

Shoes Priced Below Their Real Value--Mann Bros. & Holton

BIRTHPLACE OF A FREE TEXAS IN FADED RUINS

Navasota, Texas, July 7.—The necessity of self-preservation therefore, now decrees our eternal political separation.

Those Texas pioneers who drafted the Texas declaration of independence were men who had a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, for the early capital of Texas was situated in one of the most beautiful sections of the entire state.

Ploughing through the heavy Brazos bottom roads between Navasota and old Washington, after a rain, crossing the river into Washington county, one suddenly emerges into a new and different kind of country.

This is a general description of the seldom visited section of the state which was the birthplace of Texas liberty. In these days of steam and motor transportation it is difficult of access, and consequently has not had the advertising that has been accorded Valley Forge and Bunker Hill.

Shrunken Village Remains Old Washington, once the capital of Texas, where the declaration of independence was signed, is today a village, about one street and about fifteen houses.

We who have been taught that Texas is a new state, without traditions, have but to visit old Washington to learn the fallacy of this teaching.

On the spot where the declaration of independence was signed there is a monument, erected July 4th, 1899, by the school children of Washington county.

Recognition Comes Late In 1916 the first state-wide recognition of the birth place of Texas was taken, when the Legislature made an

BRADY RADIATOR COMPANY RADIATOR REPAIRING AND RECORING SOUTHWEST CORNER SQUARE Next Door to Murphy's Filling Station

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

appropriation for the purchase of a tract of 50 acres, including the site of the monument. The purchase was consummated on March 2, 1916, and the tract set aside as a park.

"I hope that the coming session of the legislature will make an appropriation that will enable us to make some improvements," said Mr. Conner. "All we have here now is a fence around the ground."

Twelve miles northwest of Washington is another graveyard of high hopes and laudable ambitions. It is Independence, the site of old Baylor University when it was the only college in Texas.

Railroads, those things of steel which have made hundreds of other cities, by their absence, ruined Independence. In 1845, when Baylor University was founded, Independence was as conveniently located as any town in Texas.

The men's dormitory is owned by two sisters, Mrs. Rosa Myer and Miss Minnie Hume, who live in it. It is a four-story building, and those two women are the only occupants.

The old faculty boarding house, in which the president of the school, members of the faculty and the girl students lived, is occupied by Mrs. Ella Young, who is taking care of the building for the trustees of Baylor University, which still owns the property.

The portion of the old school building, with its four huge columns, still standing, but all of the roof has collapsed and several of the walls have crumbled.

Less than a dozen families now live in the wreckage that once was Independence. Brick was the material used in the construction of homes there, and the town is dotted with roofless brick walls, reminding one of French towns that had been under German shell fire for a few hours.

GRASSHOPPERS DOING INESTIMABLE DAMAGE TO CORN IN ROCHELLE COMMUNITY

The Standard's good friend, Mrs. J. P. Waddill, was here Monday from the Rochelle community exhibiting a corn cob, all but stripped of every grain of corn, and reported it as the work of the native, or flying grasshopper.

In other years when the jumbo hoppers made their appearance, the farmers could fence against them, but the flying variety present a much more difficult problem to contend with.

NOTICE! O. W. Cochran, successor to O. C. Waddill, solicits your Tailoring, Cleaning and Pressing. Ladies' work a Specialty. ROCHELLE, TEXAS.

Shoes priced below their Real Value. Mann Bros. & Holton. Prompt service, reasonable prices. W. W. JORDAN & CO., Grocers, Phone 56.

GOOD VEIN PURE SOFT WATER STRUCK IN CITY WELL SUNDAY—TO TEST OUT

WATER SANDS STRUCK AT 1475 FT. DEPTH DRILLERS PENETRATE 28 FT. OF SAND WITH INCREASED VOLUME OF WATER RESULTING.

The striking of a big vein of pure, cold, soft water in the city well Sunday morning is the most cheerful news of the week, insofar as Brady citizens are concerned, and the Brady City Council is very hopeful that their dreams of an ample supply of water for Brady is about to be realized.

The sand in which the water strike was made is thought to be a 30-ft. strata, the drillers basing this surmise upon the logs of other nearby wells. The quick rise of the water, following the striking of the vein, and the increased flow later resulting apparently indicates a big body of water.

LLANO NEWS WRITEUP—BRADY BALL TEAM TOOK TWO STRAIGHTS FROM LLANOITES

Manager Callaway carried his ball team to Brady last week for a series of games with the team of that town. The Llano boys put up a stiff game of ball, but were simply outclassed by the Brady bunch as that team is considered one of the strongest in this part of the state.

Mr. Callaway said they did not only run up against a good bunch of ball players, but true sports from start to finish, that no party was ever treated fairer on the diamond nor with more courtesy off the field than the treatment they received at the hands of the team and the citizenship of Brady generally.

The local team is planning for a return series with Brady, which games are scheduled to be played on the local field sometime in the near future.—Llano News.

R. & R. BOLL WEEVIL EXTERMINATOR.

"The Farmers' Friend." Increase your cotton production 25% to 100%. KILL THAT WEEVIL and WORM. A successful mechanical device to exterminate Boll Weevils and Worms and other cotton insects has at last been placed on the market—one that will positively catch the boll weevils and worms without injuring the cotton plant.

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's. Don't forget we want to supply you with Hay Ties. O. D. MANN & SONS.

COMMISSIONER ' F. PRIEST BUYS RUSSELL GRADER FOR COM. PRECINCT NO. 3

TEST MADE LAST FRIDAY INTERESTS MANY CITIZENS—BIG ARMY CATERPILLAR TRACTOR PROVES GREAT POWER IN PULLING VARIOUS GRADING APPARATUS.

Commissioners Precinct No. 3 now possesses some of the most modern and powerful road building equipment in the county. The new tractor, received some time ago, was put to a thorough test and demonstrated its ability to do any and all work expected of it.

The test was made on the Coleman road at the Johnson grass farm, and was witnessed by the other county commissioners and quite a number of interested spectators. About one-half mile of road was graded with the Russell grader, and another half mile with the Austin-Western grader, a full mile of road being put up. The verdict of Commissioner Priest rested in favor of the Russell grader.

LUTHER STEPHENS, MERCURY CITIZEN, DIED IN BROWNWOOD TUESDAY NIGHT

Luther Stephens of Mercury, a prominent stockman and good citizen, died at a sanitarium in Brownwood Tuesday night. Mr. Stephens was stricken at his home in Mercury several days ago but put off coming to Brownwood thinking he perhaps might obtain relief without making the trip.

On last Saturday, about 100 ft. above the present strike, a flow of fresh water was struck, which tested out four barrels per hour.

AGED MAN KILLED IN COLEMAN COUNTY DURING QUARREL

E. W. Bible, 65 years old, was shot and killed at Whon, Coleman county, and Murray McCain, 21 or 22 years old, is being held in connection with the case, according to District Attorney W. U. Early.

Details of the tragedy are not known here. It is understood, however, that McCain and Bible had a quarrel about a check in connection with labor in the harvest field.

We are in the market for your Oats. Mayhew Produce Co.

THIRTY THOUSAND TOES IN BRADY SIX THOUSAND FEET IN BRADY Now How Many Corns in Brady?

To any person, or set of persons, letting us know the number of CORNS on the THIRTY THOUSAND toes in Brady, we will give the party, or parties, one bottle of REXALL CORN SOLVENT and will guarantee the Corn Solvent to remove at least FIVE corns, if used according to directions.

We will further guarantee to remove the corns from the THIRTY THOUSAND TOES of Brady, granting that there is only ONE CORN to the toe, and Oh! Oh! Oh! that corn on the toe, and GEE! Durn how it does BURN! When you are seated all comfortably in the pew or church and all at once you begin to squirm—

Now your corn will get EASY. REXALL CORN SOLVENT will take them OUT. Price 25c.

TRIGG DRUG CO. THE Rexall STORE

COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS WILL WIN \$25,000 IN THE GREAT RODEO AT CHICAGO

Chicago, June 25.—The world's cowboy championships this year will be staged in Grant Park here from July 16th to 24th, according to announcement made today.

Cowboys and cowgirls who won world championships last year will be here to defend their titles. Plans provide for accommodating a crowd of 20,000 persons and 800 head of stock.

The event is sponsored by the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society.

McCall-Parrish.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Parrish and Miss Minnie McCall was quietly celebrated Saturday evening, July 9th, at 8:20 o'clock, the Rev. J. W. Cowan performing the ceremony in the study at the Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Parrish are both popular and highly-esteemed young folks of Brady, Mrs. Parrish being a daughter of Mr. Nellie McCall and having made here home here all her life.

Baird-Sayles.

A marriage of interest to the many friends of the high contracting parties was celebrated Saturday evening, July 9th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Broad, at 8:30 o'clock, when the Rev. S. H. Jones spoke the words that united Mr. Edwin Sayles and Miss Laura Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayles are at home to their friends in their residence on the north side.

The bride is a young lady of great charm, and is popular in a wide circle of admiring friends. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Baird, she has grown to sweet young womanhood in our midst, and is loved by all who know her.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayles are making their home for the present at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Broad. Their many friends join in extending congratulations and best wishes for every happiness and success in life.

Time to get Hay Ties — we want to supply your needs. O. D. MANN & SONS. And get in on our July shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO. Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

ON AN OUTING You will need one of the new Hot and Cold Bottles, gallon size, with opening enough to insert hand see them. BRADY

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES
Local Readers, 7 1/2c per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1 1/2c per word per issue
Display Rates Given upon Application

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

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

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

BRADY, TEXAS, July 12, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

After reading about the race riots in Tulsa, Okla., and then noticing a news dispatch saying two boys had fried some eggs on the street car tracks in that city the other day, a McCulloch county official was heard to remark that hell couldn't be located very far from that city.

PASSES FOR VETERANS.

The last session of the legislature passed a law providing that the railroads of the states may issue free passes to Confederate Veterans and their widows, and a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding has been the net result of this enactment of the measure. Many Veterans are of the opinion that they may secure free passes for pleasure or business trips by applying for them to the Pension Department or the Confederate Home, and a report from the Home at Austin indicates that its mail is loaded with requests for such free transportation.

State Comptroller Lon A. Smith this week made the following statement relative to the matter:

"At this time this department is being flooded with inquiries from Confederate Veterans and their widows relative to free passes on the railroads, believing these passes are to be issued by the Pension Department, when, in fact, the Thirty-Seventh Legislature, Sec. 2, Chapter 99, only amended Sec. 2, Chapter 83 of the acts of the Thirty-Second Legislature, or the so-called anti-pass law, so as not to prohibit railroads from granting free passes to the Confederate Veterans who are or have been or who hereafter may be admitted to the Confederate Home."

In practical effect, the amendment to the act cited by Mr. Smith merely gives to the railroads of the state permission to grant free passes to Confederate Veterans and their widows, and does not in any sense make it mandatory that such free transportation be granted. So far as the Bulletin can ascertain, none of the railroads has yet issued a free pass under the provisions of the amended law, and as a matter of fact none such are expected. The legislature probably had a good reason for passing the law, but it is not visible at this distance from Austin.—Brownwood Bulletin.

1919 COTTON SEED.

If you have any 1919 Cotton Seed on hand, bring us a sample or phone us. We will give you the top price. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

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

HAY TIES—Let us supply your needs. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Call and See Us

Before you sell your Chickens, give us a chance. We pay as high prices as anyone, and guarantee satisfaction in weight.

Brady Brokerage Co.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Fl-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion, with a minimum charge of 25c. Count the words in your ad and remit accordingly. Terms cash, unless you have a ledger account with us.

WANTED

WANTED—Woman to do cooking and house work. Phone 356.

WANTED—To buy young turkeys. Will pay 20c per pound. See FRANK HURD at Brady Auto Co.

WANTED—Boarders at Southern Hotel. Board and room, \$7 per week. Meals, 40c each. MRS. R. H. SLAUGHTER.

WANTED—Your 1919 Cotton Seed. If you have any on hand bring us a sample, or phone us. We will give you the top price. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

FOR SALE

FOR TRADE—22 head of mules for cattle. ROHDE BROS., Brady, Texas.

FOR SALE—Oliver Typewriter in first-class condition. Brady Standard office.

FOR SALE—Second hand Row Binder, at \$90. W. A. MILLER, Fife, Texas.

FOR SALE—4-room bungalow, across street from Walker-Smith; nice location and lot. See O. L. McSHAN, Administrator of Estate H. P. Roddie, Deceased.

ELBERTA PEACHES. Fine Elberta Peaches. Prices right. F. F. JAMAR, Richland Springs, on Locker road.

ELBERTA PEACHES. For Sale at \$1.50 per bushel at the orchard, 14 miles south of Brady. L. C. BRATTON, Camp San Saba, Texas.

ELBERTA PEACHES. Will commence gathering Elberta Peaches at my orchard, 5 miles east of Milburn, between July 11th and 15th. Price, \$1.50 per bushel at the orchard. C. W. REYNOLDS, Milburn.

CONCESSIONS FOR SALE. At Confederate Reunion, Brady, Texas, August 3-4-5th. Biggest event of the year. For information see LEE KING, chairman Concessions Committee, Brady.

FOUND

ESTRAYED—In my pasture, one bay horse mule and one mouse-colored horse mule. Owner may recover by paying for this notice and care of mules. T. A. DIAL, Brady.

MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE FARMERS. This will give notice that beginning Monday, June 13th, our mill was again put in operation, and will continue running for about two and one-half weeks. We are in the market for your cotton seed, and are paying \$20 per ton. Bring us your seed. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

NOTICE: I have just received over 60 patterns of Comers stylish high-grade Rain Coats. See my sample coat and samples before you buy. J. L. THROWER, located second door north Moffatt Bros. & Jones, Brady, Texas.

We may love the chief justice for the enemies he has made when we notice the votes against his confirmation.—Philadelphia Record.

LIVED SIX MONTHS IN BED AND CHAIR

Texas Dairyman Says Wife's Restoration to Health Was Simply Marvelous

"My wife had been confined to her bed and chair for six months when she began taking Tanlac, and it is certainly remarkable the way this medicine put her on her feet in a short time," said J. B. Wall, well-known dairy farmer, living on R. F. D. No. 2, box 68, Houston, Texas.

"My wife suffered from rheumatism six years and the trouble seemed to be all over her body, every limb was affected and hurt her so much she couldn't get about. Her stomach was badly out of order, too, and I know no woman ever suffered from indigestion more than she did. It was almost impossible for her to sleep at night and she was as nervous as anyone ever gets to be. She was despondent, too, and was weak all the time. She thought she had heart trouble, for her heart would flutter and her breath would almost stop at times.

"Tanlac acted more like magic than medicine on her. She began to improve right from the start. I never dreamed she could be relieved by anything so quickly. She eats meats, vegetables, and any thing else she wants now and sleeps like a child. She is not only out of bed and chair but is now doing her housework and visiting the neighbors. Why, she gets around better than I can. She says Tanlac is worth its weight in gold and I agree with her. I am convinced Tanlac is the best medicine ever made."

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

1919 COTTON SEED.

If you have any 1919 Cotton Seed on hand, bring us a sample or phone us. We will give you the top price. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

Shoe Bargains. You can't afford to miss them. Mann Bros. & Holton.

We are prepared to fill all your needs in Hay Ties. O. D. MANN & SONS.

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

Save time, worry, money — phone your grocery orders to W. W. JORDAN & CO.

We are in the market for your Oats. Mayhew Produce Co.

For June Seed Corn, see Macy & Co.

CONTENTED COWS GIVE MORE MILK.

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

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE OF SALE OF UNCLAIMED FREIGHT.

Hubb Dry Goods Co. Brady, Texas, J. M. Radford Gro. Co. Abilene, Texas, and Hillsboro Cotton Mills, Hillsboro, Texas, are hereby notified that the undersigned, St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company, will at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 25th day of July, A. D., 1921, at public door of its freight house in Brady, Texas, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following unclaimed and undelivered freight upon which the legal charges thereon have not been paid as required by law, to-wit:

2 Bales Cotton Duck.
The consignor of said freight is Hillsboro Cotton Mills of Hillsboro, Texas, and the consignee thereof, Hubb Dry Goods Co. of Brady, Texas. Such sale will be made pursuant to the laws of the State of Texas. Dated June 20th, 1921. St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co. By C. Crawford, Their Agent.

NOTICE OF SALE OF UNCLAIMED FREIGHT.

H. Wilensky Brady, Texas, J. M. Radford Gro. Co. Abilene, Texas, and Hillsboro Cotton Mills of Hillsboro, Texas, are hereby notified that the undersigned, St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company, will at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 25th day of July, A. D., 1921, at public door of its freight house in Brady, Texas, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following unclaimed and undelivered freight upon which the legal charges thereon have not been paid as required by law, to-wit:

1 Bale Cotton Duck.
The consignor of said freight is Bonham Cotton Mills of Bonham, Texas, and the consignee thereof, H. Wilensky of Brady, Texas. Such sale will be made pursuant to the laws of the State of Texas. Dated June 20th, 1921. St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co. By C. Crawford, Their Agent.

Here's why CAMELS are the quality cigarette



BECAUSE we put the utmost quality into this one brand. Camels are as good as it's possible for skill, money and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos to make a cigarette.

Nothing is too good for Camels. And bear this in mind! Everything is done to make Camels the best cigarette it's possible to buy. Nothing is done simply for show.

Take the Camel package for instance. It's the most perfect packing science can devise to protect cigarettes and keep them fresh. Heavy paper—secure foil wrapping—revenue stamp to seal the fold and make the package air-tight. But there's nothing flashy about it. You'll find no extra wrappers. No frills or furbelows.

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And remember—you must pay their extra cost or get lowered quality.

If you want the smoothest, mellowest, mildest cigarette you can imagine—and one entirely free from cigarettey aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

LUNATIC IN COFFIN CREATES PANIC WHEN PROCESSION STARTS

Warsaw, June 30.—Grand Guignol plays are outdone by a drama enacted at Vilna a few days ago.

An inmate of the local asylum died, and the coffin body was taken into the chapel. Another lunatic, who had seen the body of his comrade carried away, stole into the chapel, took the body from the coffin and put it in the cupboard used to keep the church furniture. This done, he lay down in the coffin, covered himself with a shroud and fell asleep.

A few hours later a priest arrived and conducted a requiem service. When it was finished the bearers lifted the coffin to take it away for the burial. The motion woke the madman, who jumped out, struck one of the bearers a blow on the head and ran away. The bearer collapsed and died from fright, while the priest and the others fled panic-stricken.

Their cries brought a crowd to the chapel entrance. Eventually some of the bravest ventured inside to ascertain what had happened. They found

an empty coffin and a dead man on the floor, and naturally put the corpse into the coffin. They then began to search for the shroud, which the madman had taken away with him. One of the searchers opened the cupboard in the hope of finding something fit to cover the body. Directly he did so the hidden dead man fell on him head first and knocked him down.

The live man fainted from fright and panic again filled the chapel, the crowd rushing out and scattering.

Pin Tickets. The Brady Standard.

Library Paste. The Standard.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Cure fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

My New Workshop

Is now complete and I am prepared to do any kind of woodwork. Estimates gladly furnished. Will appreciate a share of your trade.

LEE MORGAN
Contractor
South Blackburn Street BRADY TEXAS

Report of the Condition of the Commercial National Bank

Statement at the Close of Business June 30th, 1921

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts.....\$723,243.09	Capital Stock.....\$130,000.00
Bonds, Stocks, etc.....11,100.00	Surplus.....130,000.00
Banking House.....27,345.00	Undivided Profits.....20,128.78
Other Real Estate.....900.00	Bills Payable.....58,000.00
Cash and Ex.....\$112,728.59	Rediscounts with F. R. B...109,550.88
Demand Loans	Deposits.....513,423.23
(Cotton) 55,786.21 168,514.80	Total.....\$931,102.89
Total.....\$931,102.89	

STATE OF TEXAS,) I, W. D. Crothers, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly
County of McCulloch) swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
W. D. CROTHERS, Cashier.

Succeeded the Commercial Bank of Brady, Mar. 11, 1907

The stock in this bank is owned by some of the most progressive business men, farmers and stockmen of the country, whose individual responsibility is over \$16,000,000.00.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

By RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENTISH"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY AWEIL
COPYRIGHT BY RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

CHAPTER III.

Within the Factory Walls.

I stood as though paralyzed, with one foot uplifted, a hand pressed against the wall, unable to move. There was nothing I could do to avert discovery, no place in which I could crouch in hiding. The newcomer moved swiftly, knowing his way through the darkness, and I had scarcely opportunity to even glance backward when he rounded the corner and bumped into me.

"What the h—ll!" he exclaimed, startled at the encounter. "Why, d—n it, Charlett, what are you slouching here for? You're Charlett, ain't you?" "Yes," I muttered, the assent actually frightened out of me; then added lamely, "I couldn't remember the signal."

The fellow laughed softly, releasing his grip on my coat.

"If you attended more meetings you'd be better perfect," he said, his English without an accent. "Where have you been the last month—out of town?"

"In Washington," I ventured, praying the swift answer might suffice.

"Oh, I see," he said heartily. "So you were the one Alva sent? Did the woman come back with you?"

The woman! Who could he mean but the same girl who had been waiting in the saloon? I had ventured already too far to draw back; I must take yet another chance, an answer.

"Not with me; that would be too risky. She is here, though."

"Good enough. That means money. Let's go in."

He pushed past, and I followed, totally unable to determine by my own mind what to do. The fellow in the darkness evidently mistook me for some one of the gang. His confidence in my identity as Charlett might win me entrance—but what then? That I was not Charlett would certainly be revealed by the first gleam of light, and I would be helpless. I was alone, unarmed, and these fellows, beyond question, were engaged in a desperate game. I am sure I should never have ventured it had not my companion suddenly turned and grasped my sleeve.

"You saw Mendez, of course?"

"Sure."

"And he vouched for her; he says she is all right?"

"He chose her; that ought to be enough."

"H—ll, I suppose so, but even Mendez has made mistakes. Here's the door."

He rapped lightly, his fingers still gripping my sleeve in a grasp of friendship. I could have broken away, and ran for it, but something mysterious held me, some odd fascination of danger. I saw nothing, heard nothing, yet had an instinctive feeling that a narrow wicket had opened in the door, through which our dim outlines were being scrutinized. I held my breath expectantly.

"Who is there?" the voice was a mere whisper, so close as to startle me.

"Gaspar Wine," was the answer, in the same low tone, "163."

"What word?"

"Cervantes."

"But there are two of you."

"Oh, this is one of us. It's all right, Juan; I'll vouch for him."

The fellow inside trembled, something in indistinguishable Spanish, but opened the door silently, just far enough for us to slip through one at a time. I felt Wine press past me, and was aware that the guard closed and barred the door, but could see nothing; not even my own hand before my eyes.

A latch clicked softly, and a dim ray of light broke in upon us from a revealed passage beyond. It was so faint as to scarcely render features visible, and, as my coat collar was still upturned, I pressed forward close behind Wine without discovery. I could perceive something of the fellow now,

a rather squat figure, concealed by a long, shapeless raincoat, wearing a closely trimmed beard, and horn spectacles. His features were clearly foreign, yet failed to bespeak the fighting type. I placed him as a theorist, a professor, perhaps, in some small college.

But my thoughts were not so occupied with my guide as with the problem of how I was to escape from him. I dare not go on into the presence of others, where discovery that I was not Charlett would be immediate. At any cost I must avoid such exposure—but how? The place in which we were gave me little inspiration. It was a low passage-way, inclosed by rough board walls, instantly driving home upon me the impression that it had been constructed for the very purpose for which it was now being utilized—a secret entrance to prevent any gleam of light from being seen without. This precaution, coupled with the tightly boarded passage, left the whole building apparently deserted and desolate, to any chance watcher without. This was evidently no common, vulgar band of schemers, but men with a definite purpose in view, which they were engaged in carrying out with true secret efficiency. They were plotting revolution. Only a strange chance had given me the clue, and only a reckless persistence had opened a way before me. Now my life was no longer my own; it belonged to my country. I must live to expose these men. But how?

My heart failed me as I stared about at the bare walls, and forward to where a heavy curtain draped the end of the passage. This widened as we advanced, so as to form what evidently had been designed as a cloakroom. Wine stopped and removed his coat, appropriating an unoccupied nail, and I followed his example, rejoicing to observe that he still remained so confident of my identity as to not once glance around in my direction. The fellow seemed obsessed with some special desire, for he swept his eyes over the swinging garments, and exclaimed:

"Not half of them here, yet. I want a word with Alva before the show opens, Charlett, so you better go right on in. See you later."

He pressed something in the side-wall, sliding back a panel, and disappeared, the rough boards returning instantly into place. I was left alone, staring at the spot where he had disappeared. Beyond doubt the entrance awaiting me lay straight ahead, concealed by the hanging curtain. I stepped cautiously forward, listening for some guiding sound from beyond that barrier, afraid to draw it aside and take a blind plunge into the unknown. I could detect the murmur of voices, several of them speaking Spanish, yet in such low tones I could distinguish only an occasional emphasized word. There was no door between us; only that thick, hanging curtain, and I ventured far enough to draw this aside sufficient to peer through with one eye. Beyond was a reasonably large room, but so dimly lighted as to be scarcely visible from end to end. I could discern men present, a number of them, lounging about on chairs, their outlines being fairly revealed, but the light was not sufficient to give me any impression of their faces. It seemed quite possible that I might slip in unobserved, and pass among them unrecognized except through accident. But the risk of discovery was too great. I must find some other point of entrance.

The private doorway through which Wine had disappeared gave me the thought that there might also be others. I dare not follow after him, but if there was another opening to be found I was perfectly willing to explore into its mysteries. The search was brief, yet the very nature of the rough board wall made concealment impossible. Behind the dangling coats I uncovered what I sought, and not a moment too soon. Even as my hand touched the exposed latch, a murmur or voicing in the outer entry reached my ears—there were new arrivals being questioned, and admitted.

The panel slid back silently in its grooves, and I peered through the revealed opening into absolute darkness. All I could be sure of, as exhibited by the dim light of the passage, was a single step downward, and then, apparently a strip of earth floor. I dared not wait and meet those entering; there was but one choice of action. I pressed through the orifice, forced the panel back into place, and stood erect in the intense darkness and silence, listening for the slightest sound.

I was still motionless, my heart beating fiercely, when several men entered the passage. I had just left. Pressing my ear against the thin crack I distinguished words so as to piece together scraps of conversation. It seemed to me there were three voices—one speaking Spanish entirely, and

others using English. One of the latter spoke first.

"It's a dirty night out, but good for our purpose. You came by motor, Alonzo?"

"No. Wine said that was too risky. I walked from the car line. What's up? Do you know, Captain?"

The fellow addressed exploded in Spanish.

"Why you call me that? I tell you my name!"

"It's safe enough in here, but I'll be careful outside. What was this meeting called for?"

"It was a message from Washington, orders maybe, that we act soon. I hope it."

"From Washington? Is Mendez here?"

"Saprista, no! Can he move without a dozen spies at his heels? He find a messenger no one ever suspect. She bring the word."

"She? A woman?"

"Sure! that was better. No one know her; no one ever see her with our people. It was a good trick, and it fool the pigs."

"But who is the woman?"

The other uttered a gruff exclamation of disgust.

"If I know, you suppose I tell? Not much, but I do not know. They trust her—is it not enough? 'Tis my guess she come special for to do this."

"She is a Chilean then?"

"Maybe; maybe American, Spanish. What difference if she be in our service? They know what she is; tonight she is Marie Gessler—it has the sound of Switzerland. Beyond this I care nothing."

"But you have seen her, perhaps?"

"Not a sight; none of the boys here. She was to meet Alva at Times square this noon. I went with him, but no girl—just a messenger boy there with a note in code. Something had frightened the lady, and she made a night appointment over here."

"Here! How did she know the way out?"

"She didn't, for the matter of that; but she had been piped off on Jans' place, and agreed to be there as soon as it was dark. I'm wondering if she showed up; let's go in and see."

The three moved off down the passage, still conversing in subdued tones, the sharp accent of the Spaniard most prominent, and I became acutely aware of the black silence in which I stood. There was no occasion for me to risk my life further in an effort to learn more. I had located the secret rendezvous of this gang of revolutionary plotters. I was aware of their connection with the Chilean Junta at Washington, and it would be a comparatively easy matter now to capture them red-handed. I saw therefore no reason why I should venture further, or endeavor to learn in detail the nature of this message entrusted to the girl's delivery. My duty now was to report what I had discovered, when the prompt arrest of Alva, and a few others, would end the whole scheme. It seemed simple enough. If I could only find my way out safely.

But escape unobserved was far from being assured. Any retreat by way of the lighted passage was impossible; there were guards there at both ends; the only hope lay in a blind effort forward.

I accepted the only course possible, and began to feel my way to the left, skirting the wall of rough boarding, until it widened out into what was apparently the larger room beyond. No sound reached me from any direction, the silence and darkness oppressing me, as though they had weight.

Yet one fact became more and more clear—the deliberate purpose with which this deserted iron factory had been prepared for a secret rendezvous. Apparently, from without, it stood grim, desolate and deserted, yet the interior arrangements were such that conspirators could meet securely inside, protected from observation, in rooms through whose walls no gleam of light might be visible from either street or alley. Only an accident, or constant vigilance without, could reveal the true use to which the building was now being devoted. This knowledge rendered the peril of my own position the more intense. I could be killed, murdered, and no man would ever be the wiser. I would simply disappear, vanish, and that would be the end.

At that moment I had no thought but to discover some means of escape. The knowledge of the danger I was in rebbed me of all courage. I was like a child afraid in the dark. I moved forward, inch by inch, feeling my way along the rough plank with one hand, my limbs actually trembling under me. If I could only find some opening; see some gleam of light; break away from this terrible silent darkness.

I supposed I was moving with the utmost caution, every nerve on edge, feeling a way toward my hands and feet. Once I stepped upon a shell of some kind which crunched beneath the weight, and again my groping hand dislodged a small block of wood, which fell with a slight clatter. I halted both times, my heart in my mouth, yet nothing happened, and I moved forward again confident of not being overheard.

I could not have told what it was that halted me. I remember I stopped as though shot, my very breath suspended, one foot still uplifted in a step forward, my eyes staring helplessly into the black void. The silence was that of a tomb. I could feel the perspiration flow down my face in a stream; it was an instant of torture. Then an unseen hand gripped me and an electric flash-light glared into my eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

I Become a Well-Known Thief.

The sudden, unanticipated attack, the burst of dazzling light in my eyes, rendered me for the moment utterly helpless. I was blinded, and so tightly grasped at the throat as to be nearly strangled.



So Tightly Grasped at the Throat as to Be Nearly Strangled.

I was blinded, and so tightly grasped at the throat as to be nearly strangled. I only dimly realized that my assailant was a man, his grip that of a giant. Then, to my surprise, the fellow laughed oddly, snapping out his light, and releasing his grip.

"Well, if this don't beat h—ll," he said, in the tone of cheerful disgust. "Come in here and let me look you over."

His hand closed on the sleeve of my coat, and before I scarcely found time to catch my breath again I had been dragged through a narrow opening and became aware that a door shut silently behind me.

The fellow gave me little opportunity to either act, or think. A match flared, and was held aloft to a gas jet which instantly broke into a dull flame, sufficient to render visible the full extent of the small room in which we stood. In some semi-conscious way I was aware of bare walls, of a small table opposite with some writing materials on it, and a short bench covered by a blanket. I suppose I saw these things, yet all that I seemed to perceive was the man fronting me, who stared in my face, a quizzical smile on his lips, as though still half uncertain of the reality of my presence. He was tall, a trifle angular, but exceedingly well-dressed, with closely trimmed iron-gray beard and peculiar eyes deeply set in a rather chalky face. He broke the silence, evidently inclined to look upon this meeting as a joke.

"Don't recognize me, I reckon? Well, that ain't to be wondered at, for likely enough you never saw me before. Beats the devil though why you should drift in here; now I suppose it will have to be fifty-fifty."

His words and manner gave me a new lease on life. Whoever the fellow might be he was seemingly friendly. I must meet the fellow in that same spirit and endeavor to extract from him some knowledge of whom he supposed me to be.

"I do not quite get the drift of all this," I ventured. "You imply that you know me."

"H—ll, yes. Over in Row Street, on the other side, the Hartlebury robbery case. I'd been hearing about you for years, and when that came on, I took a chance and drifted into court one day just to see what you looked like. You've shaved your mustache, and look ten years younger, but I knew you, all right. I never forget a face. Say, who put you onto this game—Waldron?"

I nodded, taking a chance. "I'd have bet my life he was the guy. I might have known he would double-cross me some way. Of course a tip's a tip in this game, and I don't blame you for hornin' in. Naturally you never knew this was my game—how could you? Waldron never said a word about me, did he?"

"Not once."

"That is how I had it sized up, so I don't hold any grudge against you. Now listen," and he bent forward confidentially, lowering his voice, so I could barely distinguish the words. "We'll talk it all over later, when we're alone. Tain't exactly safe here, for these walls are thin, and there is quite a bunch around tonight. There's plenty for the two of us, if we play the cards right, and we'll let Waldron hold the bag. What do you say, Daly?"

So my name was "Daly." Well, that was interesting at least, although it gave me no new light. However, nothing remained for me to do except agree to his blind proposition.

"That's mighty handsome of you, what's the figure?"

"A million!" enthusiastically. "Wait until I get a chance to explain he plan; it looks like Providence had just handed us out the money."

"Why not explain the scheme to me?"

"Not now; there ain't time." He glanced at his watch, "and besides, for all I know, some guy might be listening in to what we say. You see there is a bunch o' bell-cats in there waiting for me to give them a song and dance. I'm the big end right now, but I've got to sing low until I'm sure what word these guys have got from Washington. After that I'll know how to trim sail. You wait until I come back. Daly."

I looked at him doubtfully.

"Well, of course, I've got to think so," I admitted, hoping to gain further enlightenment, "but you leave me pretty well in the dark. What do I really know? Nothing. You talk glibly about a million you propose going fifty-fifty with me on. That naturally sounds good, but it would sound better if I even knew who I was dealing with. I never saw you before in my life."

"H—ll, that's so," he grinned cheerfully, "I forgot I wasn't talking to an old pal. Just to be sure you're Harry Daly was enough to make me cough up, but that don't help you out, does it? Ever hear of 'Gentleman George' in your travels?"

"George Harris!" the name leaped to my lips in inspiration; only the day before I had chanced to read a magazine account of a famous criminal exploit. His eyes gleamed in genial appreciation.

"I thought maybe that would fetch you," he said exultantly. "There ain't many of the old boys but have my number, and they all know I play square. How is it? Will we shake hands, and call it a deal? I've got to get back in with that bunch."

I took the extended hand cordially, feeling the iron grip of his fingers. I do not believe I was ever more frightened in my life, although outwardly cool enough, and my brain perfectly clear. There was no retreat possible. I must go on, acting out the strange character in this drama to which I had been assigned.

"But you are not known by that name here?" I ventured.

"I should say not. I'm Horner, P. S. Horner of Detroit. See! That's the guy who had the papers. He was English all right but pretended to be United States, and had a passport to come through with this bunch. So I've got the bull by the tail—for a cool million, old man, a million. All I'm afraid of is this d—d woman—they always did get my goat."

"Keep still, and let her show her cards," I suggested, feeling the necessity of saying something.

"What I'm aiming to do. Well, so long, Daly. I'll be back presently with everything straight. Better turn out the light, or some one might wander in here."

I was alone again, in the dark, but under vastly different circumstances than when wandering blindly about between those imprisoning factory walls. With no effort of my own, purely by blind chance, I had been given a new name and identity, and as instantly inducted into a revolutionary criminal plot as fascinating as it undoubtedly was dangerous. Who Harry Daly might be I had not the slightest conception, yet there was no escape from the conviction that Harris believed blindly in my identity. He was not asking, for he would have no possible object in such pretense. I was to his mind Harry Daly, a well-known criminal, an international partner, a man after his own heart, to be warmly welcomed into partnership as a most valuable ally.

What should I do under these peculiar circumstances? Seek to escape during his absence, and thus frighten the covy, or remain, and trust fortune to show me a way to both expose their villainy and save myself? I was young, adventurous, and I chose the latter, thinking less of the danger, I admit, than of the mystery of the case, and—yes, the girl.

Harris had spoken confidently of gaining possession of a large sum—a million dollars, surely a stake worth daring much for—but how, by what means, did he expect to get his hands on such a fortune?

My mind reverted to the fragment of letter which had sent me on this mad chase, to its mention of a letter of credit to be deposited with the banker, Krantz, to the credit of the recipient. The writer had stated that the sum would be found ample for all needs. But a million dollars! Could it be possible that so large an amount would be thus advanced? If so, then the result hoped for must be proportionately important. To whom had this letter been sent—Alva, who apparently was the active leader here in New York, or the revolutionary representative in Washington, seemingly known as Mendez? Whichever it was, that man evidently had the disposition of this vast sum entirely at his disposal; either it was already in his hands or so deposited as to be quickly available. In my judgment the fellow would be Alva, for sundry reasons; first, he had been one of the men registered at the hotel when the incriminated box was lost; and second, the expenditure of this money was seemingly intended to be made in and about the part of New York—if I read the message right, in the purchase of arms and munitions for shipment to South America; perhaps the enlistment of a body of fighting men.

(Continued on Page 4)

SEALED BIDS WANTED

Sealed bids will be accepted until Saturday, July 16th, for the rights and privileges at the big basket picnic to be held at Waldrip, Saturday, July 23rd. Right reserved to reject any bid. Address Lois Bratton, Chairman Committee.

NOTICE!

There will be a Basket Picnic at Camp San Saba Saturday, July 23rd. There will be a ball game and other amusements. Everybody invited to come and bring well-filled baskets.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

A big bunch of local sports will accompany the Brady ball team to Coleman tomorrow (Wednesday) the local team being scheduled to play the crack Coleman aggregation. According to the Coleman Democrat-Voice, the Coleman team has played sixteen games and lost but four, giving them a percentage of 78.0.

The many friends of Lee Morgan are pleased to see him able to be about again, even though he is still obliged to use crutches. Mr. Morgan's ankle, which was badly sprained in the fall from the Roddie residence several weeks ago, is still badly swollen and gives Mr. Morgan much inconvenience. His broken arm also is still incapacitated, but he hopes soon to have entirely recovered.

True to his promise, John B. Westbrook has sent the editor a picture post card from Galveston, where he and Mrs. Westbrook, and members of the family are enjoying a vacation on the beach. The post card shows a very attractive mermaid lolling upon the sands, and is, no doubt, intended to make us envious of the sights being enjoyed by Friend John B. He writes that the water and the fishing is fine, and that the only thing he lacks to make his pleasure complete is a copy of The Brady Standard.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Naturally wage earners are after the cheaper cuts, if any.—Toledo Blade.

The man who solved the Einstein theory is now at work on the railroad time table.—Minneapolis Journal.

If bank funds are used to finance bootleggers, prohibit banking.—Wall Street Journal.

A man will promise a woman or a baby anything to keep them quiet. Sometimes he delivers the goods in the case of the baby.—Russell (Kan.) Record.

In an Illinois town a woman named Dust was married to a man of the same name. Now, paragraphs, all together, the obvious remark.—Geneva (N. Y.) Times.

There are, says a preacher, four ways to escape an unhappy marriage without getting a divorce. They are, no doubt, cyanide, carbolic acid, morphine and drowning.—Washington Post.

It's an ill wind, etc. The depression in other lines is understood to be promoting the fishing tackle industry.—Anaconda Standard.

It will be right hard to contend man isn't descended from some sort of an animal as long as one-half the world goose-steps and the other half pussy-foots.—Philadelphia North-American.

The poor litigant suspects at times that possession of a bank roll is nine parts of the law.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

An inquirer writes in to ask how much live stock there is in the country. Very little, judging by Wall Streets reports, and that sinking fast.—Winona (Minn.) Republican-Herald.

About the first of the month the mail becomes more deadly than the female.—Binghamton Sun.

"The future is shrouded in mist," remarks a statesman. The only mist that need worry us, however, is the pessimist.—Elmira Star-Gazette.

The speculator caught with a high rent house on his hands deserves the same sympathy as a loser at poker.—Enid (Okla.) News.

Daves' assistants are probably well sworn in.—Bridgeport Telegram.

Figuring in all costs and the time consumed by the inquest and the trial, we fail to see how a woman saves anything by shooting her husband instead of getting a divorce.—Springfield Union.

Nor does half the world, notwithstanding international relief, know how the other half dies.—Boston Herald.

To Mary Gardner's inquiry, "What is more beautiful than a silk stocking leg?" we might remind her that they usually go in pairs.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The days are getting shorter. The grand old winter will soon be with us again.—Minneapolis Journal.

The most important practical result of the signing of the peace resolution is that it interrupted a game of golf.—Dallas News.

Although the first fountain pen is said to have been made in 1788, somebody is yet to make one that will have to be dipped in ink.—Columbian Record.

We Appreciate Your Patronage



We have always appreciated the very liberal patronage given us since opening our new cafe. We endeavor to show this by attentive service, excellence of our dishes and our cordial invitation to "Call Again."

It is always a pleasure to have our good friends drop around—whether it be but for a cup of our excellent Maxwell House coffee, or a glass of milk and a piece of pie, or if it be for a full meal with side dishes a-plenty. In either case, you are sure of the same uniform, courteous treatment.

We value all our friends—and we want to keep them, because it is our pleasure to serve you.

H. & L. Irwin

Buy a Pair of our Special-Priced Shoes. You will be glad you did it. Mann Bros. & Holton.
For Groceries, phone 56. W. W. JORDAN & CO.

You expose them, and let me finish them. John McDowell.

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

1919 COTTON SEED.

If you have any 1919 Cotton Seed on hand, bring us a sample or phone us. We will give you the top price. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Parents will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

LATEST PIANO SHEET MUSIC.

Here are some of the latest and most popular hits in Piano Sheet Music, just arrived:

- "Snuggles,"
- "Over the Hill,"
- "Nesting Time,"
- "Who'll Be the Next One,"
- "Who'll Dry Your Tears,"
- "Teach Me"—Fox Trot,
- "Tea Leaves,"
- "In a Boat"—for Two,
- "Ho,"
- "In My Tippy Canoe"—Waltz
- "In a Little Front Parlor,"
- "She Knows It,"
- "Rosy Cheeks,"
- "Honey Rose,"
- "Cherrie,"
- "Peggy O'Neil,"
- "Wyoming,"
- "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep,"
- "I'm Nobody's Baby,"
- "Sunnyside Sal,"

—and quite a lot of others.
COME AND MAKE YOUR SELECTION NOW WHILE OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE.

DAVIS & GARTMAN

BRADY, TEXAS

SALE OF PRIVILEGES.
San Saba County Fair, San Saba, Texas, August 16-17-18-19. The eighteenth annual of one of the best-known fairs in Texas, and a leader in its class. Public auction of usual privileges at Court House, San Saba, July 23, 1:30 p. m. Privileges will be sold subject to rules and regulations of the Directors. For further particulars, write R. W. BURLESON, Chairman Concessions Committee, San Saba, Texas.

Gospel Tent Meeting.

A ten-day tent meeting will be held in Dodge community on Brady creek, close to the Abner Hanson place. The meeting will begin next Thursday night, the 14th of July, and will continue over two Sundays. Rev. S. C. Duan will preach. Everybody invited.
On next Sunday there will be all-day services. Come and bring your dinner.

We are in the market for your Oats. Mayhew Produce Co.

Ring Price Books—various sizes and styles. The Brady Standard.

PERSONAL MENTION

Willie Hill left Monday night for Dallas on a business trip.
Miss Scott Shropshire returned on Sunday from a visit in Denton.
Miss Nellie Anderson is in Brownwood, a guest of Mrs. Fred Abney.
J. H. Futterer left Saturday night for Hamilton to spend a couple weeks visiting.
Miss Imogene Deaver of Fort Worth is visiting the family of her uncle, Gordon Deaver.
Bill Monk left Monday night for Terrell, where he will spend a couple months on a visit.
Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Butler and children have returned from a several weeks' visit with relatives in Austin.
Prof. A. G. Meyer, accompanied by Mrs. Meyer and children, are here from Brownwood for a visit with W. W. Jones and family.
Mrs. Will Kennerly and son, Bill Gay, arrived here from Dallas Monday for a visit of several weeks with relatives and friends.
Mrs. Glenn Murchison and son, Maurice, of Menard returned home Tuesday following a visit with her uncle, W. K. Gay, and family.
B. Simpson left Sunday night for Dallas to buy pumping machinery with which to make a test of the water flow in the new city well.
Mrs. J. E. Thompson and daughter, Miss Mary Estelle, left Saturday for Staunton, where they will spend several weeks as guests of Chas. Toms.
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Anderson and daughter, Emily, returned Monday to their home at Goldthwaite after a several days' visit here with relatives.
Mrs. J. C. Wall and grand-daughter, Hazle Aline Branscum, left Saturday noon for Temple, where they will visit Mrs. Wall's daughter, Miss Myrtle.
Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Wulff will leave tomorrow for Battle Creek, Mich., where Mrs. Wulff will spend several weeks at the sanitarium in the hopes of benefiting her health.
Steve Ballou came down Saturday from Hamilton for a visit here and to join Mrs. Ballou, who has been a guest of her mother, Mrs. E. R. Sayles, and sister, Mrs. Howard Boyd.
Mr. and Mrs. George Yantis are here from Abilene to spend their vacation, and in company with relatives will enjoy a camping trip as part of their recreation here.
Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Malone returned Friday night from Frost, Texas, where they had spent a week as guests of his two brothers. Upon their return they were accompanied by his niece, Joy Malone, who will be their guest for several weeks.
W. J. Roberts, living on the Coleman road, is enjoying a visit from his son, Paul E. Roberts, who, with his wife, mother-in-law, Mrs. Cooper, and sister-in-law, arrived here Thursday for a stay. They were accompanied by Miss Fann'e Hand of Harlingen, who is their guest.
Mr. and Mrs. Burl Wiley spent Sunday in Stephenville, as guests of relatives. Upon their return they were accompanied to Brady by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Keyser, who had been in Stephenville for a few days upon their return from their wedding trip to Yoakum, San Antonio, and other South Texas points.
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vincent left this morning in their car, enroute to Caddo, Okla., where Mary Lyle and J. B. Vincent, who accompanied them on the trip, will visit their aunt, Mrs. Locke. Proceeding by rail, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent will visit the Dallas, St. Louis, Chicago and New York markets, purchasing the fall stock of goods for the Vincent store. They expect to return in time for the U. C. V. reunion.
Dr. and Mrs. Jack Ragdsdale, accompanied by Misses Lessie and Norma Samuel, left Monday night for Waxahachie, to attend the annual reunion of the 21st Artillery band, and at which some twenty-five members are expected to be present. Enroute they stopped off today in Fort Worth to attend the Optometrists' meeting, and at which three of the foremost optometrists in the U. S.—Drs. Ketchum of Los Angeles, Needles of Kansas City, and Arrington of New York City, will address the meeting.

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

When in need of Shoes, buy them from us. Were \$10.00 up to \$13.50, NOW \$5.00. MANN BROS. & Holton.

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE BRADY NATIONAL BANK

At Brady, in the State of Texas, at the close of business June 30, 1921.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts (except those shown on b and c)	\$346,858.65
Overdrafts, unsecured	23.57
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value)	55,000.00
All other United States Government Securities	4,725.00
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.	32,595.00
Banking House, \$26,500.00; Furniture and fixtures, \$6,095.00	300.00
Real Estate owned other than banking house	22,906.60
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	50,380.97
Cash in vault and amount due from national banks	785.34
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank, other than item 12	\$ 51,166.31
Total of items 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13	1,438.6
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items	2,500.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	\$517,563.78
TOTAL	\$517,563.78
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits	\$ 25,091.38
Circulating notes outstanding	48,600.00
Amount due to State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States and foreign countries (other than included in Items 21 or 22)	12,346.20
Total of Items 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25	290,526.20
Individual deposits subject to check	5,000.00
Dividends unpaid	295,526.20
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits subject to Reserve, Items 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31)	16,000.00
Bills payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank (including all obligations representing money borrowed other than rediscounts)	
TOTAL	\$517,563.78

STATE OF TEXAS, County of McCulloch, ss:
I, E. L. Ogden, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. L. OGDEN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of July, 1921.
B. L. HUGHES, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: J. H. Blackwell, F. W. Henderson, J. B. Lockhart, Directors.

GROCERY SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY ONLY

To give everyone an opportunity to get acquainted with our up-to-the-minute stock and our exceptionally low prices, we are offering some specials for one day only---

Saturday, July 16th

When you are in the market for groceries, remember we own our own building and pay no rents; we buy for cash, taking all discounts, and sell for cash; in fact we do business in up-to-date fashion, and when you buy here you do not have to pay for the other fellow's bad account.

Note the following low prices, and don't fail to take advantage of them. Better still, phone us today, and have us reserve your order for you.

Specials for Saturday Only

- No. 1 Del Monte Pears..... 25c
- No. 2 1-2 Del Monte Pears... 40c
- No. 2 1-2 Del Monte Apricots 35c
- No. 1 Del Monte Sliced Pine-apple..... 20c
- 8 bars Good Washing Soap 25c
- Well known Fairy Soap, bar 9c
- 1 lb. can High Grade Coffee 40c
- 3 lb. can High Grade Coffee \$1.10
- Bouquet Flour..... \$2.10

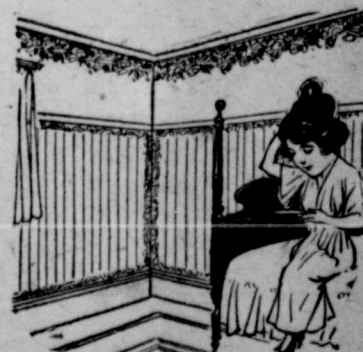
Many Other Specials Too Numerous to Mention

JORDAN BROS.

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