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THE BRADY STANDARD

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THE BRADY ENTERPRISE
VOL. XIII, No. 34

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Tuesday, January 31, 1922.

MCCULLOCH COUNTY STAR
VOL. III, NO. 70

Whole Number 1156.

BUY A VON HEUSEN COLLAR---MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

M'CULLOCH HAS VAST MARBLE FIELD LOCATED IN SOUTH PART OF COUNTY

PART OF FIELD LIES ONLY THREE OR FOUR MILES FROM END OF FRISCO TRACT SOUTH OF ORIGINAL PASSENGER STATION—LEDGES TEN FOOT THICK.

In mentioning the possibilities that a North and South Railway would open to the world, The Standard recently mentioned the marble fields of South McCulloch and North Mason counties, but overlooked entirely the fact that in this same section of the country there is a wonderful marble field, of vast and unknown extent. Mere cursory examination has uncovered three or more fields of this marble, running from one-half to two miles apart. Some of the marble is mottled red and white, other marble is brown and white, while still other shows a pure white.

The existence of this marble field, which, perhaps, is not known to the general public, was first brought to The Standard's attention several months ago, when a local citizen, who had worked for many years in the marble quarries of Vermont, and later at Llano, exhibited bits of this marble which, even with but a rough finish, showed a high degree of lustre and polish. It was recalled to mind Monday, when P. W. Appleton, well-known citizen of Camp San Saba, exhibited various specimens of the marble.

Mr. Appleton said the marble on his place was virtually on top of the surface, only a thin layer of gravel and dirt covering it. The red and white marble shows up in layers about six inches thick. Just the extent and area of this marble has never been investigated. About two miles distant

is to be found the white marble. A great crack in the marble forms a cave twenty feet deep, and Mr. Appleton's sons say this twenty-foot cave discloses two solid ledges of the marble, each ten feet in thickness.

Further on, in the Fred Otto pasture, the marble is again found, although at some depth under a covering of earth.

With rail facilities to get this marble to market, there is no reason why a great and profitable industry could not be developed through the quarrying of the marble. The immense steel cables used in modern quarrying, would enable the cutting up of the marble in immense blocks for transportation to marble yards, where they are further cut up, or modeled by artists skilled with maul and chisel.

"Teach me that 60 minutes make an hour, 16 ounces one pound and 100 cents one dollar. Help me so to live that I can die down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal-ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and to the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of the other fellow but reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children, and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age. And when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the crunching of wheels in the yard—make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple, 'HERE LIES A MAN.'—Oriental Consistory Bulletin."

A MAN'S PRAYER.

On the walls of Henry T. Perkins' wholesale house, Springfield, Mass., appears the following practical workaday petition to the Supreme Being. Its application is universal—its practice a wholesome habit:

TWO PRISONERS MAKE SUCCESSFUL JAIL BREAK LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

M. M. GREENE AND W. M. NEIL UNBOLT CELL DOORS AND DIG THROUGH BRICK WALLS OF JAIL—ABSENCE DISCOVERED SUNDAY MORNING—GREENE CAUGHT.

A daring and successful jail break was perpetrated Saturday night, two prisoners, M. M. Greene, charged with a felony, and W. M. Neil, held on three misdemeanor charges, working the bolts on their cell door, burrowing a passage through the brick walls of the jail and escaping into the darkness. B. E. Macaw, who was arrested with Greene, remained in his cell, refusing the opportunity to gain liberty. The escape was not discovered until Sunday morning, when Jailer J. W. Hibdon went to the cells to give the prisoners their breakfast. After keeping the wires hot for two days, the local officers got trace of Greene on the P. C. Dutton place, and yesterday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock rearrested him at his father's farm near Rochelle.

Greene appears, from the statement both down town at the time of the of his cell mate, Macaw, to have been escape, and the children, at home, heard nothing of the commotion. According to Macaw, the escape was made at about 9:00 o'clock. Macaw failed to join the two, saying he expected to gain his liberty in a few days anyway.

Roy Ikner, who has been held in jail the past ten months on a murder charge, was in a separate part of the jail, with a solid rock wall between him and the other prisoners.

Sheriff Wall first heard of Greene on the P. C. Dutton ranch, where Greene has a sister living, and notified Constable J. W. Cole of Rochelle to be on the look-out for the man. In the meantime Wall started in pursuit. Greene made his get-away from the ranch by a cross country run, but was taken in charge at his father's place near Rochelle at 4:00 o'clock yesterday evening.

Greene and Macaw were arrested December 21st on a charge of house-breaking, it being alleged that they entered the house of J. F. Day, near Placid, taking a six-shooter, watch, clothes and other articles.

Neil had three misdemeanor charges against him each charging theft, and to one of which he had pleaded guilty. The other two charges were continued to the next term of court.

AUTHORITY OF OFFICERS UNDER DEAN LAW IS AGAIN SET FORTH

Austin, Tex., Jan. 24.—The attorney general's department today issued a statement setting out authority of officers in enforcing the Dean prohibition law. The statement was made after it had been ascertained that considerable confusion existed between officers of Texas as to their authority in searching and seizing intoxicating liquors and equipment for making it.

The department holds that under the law there is ample authority to search for, seize and destroy intoxicating liquors possessed, sold or to be sold or transported, or manufactured.

It was held that search warrants may be issued for searching and seizing liquor and equipment. However, no house may be searched on warrant unless some part of the house is used as a store, hotel or boarding house, or for some purpose other than a private residence, unless the warrants bear affidavits of two credible persons showing that liquor is sold or manufactured at the residence in question.

set out quite a nice orchard just below the dam, and which should thrive by reason of the sub-irrigation from the water in the dam. While renewing his own subscription, Mr. Spivey incidentally ordered the paper sent to his mother, Mrs. Sallie Spivey, at Caradan, Texas.

County School Board Meeting.

This is to give notice that the County Board of School Trustees will hold a regular meeting at the courthouse on Monday, February 6th. Any changes in the district lines, should be presented to the board at this time.

Signed, W. M. DEANS,

Secretary.

RUSSELL GASSER NEAR BALLINGER BLOWS IN—SHUTS DOWN OTHER RIGS

BALLINGER, Texas, Jan. 27.—The Russell Well No. 1, drilled in 1918, fifteen miles east of here, was reported as blown in today. Seventeen joints of two-inch gas pipe were blown from the well and lodged in a twisted condition in the derrick, the report said.

The Russell Production Company has been using gas from the well for fuel in drilling other wells, but all rigs have been compelled to shut down until the gas can be placed under control again.

O. Wilson of Breckenridge signed a contract here today to drill a well on the W. E. Allen ranch, three miles west of here. Drilling is to be started within thirty-days, and the well drilled to 3,150 feet.

Card of Thanks.

To the dear friends, the doctor and nurse, who attended our dear father in his last illness, we extend our most sincere thanks. When your loved ones are called away, may you be surrounded by just such loving friends, is our sincerest wish.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. DAWSON,
Mr. and Mrs. JNO. M. BEASLEY,
HAROLD and ADRIAN BEASLEY.

Read it in The Standard.

MCCULLOCH CO. TEACHERS ASSOCIATION ENJOYS GOOD MEETING AT ROCHELLE SAT.

The McCulloch County Teachers association held a splendid meeting last Saturday at Rochelle, and in spite of the bad weather, a good attendance was had, and the program was thoroughly enjoyed by the twenty-five teachers present. The teachers praise the Rochelle hospitality very highly, the ladies of the town having served an excellent dinner to them, and otherwise showing them every courtesy.

The next meeting of the association will be held at Brady on Saturday, March 11th.

INSTALLATION CEREMONIES FRIDAY NIGHT BY BRADY COMMANDERY NO. 68, K. T.

Installation ceremonies, as previously announced, will be held next Friday night, February 3rd, by Brady Commandery No. 68, Knights Templar, for the recently elected officers. The ceremonies will be at an open session, to which all Sir Knights and their immediate families are invited. Following the installation, an enjoyable social meeting has been planned, at which refreshments will be enjoyed by those in attendance.

Baptist Meeting Postponed.

On account of the dampness of the weather, the revival at the Baptist church has been postponed, and will now begin next Sunday, February 5th.

J. H. TAYLOR, Pastor.

Irish Seed Potatoes and Fresh Garden Seeds at Si Proctor's Grocery.

SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE

Via. Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m. Fare—\$9.00.

Round Trip—\$16.00. Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

The GIRLAHORSE AND A DOG

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, scrofulous idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$40,000. He is in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude recorded, and all he can do is identify the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city not far from the mountain described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was none other than Charley Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appear to be the identical man and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure conveyance, he walks to town to Placerville. Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE DOG. After an explanation, she invites him to her home at the old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twomby, caretaker of the mine, and his wife, Jeanie. Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie. She becomes more interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton apparently an old friend of the Twomby's, has been at the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$20,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

CHAPTER IX.—Jeanie cautions Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently in a spirit of mischief, allows him to kill her. After a conversation with Charley Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy, without doubt, Bullerton, wrecks the pumping machinery. Broughton decides to have it out with him next day.

CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Bullerton and Jeanie have disappeared, apparently eloped. He also discovers that his deed to the mine had been signed and not yet recorded; he has no proof of ownership. Mysterious actions of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanie.

"What's hit you now, son?" Daddy inquired; seeing my jaw drop, I suppose.

"The last thing there was in the box that could fall out and hit me," I gurgled. "Bullerton has stolen my deed to the Cinnabar!"

"The mischief he has! Plum sure you hadn't lost it out o' your pocket?" We made sure, without the loss of a moment; looking in my left sleeping-place and in the mine buildings. The deed was gone, safely enough, and we both agreed that Bullerton had had plenty of chances to steal it. Wearing overclothes while I was working about the machinery, I had often left my coat hanging in the cabin. As a matter of fact, I hadn't worn it at all on the previous day.

"Well, Daddy," said I, after the prolonged search had proved futile, "where does this leave me?" Threshing the facts out, we soon found where it left me. Grandfather Jasper, as you may remember, had made no mention of the mine, or, indeed, of any legacy to me in his will as it had been probated; there was no need of it because he had already deeded the Cinnabar to me, and at the time of his death it was no longer among his assets. Moreover, his lawyers had told Bullerton (according to Bullerton's story told me in the Pullman smoking room) that there was no record of any mining transaction whatever in his papers. Therefore, in the absence of the memorandum which my grandfather had given Cousin Percy—and which Percy had doubtless carried with him to China—there was nothing but the deed to show for my ownership; absolutely nothing.

At that, the loss of the deed wouldn't have been fatal if the document had been properly recorded. It hadn't been. And now, with the unrecorded deed gone, there was nothing to prove that I had ever owned the Cinnabar. The loss was total—with no insurance.

Daddy Hiram was shaking his head sorrowfully after we had run this last bunch of straw through the threshing machine.

With things looking as blue as the bluest whetstone that ever clicked upon scythe, we tried to settle upon some line of action. Conah was the

arter yet."

I was freezing all right, in both senses of the word, but I found breath to warn him back, and presently managed to crawl up the ladder and roll out upon the shafthouse floor. Instantly the old man pounced upon me, buffeting, slapping and rubbing, mauling me worse than any Turkish-bath pirate would have dared to. It was keen torture, but it turned the trick, and by the time I was able to breathe comfortably again, I had acquired a beautiful spanked blush where I had been blue—all but the great bruise, ring-shaped, where the suction pipe had hit me.

Of course, Daddy was chock full of sympathy and concern, mixed up with a good bit of curiosity.

"One of the suction pipes," I explained, beginning to crawl back into my clothes. "I was foolish enough to get under it and it grabbed and held me. If you hadn't stopped the pumps I'd have been a gone goose. I was just about all in, as it was."

"Well, you found out the pumps are suckin' all right, anyhow," he remarked.

"They sure are; you think so if you'd been where I was." Then I began to recall some of those mixed and mingled impressions I had gathered. "What kind of soil is there under this train, Daddy?" I asked.

"Huh!" he snorted; "what soil there is on this here ledge you could mighty near put in your eye, I reckon. Tain't nothin' but rock, and blame' hard rock, at that."

"That was my notion. But if the shaft is in rock, why did they box it so strongly with timber? Surely there wouldn't be any danger of a cave in solid stone."

"Well, now, I'm dinged!" he returned, musing. "Long as I've been monkeyin' round mines and such, it never once come to me to wonder about that!"

Speaking of the wooden bulkheading renewed that other impression, or rather two of them; one of having the feeling that I was shut in a tight box at the moment of the fiercest struggling and the other of fancying that I had felt a swirling rush of the liquid ice as well as the sucking outrush. But the recollection was so confused that I attached no importance to it. When a man is fighting for his life ten or twelve feet under water, pipe-dreams are nothing to the things I can imagine.

It was while we were sitting at the shaft-house door, hammering away at the old puzzle of why the water level never varied so much as a fraction of an inch in the shaft, in wet seasons or dry—as Daddy testified it never did—and why the subtraction of two six-inch streams at a velocity sufficient to stir up a veritable whirlpool at the suction intakes should make no impression upon it, that I began to notice the queer actions of the pie-faced collie, Barney. First he would come and stick his cold nose into my hand; then he'd trot over to the cabin and back, and maybe loaf a little way down the road toward the bench level. Coming around to the shaft-house again, he'd sit beside Daddy Hiram, yawning and panting as if he were waiting impatiently for us to stop talking and pay some attention to him.

"Poor old Barney's homesick, and I don't blame him," I said. "I'm feeling a good bit that way, myself, Daddy." Then to the dog: "Come here, old boy."

The collie came to lick my hand, and while I was petting him I found a pretty bad gash just behind one of his ears.

"See here, Daddy," I broke out; "the dog's hurt!"

We examined the wound and decided at once that it was not a bite. It was a bruised cut, looking as if it had been made by some blunt instrument or weapon. I had a hot-flash vision of Bullerton kicking the dog with his iron-shod heel in an attempt to drive him back home, and it was so real that I couldn't shake it off.

When it began to grow dusk in the shaft-house we shut up shop and went over to the cabin to cook our supper. The dog went along, but evidently with reluctance. While we were crossing the dump head he turned back and once more started off down the road toward the bench below, but when he found that we were not following him he came to heel again. Still, neither of us had dog sense enough to guess what was the matter with him.

Daddy Hiram and I, being merely stupid humans, were commenting upon his queer actions, and laying them to Jeanie's absence, when again the dog started off down the road, looking back and barking when he found that we were still sitting on the doorstep. At that, since even solid ivory can be penetrated if the would-be driller of it stays on the job long enough, we finally caught on.

"Say, Stannie! he's a-tryin' to tell us to come on!" Daddy exclaimed, starting to his feet. "Methuselah-to-gracious! did it have to take us a hull endurin' afternoon to figger out that much dog-talk?"

"It looks that way," I admitted; but now, having "figgered" it out, we made no delay. Daddy got his rifle and cartridge-belt, and told me to take Jeanie's pistol for myself—which I did. And thus equipped we took the trail, Indian-filing down the mountain road in the darkness, Daddy Hiram, with his gun in the crook of his left arm, setting the pace, and the collie running on ahead to point the way.

CHAPTER XII.

Around Robin Hood's Barn.

After we had covered possibly two of the four miles between the Cinnabar and the railroad station, the dog branched off to the left along the bulkhead.

I don't know about Daddy Hiram's

better than a bridle path through the forest, and which, for the time, kept its level on the slope, neither ascending nor descending.

"How about it, Daddy?" I asked.

"Where does this trail go?"

"Give it time enough, it comes out at the old Haversack, on Greaser mountain."

"Ends there, you mean?"

"You said it; far as I know, it ends there."

"What is the Haversack?"

"It ain't nothin', now. Used to be a gold prospect eight ten years ago. Never got far enough along to be a mine."

He looked and staggered back, and would have dropped the blazing pine branch if I hadn't caught it from his hand.

For what he saw, and what I had seen, was the unmistakable print, in the soft earth just inside of the planking, of one of Jeanie's brown-leather riding-boots.

He looked and staggered back, and was certain that the dog should be leading us to an abandoned mining project, but Barney seemed to know perfectly well where he was going.

In one of the gulch headings there was a patch of wash sand in what was in wet weather, a runway for water, but which was now only a streamless ravine with a few damp spots in it. Here Daddy called halt, and while the dog sat down and yawned at us and otherwise manifested his impatience at the delay, the old man gathered a few pine-cones and twigs, struck match and lighted a fire, cautioning me meanwhile not to walk on the damp sand patch.

I hadn't the slightest idea of what he was driving at, and he didn't explain; but after the fire had blazed up enough to light the surroundings a bit, he went down upon his hands and knees and began to give an imitation of a man hunting for a dropped piece of money. "It's sort o' queer. Jeanie's been here, and the dog's been back and across a couple o' times, as you can see. But Bullerton hasn't crossed here. There's only the one set o' tracks."

We made a wider search, with a dead pine branch for a torch, but found no other tracks; in fact, the gulch was gullied so deeply above and below that there was no other practicable crossing-place for a horse. If Jeanie had headed for the gulch—and the hoof prints in the sand, and Daddy's identification of them seemed to prove this past any question of doubt—she had headed it alone. But why had she been riding alone into the depths of this uninhabited mountain wilderness?

Calm and self-contained as he usually was, I could see, or rather feel, that Daddy Hiram was growing increasingly nervous as we pushed on. I didn't blame him; so far from it, I was sharing the nervousness in full measure. What were we going to find at the end of the trail?

It must have been at least two miles beyond the damp sand patch that the dim trail we had been following ended abruptly at the abandoned mining camp spoken of by Daddy Hiram—the Haversack. The starlight was bright enough to show us what there was to be seen, which wasn't much; a couple of tumbt-e-down shacks, a shack that had probably been the prospectors' blacksmith shop, and a tunnel mouth that had once been securely boarded up, but from which the bulkheading was now partly fallen away.

It was while we were sitting at the shaft-house door, hammering away at the old puzzle of why the water level never varied so much as a fraction of an inch in the shaft, in wet seasons or dry—as Daddy testified it never did—and why the subtraction of two six-inch streams at a velocity sufficient to stir up a veritable whirlpool at the suction intakes should make no impression upon it, that I began to notice the queer actions of the pie-faced collie, Barney. First he would come and stick his cold nose into my hand; then he'd trot over to the cabin and back, and maybe loaf a little way down the road toward the bench level. Coming around to the shaft-house again, he'd sit beside Daddy Hiram, yawning and panting as if he were waiting impatiently for us to stop talking and pay some attention to him.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A Battle and a Siege.

It was Daddy Hiram who made the first break.

"Charley Bullerton, where's my daughter?" he rapped out, hurling the question at the loafer on our doorstep in a sort of deadly rage that you wouldn't have thought possible in so mild-mannered a man.

"You needn't worry about her," was the cool response. "Didn't you get the note she left for you, saying that you needn't?" Then, as if he had just seen and recognized me: "Hello, Broughton; we've missed a day, but I'll give you the benefit of it and not dock you. Are you selling the old water-logged Cinnabar for twenty thousand dollars this fine morning? It'll probably save you more or less trouble if you are."

He didn't get the kind of answer he wanted; or any relating to the mine. Unhooking Jeanie's gun and handing it to Daddy Hiram, I walked across to where he was sitting, keeping a wary eye on the hand which would have to be the one to go after the weapon he had once showed me hanging under his left arm-pit.

"Mr. Twomby has just asked you where his daughter is, and you haven't told him," I gritted. "You've got about ten seconds in which to tell him all you know, and after you've done it, I'm going to trim you!"

He had scrambled to his feet when he saw me coming, and, just as I expected, that watched right hand flicked suddenly under his coat. At that I rushed him and we mixed it promptly. I got hold of the gun hand before it got to the pistol butt, and at the clinch we were all over the place, each grappling for the underhand, and neither of us paying much attention to the rules, Marquis of Queensberry or other. Bullerton was a heavyweight; he had probably fifteen pounds the advantage of me in that direction; but after I had got the thumb of my free hand upon a certain spot in his neck, it was all over but the funeral.

Jehu! how he swore when I crumpled him, and slammed him down on a bed of broken stone and stuck a knee into his breathing machinery. But he couldn't do anything; the thumb-jab had fixed him. His head was skewed over to one side and he couldn't straighten it. I groped around until I found that other paralyzing nerve ganglion—the one at the joint of the third vertebra.

"Listen to what he says, Daddy!" I said to the old man who stood looking on with the face of a wooden image. Then to Bullerton, who was now merely a wad of flesh gone flaccid under the torturing touch: "Tell what you know, and all you know; and tell it quick and straight!" and I gave him

wearily.

The next thing I knew—and it seemed to be just about a minute after I had closed my eyes—Daddy was shaking me awake.

"Time to be moggin' along, if we aim to get home for breakfast, sonny," he announced. At the break of day we were coming into the Cinnabar-Atropia road at precisely the point at which we left it the evening before.

The sun was just beginning to gild the upper heights of Old Cinnabar when we trailed over the broad plateau bench below the mine and headed for the slope that led up to the dump head. As we topped this last hill there was an amazing surprise awaiting us—a surprise and a shock. On the level spot which served as a doorway for the Twomby cabin stood a horse, saddled and bridled, its drooping ears and hanging head showing that it had been ridden far and hard. And on the cabin door-step, sitting at ease and calmly chewing a half-burned cigar, was Bullerton!

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IT PAYS**--to--****Pay Cash**

Men's best grade Overalls, a pair	\$1.39
Boys' best grade Overalls, a pair	89c
"Big Buck" Men's best Work Shirts, only	85c
Best grade 10-oz. brown duck Coats or Pants....	\$1.59
Men's heavy fleeced Underwear, a garment	53c
Men's Corduroy Suits, coats belted and quilted lining, only	\$11.00
Boys' Corduroy Suits, belted Coats, knee length Pants, only	\$5.00
Men's gray mixed sox (good quality) 2 pairs for	25c
Good quality hose for children, all sizes 6 to 9½, a pair, only	19c
A good grade of cotton flannel, a yard, only.....	15c
A good quality yard-wide Bleached Domestic, a yard only	12c
A good quality, full 3-pound Cotton Batts, quilt size, only	39c

C. H. Vincent
DRY GOODS

SOUTH SIDE

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar. SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

Take Tanlac and eat three square meals a day. Trigg Drug Co.

Announcements	
Congressional	\$15.00
District	10.00
County	10.00
Precinct	5.00
Public Weigher	10.00
Commissioner	5.00
Justice of the Peace	5.00
Constable	5.00
City Offices	5.00

(One insertion per week.)
Terms: Strictly cash in advance. No announcements inserted unless cash accompanies same. Announcements inserted in order in which fees are paid at this office. Fee includes 100-word announcement to be furnished by candidate; all over 100 words at the rate of 10¢ per line. Fees do not include subscription to The Brady Standard:

The Standard is authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary:

For District Clerk:

FRANK W. LOHN

MISS MAGGIE McKEAN

For County Tax Assessor:

H. R. HODGES (Re-Election)

P. A. CAMPBELL

S. R. (DICK) HAYS

For County Treasurer:

JUNE COOPPENDER (Re-Election)

MRS. NONA MONTGOMERY

For County Judge:

EVANS J. ADKINS (Re-Election)

For County Sheriff:

J. C. WALL (Re-Election)

For County Clerk:

W. J. YANTIS (Re-Election)

HENRY D. BRADLEY

For County Tax Collector:

HUBERT K. ADKINS (Re-Election)

For County Surveyor:

E. A. BURROW

For County Superintendent of Public Instruction:

W. M. DEANS (Re-Election)

Mrs. M. L. STALLINGS

For Commissioner Pre. No. 4:

WALTER W. JORDAN

CHAS SAMUELSON (Re-Election)

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:

R. L. (Bob) BURNS (Re-Election)

For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:

J. F. PRIEST (Re-Election)

W. J. REED

JOHN R. WINSTEAD

For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:

S. H. GAINER

J. F. KYZAR

For Public Weigher Pre. No. 1:

ED JACOBY (Re-Election)

H. C. (HENRY) KING

J. F. Kyzar for Commissioner.
J. F. Kyzar one of Rochelle's most prominent farmers and popular citizens, announces his candidacy this week for the office of Commissioner of Precinct No. 4. Mr. Kyzar is so well known to the people of this precinct, and of the county in general, as to scarcely need introduction. Raised at Fredonia, he has spent all his life in San Saba, Mason and McCulloch counties. His father still resides at Fredonia, and is honored and esteemed by all in his wide acquaintance. Mr. Kyzar has, for the past thirteen years or more, made his home in the Corn Creek school neighborhood, five miles north of Rochelle, where he has engaged in farming. During this time he has acted as road overseer, and as supervisor of road work in both the Rochelle and Placid districts, his work meeting with the commendation and approval of all. He has frequently been solicited by friends to make the race for commissioner, but has heretofore not felt in position to give the time required by the office. With road improvement and other important matters now leading issues in the precinct and the county as a whole, Mr. Kyzar feels that he is in position to serve his people in a manner to win approval, and incidentally to accomplish real and lasting benefits. He promises, if elected, to give the office his careful attention and study, and will appreciate the vote and support of lady and men voters alike.

John R. Winstead for Commissioner.
John R. Winstead announces in this issue as a candidate for Commissioner of Precinct No. 3. John R. says he has always aspired to the honor of serving his precinct as commissioner, but his many and various duties prevented his giving up the necessary time. Now, however, since he has retired from all business activities, he would like to fulfill his ambitions, and with nothing to distract his attention, he feels that he can do the position full justice. Perhaps there is no man in Precinct No. 3 more universally popular than John R. Winstead of Waldrip. Of cheerful disposition, his cheery smile and cordial manner have won him warm friends wherever he goes. John R. says he has been in the county 37 years, has never missed a poll tax nor a road working. If elected, he promises not only to make a commissioner for Precinct No. 3, and try to do everything to advance the interests and benefits of his constituents, but he says his constant endeavor will be to do everything possible to advance the interests of the entire county. He will appreciate and respectfully asks consideration of his candidacy and his merits for the office, and wants the support and ballot of every voter, the men and the ladies alike.

For Public Weigher Precinct No. 1.
H. C. (Henry) King is a candidate for the office of Public Weigher in Precinct No. 1, his announcement being made in this issue. Henry is a Brady boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. King, and having been raised here, is well known throughout the precinct. Quiet and unassuming in manner, he yet proved by his action in being one of the first of our boys to go overseas during the World War, that he possessed all the attributes that go to make up a citizen of sterling worth. Volunteering for service in June, 1917, he had sailed for France before the first draft was called in the county. Of his twenty-three months in the ranks, he saw nineteen months actual service in France. Since receiving honorable discharge, he has again made Brady his home, and during 1919 weighed cotton at the Brady compress. Mr. King is confident of his ability to fill the position of weigher in a capable and efficient manner, giving everyone just and impartial treatment, and handling the affairs of the office in a manner to meet universal approval. He asks careful consideration of his claims, and hopes before the primary election to personally ask every man and lady in the precinct for his, or her support and vote.

When you have Hides, Furs, Poultry, Eggs or Produce for sale, we will appreciate a part of your business. We are also in the market for several hundred bushels of wheat; if you have any for sale, see the man with the fur collar. SPILLER & KIRKLEN, across alley from Rohde Market.

Bride's books make an appreciated and unusual gift. See our stock. The Brady Standard.

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

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVES BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine. It does not cause nervousness or drowsiness in horses. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 20c.

PUBLIC FORUM.**Law Enforcement.**

What laws did they mean?

Enough has been said, and written—and I feel like saying, promised, regarding Law Enforcement in the last two years. Well, dating back to the announcement for office—all along from governor down, and especially some for governor,—enough has been spoken and written to make several good-sized volumes. I wish, and have a "longing" to have explained just what laws they meant to see enforced! and what (other laws) should be allowed to be violated and unnoticed?

Any rational man who is noticing a few things along this line of thought will, I believe, agree with me, and I will state my belief:

I believe that the enforcing of the "Volstead Act" was uppermost in the minds of some—especially some of the "higher-ups." I do not intend this to apply to all, but those who feel it "fits them" should be considerate enough to stop a moment to think!

Ku Klucks! Yes, I have a notion of my own on this subject. I will "take for granted" most everybody has more time to read—therefore better informed regarding topics of most vital interest to our State and Nation than I am. But not many are "speaking out."

Will say I have been (if I do have to say it myself) somewhat refined—and very backward—or awkward—in coming out with my own views.

I believe it is very well understood the Ku Klux do their "dirty work"—tarring and feathering—under mask. I also understand, and suppose most everybody does, that such meetings as they have with masks on—to be in violation of laws—but not the Volstead Act.

I am not drawing on my imagination regarding such conduct being a violation of law, for we have lately seen it published in the big dailies that the attorney generals of two of our states had so spoken. If it is against any of our (many) laws to wear masks, as do the members of the Ku Klux, then why do our law "enforcement" officers tolerate it?

Not long ago we read an account of where a parade was to take place, and the K. K.'s invited some officers to accompany them. The officers (a couple of them) accepted the invitation and rode around town with them.

How do you hold your nerves steady and contemplate such discrimination?

In another place—in Oklahoma—we have read an account of a sheriff's deputy shooting down two women—just on suspicion, only, that the Volstead Act was being violated. The suspicion was that the car in which the ladies were riding had whisky in it. Innocent citizens MURDERED in a ruthless madness to make a showing at protecting the Volstead Act.

I, for one, say, if we have more laws than we are willing—or able, to enforce, let somebody start a move—and then move to have a few of them repealed.

Very respectfully,

"FIRST TIME."

Death of W. J. Moore.
(Contributed.)

W. J. Moore was born June 20, 1850, at Troy, Alabama. About 1872 he came to Texas, and to Brady either in 1874 or '76, where he had resided continuously.

On June 20, 1878, on his twenty-eighth birthday he was married to Miss Frances Carolyn Fulcher, who died August 29, 1886. Two children, Mrs. Jno. Beasley and Mrs. C. C. Dawson, both residents of Dawson, Texas, two grandsons, Harold Beasley of Dawson, Texas; Adrian Beasley, G. V. C. Arlington, Texas, survive.

Mr. Moore helped to lay off the townsite of Brady; was present at first court ever held in Brady. In citizenship, he was the oldest citizen.

Some 30 years ago this March he was married to Mrs. Mary Jane Guthrie of Brady, who passed away May 3, 1921. He had never been contented since her death and welcomed the summons to go.

CREDITORS OF J. C. HARBER TO HOLD MEETING IN AUSTIN ON FEBRUARY 15th

Notice has been sent out from Austin by D. K. Woodward, Jr., referee in bankruptcy, that on the 25th day of January James Cislo Harber of Brady had been adjudged a bankrupt, and naming February 15th as the date for the first meeting of the creditors, which meeting will be held in Austin at ten o'clock at the office of the referee.

The Harber store was closed about the middle of December by creditors of the store.

Read The Standard's Class-Ad.

GOOD VALUES IN REBUILT CARS**REBATE ON FEBRUARY 1st, 1922****On Any**

REBUILT Dodge Brothers Motor Car purchased before February 1, 1922, we will refund the same amount as the drop in price on the new cars which will be announced on February 1, 1922.

We invite you to come in and see our very good Rebuilt Dodge Brothers Motor Cars.

With all the business integrity which assures Dodge Brothers value, we are able to substantiate our assertion that these Rebuilt Cars are exceptional values.

SEVERAL BARGAINS IN STOCK**F. R. WULFF**

Phone 30

Brady, Texas

The Laws of Economy

An apple bounced off Newton's head and inspired him to evolve the Law of Gravity. The advertisements in this paper can give you—no less forcefully—the inside workings of the Laws of Economy.

As sure as the apple hit Newton, the advertisements have a personal message of economy for you.

MERCHANTS tell you their bargains through advertisements.

Almost every new opportunity is offered thru an advertisement.

Practically every unusual buy is advertised.

You save time and trouble by choosing what you want and where to get it from the advertisements instead of hunting all over town.

You save money by keeping up with every opportunity to get full value in buying.

Read the Ads Regularly