulations and pleasant comment upon the deserved popularity, and real worth of the paper met me everywhere and furthermore—a very unusual experience—I have not met a single kicker in all the territory I have traversed either "by wine or comin'." And the list is a thing of which any newspaper might well be proud both in numbers and character. If subscribers, and if our success in the East, South and West of Brady territory shall measure up—as I feel sure it will—with the returns from the north end of McCulloch county, our circulation will be inferior to none, if not superior to any in Central West Texas.

I had a pleasant visit with our good friend, J. M. Robinson, of the Mercury county. We did not have long to talk as Mr. Robinson was preparing to leave for Brownwood to attend the Commencement exercises of Howard Payne College, where his daughter, Miss Bessie, has been a post-graduate student. Mr. Robinson is thorough-going or nothing, and the education of this daughter, thoroughly and properly is a good illustration of the man in all things.

I also had the honor and pleasure of meeting "Hamilton of McCulloch" this trip. He is a fine man physically and mentally, and as every one can see at first glance, as honest as the sun. I found him busy at work in his field planting cotton. Like Cincinnati of old, he was called from the peaceful environment of the farm, to lend wisdom to the councils of his country, and his work having been finished well, he returns to the plow and the furrow.

There has been much adverse criticism of the last legislature, for what was done as well as for what was left undone, but Mr. Hamilton is serene and undisturbed, in the consciousness of having obeyed the dictates of duty—for having acted and voted for the best interest of the people. It is easy to criticize: Disraeli, upon finishing one of his works, wrote upon the fly-leaf: "Tomorrow the critics will commence; you know who the critics are? Those who have failed in literature and art: The iconoclast has always had an easy job: To tear down or destroy requires little brain or effort, but to build wisely and well is quite a different proposition. And since a legislator's work is nearly always constructive in tendency—in altering and perfecting as well as erecting from the bed-rock—it is safe to say that every member of the Texas assembly, of normal faculties, felt the onerous burden of responsibility resting upon him and did his best to discharge his duties in a way to bring the best results to his state and people. "Hamilton of McCulloch" lined up with the Governor in loyalty to platform demands, believing that the voice of the convention was the voice of the people. And there is no doubt that the voice of the convention more nearly expressed the wish of the people than any other method we have been able to devise. True, conventions are often manipulated by slick politicians to defeat the will of the people, but when it comes to be generally understood that a party platform demand is binding equivalent to enactment of laws in accord with it, should the party be successful there will be more careful selection of delegates to such assemblies, and more thoughtful and accurate ascertainment of the will of the people to be embodied in

platform demands. Of course it is quite conceivable that a legislator might fight a party demand to the last ditch and in so doing illustrate the very highest attributes of patriotism. Everything depends upon the circumference of the mental horizon, as well as upon the charity of the mental vision. The most careful analyses of consideration which might influence a legislator, however will bring forth no safer criteria for his guidance than the platform demands of his people and so Hamilton of McCulloch, pinned his faith to, and based his actions upon these demands: I congratulate him; "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

What a difference a little rain makes; when I passed through the Mercury-Rochelle country, about three weeks ago, the earth was brown and bare as if in the sear and yellow leaf of autumn, but now, the whole face of nature is changed; the landscape is carpeted in velvet green, the trees joyous in their opulence of leaf and blossom bow and bend to the breeze in voluptuous acknowledgement of mother Nature's beauties. And this transformation finds its counterpart in the heart of Agriculture; he goes singing along the furrow, happy and content. And the fields are all beautiful. Strings of cotton looking to be a mile long in the road, waving corn, milo-maize and sorghum hay-fields; and the cotton and corn fields are getting mossy with the crab-grass while Mr. Cornstassell jerks the bell-cord over old Jack in laughing haste sixteen hours a day. These are the busy days, you bet!

Getting down to Placid I called on friends, W. V. Day and Prof. Robbins taking supper with the latter and spending the night with the former. Professor Robbins out-married himself just as the publisher of The Standard and the writer did. I shake hands with myself every once and a while and I am satisfied that Cooke and Robbins do the same thing now and then. There is no however, in either of the three instances, such disparity in looks as would justify the thought of "Beauty and the Beast" yet the difference is great enough to make us wonder how we "done it" when we stand before the truthful mirror, because there it absolutely nothing in the raw material of our make-up to lend hope to the thought of posing as a "has been" and I am forced to the alternative of believing, that there is an unconquerable fascination about masculine ugliness for pretty women; either that or they deliberately and purposely choose us as "lovely" foils to accentuate and emphasize their own beauty. The vain things!

Mr. Day is a bachelor and a jolly, good fellow whom I take pleasure in recommending to the young ladies; he is like Robbins and the writer—nobody would call him pretty but then he has mighty sweet ways and "pretty is as pretty does" you know.

Carl Hurd and his good wife, of Sweden took care of me Wednesday night—Carl is a Swede, and one of the best and cleverest young men in McCulloch county. This was the second time I had been his guest, and I have never been treated more kindly by any one. From my experience with these people I am convinced that kindness is a primal and leading trait in the character of the Swede. They have been universally kind and courteous to me and they have come to the support of The Standard in a solid body, for which they have my sincerest thanks and highest appreciation.

I made a flying trip to Nine, Friday receiving a kind and friendly welcome and finding everybody "plum ready" for The Standard. I stopped at the home of Rev. J. A. Kinsel for dinner. Mr. Kinsel is a minister of the Presbyterian Primitive Baptist Church. He is anxious to establish a church or meeting place of his denomination somewhere in McCulloch county and asks me to request every member of his church in this territory to write to him at once—His address is: Rev. J. A. Kinsel, Nine, McCulloch county Texas. We will have more to say about the Nine community next week.

The report that Senator Bailey will become a candidate for Governor to succeed Campbell looks fishy. The reasons upon which the report is based are illogical, not such as might persuade a man of Senator Bailey's caliber to such a course. The position of U. S. Senator has always been regarded—rightly we think—superior to that of Governor. The answer to the suggestion, that such a course might be prompted by the Senator's aspirations to the Presidency—to the Democratic nomination in 1912, is that Mr. Bailey will make no such mistake, as to exchange the national spotlight he enjoys at Washington and the close touch he has with the leading men, and most potential politicians of his party, for the comparatively isolated position of Governor of Texas.

## Acute Pains

"I suffered much pain in my right arm—rheumatism—took two of the Anti-Pain Pills and the pain was gone. Gave a lady friend, suffering from pleurisy, two and they relieved the pain in her breast."

L. A. GFELL, Cincinnati, Ind.

Because of their sedative influence upon the nerve branches  
**Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills** relieve acute pains of any nature. They are equally effective in neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, or the pain due to spinal irritation. Ladies who have periods find that they not only relieve their distress but their attacks less severe, and after a time or altogether.  
 They will benefit; if not, it returns your money.

# Crothers & White Addition

To the City of Brady is Now on Sale by

## W. T. Melton & Company

250 Superb Residence Lots, Situated on a High Plateau, Adjoining the Luhr Addition to Brady on the South. Only Ten Minutes Walk from the Public Square.

These lots all face a 66-foot street, with a 20-foot alley in the rear—except on Grand Avenue, which is 80 feet wide. Money put in this property will pay better than 10 per cent on the investment. This is the golden opportunity for the man who wants a nice home at a nominal cost. This addition will be settled by the best class of citizens which will make it an ideal place for homes.

For Prices and Terms See

## W. T. Melton & Co., Sole Agents.

**G. W. RAMSAY,**  
 PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, DECORATOR  
 Is better equipped to handle your work and guarantees a class of work second to none obtainable from any source.  
 BRADY, TEXAS

### An Old Friend.

E. B. Baldrige, of Fife community, was in the city last Friday and made The Standard a most pleasant call. It was like meeting an old friend for the editor, as Mr. Baldrige was one of the regular readers of our former publication—The Banner-Stockman, of which paper we were editor just previous to coming to Brady. Mr. Baldrige called our attention to our policy of preaching diversification of crops while editor of the Banner-Stockman, and expressed the opinion that a similar policy for The Standard would not be a bad idea. He thinks there are many crops besides cotton which the formers of McCulloch county would find more profitable. Mr. Baldrige says Fife has been particularly unfortunate in the matter of rainfall this spring. For all the twenty miles intervening between Brady and Fife the rains have been good and the crops and fields are looking fine, but at Fife it is still distressingly dry.

LATER—The Fife county got a big rain Monday night.

Joe Williams came in Friday from Ft Worth where he has been on business.

## If Sick

Don't risk even one single penny!  
 And I will tell you why I say this. It is because every package of Dr. Shoop's medicine is absolutely free if it fails. No one need risk even one single penny. Just think what this means to the suffering sick!

No risk, no expense, nothing whatever unless health is restored. For 30 full days, and without the risk of a single penny, you can use either of my 100% guaranteed medicines—Dr. Shoop's Restorative or Dr. Shoop's Kidney Remedy. I have helped thousands upon thousands by my private prescription or personal advice plan.

Why purchase any medicine whose maker dare not back it just as I do by this remarkable offer?  
 And besides, I am not content to you. My No. 100% guaranteed plan has made Dr. Shoop's Restorative the best-selling remedy in the land. The best-selling remedy in every drug store. I have helped thousands upon thousands by my private prescription or personal advice plan.

For twenty years Dr. Shoop's medicines have become thoroughly standardized all over America. And I have a hundred honest and responsible druggists in every city, town and village everywhere to accept my private prescription plan. These selected druggists are placing my medicines with the sick—and the entire risk is mine alone. But write me first for an order.

I have an agent in almost every community—but all druggists are not authorized to grant the 30 day test.  
 So drop me a line, please—and thus save all disappointments and delays.  
 Besides, you are free to consult me by letter as you would your home physician. Do so freely and fully—if you desire. My advice and the book below are yours—and without cost. Perhaps a word or two from me will clear up some serious ailment. I have helped thousands upon thousands by my private prescription or personal advice plan.

Besides, the books will open up new and helpful ideas to you. They tell of my 30 years experience at the bedside of homes and in hospitals. All phases of disease and relief are told of here. They tell of my "inside nerve" and "Heart's impulse. How the Stomach and Kidney each have their inside or power nerve. How these organs surely fail when these controlling or master nerves fail. How Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to these failing nerves, and rebuilds, decaying and restores the lost tone and power. A call sure to help you—if it is within the power of medicine to do so. My best effort is surely yours if you will request me to write now, while it is fresh to mind, for tomorrow never comes. Dr. Shoop, Box 12, Racine, Wis.

Which Book Shall I Send You?  
 No. 1 On Dyspepsia  
 No. 2 On the Heart  
 No. 3 On the Kidney  
 No. 4 For Women  
 No. 5 For Men  
 No. 6 On Rheumatism.

### Menard County's Trade.

The Brady Standard realizes the importance of good roads as a factor in retaining Menard county's trade, and is a little uneasy that our business will turn to San Angelo. We are pleased to see these two towns jealous of our patronage, and will feel inclined to favor the one that does the most to merit it. We will give Brady a little inside by informing The Standard that a valuable portion of this trade comes from above Menardville, and the first step that should be taken by Brady is to grade our main street. Of course they are speaking of our wholesale trade, because they are certainly aware that the consumers of Menard county patronize the home merchants.

This is an opportunity for us to say that The Standard is an excellent paper.—Menardville Messenger.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always results in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by Central Drug Store.

The Standard enjoys the frequent calls made by its friends and the latch string is ever on the outside. Many people drop in each week to see the machinery run, and all seem to feel repaid for their time. The Standard is proud of its equipment and we are glad to have our friends come to see us. Our subscribers in the country are extended a special invitation. Be sure to call on The Standard when in town.

Pain anywhere stopped in 20 minutes sure with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. The formula is on the 25 cent box. Ask your doctor or druggist about this formula! Stops womanly pains, headache, pains anywhere. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. for free trial to prove value. Central Drug Store.

The court house park is a beauty spot indeed just now. Just imagine a ten-acre tract in a city park looking pretty and green, cool and inviting. Say, don't you really think Brady ought to secure a site at once and begin improving it? After awhile when Brady is a big city, with railroad shops, mills and factories, and the other good things that go to make up a city, property will be too valuable to buy for park purposes. Let's have a park now and be ready for those conditions when they arrive.

10 and 15 per cent off on all orders for next 30 days. Kirk, the tailor, nuf sed.

The Mercury school closed last Friday.

## The Value of Good Digestion

Is easy to figure if you know what your stomach is worth. Kodol keeps the stomach at par value, by insuring good digestion. Kodol cures Dyspepsia.

Kodol insures good digestion by absolutely duplicating Nature's normal process, in perfectly digesting all food taken into the stomach.

While Kodol is doing this, the stomach is resting—and becoming strong and healthy. A strong and healthy stomach guarantees a sound and active brain.

The man with a sound stomach—a stomach that is doing for the body just what Nature intended it to do—is the man who is always prepared for any emergency. He is "there with the goods."

The man with a sick stomach, is a man sick all over. When the stomach is irritated by undigested food, the blood and heart are directly affected. Then dizziness, unnatural sleepiness, sick-headaches, vertigo and fainting spells, and even serious brain trouble develop. Kodol will prevent these.

Spurring the stomach and brain

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# THE BARRIER

BY REX BEACH



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The old man tried to light his pipe, which had gone out, but his fingers shook so that he dropped the match. "Her plan was for me to take the youngster away that night and for her to join us later, because pursuit was certain, and three could be traced where one might disappear. She would follow when the opportunity offered. I saw that she had instilled a terror into her and that she feared him like death, but as I thought it over, her scheme seemed feasible, so I agreed. I was to ride west that hour with the sleeping babe and conceal myself at a place we selected, while she would say that the little one had wandered away and been lost in the canyon or anything else to throw Bennett off. After a time she would join us. Well, the little girl never waked when I took her in my arms nor when the mother broke down again and talked to me like a crazy woman.

"I traveled hard that night and swapped horses at daylight. Then, leaving the wild country behind, I came into a region I didn't know and found a Mexican woman who tended the child for me, for I was close by the place where Merridy was to come. Every night I went into the village in hopes that some word had arrived, and I waited patiently for a week. Then I got the blow. I heard it from the loafers around the little postoffice first, but it dazed me so I wouldn't believe it till I borrowed the paper and read the whole story, with the type dancing and leaping before me. It took some hours for it to seep in even after that, and for years I recalled every word of the d—d lie as if it had been branded on me with hot irons. They called it a shocking crime, the most brutal murder California had ever known, and in the headlines was my name in letters that struck me between the eyes like a hammer. Mrs. Dan Bennett had been foully murdered by me in a fit of sudden jealousy, and I had disappeared with the baby! The husband had returned unexpectedly to find her dying, so he said, but too far gone to call for help and with barely sufficient strength to tell him who did it and how! Then the paper went on with the tale of my courting her and her turning me down for Bennett. It told how I had gone off alone up into the hills, turning into a bear that nobody, man or child, could approach. It said I had brooded there 'till this time till the mania got uppermost and so came down to wreak my vengeance. They never even did me the credit of calling me crazy. I was a feud incarnate, a beast without soul and a lot of things like that—and, remember, I had never harmed a living thing in all my life. However, that wasn't what hurt. What turned me into a dull, dead, suffering thing was the knowledge that she was gone. For hours I couldn't get beyond that fact. Then came the realization that Bennett had done it, for I reasoned that he had dragged a bit of the truth from her by very force of the fear he held her in—and slain her. God! The awful rage that came over me! But there was nothing to do. I had sworn to guard the little one, so I couldn't take vengeance on him. I couldn't go back and prove my innocence, for that would give the child to him.

"What a night I spent! The next day I saw I had been indicted by the grand jury and was a wanted man. From a distance I watched myself become an outlaw; watched the county put a price upon my head, which Bennett doubled; watched public opinion rise to such a heat that passes began to scour the mountains. What I noted in particular was a statement in the paper that 'the sorrowing husband takes his bereavement with the quiet courage which marks a brave man!' It happened that the Mexican woman couldn't read and talked little. Still, I knew they'd find me soon—it couldn't be otherwise—so I made another run for it, swearing an oath, however, before I left that I'd come back and have that gambler's heart.

"It was lucky I went, for they uncovered my sign the next day, and the country where I'd hidden blazed like a field of dry grass. They were close on my heels, and they closed in from every quarter. But, psaw, I know the woods like an Indian, and the wild things were my friends again, which would have made it play if I'd been alone, but a girl child of three was huddled to manage. So I covered and skulked day after day like a thief or murderer they thought me, working always farther into the hidden places, traveling by night with the little one asleep on my bosom, by day playing with her in some leafy glen, with my pursuers so close behind that for weeks I never slept, and my love for the child increased daily till it became almost an insanity.

"We had close squeezes many times, but I finally won, in spite of the fact that they tracked us clear to the edge of the desert, for I had hit for the state line, knowing that Nevada was a wilderness and feeling that I'd surely lose them there. And I did. But in doing it I nearly lost Merridy. You see, the constant travel and hardship was too much for a prattling baby, and she fell sick from the heat, the dust and thirst.

"I was bound for the nearest ranch or camp where a woman could be found; but, as luck would have it, I went through without trying. I had gone farther from men and things, however, than I thought, and this return pursuit was a million times worse than the other, for I couldn't go fast enough to shake Death, who ran with his hand on my canteen or rode on my horse's rump. It was then I found Alluna. She was with a hunting party of Pah-Utes, who knew nothing of me nor of the white man's affairs and cared less, and when I saw the little squaw I rode my horse up beside her, laid the sick child in her arms, then tumbled out of the saddle. They had a harder job to pull me through than they did to save Merridy.

"The little one was playing around several days before I got back my reason. Meanwhile the party had moved north, taking us with them, and, as it happened, just missing a posse who were returning from the desert.

"When I was able to get about I told Alluna that I must be going, but as I told her I watched her face and saw the sign I wanted. The white girl had clutched at her like she had at me, and she couldn't give her up, so I made a dicker with her old man. It took all the money I had to buy that squaw, but I knew the kiddie must have a woman's care, and the three of us started out soon after alone and broke. "Since then we three have never rested. I left them once in Idaho and went back to Mesa, riding all the way, mostly by night, but Bennett was gone. He'd run down mighty fast after Merridy till he had a killing in his place. Instead of stopping to face it out the yellow in him rose to the surface, and he left before sunup, as I had



"Let me in! Quick! I've got work for you to do!"

left, making a clean get-away, too, for there was no such hullabaloo raised about killing a man as there was about—the other. So my trip was all for nothing. "I figured it wouldn't be right to either you or Necla to let you go it blind, and so I came in to tell you this whole thing and to give myself up." Gale stopped, then poured himself another drink. "To give yourself up?" echoed Burrell vaguely. "How do you mean?" He had sat like one in a trance during the long recital, only his eyes alive. "I'm under indictment for murder," said the trader. "I have been for fifteen years, and there's no chance in the world for me to prove my innocence." "Have you told Necla?" the young man inquired. "No; you'll have to do that. I never could. She might—disbelieve. What's more, you mustn't tell her yet. Wait till I give the word."

"John Gale," said the lieutenant, "you're the bravest man I ever knew and the best." He choked a bit. "You sacrificed all that life meant when this girl was a baby, and now when she has come into womanhood you give up your blood for her. By all that's great, you are a man! I want your hand!"

Then he inquired irrelevantly: "But what about Bennett, Mr. Gale? You say you never found him?" The trader answered after a moment's hesitation, "He is still at large," at which his companion exclaimed, "I'd love to meet him in your stead!"

Gale seemed seized with a desire to speak, but even while he hesitated out of the silent night there came the sound of quick footsteps approaching briskly, as if the owner were in haste and knew whether he was bound. "Lieutenant Burrell!" a gruff voice cried. "Let me in! Quick! I've got work for you to do! Open up! This is Ben Stark!"

## CHAPTER XV. AND A KNOT TIGHTENED.

A DAY of shattered hopes is a desolate thing, but the night of such a day is desolate indeed. In all his life Poleon

Doret had never sunk to such depths of despondency, for his optimistic philosophy and his buoyant faith in the goodness of life forbade it. The arrival of the freight steamer afforded him some distraction, but there was only a small consignment for the store, and that was quickly disposed of; so, leaving the other citizens of Flambeau to wrangle over their private merchandise, he went back to his solitary vigil, which finally became so unbearable that he sought to escape his thoughts, or at least to drown them for awhile, amid the lights and life and laughter of Stark's saloon.

Runyon annoyed him with his volubility, for the news of his good fortune had fired the man with a reckless disregard for money, and he turned to gaming as the one natural recourse of his ilk.

It was shortly after midnight that Stark came into the place. Poleon was not too absorbed in his own fortunes to fail to notice the extraordinary ferocity and exhilaration of the saloon keeper nor that his face was keener, his nostrils thinner, his walk more nervous and his voice more cutting than usual when he spoke to Runyon.

"Come here!" "I'll be with you when I finish this hand," said the player over his shoulder.

"Come here!" Stark snapped his command, and Runyon threw down his cards.

Drawing the reluctant gambler aside, Stark began to talk rapidly to him, almost without earshot of Poleon, who watched them, idly wondering what Stark had to say that could make Runyon start and act so queerly. Well, it was his affair. They made a bad pair to draw to. He knew that Runyon was the saloon keeper's lieutenant and obeyed implicitly his senior's commands. He could distinguish nothing they said, nor was he at all curious until a knot of noisy men crowded up to the bar and, forcing the two back nearer to the table where he sat, his sharp ears caught these words from Runyon'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 Runyon 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, Runyon 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 set 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 chapron for a good looking girl."

Stark laid a cold hand on Runyon'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 o' trouble."

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Runyon 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 clumpy hand sawed boats and poles were chafing at their painters. The up river steamer was just clearing.

Stark's low whistle was answered 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 grunted 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." The oarsman clambered in and adjusted 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 whether 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 absent, 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 rillery.

"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 farreaching 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 irrelevantly.

"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 deviltry. 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 held him in his hand. Was it impossible, 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 whether he was being led, for 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.

Mende 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?"

"Not!" 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 simplest 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, nor 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, however, and you can't take him."

"I'll have his carcass hung to my ridgepole before daylight."

Stark turned to go, but paused at the door. "And you think you'll marry Necla, do you?"

"I know it."

"Is that so? Suppose you find her first?"

"What do you mean? Wait!"

But his visitor was gone, leaving behind him a lover already sorely vexed and now harassed by a new and sudden apprehension. What venom the man distilled! Could it be that he had sent Necla away?

Stark traced his way back to his cabin in a ten times fiercer mood than

he had come, reviling, cursing, hating. Back past the dark trading post he went, pausing to shake his clinched fist and grind out an oath between his teeth; past the door of his own saloon, which was alight and whence came the sound of revelry, through the scattered houses, where he went more by feel than by sight, up to the door of his own shack. He closed the door behind him now and locked it, for he had some thinking to do, then felt through his pockets for a match, and, striking it, bent over his lamp to adjust the wick. It flared up steady and strong at last, flooding the narrow place with its illumination. Then he straightened up and turned toward the bed to throw off his coat, when suddenly every muscle of his body leaped with an uncontrollable spasm, as if he had uncovered a deadly serpent coiled and ready to spring.

John Gale was sitting at his table, barely an arm's length away, his gray blue eyes fixed upon him and the deep seams of his heavy face set as if graven in stone. His huge, knotted hands were upon the table, and between them lay a naked knife.

## CHAPTER XVI. JOHN GALE'S HOUR.

IT was a heathenish time of night to arouse the girl, thought Burrell as he left the barracks, but he must ally these fears that were besetting him; he must see Necla at once. The low, drifting clouds obscured what star glow there was in the heavens, and he stepped back to light a lantern.

A few moments later he stood above the squaw, who crouched on the trader's doorstep, wailing her death song into the night.

"What's wrong? Where is Necla? Where is she?" he demanded and at last seized her roughly, facing her to the light, but Alluna only blinked owlishly at his lantern and shook her head.

"Gone away," she finally informed him and began to weave again in her despair, but he held her fiercely.

"Where has she gone? When did she go?" He shook her to quicken her reply.

"I don't know; I don't know. Long time she's gone now." She trailed off into Indian words he could not comprehend, so he pushed past her into the house to see for himself and without knocking flung Necla's door open and stepped into her chamber. Before he had swept the unfamiliar room with his eyes he knew that she had indeed gone, and gone hurriedly, for the signs of disorder betrayed a reckless haste.

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER I.—John Gale is a trader in Flambeau, a rough outpost of civilization in Alaska. His daughter Necla is a beautiful young girl, generally believed to be a half breed, daughter of Gale and the Indian squaw Alluna, with whom he lives. Some hidden burden weighs continually on the trader's mind, and he views with apprehension the arrival of a squad of soldiers at Flambeau. "That means the law," he says uneasily to Necla, who has become acquainted with and admired by Lieutenant Burrell, commander of the soldiers. It becomes known that Napoleon Doret, an honest, faithful French Canadian employed by Gale, is deeply in love with Necla. One Runyon, a dissolute gambler and "bad man," arrives at Flambeau by steamer and in a fight with Burrell is worsted and forced to leave town. On the departing steamer's deck he menacingly says, "I will return to take a hand in the game." III.—Doret, Necla a handsome silk gown brought by him from Dawson City for her. Arrayed in this, she meets Lieutenant Burrell, who falls madly in love with her, and he wonders if her blood is really tainted. Gale reassures that she is the illegitimate daughter of himself and the squaw. IV.—Runyon returns with Ben Stark, a professional gambler and man killer with plenty of money. Stark builds a saloon and dance hall at Flambeau.

"No Creek" Lee discovers gold in a valley some miles distant, and Necla persuades Burrell to take her there and locate a claim for her, their trip required a day and a night in the forest. V, VI and VII.—Gale, Lee, Runyon and Stark have gone together to the site of Lee's discovery to locate claims. They are met by Burrell, and Necla and a bitter quarrel ensues. Runyon and Stark conspire to rob Necla of her claims. Runyon wants the girl, and Stark finds that Necla has a strange, unexplainable fascination for him. His baby daughter had been stolen years before. Burrell becomes the declared enemy of both Runyon and Stark. A gun held by Gale is discharged, the bullet accidentally, he claims, narrowly missed Stark. VIII.—Gale knows Stark to be an old enemy of his and father of Necla, and Alluna, his squaw, says: "Kill Stark. Take the knife of my father. To kill is the law." IX, X, XI, XII and XIII.—Necla, believing herself a half breed, fears she cannot marry Burrell, whom she loves, as she learns that her tainted blood will bar her from meeting the people he naturally associates with, and she over hears Burrell say he may not marry her after all. Stark persuades her to leave Flambeau after he discovers her to be his daughter. XIV.—Gale tells Burrell of Necla's past and that Stark has hounded him from one section of the country to another and that Stark does not now recognize him as Gale.

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D. W. BOZEMAN, Registered Druggist and Manager.  
J. E. FORD.

## Palace Drug Store



Newest, cleanest stock  
of Drugs in the city. Our  
service is the best. Let  
us fill your drug wants

AGENTS

Sparrow and Lowney Candies



# ONLY the BEST

BOZEMAN & FORD

### PERSONAL MENTION

J. T. Baker made a business trip to Menardville this week.

Miss Veda Earp, of Brownwood is the guest of Miss Mattie Huey.

Diamond Lewis passed through Saturday on his way home to Lampasas.

—Chattel Mortgage blanks for sale at Standard office.

Mrs. Chas. Broad returned Sunday from a visit to her mother at Amarillo.

J. L. Smith of Lohn was in the city Friday and inspected The Standard plant.

Mrs. C. D. Allen left Tuesday for Brownwood to attend the summer Normal.

Miss Maggie McLean, of Mercury, is visiting the family of County Judge Walker.

Mrs. E. B. Chalk, who has been visiting her mother in San Saba county, returned Friday.

Mrs. W. D. Crothers returned home Friday from Ft. Worth where she has been on a visit.

Dr. McKnight and Dick Russell made a trip to Menardville the first of the week in the doctor's auto.

Mrs. I. P. Russell of Menardville passed through our city Saturday enroute to Brownwood.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Huey, of San Angelo, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Huey for the week.

J. W. Embry was called to Midlothian last week to attend the funeral of his sister Mrs. Lowe, who died last Friday morning.

## O. D. Mann & Sons

Brady, Texas

UNDERTAKERS AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS

HEARSE IN CONNECTION

Day Phone No. 4.

Night Phones 82 and 195

## MAY TAKE SIX MONTHS A GOOD GAME MONDAY

Complications in the Lewis Contract May Delay Resumption of Street Work Until Fall.

Mr. Martindale of Dallas, representing the bonding company which made the bond of \$7,500 to the city for Contractor Lewis, was here last week to confer with the city council in reference to the street work situation. The city officers furnished him a full report of the status, showing the amount due Mr. Lewis on the contract, the amount of money he has drawn, the percentage of the work that has been completed and the estimated amount that will be required to finish the work. Mr. Martindale said that he would take the matter up with his company at once and see what can be done. However, in view of the fact that Mr. Lewis has by contract until the first of September to complete the work, it is hardly likely that either the city or the bonding company can do anything toward completing the work until the expiration of the Lewis contract.

**Listen! Your eyes** should be fitted with spectacles, if you cannot see, by Allen, the jeweler.

Prof. J. F. Montgomery of Rising Star, was here yesterday on his way to Mason to attend the commencement exercises of Mason High School. Prof. Montgomery will return to Brady in a few days and will probably go into business here.

**Why go without seeing** when you can have your eyes fitted by Allen, the jeweler.

**Long Time Loans.**

We are in position to secure for you money to the amount of \$250,000.00, at low rate of interest to take up and extend for you all your paper, to make loans on real estate, and purchase from you some Vendor's Lien notes. Security must be good and title approved. Act at once as this will not last long.

Shropshire & Hughes.

Misses Sallie Duncan, Kate Neyland, Erna Tauch and Jackie Walker left Saturday for Brownwood to enter the summer normal. Miss Duncan will be one of the faculty, the others students.

**Allen's hospital for sick** watches, the place to get them restored to health. Allen, the jeweler.

B. D. Dilliard, and his wife and children of the Broadmoor country, were in town shopping Monday. Mr. Dilliard says they have had no rain except a few light, scattering showers in his neighborhood and crops are suffering.

—It is foolishness on your part not to see us before buying your buggy. If we can't sell you, you will know that the other fellow has made you the right price. A call is all we ask.

Broad Merc. Co.

**For next 30 days I will** give 10 and 15 per cent off on all tailor-made clothing. Kirk, the tailor, nuf sed.

Miss May Thompson, one of the public school teachers, left last week for Ft. Worth, where she will spend the summer.

H. C. Boyd has bought the Miss Senath Stewart residence, consideration \$1000.

**To Men Who Care.**

If you are going to buy a new suit, have it made to order. Don't buy an old hand-me-down, with vents in the back, six months out of date, but go to Kirk, the tailor, and be fitted with the latest styles and cloths. My prices are no higher than you pay for hand-me-downs. Nuf Sed.

Baseball Season Opened in Rattling Good Game Between Brady and Fife, Brady Winning.

A rattling good ball game was that of Monday between Brady and Fife. Those who went to the ball lot with the expectation of seeing a walk-away for the locals were most agreeably disappointed, for those Fife fellows are ball players "from who laid the chunk," and they gave the locals the scare of their lives, and it looked like a 1 to 0 game with Brady in the lime vat up to the seventh. However, by a mighty ninth inning rally the locals put two men over the pan after scoring one in the 7th, and won out by a score of 3 to 2. The feature of the game was the pitching of Moore for Brady. He secured 14 strike-outs, and was only touched up for two safeties, working through the nine innings. Matlock for Fife struck out seven and gave one hit.

The entire game was marked by snappy fielding stunts and clever base running. In this respect McClellan was the Brady star, while D. Baldrige occupied the spot-light for Fife. Baldrige was credited with three stolen bases in one inning after getting a safety to first,—a most unusual stunt. He stole second by a mile, then easily pilfered third. Someone called "go back," and being of an accommodating turn of mind he did so, to the amusement of the fans. A moment later, however, he stole third again. In the ninth inning the locals started a little batting rally, which coupled with an error by each of the Baldrige boys let in two scores and the game ended with only one man down. The line-up:

BRADY	FIFE
M. Fuller.....c.....	J. Finlay
Moore.....p.....	Matlock
Walker.....1b.....	R. Finlay
McClellan.....2b.....	T. Bradley
Roberts.....3b.....	D. Baldrige
L. Fuller.....ss.....	H. Baldrige
Quicksall.....lf.....	J. Knight
Jordan.....cf.....	W. Knight
Steffens.....rf.....	D. Finlay

Score by innings:  
Fife.....1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—2  
Brady.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2—3  
Umpire, Merwin.

In the 7th inning Catcher Fuller split a thumb and retired from the game, Jordan going behind the bat and Rogers to center field.

**Fine wedding presents** at Allen, the jeweler's.

**B. Y. P. U. Program.**

Subject: A Study of Old Testament Characters.

Talk or paper on the life of Moses—Leonard Sansom.

Daniel—Swen Swenson.

Abraham—Tom King.

Sansom—Rae Stearns.

Job—Clyde Hall.

David—Miss Floyce Bing.

The good derived from studying the lives of these men—Miss Beatrice Sammons.

All members are requested to be present for the transaction of business.

You must "be shown," and that is where the Mitchell line shines. Likewise the Moline wagons. There is a distinction about them (that anyone can readily observe, and there are few in their class. If you want something good see us before buying. Satterwhite & Martin.

Send The Standard "back yonder."—It will tell your friends all about the great Brady Country, the best part of the greatest state in the Union. It will help to gain new citizens. We will do our part, now it's up to you to do yours. You help us and we'll help the country.

John Lewis, of Menardville, passed through Monday on his way to Ft. Worth.

## Sick Room Necessities

Our stock of articles necessary to every sick room will be found not only complete but the qualities are the best and the prices most reasonable. When in need of

Sponges, Syringes,  
Hot Water Bottles,  
Rubber Goods  
of Any Kind,  
Just Remember

## CENTRAL DRUG STORE

"Has It"

### Confederate Re-Union.

The national annual re-union of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in Memphis, Tenn., on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of June, and we note by press dispatches that Memphis is making great preparations for the entertainment of the old soldiers. The rate from Brady is \$15 for the round trip, selling June 6, and good for return June 14th, with privilege of having tickets extended at the other end of the line. The local camp has two delegates who will probably attend, and there will possibly be other visitors from this section.

**I can fit you and stand** behind it with spectacles. Allen, the jeweler.

A. R. Crawford has been further beautifying his new residence property of Blackburn street by cutting down the hill on one side and filling up the hollow on the other. This is one of the choicest lots on that street.

Well, since cotton planting is over no doubt your'e ready for a cultivator. In cultivators, like plows and planters, we again say that after all there is nothing like John Deere. Make us prove it. Why, certainly; we have not moved it up to you to try them out. If you must be shown and will not take our word for it, ask the man who has one and be convinced. Satterwhite & Martin.

**Taken Up.**

Bay horse 10 or 11 years old, about 14 1-2 hands high, branded H E connected on left hip. Apply Standard office.

### Air Dome 'Open.

Messrs. Morton & Levy have completed the air dome and are in full running order, with a comfortable place for entertainment during the hot weather. They will still retain the building on the south side of square to be used during rainy weather and for Saturday matinees.

—Don't take our word for it, when we say that the Victor Cultivator is the best made. Just ask your neighbor. There has been more Victor cultivators sold in McCulloch county than any other one cultivator made. There is a reason for it.

Broad Merc. Co.

The work of grading Pecan street has progressed rapidly the past week, and Mr. Tulk seems to know a whole lot about that kind of work. He is making a splendid street out of a succession of rocky hills and muddy hollows.

We have the most complete line of screen doors, screen wire, ice cream freezers and weeding hoes than any other house in the city. We make the price that counts. Broad Merc. Co.

Dr. Holly's new residence in South Brady is under way with Contractor Wright in charge. The doctor has a beautiful location and the house gives promise of being quite a prominent addition to that part of town.

Have you seen our new line of furniture? We have the most complete line in the city. Broad Merc. Co.

## A NEW RESTAURANT

On May 1st we opened the American Beauty Restaurant in the Syndicate Building, where we are prepared to serve first-class meals and short orders—the best the market affords at most reasonable prices. Polite and courteous treatment to all.

MRS. A. M. SHORE & SON, Props.,  
SYNDICATE BUILDING