

A Few More \$10.00 SHOES at \$5.00---MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

PUGET SOUND TO GULF HIGHWAY AT FREDERICKSBURG

The Annual State convention of the Puget Sound to Gulf Highway association will be held at Fredericksburg, Friday, September 24. This will be the first time Fredericksburg is honored with this meeting, and judging by the manner in which that city is taking matters in hand, it will be the most successful meet this association ever held. Various committees of the Chamber of Commerce there are making unusual preparations to entertain the visitors in a most typical way.

Altho' the business meeting will take up only one day, the people of Fredericksburg have planned a big outing to the Enchanted Rock, a 160-acre solid granite dome over 500 feet high, located 16 miles north of the town on a site rich in Indian legends where a big free barbecue will be given to the visitors on Saturday, September 25.

Everybody go! Help make this convention the best one in the history of the association. Take your families—special entertainments will be given the ladies. First: business meeting—then military band concert, dancing, barbecue, etc. Get in touch with the local officers and let them report the number of delegates going. If you want to keep this highway you should help "boost it up." Free camping grounds provided for those who wish to camp out.

Take your kodak and field glasses. F. R. Wulff, county vice-chairman of the association, is very anxious to have a big delegation go from Brady, and requests all Brady citizens who contemplate making the trip to advise him without delay, so he can, in turn, advise the Fredericksburg committee of the number from Brady, which will assure arrangements being made to care for the visitors. One reason for having a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting is that favorable action will, in all probability, be had on the Townsend or Dowell bill now pending in Congress by the terms of either of which the Puget Sound to the Gulf highway has a great opportunity to secure a large portion of the appropriation.

Even the most casual observer must have been impressed with the enormous amount of travel over the Puget Sound to the Gulf highway, and the necessity, therefore, of earnest co-operation in order that this stream of travel may not be diverted some other way.

Let Brady citizens show their interest in this great highway by sending a big delegation to Fredericksburg on Friday, September 24.

Hendrickson-Mims.

The marriage of Miss Adella Hendrickson, popular young lady of the East Sweden community, to Mr. Herbert S. Mims, was celebrated at Rochelle Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Woodford. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. H. Jones of the Brady Presbyterian church, in the presence of an interested gathering of friends of the contracting couple.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. C. J. Hendrickson of East Sweden, and is a most attractive and charming young lady, possessed of those sweet womanly traits that at once endear her to all. Mr. Mims is a prominent young business man of Christoval, where he is engaged with his mother in the hotel business, and is highly spoken of by all. Following congratulations and best wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Mims left shortly after the ceremony for Christoval, where they will make their home.

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

E. R. CANTWELL
MATTRESS MAKER
New location, 3 doors East Brady Sentinel office

ANNUAL REUNION OF TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V., AT TEMPLE, SEPT. 15-17TH

To Comrades of Texas Division, U. C. V.:

Our annual reunion occurs on September 15th to 17th, 1921. The good people of Temple have favored us with a most cordial invitation to come and accept their hospitality and hold our reunion in their city.

Our dear comrades are rapidly passing to the other side where we must follow. While their mortal part is absent—may we not hope their spiritual part is with us to minister and console.

Evidently we remain on this side of life for a service of beneficence. Our sons and daughters will continue the work of verifying truth.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are the ministering angels who comfort the living and who perpetuate the memory of the dead.

In recounting the history of defeated armies, no parallel is found where a defeated people kept intact fraternal and memorial organizations such as those which have followed the armies of the South.

The storm centers of anarchy in this country have never lodged in the South. Our government finds no cause for deporting Southern people.

Southern armies were not drawn from the ruffraff of Europe nor from the spawn of Africa. Our standards were of civilization; our ideals of enlightenment. We made a record for honorable and valorous defense of conviction and that record stands unchallenged.

Our contention was for self determination in choice of form of government. That contention is receiving rapid fulfillment.

We also contended for the binding obligation and sacredness of a written constitution. The World's War verified that contention.

Another contention was for the integrity of the white race, which is receiving constant acceleration everywhere.

On account of transportation irregularities and of deflation inconveniences, our National reunion may be postponed. For this reason we should make the most of our state and local reunions.

Let us merge our weaker camps and keep our camp fires burning.

E. W. KIRKPATRICK.
McKinney, Texas, Aug. 15, 1921.

Aunt Dies in San Angelo.

Mrs. J. D. Branscum has the sympathy of all in the loss of her aunt, Mrs. W. K. Beaty, who died Saturday afternoon at 6:30 o'clock at her home in San Angelo, following an illness of several weeks. Mrs. Beaty visited relatives at Richland Springs in June, and shortly after her return home was taken with her fatal illness. Mr. and Mrs. Branscum left Friday afternoon for San Angelo following receipt of advice that the aunt was then near death.

Mrs. Beaty was 63 years of age. She was one of the pioneers of the Angelo country, was a woman of admirable traits and was beloved by all. Her death brings sorrow to a host of friends. Funeral services were held at the family residence in San Angelo Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Besides the husband, one daughter, Mrs. Ed P. Eason, of Winters and two sons survive.

Good Reason for Pardon.

A convict in the Kansas penitentiary has asked the governor for a pardon on the plea that he fears he will corrupt his fellow inmates. He finds, he says, from what the others say, that he is the only guilty man behind the bars.

PHONE 336 FOR PROMPT BATTERY SERVICE
We Call For and Deliver Batteries

R. J. GARTMAN J. D. GOODRICH
STANDARD BATTERY CO.
Don't forget the location—Lee Morgan Building on South Blackburn St.

Accomplished Care.

All things grow lovely in a little while,
The brush of memory paints a canvas fair;
The dead face through the ages wears a smile,
And glorious becomes accomplished care.

There's nothing ugly that can live for long,
There's nothing constant in the realm of pain;
Eight always comes to take the place of wrong,
Who suffers much shall find the greater gain.

Life has a kindly way, despite its tears
And all the burdens which its children bear;
It crowns with beauty all the troubled years
And soothes the hurts and makes their memory fair.

Be brave when days are bitter with despair,
Be true when you are made to suffer wrong;
Life's greatest joy is an accomplished care,
There's nothing ugly that can live for long.

—Edgar A. Guest.

S. A. BENHAM AND MISS LUCILLE RETURN THURSDAY FROM MARKET TRIP

S. A. Benham and daughter, Miss Lucille, returned last Thursday morning from a marketing trip for the Benham store, during which they visited St. Louis, Chicago and other northern shopping centers. They report a most enjoyable trip and report having purchased extensive stocks of merchandise in all their lines. Miss Benham, who had been a guest of friends in Eldon, Kansas, the previous five or six weeks, joined Mr. Benham in St. Louis, and accompanied him to Chicago. They found the market well stabilized in practically all lines, piece goods alone showing an unsettled condition with a tendency to higher levels. All ladies' ready-to-wear is now being sold at lower prices than in years, and, according to Mr. Benham, milady can this fall secure a complete costume at a comparatively small investment. However, this does not mean that goods of the higher classes and qualities are not to be had; on the contrary, there is a stronger demand for these goods than in previous years, and Mr. Benham has arranged his purchases so as to take care of patrons of varied tastes.

The new goods are already arriving and are being placed on display at the Benham store, and a cordial invitation to the Benham store awaits those interested in the latest dictations by Madame Fashion.

Letter Clips—various sizes. The Brady Standard.

READY FOR BUSINESS

I am now open and ready for business with a complete line a Dry Goods and Groceries, and cordially invite the patronage of old friends and new. You will be accorded fair treatment and courtesy at all times.

To My Lohm Friends and Patrons

I wish to extend my thanks and appreciation of the very liberal support given me and to invite one and all to visit me when in Brady.

DRY GOODS J. H. BEHRENS GROCERIES
North Side Square Next Door Simpson's Garage

KEEP YOUR FIRST AID CABINET FILLED—WHAT RED CROSS RECOMMENDS

The following supplies, the list of which has come from the Red Cross Rules for First Aid in Accidents, should have a place in the medicine closet of every home:

- Two ounces of Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia—For fainting, shock, heartburn, sour stomach, etc. Use rubber cork.
- Two ounces Tincture Iodine—For all cuts, slight wounds, etc. Rubber cork.
- Four ounces Castor oil.
- Eight ounces Carron Oil—For burns.
- Made from equal parts lime water and raw lincseed oil. Lime water made by dissolving four-ounce piece of quick lime in one-quarter pint of water. Pour off when settled.
- One ounce pure Ammonia—For stings, etc. Rubber cork.
- One pound Epsom Salts—Purgative and for evaporating lotion on sprains.
- Four ounces Mustard—Colman's English mustard best.
- Two ounces Syrup of Ginger—Oil of cloves; 1 dram bottle.
- Eight ounces Benetol—For washing wounds, etc.
- Bottle Calomel Tablets—One-tenth grain; 50 in bottle.
- Four ounces pure alcohol; Witch Hazel.
- One ounce pure carbolic acid.
- Tube carbolized vaseline; zinc oxide adhesive tape.
- Talcum powder; small bottle colloidum, with brush.
- Small carton antiseptic gauze; one-half pound absorbent cotton.
- Roller bandages, 1, 2, 3 inches; triangular bandages, 38-inch square piece cut from old sheet and cut cornerwise.
- Graduated medicine glass.

ON AN OUTING

You will need one of those new Hot and Cold Bottles, one-gallon size, with opening large enough to insert hand. Call and see them. **BRADY AUTO CO.**

Don't delay ordering your coal for winter. You'll save money by getting in on our next shipment. **MACY & CO.**

Headache In the Morning

Don't Feel Good Anyway

"Not very well when you were taken," and feel worse as the days go by. ALL BECAUSE YOUR LIVER AND KIDNEYS are WRONG. Keep your liver right, and all the world will look bright. Get a bottle of **REXALL LIVER SALTS and LITHIA TABLETS.** Use them according to directions and you will feel fresh and fine.

—GET IT TODAY!

Trigg Drug Company

THE **Rexall** STORE On the Corner

BRADY PUBLIC LIBRARY OPENS; BOOKS WANTED

At a meeting of the recently appointed directors of the Brady Public library, held at the courthouse last Thursday afternoon, Mrs. W. B. Anderson was named president, Mrs. F. W. Lazaller secretary and Mrs. G. V. Gansel treasurer of the organization. These officers together with the remaining twelve directors, will have active supervision of the Brady Public library, which is to be opened next Saturday at the Trigg Drug Co. store.

Something like fifty volumes have already been donated to the library, and the cataloging and indexing of the books is now being completed in order that the books may at once become available to the general public.

As was stated in last Friday's Standard, these books are to become available to the general public, and two young ladies will be placed in charge of the library, which will be open twice weekly—on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons from 1:00 o'clock until 5:00. A small fee will be required of each applicant for a library card, following receipt of which the applicant will be entitled to secure books at the library free of charge, each book being loaned out for a limited period only. Failure to return the book within the time limit, will result in a daily penalty being assessed against the holder of the book until same is returned.

It is the earnest desire of the officers and directors that several hundred volumes be added to the library at once, and donations are earnestly requested. Circular letters are to be mailed out directing attention to the need of books in the library and a day is to be set upon which all sections of the town will be visited and available books collected. Donors are requested to offer only books of the better class, for both juvenile and senior readers.

In order that there might be no misunderstanding of the purpose of the library, it is to be emphasized that any McCulloch County citizen is eligible as an applicant for a library card. This privilege also obtains with children of ten years of age or over. Children under this age may obtain books from the library through their parents.

To make the library of fullest service to the citizens, everyone is urged to donate whatever books they can to the library, and also secure books as often as they desire. To keep the books circulating, and thereby afford fullest use of the books, everyone withdrawing a book is urged to return same as promptly as possible.

THAD O. DAY LEAVES TODAY FOR KANSAS—DRILLING OPERATIONS CLOSED

Thad O. Day left today in his car enroute to Kansas, where Mrs. Day is visiting relatives, and where Mr. Day has oil interests to which he will give his personal attention. Mr. Day's departure from Brady follows the complete dismantling of all rigs which have been operating in the Day field on the Hall-Dutton tract, 11 miles north of Brady. The casing has been pulled from the wells and the rigs torn down and everything is in readiness for shipment either to Oklahoma or Kansas, as may be decided later.

The closing down of this field concludes oil operations in the immediate Brady vicinity for the present. The great decline in the price of crude oil has made wild-cattling a very expensive and unprofitable undertaking, and until there is a change in present conditions it is not likely that further development of the county will be undertaken.

Very Late.
"Why," indignantly asked the prospective customer as he looked at the ancient relic of the pioneer days of motordom, "did you advertise this reminiscence as a late model?"
"Well, anybody who drives it will never get anywhere on time, that's a cinch."

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1910, at postoffice at Brady, Tex., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star May 2nd, 1910

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES

Local Readers, 7½¢ per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1½¢ per word per issue
Display Rates Given upon Application

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

The management assumes no responsibility for any indebtedness incurred by any employee, unless upon the written order of the editor.

Notices of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

BRADY, TEXAS, Aug. 23, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

The weather man is apt to get overheated at his present job.

SETTING A GOAL.

The Standard has a great desire to see Brady and McCulloch county started upon a campaign of permanent road-building—building that should endure through years and years to come. The fallacy of building dirt roads has long since become apparent. Scarcely do we hear of a road being placed in good shape, before it is again in disrepair. This applies to Brady street; it applies with almost equal force to McCulloch county roads.

The thought occurs that some county commissioner, or some city alderman could achieve lasting fame, and accomplish permanent good for the county and city, if he were to undertake to build a model stretch of road. Build a mile of road, or a block of city street, along the lines of most highly approved road building, and let it stand as an example by which to pattern future road and street building.

Let us take, for instance, the stretch of county road beginning at the city limits on North Bridge street and extending to the forks of the Brownwood and Santa Anna roads. Build this into a broad, level stretch of concrete pavement, and give the citizens a chance to try it out! The result would most certainly be a demand for the extension of this concrete highway, and the building of other highways along the same line. Or, applying the same plan to city streets, take the block from the square north to Brady Auto Co., and make of it a first class city street—and the entire citizenship would be united in advocating further street building along the same lines.

Everything goes by comparison. Things are only good because we have nothing better to compare them with. Some citizens may be smugly satisfied with the present roads and streets just simply because they are used to them and know nothing better. But give them a stretch of the best road and the best street, and they will want nothing less good.

After all the great pleasure in living comes from the service we render in this old world—and no greater service could anyone render than to start Brady and McCulloch county upon the high road to better highways.

THE THRILL OF PRIDE.

Lives there a man with soul so dead who never experienced a thrill at some kindly word spoken for his home town or home community? We doubt it! Then think what a pleasure it must be to citizens of a town to have the following kindly comment printed in the newspaper of a town hundreds of miles away. We quote from the Hamilton Herald-Record: "Wolfe City is the biggest little town in Texas, with her wonderful enterprise and accomplishments. This town is paving the streets, and has miles of sidewalks, and a new compress is building. Wolfe City is located on the great Jefferson Highway and is pulling for every good thing it is possible to gain in the way of attraction to capital and advantages of education and progress. Wolfe City, with only two thousand population has had a live Chamber of Commerce and supported a paid city secretary for the past three years. Is it any wonder that the citizens are proud of their city and boast for her everywhere they go?"

Honestly, it would give us more pleasure to be able to go abroad and

say such nice things for Brady than to be able to tell she was a city of millionaires. Millionaires do not make a city. It is the united efforts of a live, patriotic bunch of citizens, ever striving to get bigger and better things for their home community, that make the town. And the quickest way to unmake a town is by dissension, disinterest, lack of co-operation, selfishness and suspicion.

HISTORY AND HATE.

If you still have the history books that you used in your early school days you might be interested to look them over now and note the juvenile comments and caricatures with which you embellished them. If yours was a Southern schooling and a Southern text it is not improbable that in your history book you will find the picture of General Grant retouched in heavy pencil marks intended to convey the idea that the General had horns and a totally depraved nature. Other Northern commanders may have fallen upon the same withering scorn, to the great deterioration of their likenesses as amended by your artistic powers. On the other hand, if you happened to have learned your history in the section where the Grand Army of the Republic was in flower you knew that the abdomens of all Yankees were not really blue and that their feet were not cloven, though you probably had your opinion of the leaders of the "Rebellion," and were told all about how prisoners of war were starved by Southern prison keepers.

In any case you doubtless remember the shock with which you met for the first time a representative of the section across the Mason and Dixon Line from where you imbibed your history. He was so human and so like ordinary folks that you found it necessary to revise much that you had taken for historical truth theretofore. But if you are like most people you haven't got rid of all your prejudice even to this day.

Dr. John J. Tigert, who is United States Commissioner of Education, has a theory that the history that inculcates hate is wrong history. He holds that the business of history is to tell the truth about the progress of a country and about its relation with the world about it. If the truth hurts one's own country it is still the truth. And the truth ought to go in the history book. When an American historian writes of an American victory on a field of battle, Dr. Tigert feels, it ought to be written so that a citizen of the country which lost in that battle can recognize the battle from the description of it. In other words, Southern histories written for the special purpose of "being fair to the cause of the South," of which most of us have at least heard, and American histories for American consumption only might have to be re-edited if Dr. Tigert were able to carry out his views. Of course he has no power to enforce his ideas, but they are not such as to be wholly unworthy of consideration.

It is not necessary to a wholesome patriotism that it be based upon a contempt of all things foreign or upon the assumption that one's own country has never erred. Such a contempt and such an assumption make for that arrogance of patriotism which can father the "Hymns of Hate" so ill-becoming to the loyalty of the people who sang them for the causes they clung to. History as a means of feeding hate is not history because it is not truth. Not even in a mistakenly patriotic scheme of education has untruth any rightful place. For all its seven-leagued boots the lie never ran which time could not catch. And history ought to be the recording angel of time.—Dallas News.

SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she isn't carrying a stiff upper lip lately is because she has cut out starchy food.—Dallas News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

According to dress reformers, the form divine should not be divinable.—Norfolk Virginia-Pilot.

In the next dictionary the word "agenda" should be defined as a list of the things people would like to do if they only could.—Chicago Daily News.

The Bolsheviks have succeeded in running Russia—ragged.—El Paso Times.

Japan doesn't care whether there's an open door to China or not, as long as she has a key to the back door.—Winona Republican-Herald.

The study of English is made compulsory in Bavaria's schools. French is dropped. That Anglo-Saxon rule the world is Bavaria's rational conclusion. She is saner than any other section of the old German empire.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Camping with electric lights and phonographs needs an occasional mosquito to contribute a touch of wild outdoor life.—Washington Star.

Every normal man has two great ambitions. First, to own his home. Second, to own a car to get away from his home.—Life.

The Christian parents of America are committing the blunder of their lives in not making the hour of church service on Sunday morning as much a matter of course as the twenty-five hours of public school.—Congregationalist.

BALLINGER BEAR CATS AND BRADY TIE SUN., 9 TO 9

A "Comedy of Errors," pretty well designate Sunday's game between Brady and the Ballinger "Bear Cats" of the West Texas league, the errors coming in the early part of the game, and the horse play in the final innings. The errors were pretty well divided between the two teams, and to all intents and purposes the "Bear Cats" had had their claws clipped before or shortly after they got into the game. Towards the end of the nine-inning contest, however, the visitors monopolized all the comedy stunts and appeared entirely contented with keeping the score a tie.

Buck Bailey, who had been loaned by the visitors to Brady for the game, was behind the bat, but did not put up his usual stellar performance, somewhat to the disappointment of local fans. Robertson, who was on the mound, also did not appear to his usual good advantage, very likely because of the seasoned players he was facing. At that, his performance compared very advantageously with the aggregate performance of the three or four pitchers used during the game by the visitors. Of the visiting pitchers, Singleton was all but slaughtered by the locals in the 5th and 6th innings. The final inning, the visitors pitched a man with a machine-gun delivery that completely baffled the locals, and resulted in three straight strike-outs.

Ballinger put three men across home plate in the opening frame, while Brady got one man across. In the 3rd, Buck Bailey hit safely, advanced to 3rd on Adkins two-bagger, and scored on a passed ball. Adkins and White also scored, making the total read 4 to 3 in Brady's favor.

In the 5th, the visitors got a couple single, a two-bagger, a walk and took advantage of several errors to get a total of four scores in. Brady evened up the score in the last half of the same frame, getting a total of five hits, and putting three scores across. Then, in the last half of the 6th they got two singles and Connally hit for two bags, with two more scores resulting. The visitors promptly tied the score in the next half, which was the first of the seventh, making the score read 9 to 9. No scores were recorded the last two innings, and at the end of the ninth the audience arose as one man and left, evidently being satisfied that they had seen all the good there was in the game.

As before stated, the visitors pitched some three or four men, and changed catchers a time or two. However, the line-up at the beginning of the game was about like this:

Ballinger—	Brady—
Singleton, 2b-p	Wooseley, cf
Brisco, ss	Penny, 2b
Langford, cf	Bailey, c
Brown, lf	Adkins, 3b
Spiegel, 1b	White, ss
Knigh, 3b	Connally, 1b
Ernshaw, c	Wood, rf
Bushca, cf	Hapton, lf
Youngblood, p	Robertson, p

Summary—Hits: Off Robertson, 10; Off Ballinger, 10. Two-base Hits: Adkins and Connally; Bushca, Spiegle and Singleton. Strike-Outs: By Robertson, 5; by Ballinger, 5. Bases on Balls: By Robertson, 6; Ballinger, 0. Hit by Pitched Ball: Bailey. Umpire: Whiteman.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor tingling in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 30c.

GOING! REGARDLESS OF COST—J. F. SCHAEG'S LEATHER GOODS.

STOP THAT ITCHING
Use the reliable Blue Star Remedy for all skin diseases and foot troubles such as Itch, Eczema, Poison Oak, Red Bugs, Old Sores, Sores on Children, Prickly Heat. Sold on a guarantee by all Drug Stores.

ORDER COAL TODAY!
And get in on our July shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

PICKNICKERS, ATTENTION!
We now have one gallon Hot and Cold Bottles for Picknickers. Bottles have opening large enough to insert hand. BRADY AUTO CO.

CONTENTED COWS GIVE MORE MILK.

Fly pestered cows are not contented. "Martin's Fly Spray" keeps cows contented and free from flies. Satisfaction guaranteed by Trigg Drug Co.



Camels are made for Men who Think for Themselves

Such folks know real quality—and DEMAND it.

They prefer Camels because Camels give them the smoothest, mellowest smoke they can buy—because they love the mild, rich flavor of choicest tobaccos, perfectly blended—and because Camels leave **NO CIGARETTY AFTERTASTE.**

Like every man who does his own thinking, you want fine tobacco in your cigarettes. You'll find it in Camels.

And, mind you, no flashy package just for show. No extra wrappers! No costly frills! These things don't improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons.

But **QUALITY!** Listen! That's **CAMELS!**



Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

TO TRADE—Some good mules for good Merino Sheep. **ROHDE BROS., Brady.**

FOR SALE—House of 5 rooms, with bath, hall and screened-in back porch; garage; east front. See **G. R. CHAMBLEES, Brady.**

FOR SALE—Four Black Minorca roosters, pure breed. See **HENRY HODGES, or 'phone 364, Brady, Texas.**

TO TRADE—Some good mules for Fordson tractor. **ROHDE BROS., Brady.**

FOR SALE—One hollow-wire lighting system with four drops, 800-candle power each. Fine for church or country store. See **OSCAR GALLOWAY, Brady.**

FOR SALE—House and Furniture, including Leather Duofold, two rockers to match, piano, bedsteads, stoves, dining chairs, extension table, Hoosier Cabinet, dresser, sewing machine and other articles. **A. A. TURNELL, near standpipe.**

FOR SALE—Four-room house two blocks south from Central school building. Recently been painted. On good lot 100x100 ft. Price \$1250.00. Part cash, balance good terms. Good title and all taxes paid up including this year 1921. See **H. Meers, Owner.**

FOR SALE—Two young work mares and colts; three registered Poland-China sows to farrow in September; farm wagon, cultivator, plow, maize crop. Registered Jersey cow with young calf. All will sell cheap. Will be home Thursday to Monday, August 25th to 28th. **B. D. BLACK, Brady, Texas.**

FOUND

ESTRAYED—One brown horse mule, about 14½ hands high, branded O on left front shoulder, lazy S on left thigh. Owner may recover by paying for this ad and cost of pasturing. **A. O. Turn, 5 miles East of Brady.**

MISCELLANEOUS

REX SUN SHADES.

Make Auto Driving a pleasure. Can furnish shades for any make of car. **J. D. BRANSCUM, over Brady National Bank.**

MUSIC CLASS.

Mrs. J. B. Smith will begin classes in piano, at music room near Central school, also at residence near High school, Monday, Sept. 12. Phone 154.

COMING TO BRADY FOR THE SCHOOLS?

If you want to buy desirable Brady property for a permanent home, we have it for you. For further information, apply at Brady Standard office.

TREES—TREES—TREES.

NOW is the time to PLACE YOUR ORDER for all kinds of Nursery stock. I can always serve you with the very best quality. See me in my office at the courthouse.

J. COORPENDER.

BIDS WANTED.

Sealed bids will be received on the Calf Creek School Building up to 12 M. September 1st, 1921. Plans and specifications may be had at the county superintendent's office. Bids to be filed with County Superintendent W. M. Deans at his office in Brady, Texas.

Sweet the rooster—and bring us your eggs. **BRADY BROKERAGE CO.**

To Farm Bureau Members, Co-Operative Marketing Association:

The Farm Bureau cotton is being warehoused at Brady, Texas, for the McCulloch county district. Mr. T. T. Smith is in charge and is issuing Bankers Acceptances, good for a \$20.00 per bale advance on your cotton. The balance of the 60% will be sent you from Dallas Headquarters a little later on. The charge of seventy cents per bale per month covers storage, insurance, sampling, etc. Be patient with the Bureau; every baby has to crawl before it walks and the Bureau is making wonderful strides despite the load it is carrying.

COMMITTEE

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENTISH"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL
COPYRIGHT, BY RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, a United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clue to a revolutionary movement in this country seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate.

CHAPTER II.—Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry.

CHAPTER III.—At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who appears to recognize him.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger addresses Severn as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Concocted, Severn hears the girl he had followed address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution.

CHAPTER V.—Leaving the crowd to discuss the message she had brought, the girl discovers Severn listening. She accepts his explanation of his presence and makes an appointment to meet him next day. He tells her his name is Daly. Harris informs him of a scheme he has to secure a sum amounting to \$100,000, the revolutionary fund, and offers to "split" with him. Severn accepts the proposition.

CHAPTER VI.—Severn learns it was his new friend and a "Captain Alva" who had lost the box which started him on the trail. Harris tells him the woman is Marie Gessler. He arranges to meet Severn next day at Tom Costigan's saloon. Leaving the building, Severn notices a stalled automobile a few blocks away. Investigating, he finds the body of Captain Alva, stabbed to death with a hatpin dagger. Securing it, he remembers having seen it, or one like it, in Marie Gessler's hat.

CHAPTER VII.—Believing Marie left the foundry with Alva, Severn is forced to believe she is the slayer. He takes the dagger with him, leaving the body to be discovered later. At the address Marie had given him he finds she is unknown. He visits Costigan's and learns that Harris has disappeared. Costigan apparently has no doubt that Severn is really "Daly," and gives him his full confidence.

CHAPTER VIII.—At his hotel Severn finds a message asking him to phone the Hotel McAlpin. He does so and is invited to call. At the McAlpin he meets Marie Gessler. She refuses fully to explain her position, and he is unable to make up his mind as to whether she is guilty or innocent of Alva's murder. The presumption, however, is all against her, and Severn, on whom she has made a deep impression, is in a quandary.

CHAPTER IX.—With Marie, Severn visits Perond's cafe, an underworld resort, where the girl believes they may meet Harris and a Russian Jew, Ivan Waldron, a leading spirit in the scheme of robbery. At Perond's, Harris discovers Severn, and believing the latter has obtained the money after killing Alva, attacks him. Severn fights him and Waldron off, and, with Marie, escapes. The girl refuses fully to explain her position in connection with the conspirators, insisting that Severn must give her his full confidence. With that he is forced to be content.

I could ask these questions, but not one was answerable. They merely mocked me with their emptiness.

Then, shrill and insistent, the telephone rang.

My heart was beating like a trip-hammer as I took down the receiver. Who could be calling me in this hour? Who except she alone in this city knew my name and hotel?

"Hullo."

A man's voice spoke huskily. "This you, Daly?"

"Yes," hastily, instantly aware of who was on the other end of the wire, yet feeling it best to dissemble until I learned the purpose.

"Who is speaking?"

"The fellow you bluffed with a bottle tonight. No, I ain't got no hard feelings. Besides, I got something else to think about than a cracked dome. Say, I got some dope on how that job was did, an' maybe could tell you something else of interest. I got to talk with you privately—that's what. It's a matter for the girl as well as yourself. I'm playing square as long as you do the right thing, but I know who the dame is, an' am liable to equal if I get a raw deal; that's putting it straight, Harry."

"You know who she is, you say?"

"Sure I do. Old Pierre, over at Perond's, told me. He never forgets a face, or a name, that old duffer. He knew you the minute you blew in, and he knew her, too; she'd been there before slumming."

"Who is she, then?"

"That's all right—I know; but I ain't fool enough to blow it over the wire. If you'll come over here and have a talk, I'll spill a few things in your ear that'll make you wise."

"Where are you?"
"At Costigan's."
"Who's become of your partner?"
"Who's that—Waldron? He ain't no partner of mine. Say, you must have handed that guy some jolt. The last I saw of him, he was laid out on a bench in Perond's back room breathing like a stuck pig, dead to the world. Will you come over here?"
"What have you got to tell me?"
"Well, there's the dame's name for one thing. I'll bet you don't even



"I'll Bet You Don't Even Know Who She Is."

know who she is, or how she's stringing you. Then I'm on to where a part of that hoodie's planted—anyhow I've got a hunch. If we turn it up, I'm still strong on the fifty-fifty proposition."

I turned it over swiftly in my mind, the receiver still at my ear. I felt no particular fear of Harris; to be sure, in all probability, he was only feeling about in the dark, hoping in this way to learn something of value, yet it might be that he had accidentally uncovered the girl's identity, and that alone was inducement enough to urge me to take the risk. If he actually knew who she was, he was the kind that might become ugly, and, however much I suspected her in my own mind, I had no desire to leave her undefended at his mercy. Guilty or not guilty, my inclination was to protect her to the last. Besides I was eager to obtain the information he claimed to possess; indeed, all progress on the case was blocked until I did obtain it. As to his boast that he knew where the stolen money was concealed, I took little stock in that. Doubtless he merely threw that in for good measure. But the other looked reasonable enough; she had confessed being at Perond's before; Pierre was fully as likely to recall her to memory as he was to remember Daly, and Harris could never have made so shrewd a guess, unless he had really been told the facts. Another thing gave me courage to go to Costigan's. I was still accepted by these people as Harry Daly, crook. I would undoubtedly be so received, so treated. Under these circumstances there could be no personal danger; I held the whip-hand, the advantage—Harris was only endeavoring to see what he could get out of me; he had abandoned force to resort to diplomacy.

"All right," I said. "I'll run over there; if you want to play fair, I'll meet you half way."

"Oh, I'm on the square, old man, and I've got some good dope," he insisted. "I'll blow it when you show up."

I returned the receiver to the hook, uncertain whether or not I had decided rightly, yet determined to carry out the experiment. Above all else I wanted to learn who Marie Gessler was. Nothing else mattered so much, for on this discovery all else hinged. If violence, or treachery, was intended, I would be found prepared, and well able to defend myself.

The neighborhood into which I was venturing induced me to take a taxi, and, within ten minutes, I was deposited at the door of the saloon. I pressed open the swinging door, and stepped into the brilliantly lighted bar-room.

Costigan was behind the bar, but, at sight of me, rounded the end, and shook hands cordially, removing his apron, and slipping into a coat, in token that he had changed his occupation.

"Better call Charlie," he said to a man beside him, "for I'll be off for an hour or so. You come to see George?"

"Yes; he telephoned me."
"Said he was going to. He's waitin' in the office there. I'll go along with you."

He pushed a passage through the crowd, his breadth of body according me ample room in which to follow without being obstructed, and opened the closed door with a pass-key. To a wave of his big hand I passed confidently past him, and entered. The next instant he had pressed me forward, came in also, and closed the door; the sharp click of the lock sounded like the report of a pistol.

One startled glance at the interior told me I was trapped, and the swift instinct of defense led me to step aside, so that I should have my back to the wall. Harris sat in the swivel chair, with feet elevated on the desk, sardonically grinning at me over a half-chewed cigar lifted between his teeth. A white rag was bound round his head, through which a few drops

of blood had oozed, leaving a dark stain. Leaning against the wall opposite was Waldron, one eye half-closed, and his lip split, giving to his face a look of savage brutality, rendered peculiarly sinister by a grim effort to smile. Costigan remained motionless, with back against the door, as though thus barring all possibility of escape. I had walked into their trap, and the jaws had closed.

The grin on Harris' face maddened me. "Well," I said coldly, "it was a stall, was it? What is the idea?"

He laughed, without changing his attitude.

"This happens to be our turn to play, Daly," he returned, apparently well satisfied with his smartness.

"Then you have nothing to tell me?"

"Oh, yes, I have; I've got a h—l of a lot to tell you. But first of all you are going to tell me a few things. Push back your right sleeve to the elbow, shirt and all."

"What's that for?"

"Never you mind what it's for; you do what I say, if you know what is best for yourself."

I looked at the faces of the others, but they were hard as flint. My hesitancy caused Harris to lower his feet, and sit up angrily.

"Push up that sleeve, you, or I'll have Waldron do it for you. We've got you foul, you fool!"

I stripped back my sleeve, exposing my right forearm, yet never removing my eyes from their faces. Harris and Costigan bent forward, intent on the operation, but Waldron never shifted his position. Harris slapped a hand on the desk, and gave utterance to an oath.

"By G—d, Dan, we're right. This bird's not Daly!"

"Not in a thousand years he ain't. He's sure a dead-ringer, though."

Harris straightened up, the same hateful grin still exposing his teeth.

"We've got your number this time, son," he announced. "Harry Daly has a tattooed anchor on his right arm. I didn't know it, but Dan did. I'll tell you what made us wise. In the shindig over at Perond's tonight, a card-case was jarred loose from your pocket. There was only one kind of card inside, and that wasn't Daly by a d—n sight. I told Dan about it, and he was for getting a squint at that right arm. Said for me to call you up at the number you gave me, believing that if I threw in 'com' enough you'd come over here. I asked for 'G 145,' the operator there named you, and it was the same name what was on them cards. So now we know yer're a dirty liar and spy, Mister Philip Severn."

"You called me Daly yourself, Harris," I said quietly, realizing the game was up, but not yet sure of their intentions. "I merely let it go."

"Sure; but what was the game? You ain't no fly-cop?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Then you was after the dough. That's what I thought; you and the girl are in cahoots. Well, what did you do with it?"

I shook my head, but this only angered Costigan.

"Ah, stow that," he broke in roughly. "We know you never got it, but she did. There ain't no other way it could have been done. The dame left with Alva. George here saw her go out with him. Then the next morning the guy was found dead, his pockets rifled, and the bag of cash gone. How was he croaked—do you know? Punctured from behind with some sorter sharp instrument, no bigger than a hat-pin. It looked like a woman's job, but she got away clean. And what then? The next night she turns up with you over at Perond's blowing in the coin, and the two of yer havin' a h—l of a time. That proves yer were together, don't it?"

"We're not going to blow this to the police," broke in Harris, as Dan paused for breath. "That ain't the idea at all. But we want a share of that dough. You come across, and there won't be no more trouble."

"But suppose I don't? Suppose I tell you I haven't the slightest idea where that money is, or who got it? What then?"

Harris' grin was more malicious and hateful than ever, but he waited and deliberately lit his stump of a cigar.

"What then?" he echoed finally.

"Well, in the first place, we've got you, haven't we? You'll get out of our hands, before you ever get out of our hands. See here, Severn, I ain't got no direct proof that'll put you in the chair at Sing-Sing; that's true enough, but, unless the two of you cough up liberal, I'll turn something over to the police of this town what will give you a term in the jug, as necessary, and fix that fly dame of yours for all time."

"You are bluffing; you have no such

proof."
"Oh, haven't I? Look here, you fool; do you know where I got that?"

He whipped something from out the concealment of an inner coat pocket, and flung it fully revealed on the desk—an ornamental dagger, glittering in the light, which I as instantly recognized.

"Ever see that baby weapon before?"

"Yes," and I felt a sudden relief at the discovery. "You snatched open my valise, and found it."

"Exactly; that's what I did," evidently proud of himself. "It was an easy enough trick. Just as soon as I got eyes on this pretty plaything I knew I'd got the sticker that put Alva out of business—an' I knew where it come from."

"Where?"

"Oh, h—l! do you think I ain't got any eyes? That skirt wore it in her hat when she and Alva went out together."

"Oh, did she? This same pin, was it? Say, Harris, I wish I could be as bright as you think you are. And did you happen to observe also that the lady's hat was held in place by exactly the same pin tonight when she was in Perond's? Well, it was; now how could it be in your pocket and in her hat at the same time?"

He stared at me, his mouth wide open, and I was equally amused at the expression upon the faces of the other two. I realized fully the peril I was in, and that these men would hesitate at nothing to obtain their end. Yet, in spite of all this, I was inexpressibly happy. I spiked their big gun with a single blow; moreover, I had learned the truth about her, and my faith in her innocence came back in a flood. Harris had done too much boasting; he had ruined his own case. He had placed the very weapon in my grasp which I most desired to have—absolute assurance that the girl herself was innocent. The fellow felt, and realized, the change.

"That's easy," he sneered. "She bought herself another. That proves nothing, except that she is smart enough to play safe. Neither one of you can get away on that sort of dope."

"Perhaps not; but it clears her of the murder charge."

"Oh, does it? That remains to be seen. We know who she is, and that is more than you do. Oh, h—l, I got outo that over the wire; the only thing that interested you into coming here was to learn who the dame really was. That's part of her play, as I figure it, Severn. She won't give herself away, but is just using you. When she's good and ready she means to fade, an' she'll take the dough along with her. You will have sold out for a few cheap kisses, an' that's all." He laughed coarsely. "She is stringing you for a fool. Come now, wake up, before it is too late, an' let's all get a hand in the pot; what'd yer say?"

"You still think I am that kind? One of your class?" I questioned, thoroughly angered by his sneering speech.

"One of my class? I should say not; you are the rawest kind of a mutt, but so far you've been in luck—that's all. Now your luck has changed, and yer up against it."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Blow her; tell us all you know. We'll play the game for you, and divide square."

"You will let me out of here?"

"Sure, once you give us the right steer."

"And if I refuse?"

He laughed contemptuously.

"You're not going to; you've got too d—n much sense. But just to satisfy



"And If I Refuse?"

your curiosity I'll tell you. We've got the girl spotted; we can lay our hands on her in an hour; and, believe me, we've got the goods on the young lady. Here's the sticker that did the business, and I found it right where you had hidden it away. I can find three men—they are keeping out of sight, but I can stir them up—who'll swear that she went away alone with Alva from that factory over there; that he had the bag with him, and that the two got into the auto together. That makes one h—l of a straight case, don't it?"

"The way you put it—yes. But what good will it do you fellows to have her pinched? Where do you gain anything?"

"Time; it blocks the get-away with the swag. That's all we want. See here, Severn, we know where the stuff is planted; at least we've got an idea

of an almost full moon, in this silvery light every bit of that interior stood revealed in its hideous bareness, the roughly finished walls, the patches of plaster scaled off, the dirty floor, the single door and window, the rags amid which I rested. It was a hopeless scene.

I staggered to my feet reeling a moment like a drunken man, and then finally found my way along the side wall to the window. My strength increased as I advanced, and courage was born with it—I was not dead; I might baffle those villains yet. They must have felt that I was safe enough in this place; that, even if I regained consciousness, no escape was possible, for they had left no guard. A glance without revealed the reason for such confidence. I was four stories up, on a sheer brick wall below, and, at the bottom, a concrete walk. There was nothing between to cling to unless it might be the narrow coping of stone just beneath the window sill. I stared at this, almost hopefully, for an instant; then turned my eyes away with a shudder; it was scarcely as broad as the sole of my shoe and to think of creeping along there was merely the dream of a madman. The bright moonlight flooded everything about, yet I saw nothing familiar; I was evidently at the back end of a house, with others closely set on either side, and an alley beyond a small, enclosed

shook my own confidence in her innocence. The absurdity of the situation lay in my absolute ignorance. I knew even less than they pretended to know. What should I do? Pretend manufacture some story? I had no faith it would work. These fellows were criminals, suspicious and unscrupulous; they would only believe what I could prove. If they caught me in a deliberate lie, as they probably would, that would instantly end everything. I might, then, just as well fight it out with them now as later. I set my teeth, ready for what I felt sure was coming.

"You fellows have sized me up wrong," I said quietly, but firmly. "I am not the kind to squeal because of a threat. You'll find I'll protect the lady, but I'll do it in my own way—not yours. The honest truth is, I haven't anything to tell. You won't believe that, but it is so. I know less than you claim to know. I have no knowledge of where the money is, or who got it. I do not know who killed Alva; even now I haven't any suspicions worth mentioning. But I will say this plainly—I do not believe this girl did it, or that she had any hand in the robbery. I am going to stay with her till h—l freezes over, if that is what you want to know. That's my answer, Harris, and it is all I've got to give you."

"You d—d cur! we'll show you something!"

"Perhaps you will; you are three to one, and on your own dung-hill. But the man who touches me is going to get hurt; I'll promise you that. No, you don't, Costigan; that trick won't work!"

I tried to keep my eyes on the three of them, but his movement caused me to step back closer against the wall. I feared the Jew least; he had neither spoken nor moved since our entrance, and I felt he had no stomach for any further fighting. Yet I judged wrong. With one quick dash forward he gripped my wrist as I reached back for a revolver, and flung his burly frame against me with such force as to have thrown me headlong but for the support of the wall. Before I could wrench myself free, the others closed in desperately, content to use their hands, unwilling, perhaps, to create any alarm with fire-arms. I was a better fighting man than any one of the three, but combined they had the advantage. I wrenched free from the Russian, and thus got one hand in action, yet that was all. I knew I planted one jolting blow straight against Costigan's round face which made him wince, and got a foot fair into Harris' stomach, sending him reeling backward. Indeed I staggered the two of them, twisting out of the grip of those iron fingers, and smashing a step forward in spite of every effort. I was maddened, frenzied, reckless of all injury, eager only to injure those devils in any conceivable way; hate seemed to endow me with supernatural strength, and a desire to kill swept me with passion. All before me was blood-red, amid which swam their faces, and I went straight for them like a wild beast. Then, suddenly, from behind, a blow descended on my head, crushing me to the floor. I went stumbling down as though struck with a pole-ax, and lay motionless. For the instant I must have retained a measure of consciousness, I knew where I was; I even attempted vainly to regain use of my limbs, and I heard Harris swear in disgust.

"What the h—l did you hit him like that for, you idiot?" he yelled. "We don't want to kill the guy; he's worth more to us alive. Here, you, Waldron, lift up his head!"

Then all knowledge left me, and I went out into the dark.

CHAPTER XI

A Venture of Peril.

I must have remained unconscious for an hour or more. I never really knew how long, for my watch disappeared, yet it was still night when I again painfully opened my eyes and endeavored to perceive my surroundings. Memory of the blow which ended the struggle caused me to lift a hand to my head; the scalp was bruised and broken, the hair matted with clotted blood, yet I could not believe the injury was a serious one. I could use my limbs. Satisfied on this point, and assured that I was alone, I braced myself on one arm, and, in a sitting posture, endeavored to survey my surroundings.

I was resting on the floor of a bare room of ordinary size, containing no vestige of furniture. The place was cold, with that indescribable chill peculiar to unused apartments, and through the one window, which was unshaded

of an almost full moon, in this silvery light every bit of that interior stood revealed in its hideous bareness, the roughly finished walls, the patches of plaster scaled off, the dirty floor, the single door and window, the rags amid which I rested. It was a hopeless scene.

I staggered to my feet reeling a moment like a drunken man, and then finally found my way along the side wall to the window. My strength increased as I advanced, and courage was born with it—I was not dead; I might baffle those villains yet. They must have felt that I was safe enough in this place; that, even if I regained consciousness, no escape was possible, for they had left no guard. A glance without revealed the reason for such confidence. I was four stories up, on a sheer brick wall below, and, at the bottom, a concrete walk. There was nothing between to cling to unless it might be the narrow coping of stone just beneath the window sill. I stared at this, almost hopefully, for an instant; then turned my eyes away with a shudder; it was scarcely as broad as the sole of my shoe and to think of creeping along there was merely the dream of a madman. The bright moonlight flooded everything about, yet I saw nothing familiar; I was evidently at the back end of a house, with others closely set on either side, and an alley beyond a small, enclosed

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I Was Four Stories Up.

yard. This latter was littered with dead weeds and rubbish of every description, and a small shed of some kind extended across

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 by careful and painstaking em-
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 General
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A Good Injun.
 A Northern Ontario editor tells me
 of an old Indian that came in to his
 office to subscribe for the paper. The
 editor took the money. Then the In-
 dian wanted a receipt. The editor
 tried to talk him out of it. Mr. In-
 dian insisted on getting a receipt.
 After making it out, the editor asked
 him why he was so persistent in
 wanting a receipt. The Indian said:
 "Me die some day and go to big gate.
 Saint Peter ask I been good Indian.
 I say yes. He say did you pay your
 debts? I say yes. He say did you
 pay editor for paper? I say yes. He
 say where is receipt? I not have it.
 I have to run all over h—I to find you
 and get a receipt."—Ex.

Transfer Binders. The Standard.
Colds Cause Grip and Influenza
 LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the
 cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine."
 F. W. GROVE'S Dispensary on box. 20c.

The
**Mystery of the
 Silver Dagger**
 By RANDALL PARRISH
 Author of "The Strange
 Case of Cavendish"
 Illustrations by A. Weil

Continued from Page 3)

How could I ever move backward to
 regain safety?
 Yet wait: there was a way, danger-
 ous enough to be sure, yet possible if
 I possessed the necessary nerve. There
 were opened blinds at each window;
 they would help some as grasping
 spots for the hands. The one within
 reach appeared solid enough, firmly
 anchored to the casement, and secured
 to the brick wall by means of an iron
 hook. Between the two the space to
 be traversed was not wide; a single
 stride on the ground beneath would
 bridge the distance. If I had some
 thing to cling to above—anything that
 would keep me upright—I might hold
 my footing on the narrow stone and
 make the passage slowly. It was a
 daring, deadly venture, but possible.
 But what could I hope to utilize as
 a support? The bare room offered but
 a single suggestion—the dirty coverlet
 which had been thrown over me. Torn
 apart from corner to corner, and
 twisted into the form of a rope, it
 ought to safely sustain my entire
 weight in case a foot slipped. I
 started to tear with my teeth, and thus
 succeeded in ripping the thing from

end to end. It was scarcely long
 enough for the purpose, which com-
 pelled me to make the noose corre-
 spondingly small. However, with this
 improvised lasso gripped in my right
 hand, I took position astride the sill
 of the window, in an endeavor to pro-
 ject the loosened end over some pro-
 truberance of the blind beyond. By
 holding tight to the frame with my
 left hand, the right was left free,
 and I was enabled to lean out far
 enough to obtain a clear toss. There
 was little the noose could catch on,
 and continued failure left me listless
 and discouraged. I lost hope, yet
 kept at it, and finally, to my surprise,
 the ring of the cloth settled over an
 iron projection of the blind, and clung
 there, extending straight across from
 window to window. I hardly dared
 breathe as I drew the thing taut and
 tested the firmness with which it was
 held at the other end. The noose
 closed down tightly about the iron
 staple, and resisted every effort at
 release. To all seeming it was as safely
 anchored as though I had placed it
 there by hand. Somehow the very
 knowledge that this had been accom-
 plished, that the way was open,
 brought with it a renewal of the feel-
 ing of horror with which I had first
 contemplated the possibility of such
 an accomplishment. Would I ever dare
 the attempt? My head swam as I
 gazed downward, and then across, and
 I shrank back absolutely terrified at
 the very thought.

Yet my nerve returned, and I found
 myself cool and determined. It was
 no pleasant job, to be sure, and I
 was compelled to steel myself to the
 attempt, yet I no longer held paral-
 yzed by fear. I easily found a secure
 fastening for the strip of bed-spread at
 my own window, and then, satisfied
 that it was taut and securely held at
 both ends, lowered my body cautiously
 over the sill, until my stockinged feet
 nervously gripped the narrow stone
 or permit my mind to dwell for an
 instant on what was below. Slowly
 I straightened up, until my entire
 weight was upheld by this precarious
 foot-hold. To advance step by step
 was impossible; all I could hope to
 accomplish in locomotion was to
 stealthily advance one foot a few
 inches, sliding it along the stone, ever
 retaining contact, and then, as care-
 fully drawing the other after until
 they met, toe and heel. It was the
 slow progress of a snail, yet the slight-
 est effort at hurrying would mean a
 certain fall.

This was not unduly perilous, how-
 ever, so long as I retained firm hold
 on the sill, or even could grip my
 fingers over the lower frame of the
 open blind, as I was enabled thus to
 partially sustain my weight, and, even
 if a foot slipped, the feel of the solid
 wood yielded confidence. But finally
 my hand reached out and grasped only
 the cloth cord, twisted into some sem-
 blance of a rope, and, as it gave sick-
 ening to the pressure, the old fear
 swept over me in a torrent of agony.
 I could never make it—never! I would
 go swirling, crashing down to that
 death below. It was but a step, to
 be sure; a step and I could reach
 the firmness of the other blind; but,
 oh, the step—the speechless horror of
 it! Yet there was no going backward!
 I tried this, only to realize at once its
 impossibility, and the perspiration
 burst out from every pore, as the full
 horror of my situation suddenly
 flashed over me. I must go on, trust-
 ing to that thin, unstable cord, balanc-
 ing myself above the gulf. There was
 no other way, no retreat, no means of
 escape. I do not know now how the
 act was accomplished; it is hardly a
 memory, except as some wild delirium
 of sleep haunts me when they awake.
 Inch by inch I crept, hand unreach-
 ing on hand, foot pressing against foot.

STATES HE ACHED FROM HEAD TO FOOT

San Antonio Man Had Suffered For
 Twenty-five Years Before Find-
 ing Relief.

"Tanlac certainly has been a friend
 to me and I wouldn't be back in the
 fix I was in for all the money in San
 Antonio," was the emphatic state-
 ment of Gus Barboleris, 504 South
 Mittman St., San Antonio, Texas.
 "I suffered for twenty-five years
 with rheumatism and indigestion and
 I don't know what else was the mat-
 ter with me. I have gone to bed at
 night feeling like I was going to
 choke to death. I fell off in weight
 until I weighed only one hundred and
 twenty-eight pounds. I had rheuma-
 tism in my left shoulder and I could-
 n't move my arm without suffering
 agony, and some days, especially in
 damp weather, I ached from head to
 foot. I tried sulphur baths and ev-
 erything else I ever heard of that was
 good for rheumatism but I kept
 growing worse all the time. I got so
 I dreaded for night to come because
 I couldn't sleep. My stomach was
 in a terrible condition and no matter
 what I ate it would nearly kill me.
 "Tanlac has just seemed to make
 me over entirely. I eat anything I
 want and nothing ever disagrees
 with me. My rheumatism is gone and
 I sleep all night long without any
 kind since I finished my first half
 bottle and have gone up in weight
 from one hundred and twenty-eight
 to one hundred and forty. I am eat-
 ing pork for supper, something I
 wouldn't have dared to do a month
 ago. I feel better than I have in
 twenty-five years. If I couldn't get
 Tanlac any other way I would be
 willing to walk forty miles for an-
 other bottle. There's something about
 it that certainly straightens out a
 man's trouble and makes him feel
 fine all the time."

Tanlac is sold in Brady by Trigg
 Drug store, in Mercury by J. T.
 Matlock, in Rochelle by C. W. Carr,
 and by leading druggists everywhere.

every slightest movement ex-
 pressible agony—then I gripped the
 support of wood once more, and clung
 to it as with the grasp of death.

I clung there until my mind came
 back, until I felt the return of strength
 to my body, and I could look down
 through the moonlight without reeling
 dizzily. The blind was strong, firmly
 braced, and I felt safe in its protec-
 tion. But what about the window
 beyond? Suppose it should be locked?
 or the room into which I opened,
 occupied? I could not continue to cling
 there in uncertainty; I must learn the
 truth—assure myself that I had not
 passed through all this tense agony
 in vain.

Continued Next Tuesday.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of
 McCulloch County—Greeting:
 You are hereby Commanded that
 you summon G. W. Ryley by making
 publication of this citation in some
 newspaper published in McCulloch
 County, Texas, if there be a news-
 paper published therein, but if not
 then in the nearest County where a
 newspaper is published, once in each
 week for four consecutive weeks pre-
 vious to the return day of this cita-
 tion, to be and appear before the Dis-
 trict Court of McCulloch County,
 Texas, at the next regular term
 thereof, to be holden at the Court
 House in Brady, Texas, on the Third
 Monday after the last Monday in Au-
 gust 1921, the same being the 19th
 day of September 1921, then and there
 to answer the plaintiff's original pe-
 tition filed in a suit in said Court on
 the 11th day of April 1921, wherein
 Mattie E. Ryley is Plaintiff and G.
 W. Ryley is Defendant, the file No.
 of said suit being No. 2074, and the
 nature of plaintiff's demand and her
 cause of action in a suit for Divorce
 and said petition alleging that plain-
 tiff and defendant were legally mar-
 ried in McCulloch County, Texas on
 or about the 11th day of August, 1915;
 plaintiff prays for custody and con-
 trol of two minor children and costs
 of suit.

Herein Pail Not, but have you be-
 fore said Court, on the first day of
 the next term thereof, this Writ with
 your return thereon showing how you
 have executed the same.
 Given under my hand and seal of
 said Court, at office in Brady, Texas,
 this 6th day of August, A. D. 1921.
 P. A. CAMPBELL,
 Clerk of the District Court, McCul-
 loch County, Texas.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be
 pleased to learn that there is at least
 one dreaded disease that science has
 been able to cure in all its stages and
 that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly
 influenced by constitutional conditions
 requires constitutional treatment. Hall's
 Catarrh Medicine is taken internally
 and acts thru the mucous sur-
 faces of the system thereby destroying
 the foundation of the disease, giving the
 patient strength by building up the con-
 stitution and assisting nature in doing its
 work. The proprietors have so much
 faith in the curative power of Hall's
 Catarrh Medicine that they offer One
 Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails
 to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
 Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo,
 Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER.
 Kills worms with one application.
 Heals wounds and keeps off flies.
 More for your money, and your money
 back if you want it. Ask Trigg Drug
 Co.

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*of your printed Stationery reflects
 the character of your business*

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 PRINTING
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"One-Price-on-Everything
 Marked-in-Plain Figures"

THE BRADY STANDARD
Distinctive Printers—Office Outfitters
 BRADY, TEXAS

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilkerson are
 today occupying their recently pur-
 chased residence on North Bridge
 street, while the Rev. G. T. Reaves
 and family are simultaneously occu-
 pying the Christian parsonage just
 vacated by Mr. Wilkerson.

J. F. Schaeg and D. G. Butler re-
 turned Saturday from Austin, where
 they had been spending a couple days
 on combined business and pleasure,
 Mr. Schaeg visiting his family there.
 They report the roads as being in
 very good shape and the trip being
 entirely enjoyable.

Writing from Elvasville to renew
 his Brady Standard subscription,
 Friend John R. Winstead adds the
 following cheerful message: "Every-
 thing is picking up here in a business
 way; no oil boom—it's watermelons,
 sweet milk and mosquitos. There is
 a milk wagon on every block, and
 mosquitos in every room. Remember
 me kindly to everyone."

Mrs. Harry Irwin and mother, Mrs.
 S. J. Flannery, have just returned
 from a most enjoyable two-weeks
 outing spent on the S. E. McKnight
 ranch at Sonora, and in visiting vari-
 ous places in West Texas, included
 among which were San Angelo,
 Christoval, Del Rio and other points
 of interest. They report the most
 enjoyable of times, and state that ev-
 erywhere they met with unparalleled
 hospitality and entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Tol J. Roberts were
 greatly concerned over the biting of
 their son by a pet grey-hound recent-
 ly. The animal was lying asleep
 when the lad disturbed him, and the
 dog snapped, possibly before being
 fully aroused, biting the boy in the
 cheek. The dog's head was sent to
 the Pasteur institute for examination,
 and the parents were greatly reliev-
 ed upon being advised that examina-
 tion showed no indications of hydro-
 phobia in the dog.

Lurene Adelle is the very pretty
 name of a very pretty little Miss who
 arrived Friday, August 19th, to grace
 the home of Mr and Mrs. Lou Town-
 send, and incidentally to bring untold
 happiness not only to the fond par-
 ents, but to the adoring grandparents,
 Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Valen-

line as well. Mrs. Mason will remain
 here for some time attending her
 daughter and grand-daughter, while
 Mr. Mason left Sunday on his return
 home, going via San Angelo.

Emmett Bratton returned Saturday
 from Austin, where he had carried
 his 12-year old son, Ted, who had
 been bitten by a pole cat. Mrs. Brat-
 ton and son remained in Austin,
 where the little fellow will be under
 treatment for a period of twenty-one
 days. Mr. Bratton carried with him
 the head of a polecat, which he killed
 underneath the house, and which is
 presumed to be the same as the one
 which bit the boy. The director of
 the Pasteur institute declared the cat
 showed every evidence of having had
 hydrophobia. He stated further, that

these animals are never known to a
 tack people unless they are suffering
 from hydrophobia. Quite frequently
 parties are scratched or bitten by
 cats which they have cornered, or
 while trying to get them out of a
 hollow log, but these cats rarely, if
 ever, show signs of hydrophobia. Mr.
 Bratton says that a majority of the
 patients at the Pasteur institute ap-
 peared under treatment for injuries
 inflicted by house cats.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
 Druggists refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails
 to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles.
 Instantly relieves Itching Piles, and you can get
 restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

Send your films to a good fin-
 isher. John McDowell, next
 door to St. Clair's.

Bring Us Your Eggs

We will pay 15c for Canded Eggs and
 17 1-2c for Infertile Eggs.
*We would appreciate a part
 of your eggs.*

Brady Brokerage Co.

**THE
 MKT
 AND**

MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILROADS

The name "TEXAS SPECIAL" means A FAST,
 SOLID STEEL, DEPENDABLE TRAIN
 EQUIPPED FOR YOUR COMFORT—
 GIVING OVERNIGHT SERVICE
 BETWEEN TEXAS POINTS
 and
 ST. LOUIS—KANSAS CITY
 MAKING EXCELLENT CONNECTIONS
 FOR ALL POINTS WEST, NORTH AND EAST

For further information write W. G. Crush, Passenger
 Traffic Manager, MK&T Ry., Dallas, Texas.