

# THE BRADY STANDARD

Vol. I

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Thursday, May 6, 1909.

No. 7

Of All the Towns in West Texas, Brady Has the Best Country Backing Her

## MEMORIAL SERVICES

Confederate Veterans Hold Services in Honor of Their Dead and Graves Are Decorated.

The Baptist church was filled to its utmost capacity at the morning hour Sunday, in response to the announcement that memorial services would be held in honor of the Confederate dead. There was a good attendance of the old soldiers, while the Sons and Daughters were also present in numbers. The sermon was preached by Rev. Caperton, who is himself a Confederate veteran and chaplain of the local camp U. C. V.

An 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon the Veterans, Sons and Daughters, and others interested repaired to the cemetery where the graves of departed comrades were wreathed with floral offerings, and the memory of the heroes of the Lost Cause otherwise commemorated. A list of the graves decorated, members of Ben McCulloch Camp No. 653, follows:

- R. W. McGun, Co. A, 7th Texas Cavalry.
  - J. H. Wiggington, Benevidas Reg. Texas Cavalry.
  - Robt. H. Davis, Co. F, 42nd Alabama Infantry.
  - J. W. Meek, Co. H 2nd Texas Infantry.
  - Henry Wilson, Co. M, 1st Georgia Infantry, Regulars.
  - H. C. McDowell, Co. F, 9th Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade.
  - W. T. Melton, Co. K, 14th Alabama Infantry, Wilcox Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.
- Graves of veterans decorated who were not members of the local camp were as follows:
- S. A. Duke, A. B. Winstead, W. H. Donathan, James Smith, Allen McShan, D. C. Cood, J. A. Brooke, H. B. Harvey, J. H. Paschal, W. N. Simpson, H. C. Fuleher, R. W. Turner, B. F. Lockhart.

There are other graves in the cemetery but they could not be located. A call was also made for locating the grave of any departed Federal soldier that it might also be decorated, but none were found.

Paint Rock sent over a large delegation last Friday to attend the funeral of their former townsman, Col. Melton. We did not get all the names but noted the following: D. E. Sims, J. W. Norman, Gerard Huston, Joe Currie, J. W. Ratchford, J. B. Waide, H. J. Crozier, Ed Crozier, Jas. E. Hawze.

### Johnnie Colton Dead.

Once more a gloom is cast over our entire community; once more the angel of death has called and taken from our midst a citizen of McCulloch county whom we all admired.

Johnnie Colton was operated on Tuesday morning for an abscess of the bladder and died at 2:00 o'clock at the Queen Hotel. The remains were laid to rest in the Brady cemetery Wednesday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

The deceased was 47 years old, the only brother of Mr. S. W. Colton, and came to McCulloch county from Philadelphia some twenty-six years ago. He has no other near relatives, his parents having died when he was yet a child.

During his residence in our county he has been engaged in the stock business and at the time of his death was a partner in the Colton ranch with his brother. Of a naturally quiet, unassuming nature yet he possessed a heart full of the milk of human kindness, and numbered his friends only by the scope of his acquaintanceship, and many hearts were saddened by the news of his unexpected death.

The family of S. G. Kimbrough, manager of the Brady Ice factory, arrived yesterday, and that gentleman is living at home again.

## IN THE DISTRICT COURT

May Term McCulloch County District Court Convened Monday With a Full Docket.

District Judge John W. Goodwin and District Clerk W. U. Early, of Brownwood, came in Sunday and the May term of district court was opened Monday at 1:30 p. m. The grand jury was empaneled and the court got down to business in a hurry. The grand jury is composed of the following McCulloch county citizens:

E. R. Crockett, foreman; H. S. Espy, W. E. Simpson, A. W. Brayson, Abner Hanson, S. W. Colton, M. Z. Bates, R. Sellman, A. J. Beasley, J. T. Smith, W. S. Lee, E. E. Willoughby. A report was made to the court early Wednesday morning, three bills being returned, two being misdemeanors and one felony.

Up to Wednesday morning the criminal docket showed the following cases disposed of:

State vs. Will S. Green, forgery; continued by defendant account absent witness; bond fixed at \$1000.

State vs. Buck Wooten, bribing witness; continued by State.

State vs. Aaron Kelley, bribing witness; continued by State.

State vs. Floyd Miers, theft of cattle; dismissed.

The civil docket showed cases disposed of as follows:

Rosetta H. Cochrell, et al, vs. J. L. Neal, et al, to try title and for damages; continued for service.

W. D. Crothers, et al, vs. Will S. Green, et al, suit on note; continued to perfect service.

Melinda Z. Fleck, et al, vs. Frederick E. Zelle, et al, to cancel deed and for trespass to try title; continued by agreement.

Alex Millsap vs. Grace Millsap, divorce; dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

Kyger & Callan vs. Ft. W. & R. G. Railway, damages; dismissed at defendant's cost.

Lucy Patterson vs. J. E. Patterson, divorce; continued for service.

T. I. Wood, vs. M. E. Harris, for possession of children; continued for service.

D. F. Savage, vs. Chester Haile, et al, debt and foreclosure of lien; dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

E. M. Lincke, et al, vs. E. A. Davis, to try title and for damages; continued by agreement.

E. E. Willoughby vs. Ft. W. & R. G. Railway, damages; judgment for plaintiff for \$900 and costs.

E. E. Willoughby vs. G. W. Young, to try title and for damages; continued by agreement.

J. P. Baze vs. J. M. Stephens, enforce contract and for damages; judgment that S. W. Hughes deliver to each plaintiff and defendant the check for \$250 deposited with him, and plaintiff pay all costs.

J. M. Cooper vs. M. C. Cawyer, to try title and for damages; continued.

W. W. Jordan, et al, vs. Duke Marsden, et al, cancellation of deed, etc.; dismissed at cost of defendant.

Mercury State Bank vs. J. A. Cooper, suit on note and to foreclose mortgage lien; continued by defendant.

### Noteworthy Auto Ride.

One of the most noteworthy automobile trips The Standard has ever known of was that of Mr. and Mrs. John Vaughan and four children, of Plainview, who came to Brady last Friday for the funeral of the lady's father, W. T. Melton. Plainview is away up in the Panhandle country, 332 miles from Brady. The party received the news to come to Brady entirely too late to think of making the trip by rail. They left Plainview at 11:00 a. m. and arrived in Brady at noon next day, stopping in San Angelo from 1:00 a. m. to 8:00 a. m., thus making the actual running time of the trip a matter of sixteen hours. The machine used was a 2-cylinder Mason.

# 25% OFF

Commencing Saturday, May 8

For Ten Days Only 25 Per Cent Off on all Suits in the House

WE carry the largest stock of high-grade Clothing in the city. If you care for Quality, Style, Workmanship and Fit, see our line of Suits.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Spero, Michael & Sons

Two of the leading brands—the styles are new and attractive—so are the patterns.

They're Made in the Right Way

Fit and finish are as important as Quality. Our Clothes contain all of these merits, and as to Quality, they are just a little better than the other fellows' best.

CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN

S. NEUMEGEN,

BRADY TEXAS

## WHY PAY RENT ?

We will buy or build you a home according to your own ideas

### OUR PLAN:

You pay \$7.50 per month on \$1000, with 6 per cent interest per annum. Payments monthly, quarterly or annually. Payments get smaller each year. . . . .

SOUTHWESTERN SAVINGS AND HOME PURCHASING CO.,

DALLAS, TEXAS

EARLE CLARK, Special Agent, LOUIE G. CALLAN, Local Agent

## BURIED WITH HONORS

Funeral of the Late Col. W. T. Melton One of the Largest Ever Held in Brady.

All Brady united in doing honor to the memory of Col. W. T. Melton last Friday, and the funeral was one of the largest ever held in the city. All business houses were closed during the services, and there were many out-of-town attendants.

The Brownwood Commandry Knights Templar, of which deceased had long been a member and under whose ceremonies he had expressed a wish to be buried, sent a delegation of about thirty members, and the services at the residence were in their charge after the religious services of the Methodist church under the leadership of Rev. Bolton, presiding elder of the conference, had been concluded. The Knights Templar service was most beautiful and impressive. When it had been concluded the local Masonic lodge took charge of the remains and the interment at the cemetery was according to their beautiful ritual. The pall bearers were from the ranks of the lodge and were as follows: F. M. Newman, Duke Mann, W. D. Crothers, G. R. White, Sam Graham and J. D. Hudson. Deceased was also an honored member of the Odd Fellows' lodge, and they, too, assisted in the funeral. The casket was draped in a

Confederate flag, and Col. Melton was thus buried, bearing the colors he had loved so well and served so faithfully throughout the Civil War. The old soldiers were present in a body and took the last march with their beloved comrade to his last long resting place.

And thus was honor done to a noble man; a splendid citizen; a devoted husband; a loving father. Long will his memory be cherished; long may his example and precept be followed. Peace to his ashes.

Jim Mann went to Dallas on business the first of the week.

Dr. Holly is in receipt of advice from the hospital at Ft. Worth saying that Mrs. Stogsdale, who was operated on last week, is doing fine and will make a speedy recovery.

### School Tax Election.

There was not a great deal of interest manifested in the school tax election last Saturday, only 97 votes being polled. It is gratifying to report that of that number only eleven were cast against the measure. The vote stood 85 for, 11 against.

As has been previously stated in these columns the election was for a tax of 50 cents on the \$100, whereas the former tax was considerably more than that amount, so it is a little surprising that there were any votes cast against the measure whatever.

Four new school trustees were also elected Saturday, as follows: A. C. Baze, L. G. Callan, John Rainbolt, J. C. Hall. The new board will be composed of these four and J. D. Hudson, Jeff Benson and Chas. Schaege, the hold-over members.



### ATTRACTS ATTENTION

Writes best, looks neatest. Our Stationery will assist you in correspondence. Its the kind and quality to suit you. We try to satisfy our customers.

"IT'S THE ONLY WAY"

JONES DRUG CO., C. A. TRIGG, General Manager



## COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

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

### OFFICERS:

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

### DIRECTORS:

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

**We Want Your Business**

### MAN THE SUPERIOR ANIMAL

One Coming Voter Who May Be Relied on to Work Against Cause of Woman Suffrage.

A small drove of immigrants, each tagged with a red ticket and in charge of an officer, reached the Grand Central station of the subway the other afternoon, says the New York Tribune. They were billed through to some point on the New York Central road, and had only a short time to catch the train. The immigrant officer urged them on in the usual gentle manner which must be applied to newcomers who have no appreciation of the value of time. One elderly woman staggered under a great canvas bag, which she carried on her back. Behind her walked an able bodied man, a member of the party, who was told in pantomime by a man who was watching the group to help the woman. He made no move in that direction, however, but called two children, who did what they could to ease the woman's burden as she toiled up the steps. And as the man who would not help followed smilingly, one man who was watching the crowd said: "There goes a man who believes in woman's rights—to work for him."

### Notice.

I now have a 'phone at my tailor shop. Those wanting anything done in the cleaning and pressing line ring 129, and I will call and get same.

CHALK, THE TAILOR,  
Syndicate Building.

## WE WANT YOU

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

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

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

**The Brady National Bank**  
BRADY, TEXAS.

## Green's Column Current Comment

By J. Walker Green

My wicky up is still at Lohn and I can scarcely conquer the wish that it would stay there for good. The more I see of McCulloch county the more am I delighted with it, wondering the while that so little is known of its splendid possibilities by the outside world. Even the residents of near-by counties have no idea of the wide reaches of its fertile lands, no idea of its beautiful homes, its thoroughbred horses, cattle and sheep, nor yet of the mules equal to the best, if not superior to any Missouri, Tennessee or Kentucky ever saw. But the crowning glory of McCulloch county is its citizenship, and it is a constant delight to meet and greet its stronghonest manhood—to admire the sweetness and grace of its exquisite womanhood. I had thought that Brown county would carry away the blue ribbon in any beauty show, but the sweet graciousness of McCulloch county matrons and the dainty florescence of its maidenly loveliness has about jarred me loose from that conviction, and at this writing I would back old McCulloch against the world for beautiful women and splendid men. One of the best fellows I have met in the Lohn country is Mr. B. D. Dillard; though still a young man—still on the sunny-side of forty,—by energy, thrift and business ability he has acquired a beautiful home, and lives easily and happily with an interesting family around him. He has the best corn I have seen; it is of a drought-resisting variety that he has developed himself by careful selection; it is a soft, white corn, of short thick ears, and grows upon five foot stalks. The field I saw was certainly a wonder, it is growing right along without a drop of rain either before or since it was planted, until the shower of Monday night. This corn made a fine turn-out last year and bids fair to make a good yield this year. Mr. Dillard is among those who believe in making a living at home, and no one who travels through the country could fail to notice that this class of farmers is the prosperous and contented class—the hope and mainstay of the country;—an object lesson to the shiftless and improvident. The cornucopia of plenty is full to the bursting point at the Dillard home—corn in the crib, a world of forage in the stack-lots, ham and sausage and bacon in the smoke-house, "sugar in the gourd," a good wife and pretty children,—what has he to fret about? You fellows, you "all cotton" men who are buying family supplies as well as stock feed on credit at big prices and big interest, "go thou and do likewise" this year, and when next fall comes you will be independent,—a free American citizen, beholden to no man or set of men.

About noon Thursday I drove up to the headquarters of the Harris ranch,—"Broadmoor,"—about 13 miles northwest of Brady. Col. E. W. Harris, the owner of this baronial estate, gave me a most cordial welcome. But Col. Harris is a very busy man, and we did not have much time to talk. Duty calls from every direction at once,—to fix a windmill here, to construct a row marker there, to give directions to field hands yonder. So the manifold exigencies of the big ranch keep him on the jump from dawn to dusk. This ranch of six thousand acres, carries four thousand sheep, five hundred head of cattle and seventy horses and mules to do the plowing and cow-boysing and sheep-herding. Three Mexican shepherds are employed to look after the sheep. The ranch also carries its own supply store, blacksmith shop and post-office, the mail being delivered three times a week. There are fourteen tenant houses on the place and the tenants are on easy and familiar terms with the "big boss." There is no vestige of property pride about Col. Harris, no turkey-cock, spread-tail strut, but a plain, straight-forward, kindly and genial man, whom it is a pleasure to meet.

An interesting character of the Lohn country is Carl Schmidt, a good-humored, happy-hearted German. Mr. Schmidt is a remarkable man in many ways. Though nearing the three-score and ten milestone of life, his spirit retains its adolescent vivacity and the red blood bounds in buoyant strength through his alert and active body. In fact, Mr. Schmidt is nearly seventy years young. He was a soldier in the Franco-Prussian war, and followed Von Moltke across the Rhine to Soudan and on to the investment of Paris, being in every battle of that great historic struggle. As an eyewitness of the stirring incidents of march and camp, and the red riot of battle, in that gigantic clash of imperial armies, his thrilling experiences, his eye-lash escapes from death,—the bugle sound for the charge, the rush of batteries—the grim and sibilant commands of officers,—the ring of the sabre,—the snort and neigh and plunge of the wide-nostrilled war-horse, the gleam of bayonets through the black pall of smoke—all the splendid paraphernalia of grim-visaged war, the hell and death of it, are pict-

ured in indelible colors upon his memory. And now in the quiet and repose of the simple life of a McCulloch county farmer, he often turns back to these strenuous pages of his life-book for the entertainment of his friends. Mr. Schmidt has also found time from the labor of the farm to inform himself accurately and broadly upon government economies. He has mastered the works of Mills, Karl Marx and others of equal note and has some very original and unique ideas of his own upon such subjects. He is a very interesting man indeed and I shall do myself the pleasure of going back to see him sometime.

I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Holmes Friday night; it was a fortunate stop for me. I was treated most kindly by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, they leaving nothing undone which might contribute to my comfort or pleasure. Mr. Holmes is the lessee of the Russell farm, where the celebrated oil wells of the Lohn country are located. This oil was the first the writer ever saw just as it came from the bowels of the earth. These wells, however, are only about 220 feet down, yet the oil rises within six feet of the top. Mr. Holmes tells me that the oil rights on this place have been leased to Oklahoma capitalists who, in the near future, propose to sink wells at various points and make a thorough test of the territory as an oil producer. And if they do make the test "thorough," in a short time wheels will begin to turn in the Lohn country with such speed that you can hear them whiz clear down to Brady. I have an intuitive conviction that if they go deep enough they will make a "find." There are mineral and oil indications all over this end of the county, and the only thing to do is to find the main channel of the flow or lake as it may happen. The old familiar phrase, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again" would be a winning slogan for the oil prospector in this country, for if he will bring the right kind of machinery and live up to that slogan there can be no doubt of big rewards.

In my write-up of Lohn last week on account of pressure for space in the paper I did not have room to mention the commercial establishments of Mr. Young, Mr. R. W. Batchelor and Messrs. Meeks and Land. Mr. Young as well as Mr. Meeks were among the first to place their names on our honor roll and The Standard values their friendship most highly. Mr. Batchelor hung back awhile, but has now "come across" for which we extend our most hearty appreciation. Mr. Young is doing a fine business, he is a friendly and popular man who wins and holds the esteem of all who come in contact with him. Mr. Batchelor runs a grocery and feed store and gets a full share of the trade; he is a courteous and affable gentleman and a careful business man, and I predict for him abundant success in the "great day a comin'" for Lohn. Mr. Meeks is the postmaster and runs a confectionery drug and jewelry establishment in conjunction with his official duties. He is a quick and accurate official, who does not keep one waiting to do business with Uncle Sam. For this reason Lohn ought to be proud of her postmaster, because an accurate and intelligent official is a great help to any town; people are particular about their mail especially, and they want it sent according to directions, and they have no patience with a man who makes mistakes in overlooking letters; and in money order and registered letter business it is absolutely necessary to be accurate. Mr. Meeks is an A. No. 1 man for the place; he is a "Charlee on the spot" postmaster.

I spent Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night at the home of Mr. C. J. Haines. Mr. Haines is an old-timer which means that his latch-string is always on the outside, for the way-farer, while a cordial welcome awaits him within. Mr. Haines was a cow-boy for ten years in the wild and woolly days of Texas, having made eight trips from Southwest Texas to the Black Hills driving cattle over the trails infested by hostile Indians. He has written a book recounting the thrilling experiences of those strenuous days. It is still in manuscript, however, and was at his daughter's home, and I did not see it, much to my regret, for I am sure it is interesting reading.

My luck is continuous and all pervading. Having been the guest of Mr. W. B. Pence who lives near Brady, where my "good hoss" "Sandy" and I were made partakers of the best the land afforded, my star led me to Mrs. Pence's father's hearthstone in the Lohn country, and having been the recipient of so much kindness at the Pence home and knowing too that "blood is thicker than water" I felt sure of the welcome that awaited me. Mr. Haines is one of the best of men, with a heart full of the milk of human kindness which he dispenses without stint to all. And now in saying good-bye to the people of the Lohn, Broad-

moor and Pear Valley country, I wish to express my deep sense of gratitude for their unfailing courtesy and encouragement and to wish for them all the good things this life can give.  
-J. W. G.

While McCulloch county is neither arid nor semi-arid, it is sometimes dry as our present experience proves. We suggest therefore that the farmers of McCulloch county read carefully the literature of the "dry farming" advocates, and then stir up their gray matter to the point, of some good, hard thinking of their own, to be re-inforced later by experimenting on a small scale, with a view to proving or disproving theories whether of their own or the other fellow's. It is a fact that after ground becomes dry and hard, pores form almost identical with those of the human skin and through these pores the sun and wind dry away the moisture. Any farmer may prove this to his own satisfaction by digging down into the public road—where constant travel prevents the formation of the pores—and find more moisture than in the unplowed fields beside it. In a dry unplowed field these pores may be as readily seen, as the holes in the top of an ordinary pepper shaker, by using the glasses of a common pair of spectacles, as a microscope. The writer has often demonstrated the existence of these little holes or pores to those who wanted to "be showed." Without any actual knowledge of the success of dry farming methods, it is but reasonable to suppose that if the pores were not permitted to form all the rain that falls would remain in the soil, because the sun and wind could not extract it by evaporation. The method is worth trying on a small scale anyhow.  
-J. W. G.

Everybody is likely to have kidney and bladder trouble. In fact nearly everybody has some trouble of this kind. That is the reason why you so often have pains in the back and groin, scalding sensation, urinary disorders, etc.—that's your kidneys. The best thing to do is to get some of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away. Take them for a few days or a week or so and you will feel all right. In this way, too, you will ward off dangerous and possibly serious ailments. They are perfectly harmless, and are not only antiseptic, but allay pain quickly by their healing properties. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by Central Drug Store.

### Barbecue and Picnic.

A barbecue and picnic will be given at Nine on the 15th of May. Everyone invited. We furnish barbecue, bread, coffee, pickles, and invite ladies to bring cakes, pies, etc. We will have entertainments in the way of baseball, public speaking, and a general good time. Anyone desiring to put in a stand other than cold drinks or confectioneries will notify D. Harkrider, Jr., Sec.

### THE COMMITTEE.

**BUILT MANY CENTURIES AGO**  
Discovery of Stone Arches in England is of Much Interest to the Antiquarian.

The discovery of four substantial stone arches under the western facade of Hampton court palace in England is arousing great interest. The discovery was made during excavations. The arches are 25 feet long and are parallel with each other and the palace entrance. It is believed they were constructed to bridge the moat which once surrounded the palace. The date 1362 is cut on one arch. The space that was occupied by the moat has long been filled in. The space covered by the arches is still somewhat empty.

When the workmen examined the arches they found a curious formation on the inner sides, resembling sticks of horse radish, but when broken they showed a perfectly white interior. They are believed to consist of almost pure lime. Their presence was due to the trickling of moisture through the lime of the stone work. Some are only a foot long, but it is estimated that they took 200 years to form to that extent.

We are headquarters for boys' knee-pant suits. We sell the kind that gives satisfaction. Abney & Vincent.

### PRODDING THE MUSE.

Admiring Friend—And do you write those lovely verses whenever the spirit moves you?  
Poet—Nope; when the landlord threatens to!

—Better goods for less money at Abney & Vincent's.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Prompt attention to both day and night calls.

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All kinds of hauling promptly and carefully attended to. Phone 182.

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First-class work guaranteed, at the most reasonable prices. Call and see samples of work

## South Side Square

Brady, Texas

### SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER

Every intelligent man wants to keep up with the news of his own community and his country. Therefore he needs a good local paper. He also needs a paper of general news, and for State, National and world-wide happenings he will find that

## The Semi-Weekly Farm News

has no superior. The secret of its great success is that it gives the farmer and his family just what they need in the way of a family newspaper. In addition to its general news and agricultural features, it has special pages for the wife, the boys and the girls. It gives the latest market reports and publishes more special crop reports during the year than any other paper. For \$1.75 cash in advance, we will send the Semi-Weekly Farm News and The Brady Standard each for one year. This means you will get a total of 136 copies. It's a combination which can't be beat, and you will secure your money's worth many times over. Subscribe at once at the office of this paper.

### THE FACTS IN THE CASE

When you read a thing you like to feel that it's the truth. The Semi-Weekly Farm News of Galveston, Texas, gives the facts in the case.

### Specially Edited

If you'll read the Semi-Weekly Farm News while you'll like it. It holds the attention. It is specially edited that's why. Brains and not buzz-hazed go into the makeup of The News

### ALL THE NEWS

Foreign News, State News, Campaign News, National News, Industrial News

You'll get it all in the Semi-Weekly Farm News for only \$1.00 a year. Send to A. E. Belo & Co., Publishers Galveston, Texas, or through your Postmaster or local agent.

## The Best Bargain

In reading matter your money can buy is THE BRADY STANDARD, your home paper. It tells you the things you want to know in an entertaining way. You should, however, have a paper for the world-wide general news. No paper will suit your entire family so well as

## The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record

A reliable, trustworthy, Democratic newspaper, and always the plain people's reliance. By subscribing for THE STANDARD and the Ft. Worth Semi-Weekly Record together, you get both papers together for \$1.75. The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record alone one year, \$1; six months, 50¢; three months, 25¢. Place all orders through this office.

Phone No. 163 for up-to-date job printing.



# SPRING RACE MEET

AT BRADY, TEXAS, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

## MAY 20 AND 21, 1909

Under Auspices of

### THE BRADY FAIR ASSOCIATION

\$675.00---PURSES---\$675.00 TWO DAYS---11 RACES

Some good horses have been entered, and a splendid meeting is anticipated. Following is the program:

FIRST DAY	SECOND DAY
Free-for-all Trot—\$100. Five to enter, 3 to start. Best three in five heats.	Free-for-all Pace—\$100 Purse. Five to enter, three to start. Best three in five heats.
Free-for-all Pace—\$100. Five to enter, 3 to start. Best two in three heats.	Free-for-all Trot—\$100 Purse. Five to enter, three to start. Best two in three heats.
Half Mile Running—\$50. Five to enter, 3 to start. Purse divided \$40 to first, \$10 to second, entrance fee to third.	Half Mile Running—\$50. Five to enter, three to start. \$40 to first, \$10 to second, entrance fee to third.
Relay Race—\$25. Five to enter. \$1 entrance fee. \$20 to first, \$5 to second, entrance fee to third. (Saddle horses only.)	Relay Race—\$25 Purse. Five to enter; \$1 entrance fee. \$20 to first, \$5 to second, entrance fee to third. (Saddle horses only.)
Quarter Mile Running—\$25. Five to enter, three to start. \$20 to first, \$5 to second, entrance fee to third.	County Pace—\$50. Five to enter, three to start. \$30 to first, \$15 to second, \$5 to third.
County Trot—\$50. Five to enter, three to start. \$30 to first, \$15 to second, \$5 to third.	

For further information, address

SECRETARY THE BRADY FAIR ASSOCIATION  
BRADY, TEXAS

## TRIED TO BE JOCOSE.

Snicker Was In a Jovial Mood and Hungry as Well.

BUT HE SPOILED HIS MEAL.

By the Time He Managed to Order His Breakfast the Glow of Genial Good Humor He Tried to Shed Around Him Had Turned to Gloom.

Mr. Snicker is well known in his home town as the most facetious man in seventeen counties. His method of expressing what ideas he has is entirely along lines of pure jocosity, but now and then his wit falls upon unappreciative ears. On a recent visit to New York Mr. Snicker arrived rather early in the morning, and the pangs of hunger would brook so little delay that he went immediately upon his arrival to a prominent hotel in the vicinity of the station for his breakfast.

"Good morning, Henri," he chortled in his usual salubrious manner to the waiter as the latter hung his hat on a hook over his table. "Has the butcher come yet?"

"Ze what, sir?" asked the waiter, with a puzzled look on his face, for he was not used to Snickers.

"The butcher," said Snicker, with a merry wink in his left eye. "You know—the chap who brings the food. I thought perhaps—"

"Wait one moment, sir," said the waiter, his perplexity growing deeper. "I will bring ze head waiter, sir."

"Oh, never mind," Snicker began, but the waiter had departed to return in about three minutes with the head waiter.

"What is it, sir?" asked the latter, with a great show of civil interest.

"Oh, nothing," returned Snicker rather sheepishly. "I just asked Henri here if the butcher had arrived yet, fearing that possibly—"

"The butcher, sir?" repeated the head waiter, like his subordinate, very much mystified.

"Yes," said Snicker, with a faint smile, which he hoped the head waiter would find contagious. "I was only joking."

"Wait till I find ze superintendent," said the head waiter courteously. "I have no doubt we can accommodate monsieur if we can only find out what it is that he wants. I will send for him."

Snicker again started in to explain the mere facetious bearing of his inquiry, but the head waiter, too, had sped away in search of a superior officer who might be expected to be equal to this new and unexpected emergency.

Several omnibus boys and Snicker's waiter as well were dispatched to the kitchen and elsewhere to find him, but apparently without success. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and Snicker began to feel that it did not really pay to be as funny as he could under all circumstances.

Finally, however, the head waiter returned and courteously explained that the superintendent had not yet arrived at his post of duty, but that he had telephoned up to the office for the manager of the hotel, who, he assured him, would be down in a very few moments.

"He is rather busy at this time of the morning, sir," he vouchsafed, "but he said he would be down right away."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Snicker ruefully. "You'd better head him off if you can. You see, when I asked if the butcher had come yet, it was only meant as a joke."

"Ah, here is the manager," interrupted the head waiter as a tall, impressive gentleman with a majestic front loomed up in the dining room door and made his way across to Snicker's table. "This is the gentleman, Mr. Pingleton," the head waiter added when the manager had reached Snicker's side.

"Good morning, sir," said the manager breezily. "I hope there is no trouble, sir. I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but this is the busy end of the day with me getting things started along, and our dining room superintendent, I regret to say, is off duty this morning. What can we do for you, sir?"

"I—I—want a hard boiled egg and some Lyonnaise potatoes," said Snicker.—John Kendrick Bangs in Lippincott's Magazine.

Cats Disguised as Snakes.  
"Do you know why a cat hisses when in rage or danger?" said a nature student. "Well, sir, she hisses as a flying criminal puts on blue goggles and a false beard. With that hiss she tries instinctively to disguise herself as a snake."

"Did you ever notice the markings on a cat's tail? They are transverse, like a snake's markings. The primitive cat in the wild state lived in rather tall grass. When danger approached he hissed and at the same time put up his tail and waved it slowly. The oncomer heard that serpentine hiss. He saw the tail, and in the tall, which waved in an ominous, serpentine manner. He said 'snake in the grass' and withdrew."

"The cat of today, hissing horribly and waving to and fro his erected tail, follows ancestral precedent. It helps him not at all; nevertheless he always does it, thinking it the right thing. Is not man sometimes like the cat in this respect?"

A laugh costs too much if it is bought at the expense of propriety.—Quintillian.

## PIONEER STOCK FARM

MERCURY, TEXAS

Dealers in and Breeders of

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

German Coach Stallion, "VERO 3487" Also

Two Fine Jacks, "GIP" and "BLACK TOM"

### RED POLL CATTLE

HERD BULL—Oyama 12955.

COWS—"Elsie 16561", "May Blossom 27185", "Hulda 18374", "Xanna 22436", "Rainbow 27380", "Bennema 27379", "Queen Anne 23125", "Skein 5th 14259", "Lena Roosevelt 16984", "Lula 17944."

### BERKSHIRE HOGS

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

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

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

## PIONEER STOCK FARM

J. M. ROBINSON, Prop. MERCURY, TEXAS

## WORKMEN DIG UP \$8,500 IN COIN

Gold and Silver Apparently Buried for Half a Century Unearthed at Lexington, Ky.

Lexington, Ky., April 8.—While digging a posthole in an abandoned lot today, workmen discovered a brass kettle containing \$8,500 in gold and silver that apparently had been buried for half a century. The lot was sold at commissioners' sale a week ago for \$116.

The only way to find money in Brady is to buy furniture from Satterwhite & Martin. Compare goods and prices and prove this assertion.

## HIS FEE A DRINK OF WATER

How Southern Gentleman Fulfilled Promise He Had Made in the Way of a Joke.

According to old timers, the late Col. Bob Taylor of Bonham once met a woman in the road as he was riding on horseback to hold court in Delta county, he being then district judge. The woman had a jug of water and the judge was thirsty.

Being a man with a cheery word for every one, the colonel stopped her.

"My dear madam," he said, smiling, "if you will give me a drink of cool water from yonder jug, when you want a divorce from your husband I will see that it costs you nothing."

"Are you a lawyer?" inquired the woman, handing him the jug.

The colonel explained who he was, and waving a farewell departed, leaving the woman gazing after him.

The very next morning the woman showed up in the courtroom and asked for him. She explained that she wanted a divorce. She had been separated from her husband for a long while and the colonel had put an idea into her head.

The colonel was game, however. He procured a lawyer at his own expense and in due course of law the woman was given a divorce, and Col. Taylor would tell the joke on himself often.—Dallas News.

### A Bargain in Eggs.

From McCulloch county's prize winning Rhode Island Reds. I will sell eggs for hatching the balance of the season at \$1 and \$1.50 per fifteen. Good hatch guaranteed. For further particulars see or write D. B. Warden, Lohn, Texas.

### GRAFT.

Landlord—You can't leave this hotel till you pay your bill.  
Guest—Will you put that in writing?—Cleveland Leader.

### ITS OPPOSITE RESULT.

"Queer, isn't it, what a hard thing it is to deal with?"  
"What's that?"  
"Soft coal."

—Fruits of all kinds. Cobb-Randle Grocery Co.

## GRAHAM & BALLOU

FIRE INSURANCE

At The Brady National Bank

Your Business Respectfully Solicited

## RIDDICK & DRAPER

BARBERS

Best Work, Clean Service

HOT AND COLD BATHS

We Want Your Trade. E. Side Sq.

### OPPORTUNITY.



Mabel—Darling, would you lay down your life for me?  
Arthur—Gladly, dearest.  
Mabel—Then suppose you start right in by telling papa we are engaged.

## Get Well First

Don't risk even a penny—until health first returns.

And I mean just exactly that. I am the one physician who says to the sick "I will, out of my own pocket, pay for your medicine if it fails to bring you help!" And for 20 years Dr. Shoop's medicines have been used and recommended in every city and hamlet in America. They are positively standard in every community—and everywhere. Then why pay the cash, and at your risk, for other unwarrented and uncertain medicines? Thousands upon thousands have in the past successfully used Dr. Shoop's Restorative. When the Stomach, nerves, or the Heart or Kidney nerves fail, those sick ones know how quickly Dr. Shoop's Restorative will bring them back to health again. But best of all, they positively take no money risk whatever. They know that when health fails to return, Dr. Shoop will pay the drug-gist for that full 30 day treatment is freely granted. But write me first for an order.

This will save delay and disappointment. All druggists sell Dr. Shoop's Restorative and Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy, but all are not authorized to give the 30 day test. So drop me a line please—for I have appointed an honest and responsible drug-gist in almost every community to issue my "no help, no pay" stick. Tell me also which book you need. The books below will surely open up new and helpful lines to those who are not well. Besides you are perfectly free to consult me just as you would your home physician. My advice and the book below are yours—and without cost.

Perhaps a word or two from me will clear up some serious ailment. I have helped the upon thousands by my prescription or personal plan. My best gift worth your simple now, while you mind for tomorrow never comes. 12, Madison, Wis.

Which Book Shall I Send  
No. 1 On Dyspepsia  
No. 2 On the Heart  
No. 3 On the Kidney

Dr. R. Shoop

### DIDN'T LAST.

An Atchison man who recently "confessed religion" and became a member of the church says his family, and not his associates down town, are responsible for the backsliding that followed within three weeks. He says his wife and the girls were in a conspiracy to impose upon him, to work him for money, to make him do more work around the house, and submit to all sorts of tyrannies without grumbling. "He can't object," he overheard his wife say, "for he has religion now, and is bound to be meek and humble." Three weeks of this drove him into a frenzy, and one day he backslid so vehemently and forcibly that his wife and daughters were left speechless.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

—A big lot of that "boy proof" clothing just arrived at Abney & Vincent's.

### INEBRIETY.

The close relation of inebriety to insanity is indicated from the fact that all forms of insanity, from melancholia to imbecility, are found in inebriety. It is artificial; it begins with a slight maniacal excitation; thoughts flow lucidly; the quiet become loquacious, the modest bold; there is need of muscular action; the emotions are expressed in laughter, singing and dancing. Now the esthetic ideas and moral impulses are lost control of, the weak side of the individual is apparent, his secrets revealed; he is dogmatic, cruel, cynical, dangerous; he insists that he is not drunk, just as the insane insists on his sanity. Then his mind becomes weak, his consciousness dim; illusions arise; he stammers, staggers and, like a paralytic, his movements are uncertain.

—Typewriter ribbons and carbon papers at Standard office.

### PAID FOR HER CARELESSNESS

Owner of Costly Opera Glasses Dropped from Balcony Had to Be Satisfied with Exchange.

"Between the second and third acts," said the girl who always sits in the first row in the balcony at the play, "I dropped my opera glasses over the railing and they fell ker-smash right on some woman's head. She screamed and so did I, not because she was hurt, but in general principles. She had on too much hair to feel the shock. The glasses balanced for a second on her cushion of puffs and curls, then slipped off into her lap. There was a little excitement, but pretty soon everybody quieted down. I was going down to apologize, but the usher in the aisle said he would attend to that for me. 'And be sure to bring my opera glasses back,' I said. 'They are an expensive pair and I can't afford to lose them.'

"Before he came back I noticed that my victim had moved, but he brought the glasses. The trouble was they were not mine. Instead of the \$32 pair I had dropped he handed me a pair of the kind you can buy in any department store for \$2.49. When I told him that he said he was sorry, but he thought the lady had gone. She had, and my opera glasses had gone with her. Of course, the exchange may have been unintentional on her part, but the more likely supposition is that the woman thought she was justified in collecting damages for the attempted assassination, and I don't know that I can blame her."

When you are hungry go to the American Beauty Restaurant in the Syndicate building. Opens May 1st.

### ITS FORCE.

"Say, Jim, what's this yere reflex action they talk about?"  
"Dunno, 'zactly, but I guess it's a sort of solar plexus comeback."

### HIS PROPER STATE.

"How is that carnation grower you told me about?"  
"Why, he's in the very pink of condition."

—Ring 132 for groceries, Cobb-Randle Gro. Co.

## TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

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

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

Phone 163

The Brady Standard  
North Side Square



# THE BRADY STANDARD

Published on Thursday of each week  
By

JOHN E. COOKE, Editor and Proprietor

J. WALKER GREEN, Authorized Representative  
and Contributing Editor.

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

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

Entered as second-class matter April  
1st, 1909, at the Post Office at Brady,  
Texas, under act March 3, 1879.

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

BRADY, TEXAS, MAY 6, 1909

The latest exchange on our desk is The Brady Standard edited by John E. Cooke. It's a six column eight page journal and carries with it a good lot of advertisements as well as the general news of the county. The Standard bids fair to be one of the brightest lights in McCulloch county.—Eldorado Success.

Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Brady Standard issued by John E. Cooke on March 25, is a most creditable paper, neatly printed, well edited and liberally patronized. This will not be new to Mr. Cooke's many friends who expect so much of him. Mr. Cooke was formerly editor of the Clarendon Banner-Stockman, one of the best known newspapers in the Panhandle.—The Barnhart Book, Dallas.

The death of Col. W. T. Melton at Brady is not only a loss to his family and his town, but to this entire section of the state. This country needs the helpful influence of such men as Col. Melton. He was always true to his convictions, a man of sterling integrity, a friend to all the people, a safe adviser in all matters affecting the welfare of the country, a man of warm heart sympathy for the unfortunate, in short a true gentleman in the highest meaning of that word.—Brownwood Bulletin.

The editor of The Brady Standard is named John Esten Cooke. He isn't the one who wrote "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," but presumably he can write good fiction when the occasion demands.—Dallas News.

No, State Press, we are not a writer of fiction. Since coming to the Brady Country we are too busy indicting facts about the greatness of this section of the state to attempt to spend either our time or energies in trying to follow in the footsteps of our illustrious namesake. There is nothing of fiction in our humble writings, we assure you, though being from East Texas as you are, we fear that you, like Ashley Evans, are inclined to ask someone to pass the salt every time you pick up a West Texas paper.

How any farmer can bring himself to vote against a bond issue for building permanent county roads is more than we can understand, yet the farmers of Donley county did this very thing last week and defeated the measure by a big majority. In fact, about the only support the measure received was from the county seat voters. If there is a county in the state which needs road improvement more than Donley we have not heard of it. A bond issue for road building is the logical way to handle a most vexatious question. Farmers travel the county roads every day. Good roads will enable them to twice the load they have hauling, and brings the farmer to them by reason of the fact that they can get to town more easily. It facilitates every business, and the farmer who is the Donley farmer opposing his own best interest is the longest man on the road. It is not as newsy as usual our readers will understand the reason.

The editor's wife has been quite sick the past week and much of his time therefore taken up at home, so if The Standard is not as newsy as usual our readers will understand the reason.

Mrs. Edna Best Crawford, writing in The McCulloch County Star, has this to say of mother's day:

Saturday May 9th, will be largely observed throughout the entire United States as Mothers' Day. Clubs and schools are uniting in suitable programs honoring Mothers' Sunday, May 10th. Pastors are requested to preach from texts suitable to mothers and everyone is requested to wear a white flower in remembrance of mother, whether living or dead. This beautiful observance was inaugurated for the first time on the 10th of last May but no doubt the custom will become a national, time-honored one just as Thanksgiving and Christmas and indeed it should. God, bless mother, whether living or dead. She is our first, best and last friend. You never get so debased but mother's love remains true and strong. Wear the white flower in her memory; send her a box of flowers even though it takes the last cent you have; go to see her if you can, or write her a loving letter. By the time another year revolves and blossoms bloom for you to send her, she may be gone to that land where flowers bloom continually. She is looking for you; her mother heart yearns for you; honor her while you can. God bless the woman whose heart suggested this beautiful custom of having a mothers' day.

We note a slight error in date of the above article, next Saturday being the 8th and Sunday the 9th, but we do hope that such custom will become universally adopted and a day set apart and observed in which we can pay tribute to the pure unselfish love of mother.

### Notice.

To our patrons and the general public: It is with profound regret that we announce the death of Col. W. T. Melton, senior member of the firm of W. T. Melton & Co. of Brady.

The land agency and abstract business heretofore conducted by said firm will be continued by the surviving members under the same firm name. We appreciate your past patronage and assure you that your business matters will receive same prompt and careful attention as heretofore.

Respectfully,  
W. T. MELTON & CO.

The Frisco passenger train crew is detained in attendance at court this week.

### The Brady Ice Factory.

A visit to the plant of the Brady Ice Factory yesterday found everybody busy making ice and loading it out for the city trade. Mr. S. G. Kimbrough, manager of the plant, says his plant has a capacity of five tons daily, and on a pinch he can turn out seven tons. The ice is of fine quality, made from distilled water, and the business is meeting with the success which all home manufacturing industries deserve. The company has an ad in another column of this issue to which the attention of our readers is directed.

A good many people think we have a small stock of buggies, surries and hacks, and do not cater much to this kind of business. To those who think that way we will take pleasure in showing you through our line which is not excelled in west Texas. We want your business in this line, and can fix you up either for cash or credit.

Broad Merc. Co.

### Card of Thanks.

We desire to thank all those rendering us aid and sympathy during the last illness and dying hours of our mother. May Heaven's richest blessings ever be yours.

Mrs. O. T. BAIRD,  
Mrs. H. H. MOORE,  
J. E. CAMPBELL,  
E. A. CAMPBELL.

The editor's wife has been quite sick the past week and much of his time therefore taken up at home, so if The Standard is not as newsy as usual our readers will understand the reason.

### PERSONAL MENTION

Jack McGaughy spent Sunday in Brownwood with his family.

Mr. McIntosh, of Brownwood, spent several days in our city this week.

Jim Huey and Sam Crouch made a business trip to San Angelo last week.

Jim Bevans left for the territory Saturday to look after his cattle interests.

Hon. C. H. Jenkins came over from Brownwood Sunday to attend district court.

T. Nance of Menardville, shipped three cars of sheep to Kansas City Saturday last.

Joe Neumegen is on the sick list, and it is feared he is in for a spell of typhoid fever.

We want your hardware business.

Broad Merc. Co.

Clifford Bosley, of Gainesville, is in Brady visiting the family of his uncle, Tom Bradley.

See those new designs in bracelets at J. V. Searcy's, the new jeweler at Jones Drug Co.

We want your hardware business.

Broad Merc. Co.

F. M. Miers of Ruth, Concho county, was in the city Monday and made The Standard a very pleasant call.

Mesdames Elliot and Wright, of Pilot Point, Texas, came for the funeral of their brother, W. T. Melton, last Friday.

Mrs. Chas. Broad, with Charles, Jr., left last Friday for Amarillo, where she will visit her parents for a few weeks.

W. D. Hill, the merchant prince of Waldrup, is attending our district court this week and reports Waldrup still in the dry column.

See our stoves and ranges. We are making an exceptionally low price for cash.

Broad Merc. Co.

E. F. Tillman and wife came in from Menardville Monday enroute to their home in Ft. Worth. They have been enjoying a recreation on the Tillman ranch.

We have a first class harness repair man. We want to do some business with you in this line.

Broad Merc. Co.

R. A. Rutherford spent last week in San Antonio attending the Knights of Pythias grand lodge and looking after L. G. Callan, the representative from Brady lodge.

Judge J. O. Woodward, a leading attorney of Coleman, came in Sunday to attend district court. The Judge's old friends, who are legion in this country, are always glad to see him.

Rev. Earp of Brownwood was over last week attending the funeral of Col. W. T. Melton. Bro. Earp formerly had the charge of the Baptist church in our city and has many warm friends here.

Everything under one roof should appeal to you for business. You don't have to walk yourself down looking at our goods.

Broad Merc. Co.

Rev. J. W. Shirley, of Lohn, was in the city Monday and made The Standard a call. He reports a splendid mission rally on Saturday and Sunday at Lone Star. The Fifth Sunday Meeting will be held at Lohn on the 30th inst.

We will unload in the next week, another car of furniture. If you are not acquainted with our furniture stock we want you to call, we will show you an up-to-date line, with prices that no one will touch.

Broad Merc. Co.

A full line of Howard, Elgin, Waltham, South Bend, New England and Ingersoll watches at J. V. Searcy's, the new jeweler, with Jones Drug Co.

### Fine Cattle Sale.

Saturday of this week is date of the big auction sale of fine Hereford cattle which has been advertised for Brady. The contributors to this sale are J. B. Salyer, of Jonah, Williamson county, 29 head; J. C. Dibrell, of Coleman, 10 head; J. F. Yearwood, of Georgetown, two head. The sale will be held at the Corner wagon yard, with Col. R. E. Edmonson, of Kansas City, as auctioneer.

Plain sewing wanted. Mrs. C. C. Mayo, S. P. Moore building.

When we promised you to show the swellest line of vehicles ever shown in Brady, we do not make a promise that we cannot fulfill. Everything in our way of vehicles will be found on our floor.

Broad Merc. Co.

### Married.

O. H. Roberts and Miss Louise Giese, of this city, were married in Brownwood Friday evening.

O. H. Roberts has the mumps.

The Moon Bros. and Enterprise vehicles are enough reputation to themselves. An opportunity to serve you is all we ask.

Broad Merc. Co.

Leo Callan and wife, of Menardville, passed through Tuesday on their way home from Ft. Worth.

W. D. Crothers, J. E. Thompson and their sons, William and Oscar, left Wednesday for Dallas to buy autos.

Charlie Blakeney and wife, of Menardville, passed through Tuesday on their way home from San Antonio and other points.

Our grocery department is complete in every detail. It is to your interest to give us a call.

Broad Merc. Co.

Master Henry Tipton has been quite sick the past ten days with pneumonia, but was reported better the first of the week.

Lee Horton, a barber of Blanket, is now holding down a chair in Polk's barber shop.

Our grocery department is complete in every detail. It is to your interest to give us a call.

Broad Merc. Co.

LOST.—Stick pin with large amethyst setting, on Monday, between The Standard office and Palace Drug Store. Return to this office for reward.

### Card of Thanks.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude and love for the many dear friends who were so kind and sympathized with us so deeply in our sad loss. The remembrance of their many deeds and words of love and comfort will linger with us through the years to come.

MRS. W. T. MELTON AND FAMILY.

### More Rain.

That portion of McCulloch county from Placid north received a good rain yesterday afternoon. The Mercury county is reported as being very wet. The rain extends on to Brownwood, and we understand that San Saba also received its share.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Brady Cotton Oil Co. held in this city Tuesday officers were elected as follows: F. Hillje, president; T. A. Hill, vice president; A. Reissner, secretary and treasurer. The board of directors is composed of these three and Messrs. W. Hillje and A. Klatt.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Montgomery, of Hext, today, a fine boy.

### Strayed or Stolen.

One blue or dapple grey mare 3 years old, blocky built, no marks or brand. Any information leading to recovery of same will be suitably rewarded. Address E. W. HARRIS, Broadmoor, Texas.

"No-Drip" is the most clever little silver Coffee Strainer ever invented. Get one free from Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. by the Coupon Plan. The Coupon and Dr. Shoop's new book on Health Coffee sent to any lady requesting them. You can trick any one by secretly serving Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee at meal time. Your visitor or your husband will declare he is drinking real coffee—and yet there is not a grain of real coffee in Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. Pure grains, malt and nuts give Health Coffee its exquisite taste and flavor. No 20 to 30 minutes boiling. "Made in a minute." Try it from your grocer and get a pleasant surprise. 14lb. package 25c. All Grocers.

YOU ALL BELIEVE IN

## PATRONIZING HOME INDUSTRY

Then buy your ice from the Brady Ice Co., a home institution operated by home people, of and for Brady and the Brady country. We have put in an up-to-date ice plant and are making a first-class quality of ice, and have brought the price down to a basis where all can afford to use it. Therefore, we are entitled to your patronage, and we will appreciate your business. Our wagon is out every day and will call at your house on request. We sell on the coupon book plan, the cheapest and best way to buy ice. We want your business and guarantee satisfaction.

## THE BRADY ICE CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

Phone 214

S. G. KIMBROUGH, Mgr.

### Resolutions of Respect.

Brady, Texas, May 1, 1909.  
To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Brady Lodge No. 628, A. F. & A. M.:

We, your committee appointed to draft resolutions on death of our late brother, W. T. Melton, beg to report as follows:

We recommend that the following resolutions be passed and copy of same be furnished by the secretary under seal of the lodge to the widow, to-wit:

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from among us our worthy brother, W. T. Melton, whom we long knew and loved and who spent a useful life among us, serving his God, his country, his neighbors and his family; therefore, be it resolved, that we, with reverence, though in sorrow, bow to the will of the Great Architect of the Universe, and that the members of the lodge wear appropriate mourning for our deceased brother.

F. M. NEWMAN,  
THOS. P. GRANT, } Com.  
ARTHUR REAGOR, }

The best the market affords, served in first-class style at the American Beauty Restaurant, Syndicate building.

Albert Hennersdorf, the ice dealer, has a quarter-page ad in this issue to which your attention is directed. Mr. Hennersdorf handles a fine quality of ice and will appreciate your patronage.

Dr. R. T. Boly, of Virginia, an old friend of H. J. Lowrey at the Jones Drug Co., was here the first of the week prospecting for a location and will probably move to Brady. He is a veterinary surgeon.

### Street Work Stopped.

Work on the street improvements came to a stop this week, the contractor, Mr. A. Lewis, having gone to Fort Worth last week and not having come back. It seems that Mr. Lewis has gotten into rather deeper water on this contract than he had probably anticipated, and it is intimated by some that perhaps he has thrown up the job. The Standard prefers to think otherwise, however, as Mr. Lewis is heavily bonded and could not afford to do otherwise than complete his contract even if he felt so inclined. We believe in extending the mantle of charity in all such instances as this, anyway, and we hope to be able to report most favorably on the matter next week.

### It is Mayor Ganzel Now.

Mr. G. V. Ganzel was elected mayor of Brady Tuesday over L. G. Callan, the vote standing 80 to 53. Neither gentleman was a candidate for the office in the strictest sense of the word, and the election was a very quiet affair, each man hoping the other fellow would win, yet both willing to do their best to fill the office acceptably should the people so desire.

Mr. Ganzel is an old citizen here, though not an old man by any means. The Standard doffs its derby to the new mayor, and wishes him all kinds of good luck in the course of his administration.

Eld. L. D. Ferguson, who lives on the O. D. Mann farm two miles south of town, reports having 75 acres of cotton up to a good stand. This cotton was planted before the recent rain.

## WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

For FANCY GROCERIES Such as

Crabs  
Clams  
Shrimp  
Lobsters  
Anchovies

Russian Caviar  
Kipperd Herring  
Cervelat Sausage  
Shredded Cod Fish  
Herring in Tom. Sauce

Imported Sardines with Truffles

Try a sack of Maud Muller Flour. It is pure, wholesome and healthy. Every sack guaranteed.

## ANDERSON & MOFFATT

SYNDICATE BUILDING



# ALBERT HENNERSDORF

## CRYSTAL ICE CO.

No White Ice Full Weights

Prices Right Prompt Delivery

Ask About Our Coupon Book System

We Have Two Wagons at Your Service Every Day in the Week and Until 12 M. on Sundays

Call Ice House or Phones 89 and 154

We Are Here to Stay

You Know Us

## Over the County

News Notes of Interest From Our Country Correspondents

### NEW HOPE GLEANINGS.

New Hope, Texas, April 29.  
Editor Brady Standard:

We are having lots of sickness in our community at present.

Our settlement was blessed with a nice little rain this week. Farmers are busy planting cotton and replanting corn.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Wash Sunday night, April 26, a fine girl. Mother and babe are doing very well.

A. T. Brice purchased a span of fine mules from A. F. Wash.

The Locker school closes next Friday week with an exhibition at night. The wind is blowing very swift at present.

H. L. Richman and family have just returned home after a two weeks visit.

Mrs. Katie Nolen visited home folks this week.

Uncle John Crouch's house looks very nice since he had it decorated with lightning rods.

Jess Ford's wife is on the sick list this week.

H. L. Bechman is rustling feed; that looks like Harmon was going to make a change.

The New Hope school is progressing nicely. The children have taken great interest in their books.

Joe Eckert and family spent Wednesday at Emmet Crouch's.

Aura Dunn will make her future home at Rev. Shaw's.

Miss Ollie Crouch and Aura Dunn attended church at Locker Sunday.

E. O. Crouch and family spent Saturday night and Sunday with J. A. Childers' folks.

With best wishes to all I will ring off.

When you are hungry go to the American Beauty Restaurant in the Syndicate building. Opens May 1st.

### CORN CREEK NEWS.

Corn Creek, Texas, April 26.  
Editor Brady Standard:

Dear Editor and all the readers, as this part of the country has not been heard from through your paper I will try to write the news this week.

We had a light rain Monday afternoon. The farmers are well up with their work; some are planting cotton and forage crops, while others are waiting for more rain.

Kid Jeffers, Lindsey McCoy and Y. T. Crouch are still breaking sod. We guess they think it is going to rain some day.

Walter Crouch and family have returned from his San Saba farm, where they have been for the past week. He brought back a load of fine cotton seed to plant.

C. H. Whalen and Dick Nichols went to the San Saba river fishing but never got a bite. They say they are going back soon and take some hooks, as they forgot them when they started on this trip.

Our school will close after one more month. Miss Zella Maxwell will return to her home at Brady.

Well Mr. Editor if this does not find its way to the waste basket I will do better next time.

—See our line of men's spring suits. Elegant new patterns to select from—\$10.00 \$25.00 per suit. Abney & Vincent.

### MELVIN MIX-UPS.

Melvin, Texas, May 3.  
Editor Standard:

Health in this community is not very good at this writing. Mrs. Stipes is on the sick list, also Ed Hale's baby.

A little boy arrived at the home of Paten Yocham and wife the 28th, and will make that place his home. Mother and babe are doing nicely.

J. N. Alexander and little daughter Thelma, of Blum, are here on a visit to Mrs. Lizzie Hale, a daughter of Mr. Alexander.

Mr. Roberts and family left Monday for New Mexico. John Roberts will remain at Melvin.

We don't see why Uncle Green don't visit this part of the country as we are all quiet and peaceable and live in the best part of McCulloch county.

[He'll get there, all right. Let everybody get ready for him, because you can't turn him down.—Ed.]

Luck to the Standard and its many readers.

—We have standing orders for vegetables. Phone us your orders. Cobb-Randle Gro. Co.

### BRYSON NEIGHBORHOOD.

Brady, Texas, May 1.  
Editor Standard:

We are all enjoying life once more. We had a good rain on the 26th. Everybody is very busy planting cotton.

Oscar Johnson who went to New Mexico has returned. He said it was either come back or starve.

Mrs. J. L. Clifton was very sick while they were in Concho county the past week.

A. E. Helga has two little girls on the sick list.

As we are all very busy and news is scarce, will ring off for this time.

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

### NINE NOTES.

Nine, Texas, May 4.  
Editor Standard:

Work is progressing nicely for the big picnic and barbecue at Nine on the 15th. The pit is dug, the arbor fixed, the grounds cleared off and the table stands ready.

The rain which fell here on the 25th, was fine and while it did not fill all the tanks it did a world of good and everyone is busy either in the fields or gardens.

On the 29th a surprise party and old fashioned candy pulling was given at the home of W. I. George in honor of W. I. Jr.'s 13th birthday. There were twenty-eight schoolmates present and all enjoyed a big, sweet time.

Miss Pet Murphy and Miss Prentiss of Sage, are visiting Miss Murphy's sister, Mrs. Dave Harkrider, Jr.

Ben Smith and force are pulling stumps and clearing land for W. I. George, who will add 100 acres to his farm.

Mrs. George and son were in Brady last week and visited Mrs. Polk Jones and family.

Joseph Wilder and family have returned from their visit to Thorndale and report a fine time.

Ross Cavin of Pasha, is again among his friends at nine.

ELIZA.

—Ladies, if you want a stylish hat, visit our millinery department. You will be surprised at the extremely low prices we are making. Abney & Vincent.

### PEAR VALLEY POINTERS

Pear Valley, Texas, May 2.  
Editor Standard:

A. R. Watkins has had his old well drilled about fifteen feet deeper and now has plenty of water. He is having another well drilled nearer his house. J. S. Bingham and sons are digging a well also.

Some people are through planting. John Russell said his cotton seed had rotted and would not come up.

W. H. Hudlow went to Brady Thursday on business.

Eugene Russell made a business trip to Rochelle Friday.

W. E. Lohn and F. Tetan visited Pear Valley Union Saturday night.

Grandma Marshall is on the sick list this week.

John Watkins and R. W. Hamilton went to Brady on business Friday, returning Saturday.

There is going to be a Union dinner

in the Valley Friday. We are expecting Judge Walker of Brady, also D. P. Smith, a Union speaker, to be here.

Lloyd Collier has a case of mumps. George Sutton, George Russell and Joe Russell were visitors to Brady Sunday.

Mrs. Haines and daughter of Lohn, were visiting her son, E. J. Haines, in the Valley Sunday.

Rev. Frank Montgomery of Lohn, preached here Sunday.

Well as news is scarce I will ring off, wishing The Standard a grand success.

—You have had trouble with your children's stockings, haven't you? Why not try the Cadet Hose? We guarantee every pair. Abney & Vincent.

### NEW HOPE HAPPENINGS.

New Hope, Texas, April 23.  
Editor Brady Standard:

Well, old Standard, I come again. The farmers are looking up some since the shower that fell Tuesday night. Most all of them are busy planting cotton; the rest of them have gone fishing.

Emmet Crouch and Frank Wash have been hauling water 1/4 of a mile they went down in the holler near Emmet's house and dug down 8 feet and found a fountain of water.

Walter Crouch and family, of Placid visited home folks this week and will return home Saturday.

Ira Locker filled his regular appointment at Uncle Johnnie Crouch's Sunday.

Dolphyns Marland has been in our midst taking pictures. He gave the New Hope School a round to day.

The boys of this community have spent every Sunday riding A. F. Wash's broncho mules.

Aline Blake, near Cotton Wood Pond, died Monday. He leaves a widow and one child to mourn his death. We sympathise very much with the bereaved family.

Mr. Even Sughart and Miss Eva Harris were married last Sunday evening at the home of Rev. Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morris have a daughter nine days old. Mother and babe are doing well. We can't say so much for Joe.

Martin Prather one of our neighbors, started for his old home in Raines county last Friday. We regret the loss of Martin but think he will come back soon. He is hunting for a wet climate but we think if he was here now he would stay.

Well I will close with best wishes to The Standard and its many readers.

—We have standing orders for vegetables. Phone us your orders. Cobb-Randle Gro. Co.

### WALDRIP WHISPERINGS.

Waldrip, Texas, May 2.  
Editor Standard:

Every day I see people going away. They say they are going where it rains more and I—just let them go. It is useless to try to tell them the beauties of the place because they are wilfully blind. They are generally a class of people that suffer from cold feet and hot heads. Yes they throw health away and return to the blissful joy (?) of malaria and boil weevil, high price coal and wood. Back they go and we are sorry of their delusion.

"After every storm there is a calm." Last year was fine for crops. The farmer was so busy keeping the weeds down that he had no time for anything else. He made more than he could gather. Now comes the blessed calm. Yes it is a blessing from many points of view. Perhaps you had never thought of it that way so get busy and profit by this. Don't be a frog and croak for rain. Don't run off on a fishing trip to stay until rain drives you home. Get up early tomorrow, get some staples and go all over that place of yours (or your landlord's, he will pay you for it, thank you for it and you'll get joy out of it.) Replace every staple, examine the post and replace every decayed one with new, then see how much better it is. Now get your axe and go get some wood. Don't grab your axe and run out to cut the first tree you find but go over your pasture carefully. Trim off every dead limb, cut out all the four foot pieces you can. Make the rest into stove wood. Cut your crooked, unsightly trees up too. Never cut a straight line tree. Summer now but winter's coming when you can sell every surplus stick of wood. Be careful of your timber. So much land being put into cultivation and the great amount of wood grubbed, piled and burned means better prices for wood. There is another thing you could do. Dig a well. Perhaps you have been hauling water and noticed the inconvenience of it. Water can be had at a depth of 20 to 40 feet almost anywhere in the county. Be sure to dig carefully because you might strike oil and just ruin your jumper if it gushed out. If you miss both oil and water just utilize the hole by making a cistern out of it. I have lived here many years, in fact I first saw the light of day in dear old McCulloch county, and expect to always be here too. I have never seen it too dry or wet but that the energetic man could be busy, or honest labor go unrewarded. If we had as wet a year every year as last year where would the improvements of a place go to? Who would gather the immense crops of pecans while there was cotton to pick? Who would set out an orchard while the cotton lasted? Cotton, the slavery of the South as well as a blessing! Let's turn our attention to other things sometimes. There is something to do. Something to grow every season of the year, wet or dry. The real estate men have overlooked one point in their advertisements. They neglected to say anything about this calm that is really more valuable than the storm (of good things.) The survival of the fittest. When this dry spell is over you will find the chronic mover has fled and McCulloch will have retained the cool headed, energetic, enterprising men and attracted more of the

# NOTICE

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

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

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

Stop With Us When in Town

## BRADY AUTO CO.

WILLIAM S. BAKER, Mgr.

same kind. Don't get blue for you haven't time. "Get busy" is the word. When you are busy you will be so contented that time will just fly. You'll be surprised at how much you found to do and how soon the rain came even before you had finished doing the many things that needed doing.

### Look Here!

Round trip from the square to the races May 20-21, for 25c on Wade's transfer.

### ROCHELLE RATTLING.

Rochelle, Texas, May 2.  
Editor Standard:

Wm. Gibbons one of our prominent stockmen, was in the city this week with a herd of cattle which he will ship to Hominy, Okla., where he will pasture them.

Chas. Spiller, formerly an employe of the Frisco depot here, but more recently a resident of your city, has been checked in as agent at Winchell in place of Agent Drennan, who leaves for a month's vacation.

Messrs. Perry-Neal and J. D. Holmes, who were injured in a railroad wreck at Bluffdale Thursday night, are reported as much better and we hope for them a speedy return to their usual health.

J. C. Bourland, a piano salesman of your city, was here this week.

Carl Thornton returned Tuesday from Austin where he has been visiting for a few days.

Mrs. Groves and children, relatives of Mrs. Doran, left Sunday for El Paso where they will visit relatives.

George Vierling and Clarence Snyder of your city, were here Sunday. While here they had the misfortune of breaking their autocycle, but Dr. Thornbloom our efficient blacksmith, quickly removed their trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sellman left Friday for Brownwood to visit relatives.

J. S. Neal shipped several cars of cattle during the past week and we understand he received a good price for them.

Robert Haddow has accepted a position as night operator at the telephone office.

Claim Agent Morrison of the

Frisco, was a visitor here Saturday.

Tobe Smith returned Friday from Fort Worth where he has been attending school.

The Holiness meeting under the direction of Rev. Land, which has been progressing for the past two weeks, closed Sunday night.

Messrs. Horace and Henry Hardin received news of the serious illness of their father at Holt and they left at once for that place.

Otis Waddell left Thursday with several cars of cattle belonging to J. S. Neal and which will be shipped to Oklahoma.

T. M. Burleson, editor of the Richland Springs Eye-Witness, was a visitor to our city this week.

J. W. Cole our drayman, visited in Brady Saturday. We understand that Mr. Cole intends putting in an ice house here this summer.

D. O. Medley, one of our merchants, was a business visitor to your city Wednesday.

Tom Heath has returned from Brady where he has been clerking in a store, and has accepted a position in the Hardin barber shop.

Messrs. A. D. Gentry and J. W. Robbins visited in your city Saturday.

The best the market affords, served in first-class style at the American Beauty Restaurant. Syndicate building.

Did Not Sue City.

The report that Bozeman & Ford, a local firm of druggists, had brought suit against the city to recover damages caused by water overflowing from the street into their place of business, is, so Mr. Bozeman informs The Standard, without foundation.

"We were only damaged about \$15 or \$20," stated Mr. Bozeman, "and the report that we had sued the city for \$2000 damages is preposterous. We were too glad to see the rain to think of suing the city as a result of it."

The Standard for job printing.

## A NEW RESTAURANT

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

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



## PANAMA A LAND OF BEAUTY

Work of American Sanitary Officers  
Has Wrought a Wonderful Trans-  
formation There.

Neither have the vast, undeveloped resources of the republic of Panama been estimated, nor its great beauty revealed to many. Better known by ill repute are the towns situated along the line of the railroad, whose thatch and mud huts, crowned with lines of horrid buzzards, straggle irregularly along the dirty, unpaved streets, surrounding all the stretches of malaria-breeding marsh, and washed only by the rains of heaven. This was certainly true, but the wonderful work of the American sanitary officers and those in charge of construction has so transformed this least attractive part of the isthmus that such conditions are now scarcely more than a memory. After all, this is but a small part of the picture, overshadowed, figuratively and literally, by glorious chains of hills, melting off into beautiful distant valleys, through which flow rivers still rich in gold, according to reports, by vast, mysterious jungles; by lovely bays and coral islands—all unspoiled by man. But there the necessities of life come too easily, and beyond a certain world-wide shrewdness of the small merchants in overtaking the stranger along the path of travel for his temporary needs, the rest of the country remains as it has been for centuries—unawakened, sparsely settled, and in many parts semi-savage, or, in fact, actually savage.—Metropolitan Magazine.

A pain prescription is printed upon each 25c. box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist if this formula is not complete. Pain means congestion, blood pressure. Head pains, womanly pains, pain anywhere gets instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet. Central Drug Store.

The street work begun by our city dads is already beginning to bear fruits in the way of civic pride and property owners on the south side by private subscription are grading some of the streets in the residence districts and will put in sidewalks.

### FORBES ROBERTSON JUMPED.

Forbes Robertson, like most other actors, has been the victim of a number of awkward misadventures on the stage. On one occasion he was playing Romeo and Juliet with Mme. Modjeska. He was seated on the steps of the tomb and had commenced to apostrophize his lost love when he found to his horror that the steps, which were on castors, were moving towards the foot lights.

"What is de matter?" asked Modjeska.

"The steps are moving away," said Mr. Robertson.

"Then you will have to jump," was the comforting response. He jumped.

### The Standard, \$1.

#### City Council.

The city council met Monday in regular session, Mayor Pro Tem Reagan in the chair. The principal business of the session was the discussion of matter pertaining to the street work. A change in drainage was ordered on South Bridge street, so as to run the water down the west side of the street, thus making this street carry its own water. Cement Contractor Stump was instructed to proceed with the work of laying the curbing and guttering on Blackburn street as far south as South Sixth street. W. D. Murphy and R. Z. Swain were appointed city scavengers.

## Misery in Head

"I had misery in my head, was irritable—wretched. A druggist recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine. From the first I improved, and I continued until I was entirely well again." MISS VIOLA BAKER, Orange, Texas.

You are subject to headache, neuralgia, epilepsy, weak eyes—the chances are your nervous system is run down. All the energy from the nerves they are out of you lack nerve

Nervine  
energy and conse-  
the action of the

Save it, if not,  
our money.

## BAD FRISCO WRECK

Six Persons Injured in Rear End Collision  
at Grandbury Last Friday.  
Several Cattle Killed.

Grandbury, Texas, April 30.—A north bound Frisco freight train telescoped the caboose of another freight upon entering the yard here early this morning, and six persons were injured, a car load of cattle hurled from the track and many killed and maimed. The persons injured are: W. P. Neal, of Rochelle, face bruised and back sprained. J. D. Holmes, of Rochelle, bruised and ankle sprained. D. H. Smith, of Winters, injured about body. Engineer Webb, of Brownwood, hand broken. Conductor Gregory, of Fort Worth, face and body bruised. J. T. Ragan, of Brownwood, knee smashed.

Train 38 on the Frisco was running in two sections in charge of conductors Oliver and Gregory. The first section had run in on the siding at Grandbury and stopped when the second section came in on the same siding. The air failed to work and the big locomotive telescoped the caboose. The injured men outside of the train crew were stockmen, shipping stock from Brady and J. T. Ragan, who was moving to Fort worth from Brownwood. Ragan had a span of mules badly injured, one being practically disabled for all time.

If your Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are weak, try at least, a few doses only of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. In five or ten days only, the results will surprise you. A few cents will cover the cost. And here is why help comes so quickly. Dr. Shoop doesn't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to the weak and failing nerves. Each organ has its own controlling nerve. When these nerves fail, the depending organs must of necessity falter. This plain, yet vital truth, clearly tells why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is so universally successful. Its success is leading druggists everywhere to give it universal preference. A test will surely tell. Sold by Central Drug Store.

#### Christian Church.

At 11 a. m. Sunday, May 9th, the subject will be "What, Why and How of Organized Missions." At 7:45 p. m., "Leprosy of Sin." Remember the revival to begin July 1st by Rev. J. V. Coombs, one of the world's greatest evangelists. Everybody invited to all services.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, small, gentle and sure. Sold by Central Drug Store.

#### LAW'S DELAY IN AMERICA.

Justice William J. Gaynor of the supreme court of New York is quoted as saying, in a public address the other night, that "the law's delay is scandalous," and that, while more cases are disposed of in a year in London than in New York, a case can be heard in London immediately after it is brought.

—Let Ramsay do your planing work and window glass fitting.

#### PASTORAL ADJUNCTS.

In these days the demands upon the skilled playwright are many and complicated. "Too busy to do a little work for me right off?" asked a theatrical manager, and the playwright signified his willingness to attempt it.

"All right," said the theatrical manager. "We've got permission from the author to put on a dramatization of 'The Minister's Vacation,' that country book that's so popular; and the author's willing we should work in one or two more incidents to make the action lively.

"Now I want you to write up a cyclone and a couple of trick mules. I've got the machinery for the cyclone, and the two mules are great. I want the pastoral flavor of the book kept, you understand, but just a little more 'go' in it."—Youth's Companion.

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

# Crothers & White Addition

To the City of Brady is Now on Sale by

## W. T. Melton & Company

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

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

For Prices and Terms See

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

#### Has A Long Memory.

The editor of Collier's Weekly wired the Jackson, Miss., News a query as to what plans the city of Jackson was making to celebrate the Lincoln centennial anniversary. The Mississippi editor's reply was laconic and to the point. He wired back: "Jackson, Miss., Jan. 22, 1909. Richard Lloyd Jones, Editor of Collier's Weekly, New York:—None whatever. Neither have we arranged to celebrate the burning of Jackson, the fall of Vicksburg or the surrender at Appomatox. Please advise us what plans are being made in New York City for the next celebration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis."

If you expect to get the original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, you must be sure it is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for cuts, burns and bruises; and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Central Drug Store.

#### Birthday Club Entertained.

The Birthday Club was entertained by Mrs. William Kiehne, Thursday afternoon, April 29, 1909, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Lange of Mason.

The afternoon was spent in jolly conversation and games. The pleasant feature of the evening was a contest of embroidering. Each member embroidered their name on silk and made a floor pillow. Mrs. Seales being the first to finish received a pretty laundry bag; Mrs. Forbes being the last to finish, received booby prize, a linen handkerchief. The pillows were presented to Mrs. Lon Jones, in memory of the club, who left for her "Sunny South" home Sunday afternoon.

A three course lunch was served at 4:30 p. m., consisting of meats, salads and fruit and cake. The table was beautifully decorated with roses, carnations and honeysuckles.

Those present were: Mrs. Lange, Mason; Mrs. Lon Jones, Mrs. Polk Jones, Mrs. Chas. Bradley, Mrs. P. J. Martin, Mrs. Ed Scales, Mrs. Plahn, Mrs. H. C. Boyd, Mrs. G. W. Vierling, Mrs. Armor, Mrs. Keihne, hostess.

After lunch the club all departed and bade Mrs. Lon Jones farewell as it was her last time to meet with them.

—Typewriter ribbons and carbon papers at Standard office.

Among the citizens from the Lohn community attending court here this week we note M. Z. Bates, W. B. Holmes, L. A. Morris and S. W. Young. Mr. Young was a pleasant caller at The Standard office.

#### NO ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

"I see that a scientific chap has figured it out that the greatest number of people who can stand upon the earth's surface is 5,994,000,000."

"Say, I'd hate to be the next fellow and get pushed off."

#### About Early Closing.

Now that all the merchants have willingly agreed to close their stores at 7:00 o'clock let the movement have a hearty sanction and co-operation of the buying public. If you have shopping to do make it a point to go to the store early enough in the afternoon to complete your purchases by closing time. The Standard is informed that frequently it is the case that some lady will drop into the store just before seven o'clock, and keep some clerk busy until long after the closing hour. Of course it is impractical to suggest that such customers be not waited upon, therefore the only way to avoid such a matter is to point out to those customers the injustice of their act. The early closing movement was inaugurated in order to give the clerks and salesmen an opportunity to get some rest and recreation during the summer months, and they are certainly entitled to all they get. The Standard trusts that the ladies of the city will bear this in mind and do their shopping early.

A book on Rheumatism, and a trial treatment of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—Liquid or Tablets—is being sent free to sufferers by Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis. You that are well, get this book for some discouraged, disheartened sufferer! Do a simple act of humanity! Point out this way to quick and certain relief! Surprise some sufferer, by first getting from me the booklet and the test. He will appreciate your aid. Central Drug Store.

Our readers in the country will be interested in our clubbing rates. We can send you the Semi-weekly Dallas News, the Semi-weekly Fort Worth Record, or the twice-a-week St. Louis Republic, together with The Standard, one year for \$1.75. Call or send in your orders.

#### WHAT IS A BILLION?

Great Britain clings to its own numerical system and regards a billion as a million times a million. But America differs, a billion in the United States being only a thousand million. This is perhaps the only instance in which a thing is bigger in the old country than in the new. One has to go only a little way from England—to Calais—to find the billion lessened; for France dignifies a thousand million with the name of billion. They are wasting a word in France in this connection, however, inasmuch as there is already a word, milliard, to designate this number.—The Sunday Magazine.

#### Wanted.

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

#### GAVE QUARTET FOR RAZOR.

Haydn once exclaimed when shaving, "I will give my best quartet for a razor," remarked Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie in a recent address before the Royal institution, and a man offering him a couple secured the manuscript of what is now called the "Razor" quartet.

## Better Not Get Dyspepsia

If you can help it, Kodol prevents Dyspepsia, by effectually helping Nature to Relieve Indigestion. But don't trifle with Indigestion.

A great many people who have trifled with indigestion, have been sorry for it—when nervous or chronic dyspepsia resulted, and they have not been able to cure it. Use Kodol and prevent having Dyspepsia.

Everyone is subject to indigestion. Stomach derangement follows stomach abuse, just as naturally and just as surely as a sound and healthy stomach results upon the taking of Kodol.

When you experience sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, bloated sensation, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, heart burn (so-called), diarrhoea, headaches, dullness or chronic tired feeling—you need Kodol. And then the quicker you take Kodol—the better. Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it.

Ordinary pepsin "dyspepsia tablets," physics, etc., are not likely to be of much benefit to you, in digestive ailments. Pepsin is only

a partial digester—and physics are not digesters at all. Kodol is a perfect digester. If you could see Kodol digesting every particle of food, of all kinds, in the glass test-tubes in our laboratories, you would know this just as well as we do.

Nature and Kodol will always cure a sick stomach—but in order to be cured, the stomach must rest. That is what Kodol does—rests the stomach, while the stomach gets well. Just as simple as A, B, C.

#### Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist for the bottle. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

For Sale by CENTRAL DRUG STORE.

## POLK'S BARBER SHOP

Wants Your Whiskers for Business Reasons

Bath Rooms Fitted Up With the Latest Sanitary Plumbing

NORTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE

## WADE'S TRANSFER LINE.

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

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

J. H. WHITE, Pres. G. R. WHITE, V. Pres. H. N. COOK, Sec. Treas.

## The Brady Water and Light Company

Wants Your Business

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

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#### FAITH AND WORKS.

When Christian Science began to find firm footing in Winchester the little son of a prominent woman who had embraced the faith and was urging others to take it up was out of school one day or two because of sickness. When the youngster returned, his teacher, who was well along in years and possessed an inquiring mind, engaged the youngster in conversation.

"Been sick, Joe?" "Yes'm."

"Sick enough to be in bed?" "Yes'm."

"What did your mother do for you, Joe, while you ached in bed?"

asked the teacher, now all expectancy for the reply.

"She mended my trousers," lisped Joe.—Independent.

The Standard—a winner.





# THE BARRIER

BY  
REX BEACH



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Gale paused in his tracks and looked at the young man queerly.  
"What do you mean?"  
"I've jumped those claims myself."  
"You jumped them?" cried Necla.  
"Sure! I changed my mind about staking."  
"It's a lie!" cried Rannion, at which Burrell whirled on him.  
"I've been waiting for this, Rannion, ever since you came back. Now—"  
"I mean you haven't had time," the other temporized hurriedly.  
"Oh, that sounds better. If you don't believe me take a look for yourself. You'll find my notice just beneath Miss Gale's." Then to "No Creek" Lee he continued, "Klir'y record them for me so there will be no question of priority."  
"I'll be d—d if I do!" said the belligerent recorder. "You're worse'n these crooks. That ground belongs to Necla Gale."

Up to this time Stark had remained silent, his impassive face betraying not a shadow of chagrin, for he was a good loser, but now he spoke at large.  
"Anybody who thinks the American army is asleep is crazy." Then to Burrell, "You certainly are a nice young man to double cross your friends like that."  
"You're no friend of mine," Meade retorted.  
"I? What do you mean?"  
"I double crossed you, Stark; nobody else. There's no use mouthing words about it," said he. "These things are your tools, and you tried to steal that ground because it's sure to be rich."

Stark exclaimed angrily, but the other gave him no time to break in.  
"Now, don't get rough, because that is my game, and I'd be pleased enough to take you back a prisoner." Then, turning to Lee, he said: "Don't make me force you to record my locations. I staked those claims for Miss Gale, and I'll deed them to her when she turns eighteen."  
Poleon Doret called to Rannion: "M'sieu, you 'member w'at I tol' you yesterday? I'm begin for t'ink it's goin' to be you."

Seeing that the game had gone against him, Stark got his feelings under control quickly and shrugged his shoulders as he turned away.  
"You're in the wrong, lieutenant," he remarked, "but I don't want any trouble. You've got the law with you." Then to Rannion and the others he said, "Well, I'm ready to hit the trail."

When they had shouldered their packs and disappeared down the valley Gale held out his hand to the soldier.  
"Young man, I reckon you and I will be friends."  
"Thank you," said Burrell, taking the offer of friendship, which he knew was genuine at last.  
"I'm in on that," said "No Creek" Lee. "You're all right."

Poleon had been watching Stark's party disappear, but now he turned and addressed the young soldier.  
"You mak' some enemies today, m'sieu."  
"That's right," agreed Lee. "Ben Stark will never let up on you now."  
"Very well. That is his privilege."  
"You don't savvy what it means to get him down on you," insisted Lee. "He'll frame things up to suit himself, then pick a row with you. He's the quickest man on a trigger in the west, but he won't never make no open play, only just devil the life out of you with little things till you fare up; then he'll down you. That's how he killed the gold commissioner back in British Columbia."

Necla had said little so far, but the look in her eyes revealed the soldier for his undertaking in her behalf and for any mischief that might ensue from it. She came forward and laid her hands upon his.  
"Don't worry, daughter," reassured Gale. "There's nothing Stark can do, and whatever happens we're with the lieutenant. He's our kind of people."

Burrell liked this grizzled old fellow with the watchful eyes and was glad now that he could grip his hand and face him squarely with no guilt upon his conscience.  
By this time Doret had finished with their blankets, and the four set out for town, but instead of following the others they accepted Necla as guide and chose the trail to Black Bear creek.

The party reached Flambeau on the following day, sufficiently ahead of Stark and his men for Lee to make known his find to his friends, and by sunset the place was depopulated, while a line of men could be seen creeping slowly up the valleys.  
Gale found Alluna in charge of the store, but no opportunity of talking alone with her occurred until late in the evening, after Necla had put the two little ones to bed and had followed them wearily. Then he told his squaw. She took the news better than he expected and showed no emotion such as other women would have displayed, even when he told her of the gunshot. Instead she inquired:  
"Why did you try it there before all those others?"  
"Well, when I heard him talking the wish to kill him was more than I could stand, and it came on me all at once, so that I was mad, I suppose."

"Does this man suspect?"  
"No."  
"Then it is child's play. We will lay a trap."  
"No, by heaven!" Gale interrupted her hotly. "I tried that kind of work, and it won't do. I'm no murderer."  
"Those are only words," said the woman quietly. "To kill your enemy is the law."  
When he made no answer the squaw slipped out into the shadows, leaving



Gale slid the case from the long blade. Him staring into the flames, to return a moment later bearing something in her hands, which she placed in his. It was a knife in a scabbard old and worn.

"There is no magic that can turn bright steel," she said, then squatted again in the dimness outside of the freight. Gale slid the case from the long blade and held it in his palm, letting the freight flicker on it. He balanced it and tested the feel of its handle against his palm, then tried the edge of it with his thumb nail and found it honed like a razor.  
The glancing, glinting light flashing from the deadly thing seemed to fascinate the man, for he held it a long while silently. He spoke:  
"For fifteen years I've been a haunted man, with a soul like a dark and dismal garret peopled with bats and vermin that flap and flutter all the time. I used to figure that if I killed this man I'd kill that memory, too, and those flitting, noiseless things would leave me, but the thought of doing it made me afraid every time, so I ran away, which never did no good—you can't outfoot a memory—and I knew not all the while that we'd meet sooner or later. Now that the day is here at last I'm not ready for it. I'd like to run away again if I were, but there was no place to run to, but I've followed frontiers till I've seen them disappear one by one. I've retreated till my back is against the circle, and then I've been driven to go to it. All the time I've prayed and planned for this meeting, and yet—I'm undecided."  
"Kill him!" said Alluna.  
"No! I don't think I can do it—not in cold blood, anyhow. Good night! I'm going to sleep on it." He crossed to the door of his room, but as he went she noted that he slipped the knife and scabbard inside the bosom of his shirt.

CHAPTER IX.  
THE AWAKENING.  
EARLY the next morning Corporal Thomas came into the store and found Necla tending it while Gale was out. Ever since the day she had questioned him about Burrell this old man had taken every occasion to talk with the girl, and when he asked her this morning about the reports concerning Lee's strike she told him of her trip and all that had occurred.  
"You see, I'm a mine owner now," she concluded. "If it hadn't been a secret I would have told you before I went, so you could have been one of the first."  
"I'm goin' anyhow," he said, "if the lieutenant will let me and if it's not too late."  
Then she told him of the trail by Black Bear creek which would save him several hours.  
"So that's how you and he made it?" he observed, gazing at her shrewdly. "I supposed you went with your father?"  
"Oh, no! We beat him in," she said, and fell to musing at the memory of those hours passed alone with Meade, while her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed. The corporal saw the look, and it bore out a theory he had formed during the past month, so as he lingered he set about a task that had lain in his mind for some time. As a rule, he was not a careful man in his speech, and the delicacy of this maneuver taxed his ingenuity to the utmost, for he loved the girl and feared to say too much.  
"The lieutenant is a smart young fellow," he began, "and it was slick work jumpin' all those claims. It's just like him to befriend a girl like

you. I've seen him do it before."  
"What!" exclaimed Necla. "Befriend other girls?"  
"Or things just like it. He's always doin' favors that get him into trouble."  
"This couldn't cause him trouble, could it, outside of Stark's and Rannion's grudge?"  
"No, I reckon not," assented the corporal, groping blindly for some way of expressing what he wished to say.  
"Except, of course, it might cause a lot of talk at headquarters when it's known what he's done for you and how he done it. I heard somethin' about it down the street this mornin', so I'm afraid it will get to St. Michael's and then to his folks."  
"I don't understand," said Necla.  
"He hasn't done anything that any man wouldn't do under the same circumstances."  
"No man's got a right to make folks talk about a nice girl," said the corporal, "and the feller that told me about it said he reckoned you two was in love." He hurried along now without offering her a chance to speak.  
"Of course that had to be caught up quick; you're too fine a girl for that."  
"Too fine?" laughed Necla.  
"I mean you're too fine and good to let him put you in wrong, just as he's too fine a fellow and got too much ahead of him to make what his people would call a messy alliance."  
"Would his people object—to such a thing?" questioned the girl. They were alone in the store, and so they could talk freely. "I'm just supposing, you know."  
"O Lord! Would they object?" Corporal Thomas laughed in a highly artificial manner that made Necla bridle and draw herself up indignantly.  
"Go ahead and tell me; I won't be offended," insisted the girl. "You must. I don't know much about such things, for I've lived all my life with men like father and Poleon and the priests at the mission, who treat me just like one of themselves. But somebody will want to marry me some day, I suppose, so I ought to know what is wrong with me." She flushed up darkly under her brown cheeks.  
Corporal Thomas began to perspire uncomfortably, but went on doggedly: "I'm goin' to tell you a story, not because it applies to Lieutenant Burrell—"  
"Of course," said the girl.  
"—but just to show you what I mean. It was a good long spell ago, when I was at Fort Supply, which was the frontier in them days, like this is now. We freighted in from Dodge City with bull teams, and it was sure the fringe of the frontier—no women, no society, nothin' much except a fort, a lot of Indians and a few officials with their wives and families. Now, them kind of places is all right for married men, but they're tough sleddin' for single ones, and after awhile a feller gets awful careless about himself. He seems to go backward and run down mighty quick when he gets away from civilization and his people and restaurants and such things. He gets plumb reckless and forgetful of what's what. There was a captain with us, a young feller that looked like the lieutenant here and a good deal the same sort—high tempered and chivalrous and all that sort of thing, a West Pointer, too, good family and all that, and what's more, a captain at twenty-five. Now, our head freighter was married to a squaw, or leastways he had been, but in them days nobody thought much of it any more than they do up here now, and particularly because he'd had a government contract for a long while, ran a big gang of men and critters and had made a lot of money. Likewise he had a girl, who lived at the fort and was mighty nice to look at and restful to the eye after a year or so of cactus trees and mesquite and buffalo grass. She was twice as nice and twice as pretty as the women at the post, and as for money—well, her dad could have bought and sold all the officers in a lump, but they and their wives looked down on her, and she didn't mix with them none whatever. To make it short, the captain married her. Seemed like he got disgracedful of everything, and the hunger to have a woman—just overpowered him. She'd been courted by every single man for 400 miles around. She was pretty and full of fire, and they was both of an age to love hard, so Jefferson swore he'd make the other women take her, but soldierin' is a heap different from any other profession, and the army has got its own traditions. The plan wouldn't work.  
"By and by the captain got tired of tryin' and gave up the attempt—just devoted himself to her—and then we was transferred, all but him. We shifted to a better post, but Captain Jefferson was changed to another company and had to stay at Supply. Gee, I was a rotten hole! Influence had been used, and there he stuck, while the new officers cut him out completely, just like the others had done, so I was told, and it drifted on that way for a long time, him forever makin' an uphill fight to get his wife recognized and always quittin' loser. His folks back east was scandalized and froze him cold, callin' him a squaw man, and the story went all through the army, till his brother officers had to treat him cold in order to keep enough warmth at home to live by, one thing leadin' to another till he finally resigned it openly. After that he didn't last long. They made it so unpleasant that he quit the service—crowded him out, that's all. He was a born soldier, too, and didn't know nothin' else nor care for nothin' else; as fine a man as I ever served under, but it soured him so that a rattlesnake couldn't have lived with him. He tried to go into some kind of business after he quit the army, but he wasn't cut out for it and never made good as long as I knew of him. The last time I seen him was down on the border, and he had sure grown crotchety. He had quit the squaw,

who was livin' with a greaser in Tucson."  
"And do you think I'm like that woman?" said Necla in a queer, strained voice. She had listened intently to the corporal's story, but he had purposely avoided her eyes and could not tell how she was taking it.  
"No! You're different, but the army is just the same. I told you this to show you how it is out in the States. It don't apply to you, of course."  
"Of course!" agreed Necla again.  
"But what would happen to Lieutenant Burrell if—if well, if he should do something like that? There are many half breed girls, I dare say, like this other girl, or—like me."  
She did not flush now as before. Instead her cheeks were pale.  
"It would go a heap worse with him than it did with Captain Jefferson," said the corporal, "for he's got more ahead of him, and he comes from better stock. Why, his family is way up."  
"I never thought of myself as an Indian," said Necla dully. "In this country it's a person's heart that counts."  
"That's how it ought to be," said the corporal heartily, "and I'm mighty sorry if I've hurt you, little girl. I'm a rough old rooster, and I never thought but what you understood all this. Up here folks look at it right, but outside it's mighty different. Even yet you don't half understand."  
"I'm glad I'm what I am," cried the girl. "There's nothing in my blood to be ashamed of, and I'm white in here." She struck her bosom fiercely. "If a man loves me he'll take me, no matter what it means to him."  
The corporal slid down from the counter where he had been sitting. "I'm goin' to hunt up the lieutenant and get him to let me off. Maybe I can stake a claim and sell it."  
The moment he was gone the girl's composure vanished, and she gave vent to her feelings.  
"It's a lie! It's a lie!" she cried aloud, and with her fists she beat the boards in front of her. "He loves me! I know he does!" Then she began to tremble and sobbed, "I'm just like other girls."  
She was still wrestling with herself when Gale returned, and he started at the look in her face as she approached him.  
"Why did you marry my mother?" she asked. "Why? Why did you do it?"  
He saw that she was in a rage and answered bluntly, "I didn't."  
She shrank at this. "Then why didn't you? Shame! Shame! That makes me worse than I thought I was. Oh, why did you ever turn squaw man? Why did you make me a breed?"  
"Look here! What ails you?" said the trader.  
"I've just begun to realize what I am. I'm not respectable. I'm not like other women and never can be. I'm a squaw—a squaw!"  
"You're not!" he cried.  
"No honest man can marry me. I'm a vagabond! The best I can get is my bed and board, like my mother."  
"By heaven! Who offered you that?" Gale's face was whiter than hers now. "He can play with me, but nothing more, and when he is gone another one can have me, and then another and another and another."  
"That's all infernal rot," he said. "There's fifty good men in this camp would marry you tomorrow."  
"Bah! I mean real men, not miners. I want to be a lady. I don't want to pull a hand sled and wear moccasins all my life and raise children for men with whiskers. I want to be loved—I want to be loved! I want to marry a gentleman."  
"Burrell!" said Gale.  
"No," she flared up—"not him nor anybody in particular, but somebody like him, some man with clean finger nails."  
He found nothing humorous or grotesque in her measure of a gentleman, for he realized that she was stung to a pitch of unreason and unnatural excitement and that she was in terrible earnest.  
The old man hesitated. "I'll own I was wrong," he said finally, staring out into the sunshine with an odd expression. "It was thoughtless and wrong, dead wrong, but I've loved you better than any daughter was ever loved in this wide world, and I've worked and starved and froze and saved, and so has Alluna, so that you might have something to live on when I'm gone and be different from us. It won't be long now, I guess. I've given you the best schooling of any girl on the river, and I'd have sent you out to a convent in the States, but I couldn't let you go so far away. I loved you too much for that! I couldn't do it, girl. I've tried, but you're all I've got, and I'm a selfish man, I reckon."  
"No, no! You're not!" his daughter cried impulsively. "You're everything that's good and dear, but you've lived a different life from other men, and you see things differently. It was mean of me to talk as I did." She put her arms around his neck and hugged him. "But I'm very unhappy, dad."  
"Don't you aim to tell what started this?" he said gently, caressing her with his great, hard hand as softly as a mother. But she shook her head, and he continued, "I'll take the first boat down to the mission and marry your ma if you want me to."  
"That wouldn't do any good," said she. "We'd better leave things as they are." Then she drew away and smiled at him bravely from the door. "I'm very bad to act this way. Scuses."  
He nodded, and she went out.  
Necla was in a restless mood, and remembering that Alluna and the children had gone berrying on the slopes behind the Indian village, she turned her way thither. All at once a fear of seeing Meade Burrell came upon her. She wanted to think this out, to find where she stood, before he had word

with her. She had been led to observe herself from a strange angle and must verify her vision, as it were. What if he had changed now that he was alone and had had time to think? It would kill her if she saw any difference in him, and she knew she would be able to read it in his eyes.  
As she went through the main street of the camp she saw Stark occupied near the water front, where he had bought a building lot. He spoke to her as she was about to pass.  
"Good morning, miss. Are you rested from your trip?"  
She answered that she was and would have continued on her way, but he stopped her.  
"I don't want you to think that minding matter was my doing," he said. "I've got nothing against you. Your old man hasn't wasted any affection on me, and I can get along without him, all right, but I don't make trouble for girls if I can help it."  
The girl believed that he meant what he said. His words rang true, and he spoke seriously. Moreover, Stark was known already in the camp as a man who did not go out of his way to make friends or to render an accounting of his deeds, so it was natural that when he made her a show of kindness Necla should treat him with less coldness than might have been expected. The man had exercised an occult influence upon her from the time she first saw him at Lee's cabin, but it was too vague for definite feeling, and she had been too strongly swayed by Poleon and her father in their attitude toward him to be conscious of it.  
"I'm going to build a big dance hall and saloon here," said Stark, showing her the stakes that he had driven. "As soon as the rush to the creek is over I'll hire a gang of men to get out a lot of house logs. I'll finish it in a week and be open for the stampedede."  
"Do you think this will be a big town?" she asked.  
"Nobody can tell, but I'll take a chance. If it proves to be a false alarm I'll move on."  
"You've been in a great many camps, I suppose."  
"Yes, I have. I've been in a dozen or more, but I'll take a chance. If it proves to be a false alarm I'll move on."  
"You've been in a great many camps, I suppose."  
He said that he had; that for twenty years he had been on the frontier and knew it from west Texas to the circle.  
"I've never known anything except this." She swept the points of the compass with her arm. "And there is so much beyond that I want to know about. Oh, I feel so ignorant! There is something now that perhaps you could tell me, you have traveled so much."  
"Let's have it," said he, smiling at her seriousness.  
She hesitated, at a loss for words, finally blurring out what was in her mind:  
"My father is a squaw man, Mr. Stark, and I've been raised to think that such things are customary."  
"They are in all new countries," he assured her.  
"But how are they regarded when civilization comes along?"  
"Well, they aren't regarded, as a rule. Squaw men are pretty shiftless, and people don't pay much attention to them. I guess if they weren't they wouldn't be squaw men."  
"My father isn't shiftless," she challenged, at which he remained silent, refusing to go on record. "Isn't a half breed just as good as a white?"  
"Look here," said he. "What are you driving at?"  
"I'm a 'blood,'" she declared recklessly, "and I want to know what people think of me. The men around here have never made me feel conscious of it, but—"  
"You're afraid of these new people who are coming, eh? Well, don't worry about that, miss. It wouldn't make any difference to me or to any of your friends whether you were red, white, black or yellow."  
"But it would make a difference with some people," insisted the girl.  
"Oh, I reckon it would with eastern people. They look at things kind of funny. But we're not in the east."  
"That's what I wanted to know. Nice people back there wouldn't tolerate a girl like me for a moment, would they?"  
He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess you'd have a hard time breaking in among the 'bontonnors.' But what's the use of thinking about it? This is your country, and these are your people."  
A morbid desire was upon her to track down this intangible racial distinction, but she saw Rannion, whom she could not bear, coming toward them, so she thanked Stark hurriedly and went on her way.  
"Been making friends with that squaw, eh?" remarked Rannion casually.  
"Yes," replied Stark. "She's a nice little girl, and I like her. I told her I didn't have any part in that miners' meeting affair."  
"Huh! What's the matter with you? It was all your doing."  
"I know it was, but I didn't aim it at her. I wanted that ground next to Lee's, and I wanted to throw a jolt into Old Man Gale. I couldn't let the girl stand in my way, but now that it's over I'm willing to be friends with her."  
"Me too. By heaven, she's as graceful as a fawn. She's white too. Nobody would ever know she was a breed."  
"She's a good girl," said Stark musingly in a gentle tone that Rannion had never heard before.  
"Getting kind of mushy, ain't you? I thought you had passed that stage, old man."  
"No! I don't like her in that way."  
"I'll lay you a little eight to five that Burrell has thrown her down," chuckled Rannion.  
"I never thought of that. You may be right."  
"If it's true I'll shuffle up a hand for that soldier."  
Meanwhile Necla had passed on out of the town and through the Indian

village at the mouth of the creek until high up on the slopes she saw Alluna and the little ones. She climbed up to them and seated herself where she could look far out over the westward valley, with the great stream flowing half a mile beneath her. She stayed there all the morning, and, although the day was bright and the bushes bending with their burden of blue, she picked no berries, but fought resolutely through a dozen varying moods that mirrored themselves in her delicate face. It was her first soul struggle, but in time the buoyancy of youth and the almighty optimism of early love prevailed. And so she was in a happier frame of mind when the little company made their descent at midday.  
As they approached the town they heard the familiar cry of "Steamboat-o-o-at!" and by the time they had reached home the little camp was noisy with the plaint of wolf dogs. There were few men to join in the welcome today, every aboriginal inhabitant having disappeared into the hills, but the animals came trooping lazily to the bank and sat down on their haunches, watching the approaching steamer, in their soft eyes the sadness of a canine race of slaves.  
The deserted aspect of the town puzzled the captain of the steamer, and upon landing he made his way at once to John Gale's store, where he learned from the trader of the strike and of the stampedede that had resulted. Before the recital was finished a man approached and spoke excitedly:  
"Captain, my ticket reads to Dawson, but I'm getting off here. Won't you have my outfit put ashore?" He was followed by a group of fellow passengers, who made a similar request.  
"This place is good enough for me," one of them said.  
"Me, too," another volunteered. "This strike is new, and we've hit her just in time."  
Outside a dozen men had crowded "No Creek" Lee against the wall of the store and were clamoring to hear about his find.  
Stark wasted no time. With money in his hands, he secured a dozen men who were willing to work for hire, for there are always those who prefer the surety of ten coined dollars to the hope of a hundred. He swooped down with these helpers on his pile of merchandise that had lain beneath tarpaulins on the river bank since the day he and Rannion landed, and by midafternoon a great tent had been stretched over a framework of peeled poles built on the lot where he and Necla had stood earlier in the day. Before dark his saloon was running. To be sure, there was no floor, and his polished fixtures looked strangely new and incongruous, but the town at large had assumed a similar air of incompleteness and crude immaturity, and little wonder, for it had grown threefold in half a day. Stark swiftly unpacked his gambling implements, keen to scent every advantage, and out of the handful of pale faced jackals who follow at the heels of a healthy herd he hired men to run them and to deal.  
By night Flambeau was a mining camp.

CHAPTER X.  
MEADE BURRELL FINDS A PATH IN THE MOONLIGHT.  
"NO CREEK" LEE had come into his own at last and was a hero, for the story of his long ill luck was common gossip now, and men praised him for his courage. He had never been praised for anything before and was uncertain just how to take it.  
"Say, are these people kiddin' me?" he inquired confidentially of Poleon.  
"Why? W'at you mean?"  
"Well, there's a feller makin' a speech about me down by the landin'."  
"W'at he say?"  
"It ain't nothin' to fight over. He says I'm another Dan'l Boom, leadin' the march of empire westward. Certainly sounds good, but is it on the level?"  
"Was, I guess so," admitted Poleon. The prospector swelled with indignation. "Then why in h—l didn't you fellers tell me long ago?"  
The scanty chance or two of gold from his claim lay in the scales at the post, where every newcomer might examine it, and, realizing that he was a never ending source of information, they fawned on him for his tips, bribing him with newspapers worth \$1 each or with cigars, which he wrapped up carefully and placed in his mackinaw till every pocket of the rusty garment bulged so that he could not sit without losing them. They dwelt upon his lightest word and stood him up beside the bar, where they filled him with proofs of friendliness until he shed tears from his one good eye.  
Cautiously at first he let out his wit, which was lacy from long disuse and as heavy on its feet as the jumping frog of Calaveras, but when they laughed at its labored leaps and sallies his confidence grew. With the regularity of a clock he planted cigars and ordered "a little more hard stuff," while his roving eye rejoiced in lachrymose profusion, its overburden losing itself in the tangle of his careless beard. By and by he wandered through the town, trailed by a troop of tenderfeet, till the women made him, whereupon he fled back to the post and hugged the bar, for he was a bashful man. When Stark's place opened it offered him a retreat, of which he availed himself for some time. But late in the day he reappeared at the Old Man store, walking a bit more erect, and he mounted the dog he stepped on.

[To be continued]  
Fresh vegetable Randle C.



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## BRADY VS. SAN SABA

Athletic Meet Between High School Teams  
Results in San Saba Winning  
Most of the Events.

(By Our Public School Correspondent.)

The Brady High School Athletic team reached San Saba late on Thursday afternoon and enjoyed a very pleasant moonlight picnic that night, given in their honor by the girls of the Senior Class in San Saba High School. The moonlight was fine, the girls were sweet and the refreshments were fine, but the boys "kept their heads" and "turned in" in time to get some much needed rest.

On Friday morning at 9:30 the contests opened up with a game of tennis (singles). The contestants were David Stallings, of Brady, and Fred Piesker, of San Saba. For some time the outcome seemed uncertain. However, Piesker won the game.

The next event was the 100-yd dash, one of the prettiest events of the meet. There were four contestants and we might say that nine feet between first and fourth man is a conservative estimate. First place was won by DeWitt Cocks in 10 1-5 seconds. He was very closely followed by his brother, Haskell Cocks. Clyde Hall of Brady was third, time 10 2-5, while Evans Adkins followed only a yard behind him.

In the standing broad jump like Rainbolt of Brady, took first place, jumping 9 ft. 7 3-4 inches. Harkey of San Saba took second place, 9 ft. 6 1-4 in.

Ike next made 17 ft. 7 in. on the running broad jump, something good for a boy of his inches but the athletic Haskell Cocks took first place with 19 ft. 7 in., and then might have jumped some more.

Then came the bicycle race. It is almost useless to tell Brady people who took that when they understand that Tom King was entered. Although the track was less than 400 yards in circumference, and not in the best of condition, King rode it in a most daring manner. In the first 100 yards he easily forged 20 feet ahead of Piesker, his opponent. At the end of the fourth round—the end of the race—he was almost 50 yards ahead, and yet his speed had not slackened perceptibly. It was a sight to cheer the boys from Brady. This ended the morning program.

In the afternoon the first game of baseball was pulled off. "Big" Doran was in the box for San Saba and though he walked the first two men up he seemed to be "teasing, just to see what we would do." Through the first three innings the score stood 0 to 0. But soon the fun began. Doran fanned Brady while San Saba batted Williams. When the score ran high enough for them to feel perfectly safe San Saba put Hart in the box and retired Doran to the field. Hart pitched a very pretty game but is not in Doran's class at all. In the last inning the Brady boys batted him pretty freely, but they were too late. They were shut out with the score standing 10 to 0. However, they took the defeat like men and resolved to play for all they were worth on Saturday.

Saturday morning's contests opened with another game of tennis, Stallings and Hall vs. Doran and Piesker. The result was an overwhelming victory for the latter.

In the 50-yd dash San Saba entered the Cocks brothers against King and Adkins of Brady, and again the brothers were victorious, making the dash in a little more than six seconds.

The standing high jump was won by Piesker and Harkey over King and Stallings. Piesker's jump was 4 ft. 2 1-2 in.

The running high jump was a pretty as well as interesting event. While no great record was made each man showed con-

siderable ability as a jumper. Tom King was easily first, jumping 4 ft. 9 1-2 in. without exertion. He was only prevented from making five feet or more by the fact that he was in every event of the morning and there is a limit to human endurance. Doran was second, jumping 4 ft. 8 1-2 in.

The pole vault had been practiced but little by either team. DeWitt Cocks won first place with 7 ft. 8 1-2 in.

The track work closed with the half-mile relay, the most exciting event of the entire meet. Brady team was composed of Hall, Adkins, Thompson and King, while Burleson, Cocks brothers and Doran represented San Saba. Both teams made excellent time, San Saba winning in 1 minute, 39 1-5 seconds. Brady's record was 1 min. 41 1-2 sec., nine and one-half seconds less than the time made at the McCulloch County Fair.

The baseball game for Saturday afternoon was of interest. San Saba was jubilant and confident, Brady determined and nervy. San Saba put Miller, a light-weight, in the box. Brady changed to "Little" Fuller. The playing was quick and fast, especially when Fuller handled the ball. Men came and went. Brady was in the game. The boys took on new life. Brady batted Miller all over the plat. Fuller cut 'em down like tender weeds. But the critical moment came when Brady had three men on bases. "Boy" Crothers bunted just to right of pitcher, made first and two men scored. Tipton bunted another man in and things got lively. San Saba woke up and scored some. Everybody played the game. Things looked gloomy for San Saba and Doran returned to the box, but too late to save the game. At the end the score stood 7 to 5 in favor of Brady. Then the Brady boys felt that they had revenge, for "he who laughs last, laughs best."

Although the Brady boys won only a minority, a glance over their work will show that they

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

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Hot Water Bottles,  
Rubber Goods  
of Any Kind,  
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### Died.

Mrs. C. D. Campbell, aged 72 years, died at the home of her son-in-law, O. T. Baird, five miles north of town yesterday, and the remains were shipped to Thornedale, Milam county, for interment. Deceased leaves four children—Mrs. O. T. Baird, Mrs. H. H. Moore, J. E. Campbell and E. A. Campbell, the latter of Milam county. The Standard joins in sympathy to them.

We are doing so well in our grocery department that we cannot keep from telling it to the public. The reason our business is growing so, is because we have the man that knows how. Just try us once on the grocery bill; we can save money for you.

Broad Merc. Co.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smart, 16 miles north of town, on the 29th, a girl.

### A Chance to Save Money.

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

J. F. SCHAEG & BRO.

If we cannot get your business on a square and fair deal we do not want it. An opportunity to do business with you, will cause no regret, for we are here to stay.

Broad Merc. Co.

J. N. Baxter says he is meeting with a little more encouragement this week in the matter of supplying the city's needs for a street sprinkler. If the business men will view this matter rightly they will not neglect the opportunity thus afforded them by Mr. Baxter. The sum he requires each month is little enough; in fact, in the light of the former practical experience with this editor has had in sprinkling, we do not hesitate to say that we wouldn't want to contract at the figures set by Baxter; and the business men cannot afford to go by. There are many in the city, however, who can well afford to pay \$1 upon this

### Amusements.

The discontinuance of the vaudeville at the Lyric has in no wise diminished the crowds who nightly attend. The illustrated songs by Miss Carlie Matthews is a feature in itself that will always hold a crowd and the amateur performers every Thursday night are proving quite an attraction.

We care not where you go you cannot find a better line of harness, both in buggy and wagon, than is shown on our floor. It's to your interest to figure with us, for we make the price.

Broad Merc. Co.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Reed, of the Bryson community, on the 29th, a boy.

Mrs. John E. Cooke is convalescing from a rather serious illness of two weeks' duration.

Building a reputation on reliability. J. V. Searcy, the new jeweler at Jones Drug Co.

City Marshal Paul Sheridan is among those afflicted with the "big jaw" this week.

The Broad Mercantile Co. is now Ed Broad, Howard Broad and Ed Jackson. You all know us and we know most of you. We are here to stay, we want your business and have the inducements. In justice to yourself we ask you to get our prices before buying, it is to your interest as well as ours.

Broad Merc. Co.

The results of the athletic meet between the high schools of Brady and San Saba are given in the public school column this week. While the Brady boys did not win a majority of the contests they acquitted themselves with credit, and made the San Saba boys hump themselves in every event they won.

—Cadet Hose are good hose; we guarantee them. Abney & Vincent.

Among the visitors of note who were here Friday for the funeral of Col. W. T. Melton was T. C. Yantis, of Brownwood, who came over with the Brownwood Commandry Knights Templar. Mr. Yantis is Deputy Grand Master of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of Texas.

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