

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

NEW OIL WELL DRILLING CONTRACT FOR COW GAP SIGNED THIS WEEK

TRACT OF BETWEEN 1,200 AND 1,300 ACRES BLOCKED UP BY CITIZENS—CHAS. E. ELLENWOOD CONTRACTS TO SPUD IN WELL NO. 1 ON OR BEFORE MAY 31ST.

A new oil well drilling contract was this week signed up, assuring a test of the Cow Gap section of McCulloch county. The contractor is Chas. E. Ellenwood, who has leased between 1,200 and 1,300 acres from land owners in the Cow Gap community, and about 7 miles north of Brady on the Coleman road. Those from whom Ellenwood secured parcels of land of various sizes, and which go to make up the 1,300 acre tract, are G. R. White, Ed and Howard Broad, Chas. Steelhammer, August Young, G. C. Black, Tom Dial and Victor Bradley, all of Brady, Texas, and Max K. Myer of Fort Worth.

According to the terms of the contract, Ellenwood agrees to begin his first well on or before May 31st, and agrees to drill to a depth of 800 feet or deeper, unless pay oil or gas is found at a lesser depth. Mr. Ellenwood is an experienced well man and will start at once assembling his rig in order that no time be lost in getting the well spudded in and under way. Exact location of the new test has not been announced, but will be decided by Mr. Ellenwood after a careful examination and survey of the tract.

The signing of this drilling contract is good news to everyone owning or holding lease on land in McCulloch county, as the Cow Gap section has long been considered as among the most promising of McCulloch county oil territory. For several years a

section of the Cow Gap country was held under lease by the Union Oil Co., and it was a source of great disappointment to all when that company failed to drill their proposed test well on this acreage.

The new well will test out another section of McCulloch county, and the hopes of all are running high that this test will uncover the pool of oil which geologists and experienced oil men have repeatedly asserted must underlie McCulloch county. The Cow Gap tract is on a line between the Thad O. Day field and the Douglas Oil Co. test, both of which found oil producing sands, the former at 563 feet, and the latter at 600 and 560 feet.

According to those interested in the new test, the well is to be one of a series of three wells to be drilled on this tract.

MAN INSTANTLY KILLED NEAR WINTERS WHEN HIS AUTO HITS YEARLING

Spurgeon Knowles, single age 27, of San Angelo, was instantly killed, and his brother, Homer, was painfully injured, and Mrs. Homer Knowles, shocked and had a narrow escape when a car in which the parties were traveling from San Angelo to Roby, Texas, struck a yearling cow near Winters, about seven o'clock Thursday night. An examination of the body of Spurgeon Knowles showed that his arm was broken and his left side crushed, and death resulted instantly, presumably by the heart being crushed in the impact caused by the car turning over. Homer Knowles suffered a broken collar bone and other bruises.

The parties were traveling in an Oakland roadster and Spurgeon Knowles was driving. They were enroute from San Angelo to Roby, where Homer Knowles was going to take charge of the Roby Banner, which was recently purchased by Houston Harte, editor of the San Angelo Standard. The car was heavily loaded with grips and other luggage.

Investigation showed they were not driving unreasonably fast when the car struck the yearling, as another car had just passed them. The wreck occurred on the pike road about a half mile south of Winters. The injured man and his wife were able to return to San Angelo Friday. —Balingier Banner-Ledger.

The Proper Thing to Do.

"Father," said the dutiful and blushing daughter, "what shall I say to Captain Robinson if he insists on pressing his suit?" "Say?" said the Colonel. "Why, tell him with my compliments that I think it's about time he did. I never saw a soldier with such baggy trousers in my life!"

Index Tabs. The Brady Standard.

What He Wanted to Know.

Miss Gibson was very rich and Mr. Hanna was very poor. She liked him, but that was all, and he was well aware of the fact. One evening he grew somewhat tender and at last he said: "You are very rich, aren't you, Helen?" "Yes, Tom," replied the girl frankly; "I am worth about \$2,000,000."

"Will you marry me, Helen?" "Oh, no, Tom, I couldn't." "I knew you wouldn't." "Then why did you ask me?" "Oh, I just wanted to see how a man feels when he loses two million."

LOCAL BRIEFS.

In sending check for renewal to The Standard, J. A. Butler, former citizen of the Nine community, sends this cheerful message from Eldorado, the present home of himself and family: "Please find enclosed check for which keep The Standard coming. We still like to know what is happening in McCulloch county."

Friend John R. Winstead drops us a line from Waldrip to ask that his Standard be changed back from Breckenridge to Waldrip, adding "as I am located here for keeps." All the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Winstead will be glad to know of their decision to again become McCulloch county citizens, and will be glad to keep them here for "keeps."

In naming the Woodmen of the World officers last Friday, The Standard made a regrettable error, as J. M. Page should have been given as Escort, a position he has held for a number of years past, and T. L. Bodenhamer should have been named Sentry. As a matter of fact, new officers were not elected at this time, all the old officers merely holding over.

Bowl the Dominoes.

A burly negro had admitted in court that at the time of his arrest he was engaged in a crap game, and the smart young prosecutor was trying to make things hot for him.

"Now," he said importantly, "I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps."

"Whass dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury!" thundered the attorney, "and tell them how you deal craps!"

"Lemme outa here," shrieked the dandy. "Fust thing Ah knows dis gemman heah gwine ask me how to drink a samwich."

SCHOOL BENEFIT.

Entertainment at the Methodist Tabernacle, Friday, January 27th, at 7:30 p. m. Admission: Adults, 35c; High school and Seventh grade children, 25c; Central school children, 15c. Auspices Parent-Teachers Association.

COAL! COAL!

The best grade McAlister Deep Mine Coal. BOWMAN LUMBER CO.

Tracing Paper—blue, black, yellow and red. The Brady Standard.

The Average Man. The papers overlooked him, for he never beat his wife, He never tried to rob a bank or take another's life, And he wasn't very brilliant and he didn't try for fame, So there was no real occasion for the press to print his name.

The papers overlooked him—he was never deep in debt, He never slipped away from town with all that he could get, He never made a million, never wrote a modern play, So there wasn't much about him for the editors to say.

He paid his yearly taxes just the same as you and I, He went to work o'mornings with a twinkle in his eye, He kept a little garden, and his children seemed to grow Into just the sort of children that the world is glad to know.

His friends were never many, but the few he had were true For they had all discovered what the papers never knew: He was brave and clean and kindly—one of millions, I suppose, Whose lives are ordinary from beginning to the close.

And the more I think about him, it's the ordinary man Who's the glory of the nation and the strength of every clan, So I pay this tribute to him—not the genius or the crook, But the honest, normal, average man the papers overlook.

—Edgar A. Guest.

J. W. TOWNSEND TO OPEN VARIETY STORE, IN FEB'Y

J. W. Townsend is this week remodeling the interior of the storeroom in the Syndicate building, adjoining the H. & L. Irwin cafe on the east, and expects to open an up-to-date Variety store there within the next week or two. Shelving and counters are now being built, the store fixtures being designed especially for this particular line of business. Mr. Townsend has already placed his order for goods, and will have his complete stock at hand and on display at the time of his formal opening.

Since the complete destruction of Mr. Townsend's Penny store, in the burning of the East Side in the late Spring of last year, he has been awaiting an opportunity to secure a suitable store room to enable him to re-enter business circles, and the fact that his new quarters are just across the street from his old stand, and in a substantial building has decided him to re-engage in the variety business without further delay.

Mr. Townsend has a wide acquaintance over the county, and this entire section for that matter, by reason of his many years in business here, and all his friends will be glad to learn that he will again be numbered among the business men of Brady.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our deep appreciation to neighbors and friends for the care given our dear father, W. J. Moore, and for their many kindnesses, assistance and words of comfort and consolation, during his illness and at his death. Also to thank all for the many beautiful floral tributes. May God bless you all.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. DAWSON, Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BEASLEY.

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

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

COUNTY COURT HAS VERY QUIET WEEK'S SESSION

County court had a very quiet week's session, following the taking up of the civil docket Monday. Only a few cases were disposed of, the balance being continued for various reasons. Those cleared from the docket were the following:

McCaskey Register Co. vs. J. T. and O. D. Mann, suit for debt. Defendant's plea of abatement sustained. Plaintiff gives notice of appeal to the Court of Civil Appeals.

F. R. Wulff vs. R. A. Smith, suit on note and foreclosure chattel mortgage lien; judgment for plaintiff as prayed for.

W. L. Willis vs. Jno. Lemons, suit for personal property; judgment for plaintiff as prayed for.

The case against Dave Booker (colored), charged a week or so ago with forgery by Carrol Gray, was dismissed on motion of the county attorney, there being insufficient evidence to sustain a conviction.

Treat 'Em Gentle.

An old sergeant was noted for his ability as a drill-master and was invariably assigned to the task of breaking in new recruits. There came to the company a captain with advanced ideas, who quickly noted that the sergeant was as proficient in profanity as he was in the I. D. R. He took him to task.

"Sergeant," he said, "I have no complaint to make of your ability, but I want you to realize that you are to teach these men how to drill and not how to swear. And I want you to realize that explanation is necessary before calling them down for inferior work. Now I expect to see some improvement in your methods."

"Very good, sir." The following day he overheard the sergeant at instruction.

"Now I want to see you step out lively, my sons. And keep your eyes straight to the front, my sons. And hold your heads up, my sons. You know the kind of sons I mean."

ORDER COAL TODAY!

And get in on our next shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

STATE SUPERVISOR HIGHLY COMPLIMENTS WORK OF BRADY HIGH SCHOOL

"SCHOOL WELL ORGANIZED; TEACHING STAFF EFFICIENT AND ESPRIT DE CORPS COMMENDABLE." —WRITTEN REPORT RECEIVED FROM AUSTIN.

In a letter received from Austin by the Brady school board from Miss Katherine Gray, chief supervisor of Public Schools under State Superintendent Annie Webb Blanton, the Brady high school comes in for words of highest commendation. The written report followed the visit here on December 8th of Supervisor J. H. Wisely, and concludes recommendations as to school needs and improvements with the following highly complimentary and commendatory words: "The school is well organized; the teaching staff, efficient, and spirit of the student body, commendable."

The report also directs attention to the disproportionate high school enrollment, as compared with the enrollment in the elementary school, and voices regret that the boys and girls of Brady do not appreciate the opportunity offered by such a good high school as Brady boasts.

The excellent report is a source of gratification alike to Superintendent J. B. Smith and all members of the faculty, and the Brady school board as well, as it proves beyond question of doubt that Brady school is attaining that much-sought goal, viz: one of the very best schools of its class in Texas. It should also be a source of pride and gratification to the citizenship to know that their children are given the opportunity to receive such excellent training at home.

The Standard would call particular attention to the recommendation of the State Supervisor as regards badly needed room at the ward school, as well as better lighting, and also for better arrangements in the high school building in order that school efficiency may be increased. Brady citizens should give ear to these recommendations, as in our schools we offer the

greatest and best advantage and safeguard to the rising generation.

The following is the recommendation and report of the Chief Supervisor as received by the local school board:

"1. It seems to the supervisor that the boys and girls of Brady do not appreciate the opportunities offered by a good high school. A high school enrollment of 92 is disproportionate to the enrollment in the elementary school and to number in high school in town of the size of Brady.

"2. The arrangement of the high school building is not of the best for high school work. In the ward building some of the rooms are poorly lighted. This building is filled to capacity, and any growth in scholastic enrollment will render it inadequate. An increased building program is recommended.

"3. Credit in advanced arithmetic is recommended if papers submitted indicate standard work.

"4. The supervisor saw satisfactory work in all high school classes visited. The school is well organized; the teaching staff, efficient; and spirit of the student body, commendable."

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Granville were the recipients last Friday, January 20th, of a great favor at the hands of old Doc Stork in the form of another fine boy, whose safe arrival caused Dr. Granville to come to town with his face wreathed in happy smiles. Mother and babe both reported doing splendidly. Dr. Granville gives his friends to understand that they need not be backward about "pounding" him upon this glad occasion, as he is in a recipient mood for anything from a baby buggy to a baby grand piano or automobile. Our congratulations are extended the happy parents.

The Ford Garage has just completed the installation of a Victor Visible gasoline filling station. The station, in itself, is most attractive, with its steel net protected glass container, and which enables every purchaser to see just exactly the gasoline he is receiving. Further than that, the pumping of the gasoline into the visible container is accomplished by an electric motor, making for speed in the operation, and as well being labor saving. This new station, which is one of the latest and most approved of methods, costs a neat fortune, but it is incidentally a most valuable asset to any business, and the Ford garage is to be complimented upon having installed so modern equipment.

Robinson's Daily Reminder—the handiest note book on the market. Extra pads in stock, too. The Brady Standard. Save money and be sure of your winter fuel by placing your coal order with us now. Phone 291. MACY & CO.

Interested in High Explosives.

A clergyman who was nailing up a refractory morning-glory vine observed a lad watching him for a long time with obvious interest. "Well, my young friend," he said, smilingly, "are you trying to get a hint or two on gardening?" "No," said the youth. "Are you surprised to see me working like this?" "No, I'm wanting to see what a preacher says when he hammers his thumb!"

PARENT-TEACHERS ASSN. WILL PRESENT PROGRAM AT TABERNACLE FRIDAY

Attention of Brady citizens is directed to announcement of an entertainment to be staged Friday night, January 27th, at the Methodist tabernacle, beginning at 7:15 o'clock, by the school children. The entertainment will be presented under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers association and is certain to prove a most enjoyable and interesting event. Admission prices will be as follows: Adults, 35c; High School and Seventh Grade pupils, 25c; Central School children, 15c. Proceeds to go to the benefit of the schools.

Brady school children certainly are as talented and as splendid entertainers as any in the land, and their plays and entertainments never fail to win approval and appreciation. Certainly they are deserving of the interest and encouragement of the citizenship, and everyone should make it a point to lend their attendance to Friday night's program.

Banish that awful insomnia that worries you every night. Let your sleep be restful and refreshing. Tanlac does it. Trigg Drug Co.

Pocket Maps, giving map of Texas, 1920 census figures for towns and counties, and official road map of Texas. Price 35c. THE BRADY STANDARD.

Wearing on the Nerves.

Young Bride—"I wish I'd married a man who could paint the beauty of nature."

Tactful Husband—"My dear, you'd soon get tired of posing."

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THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

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, Jan. 24, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Most everybody has been wishing, and praying, for a slow rain—but this heavy, misty fog we've been having the past couple days is entirely too slow. Somebody please pep up the Weather Man.

PAY YOUR POLL TAX.

Every citizen of McCulloch county—and that means the men and the women alike—should this week make it a point to pay his (or her) poll tax. Next year, of course, this injunction will not be quite so necessary, as everyone who pays tax of any kind, both men and women, will incidentally pay their poll tax, and thereby be entitled to a vote, unless they permit their taxes to become delinquent. This year, however, it is still optional with the ladies as to whether or not they pay their poll tax. Failure to pay their poll tax, along with any other tax on individual or community property, before February 1st, will debar them from the polls anytime during the year. With precinct, county, state and national officers to be voted upon, everyone should this year, above all others, enable himself or herself to have a

voice in the elections. That means pay your poll tax before February 1st, or, better still, pay it this week and avoid the rush or a possible oversight next Monday or Tuesday—the last two days of grace.

There is another reason, aside from the voting privilege, which should induce every citizen, male or female, to pay his or her poll, and that is that the poll tax is primarily intended to benefit the public school—and if anything on earth needs every help and financial encouragement it is our public schools. Pay your poll tax, regardless of whether you wish to vote or not. Pay it, and help our schools.

NEED MORE POULTRY ON TEXAS FARMS.

More than \$43,000,000 worth of poultry and poultry products were raised, sold or consumed in Texas in 1921. The interest manifested in the industry would indicate that the annual value of property to Texas was even larger in 1920 and 1921. The poultry flocks of the State bring to producers a greater income by \$10,000,000 than do the dairy cows. Even so, the industry is yet in an undeveloped stage, comparatively speaking. There are many thousands of farms in Texas where a chicken or turkey is unknown. There are many thousands of other farms where nothing but scrubs are kept and these receive very little attention. If the industry was developed to a reasonable degree every farm would have its flock of poultry and most of them would have either purebreds or good grades.

No doubt many of our one crop farmers who have held to the opinion that poultry is just an excuse to keep the women folks out of the cotton fields, have taken note of his neighbor who has been supplying the market this fall and winter with turkeys at 30 cents a pound and more, making from one load of turkeys more than many cotton farmers have made from ten acres of staple. If observations of this kind have the proper and logical effect, Texas will continue to lead other states in the nation in the production of this great American bird.

A few good cows and a flock of good poultry properly attended to has kept thousands of Texas families supplied with many of the necessities of life this past year. There is no excuse whatever for any farmer to be without either. Let the farmers of Texas begin the new year with the resolve to produce their own poultry and dairy products and also their own vegetables and pork in 1922.—Farm & Ranch.

There are lots of women who feel like framing that "poll tax" receipt that her husband "had" to buy—because it has been the first official document he has bought since he bought the license.—San Saba Star.

HELP!

For first-aid to any one needing help of any kind—
Buying, Selling, Finding,
Wanting—...we recommend

BRADY STANDARD'S Classy-Fi-Ads

"They Work While You Sleep."

That time when passing automobilists were glad to "give a lift" to pedestrians is no more. Also into the limbo of forgotten things has gone the time when nearly every courteous automobilist stooped to offer help to cars in trouble. Nowadays the wise automobilist refuses to pick up anybody he doesn't know; he is especially suspicious of cars alongside the road apparently in trouble, for he has learned his sad lesson, either from personal experience or that of others. The kindness of giving a lift has frequently been repaid by another kind of "lifting" at the point of a gun by the befriended; in more than one case the driver has been foully murdered as recompense for his kindness. The "broken down car" too often is but a pretext to get passersby to stop long enough for the holdup man to "get the drop" on them for nefarious purposes. Only the other day a Denton county man was the victim of a new scheme in which the robbers hid themselves behind the skirts, as it were, of women. Passing near Fort Worth a car in front of which two women were apparently making ineffectual efforts to get it to go, he stooped to help them. As he stepped out of his car, two men, who had kept in the background, shoved pistols into his stomach and told him to "hands up." He did, because there wasn't anything else for him to do; and he counted himself fortunate that he took only the \$12 he had with him, leaving his car. He was just that much more fortunate than another man who befriended two strangers in Wichita Falls, buying their supper

PUT ME NEXT TO ADVERTISING.

Sadly blinking, I was thinking Of that dim and distant day When the modest advertiser Humbly sang his little lay: "Do not stick me in some corner Of your magazine," he plead, "Put me next to reading matter, "Where I'm sure of being read!"

Advertising now is rising; For the artists of today Make their wages from the pages Where Big Business has its say. There is glory in a story, But the clever author gets Honest dollars boosting collars, Chewing gum and cigarettes.

So the blighter of a writer, Who would fame, not fortune gain, Humbly pleads for recognition: "As he chants this sad refrain: "Put a corset down my side line And a shampoo on my head— Put me next to Advertising, "Where I'm sure of being read!"— Hamilton Herald-Record.

A railroad official stated a few days ago that the auto was the railroad's greatest enemy. This may be correct, but we have never yet heard of an auto and a train getting mixed up, but what the auto came out second best.—Hamilton Record-Herald.

An editor relates the following:—"When first he came to see her, he showed a timid heart, and even when the light was low, they sat this far apart, but as their love grew warmer and they learned its joy and bliss, and soon began to situpclosekithis."

A survey of the religious status of members of congress conducted by the board of temperance of the Methodist church, shows the following affiliations. Of the 435 members of the House, 91 are Methodists, 56 Presbyterians, 29 Baptists, 35 Episcopalians, 23 Congregationalists, 18 Catholics, 11 Christians, 10 Lutherans, 10 Disciples, 5 Unitarians, 3 Jewish Church, 3 Quaker Church, 2 Universalists. —Coleman Democrat-Voice.

An incident which shows in an impressive manner the broad range of the drop in cattle prices comes from Lockhart. Two years ago one of the livestock dealers there sold a fat yearling for \$36; the animal changed hands later for \$40 and again for \$42.50. A few days ago the original seller bought a fine three-year old steer in the country near Lockhart and finding his brand on it learned it was the same steer he sold as a yearling for \$36. He bought it back as a three-year old for \$15. Some drop, eh?—Temple Mirror.

G. W. Lackey is an old Georgia veteran. He frankly admits that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan immediately after the civil war. Everybody claims the glories of the original Klan and Mr. Lackey asks that S. G. put the folks right and keep the record straight. The purpose of the original Klan was distinctively against the constitutional law of the land. It was to preserve the white supremacy in the South, and its members wore the mask. It was a mask of honor and stood for the highest ideals of Southern manhood. —San Saba News.

SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she gave up her job as cashier at the lunch county was because the boss wanted her to keep a toothpick in her mouth and make people think she took her meals there.—Dallas News.

Fountain Pen Ink. The Brady Standard.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

ADVERTISING RATE FOR CARDS:
One Inch Card, one time a week, per month\$1.00

* PROFESSIONAL CARDS. * BUSINESS CARDS. *

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Practice in District Court of McCulloch County, Texas
Office in Court House

ELIJAH F. ALLIN
POST AMERICAN LEGION
MONTHLY MEETINGS HELD LAST THURSDAY IN EACH MONTH

SHERIFF'S SALE.
THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of McCulloch.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Execution issued out of the Honorable County Court of McCulloch County, of the 6th day of January, 1922, by W. J. Yantis, County Clerk of said McCulloch County, for the sum of Eight Hundred Seven and 46-100 (\$807.46) Dollars and costs of suit, under an Execution, in favor of R. E. Nix, Guardian in a certain cause in said Court No. 678 and styled R. E. Nix, Guardian vs. C. V. Curry, placed in my hands for service, I, J. C. Wall, as Sheriff of McCulloch County, Texas, did on the 6th day of January, 1922, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in McCulloch County, Texas, described as follows, to-wit: Being a 1-36 interest and being all his interest in and to 128 1-20 acres of land situated in McCulloch County, Texas, and being all of the W. G. Willoughby survey No. 783, Abst. No. 2083, patented to C. H. Hamberg by patent No. 64, Vol. 17, and levied upon as the property of C. V. Curry and that on the first Tuesday in February 1922, the same being the 7th day of said month, at the Court House door, of McCulloch County, in the town of Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said Execution I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said C. V. Curry.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Brady Standard, a newspaper published in McCulloch County.

Witness my hand, this 6th day of January 1922.
J. C. WALL, Sheriff
McCulloch County, Texas.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

Large Assortment of Memo and Day Books at The Brady Standard.

MRS. AUG. F. BEHRENS
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Am Prepared to Fill All Orders for Cut Flowers and Floral Designs. Greenhouses North of Fair Grounds. PHONES: Day—136. Night—301

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Draying and Heavy Hauling of All Kinds
Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

AWALT & BENSON
General Insurance
Office Over Commercial National Bank

W. H. BALLOU & CO.
General Insurance
Office Over Commercial National Bank

SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE
Via Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m. Fare—\$9.00. Round Trip—\$15.00. Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas
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SIX MONTHS\$1.00
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CARTER'S INK

An Advertisement Without Words



The Brady Standard

PHONE 163 BRADY, TEXAS

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

The GIRLA HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$400,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that in all, it may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a placid horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

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

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

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jennie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

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

Under cover of the forest I sat down and waited; and in a short time Daddy dodged me, making an excuse for the dodge-away that didn't mean anything at all.

"I got a claim over yonder in the right-hand gulch—the one 'at I was workin' when your gran'paw came along," he said. "Thought maybe you'd like to mog over with me and take a look at her."

Of course, I said I'd be delighted; so we made a detour around the Cinnabar, keeping out of sight from the cabin and shaft-house, and pushing on around the western slope for maybe half a mile until we came to the gulch in which the abandoned claim lay.

Working entirely alone, Daddy had driven a tunnel possibly a hundred feet deep straight into the solid rock of the mountain side, following the thin vein and hoping that it would widen into a "pay-streak." After he had led me a few yards into the tunnel, he waved me to a seat on a pile of broken rock, and took one himself with his back against the opposite wall.

"I'm gettin' just naturally so I hate a gosh-dummed crowd," he remarked, switching suddenly from his talk of the abandoned claim. "Feel sometimes as if I'd like to swap skins with a condemned gopher and duck plumb into a hole."

"Well," said I, grinning at him, "you've ducked, for once in a way, and so have I. What about it?"

"Charley Bullerton," he spat out, without further preface. "That slick-tongued word artist sure does get onto my nerves. What-all's he tryin' to do to you, anyway, Stannie?"

I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't know, so I told him all of it, from start to finish, offers, bullyings, and threats, but, of course, nothing about the Jennie factor.

"Great Moses!" he ejaculated, at the end of the sorry tale. "Why, gosh-to-Methusalem!—it's a hold-up! Do you reckon he kin unwater the Cinnabar?"

"Surest thing in the world. So could you or I, if we had the money to drive a long drainage tunnel from the lower slope."

The old man smoked along in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Bout that there tunnel job; something like a hundred thousand, we figger that with no bad luck, didn't we, Stannie?"

"That was the figure."

"And, first off, Charley Bullerton was willin' to give you fifty thousand for your rights—though now you say he's shaved it down to forty. That'd mean an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand; all a-zola-

the ultimate threat of hoodlums, ordinary, garden-variety mining shark, what would I have done?"

"That answer came pat, also. I should have taken the old gentleman's money, trusting to the rising flood to make him sick of his bargain in due course of time and thus willing to sell out for anything he could get."

"I believe I have it doped out," I told Daddy at the end of the cogitating pause; and then I passed the inference along to him. The immediate effect was to evoke a couple of his quaint substitutes for profanity.

"Jehochim-to-breakfast!" he exclaimed; "I'll be ding-swizzled if I don't believe you've struck the true lead, Stannie, my son! If you have, here's what follows: Charley Bullerton's here to do the dickerin' for that same old high-bandin' Cinnabar outfit that did your gran'paw up. They sold for half a million 'r so and now they're willin' to buy back for thirty or forty or fifty thousand. By Zebebel! I just knew that slick-tongued rooster was tryin' to work some skin game!"

"Yet he is going to marry your daughter," I put in grimly.

At this the old man turned gloomy-serious in the batting of an eye, drawing his mouth down at the corner and sucking hard at the pipe which had long since burned out.

"That's been a pinchin' me like a tight boot, Stannie," he admitted. "If you'd ast me afore he come, I'd 'a' told you she hadn't a morsel of use for that con-dummed blockhead. But just you look at the way things are stackin' up now! He's snoopin' round her mighty near all the whole time and she hasn't never once give me the wink to send him a-kinin', like I'm itchin' to!"

He told me to look. I had been looking until my eyes ached. The indications were all one way, tons of them; with only one little impulsive kiss to put in the other pan of the scale. I didn't tell Daddy about the kiss; but I did tell him that Jennie had told me not to sell the Cinnabar.

"So?" he commented, living up a little. "That brings on more talk. Reckon you can make out to hang onto the old cow's tail for a spell longer?"

I took time to consider my answer. "I've been wondering if, all things given their due footing, it were worth while to hang on, Daddy. As matters stand now, Bullerton is stuck unless I sell out to him. If I should take my foot in my hand and walk out, he'd be left up in the air. But, on the other hand, there's Jennie. If she's going to marry Bullerton, why, that's a horse of another color. I'm not enough of a dog-in-the-manger to bite her nose off to spite Bullerton's face."

"Um," was the grunted response. Then, with a side swipe that I wasn't looking for: "Charley Bullerton's been huntin' round that you're tied up with a girl back East. Is that so?—or is it only another one o' his frilly lies?"

"I wish I knew, Daddy; I'd sure tell you if I would anybody. We were really engaged—the back-East girl and I; but I don't think we are now, and I don't think she thinks so. Anyway, she called it all off when we found out—or thought we found out—that my grandfather hadn't left me anything in his will. She's like Jennie says she is, you know: she's got to marry money."

"Jus' so," he said, with a rather grim glint in the mid blue eyes. "All the same, if you had the old Cinnabar in slap-up workin' order, I reckon you'd have to go back yonder and marry her, wouldn't ye?"

"I'd be in honor bound to offer to, anyway."

"That don't sound much like you was carin' a whole lot for her," he objected gravely.

I despaired in advance of making him understand the lack of sentiment in the case, or the viewpoint from which any such condition could be considered as a human possibility. He was much too simple-hearted. So I got rid of the Lisette obstacle, or got around it, as best I could.

"She has been free for several weeks, now; in all probability she is wearing some other fellow's ring by this time. But about the Cinnabar: assuming that my string of guesses is hitched up to the true state of affairs, what would you advise me to do? Shall I hang on—with no prospect, that I can see, of getting anywhere on my own hook? Or shall I sell out to Bullerton and thus let your daughter in for a wife's share of a possible fortune?"

"Gosh-all-hemlock!" he spluttered, "when you line it up that-away, I reckon I ain't the man to tell you what to do! Then, as upon a second and belated thought: 'Jennie says for you not to sell; if she said that to me, I'd hang on till the cows come home. I would so!'"

I got up and knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And that, Daddy, is precisely what I'm going to do," I said; and the saying of it ended the conference in the abandoned tunnel of the "Little Jennie."

CHAPTER X.

The Deep-Well.

The next morning I turned out at break of day, before anybody else was up, slipped into my clothes, straightened up my bunk, and dropped through the ladder hatchway to the main-deck.

I had told myself that the reason for the daybreak turn-out was a desire to see if the railroad people really had been sufficiently in earnest about the proposed copper mine branch to make a survey for it; but the true underlying push was a biting reluctance to have anything more to do with Bullerton, or even to sit at table with him.

Tip-toeing through the common room, so as not to wake Daddy Hiram, I

broke into Jennie's kitchen and raised the cupboard for a bite of something



Raided the Cupboard for a Bite of Something to Eat.

to eat. There was plenty of bread, and some cold fried ham, and cutting a couple of generous sandwiches, I liked out to make my breakfast in the open.

The sandwiches disposed of, I began to quarter the bench woodland back and forth, searching for some indications of the railroad survey. In due time I found one of the location stakes, and from its facing and the markings on it, got the direction of the proposed line and was able to trace it for some distance along the bench. As Daddy had said, it ran within a few hundred yards of the Cinnabar claim, and a short sidetrack would make his suggestion perfectly feasible; our ore could be shot into the cars with but a single handling.

From tracing the railroad survey, I edged around to take another look at the possibilities of the drainage tunnel Daddy and I had figured on. Going over the ground this second time, and with some better knowledge of the difficulties, it appeared that we must have ridiculously underestimated the probable cost. Pacing the distances carefully, and guessing at the differences in altitude by the heights of the trees, I saw that it wouldn't be safe to count upon less than a mile of tunneling, and this, in the solid porphyry of Old Cinnabar, and in a situation remote from the nearest base of supplies, would run—no, it wouldn't run; it would fairly gallop into money.

Was this what Bullerton meant to do if he could out me? That he was utterly confident of his ability to drain the Cinnabar was evident. But how was it to be done? Would he, or his backers, be willing to spend a quarter of a million or more, and the better part of a year's time, driving that mile-long tunnel?

The longer I thought about it, the larger the conviction grew that no such expensive expedient was to be resorted to. Bullerton, or his backers, or both, knew some other and far cheaper and more expeditious way of getting rid of the water. Sitting on a big rock that had in some former earth convulsion tumbled from the broken cliffs above the mine, I gave the mechanical fraction of my brain (it was a small fraction and sadly undeveloped) free rein.

Two possibilities suggested themselves. A siphon, a big pipe, starting at the bottom of the shaft and leading out over the top and down the mountain to a point lower than the shaft bottom, would, after it was once started, automatically discharge a stream of its own bigness, whatever that should be. But the cost of over a mile of such pipe was beyond my means; and if two six-inch pumps driven night and day had failed to make any impression upon the flood, what could be expected of a siphon which, in the nature of things, couldn't be much bigger than an ordinary street water main?

The other possibility was even less hopeful. It was the driving of a short tunnel, which Daddy and I might undertake without additional help, from the level of the high bench straight in to an intersection with the mine shaft. This, I estimated, might tap the water at a point possibly twenty feet below its present level in the shaft. Its success, as I saw at once, would depend entirely upon the location and volume of the underground lake which was supposed to be supplying the flood. If this reservoir were shallow and high in the mountain, the short tunnel might drain it. If it were deep and low, nothing would be accomplished.

The question was still hanging hopelessly up in the air when I made my way around to the mine buildings by the left-hand gulch path, sneaked in and began to shuck myself into Daddy's extra pair of overalls; just for what, I hadn't the least idea; only I needed to be doing something to keep me from going completely doty in the guessing contest.

By this time, as I knew, they would be getting up from breakfast in the cabin across the dump head, which would most likely be Bullerton's cue to come over and ride me some more. When I looked out in sour anticipation, here he came, smoking one of his high-priced cigars and swaggering a bit, as he always did in walking.

"This is your thirty-thousand-dollar day, Broughton," he tossed at me as soon as he stonned over the threshold

of the shaft house door; but I guessed I could notice that, some way, he didn't seem quite so chipper and careless as he had the day before.

"See here," I ripped out; "what's the use? You can't buy this mine at any price! It's not in the market and it isn't going to be. Not in a thousand years!"

"But see here; what's the use of butting your head against a stone wall? You're stuck, world without end, and you know it. This flooded hole in the ground is of no more use to you than a pair of spectacles to a blind man!"

"Perhaps not; 'tis a poor thing, but mine own! I guess I can keep it as a souvenir if I feel like it, can't I?"

"Oh, h—!" he grinned, and turning on his heel went away.

After he had gone I patted myself on the back a bit for not losing my temper and then, just to have an excuse for staying away from the cabin and the Bullerton vicinity, I made fires under the boilers and got up steam. In the former pumping spasm Daddy and I had operated only the two big centrifugals, ignoring the deep-well pumps designed to lift the water from the lower levels of the mine.

Just to try something that we hadn't tried before, I got steam on the deep wellers, and soon found that the machinery, which we hadn't taken down in the general overhauling, needed tinkering before it would be safe to run it. Banking the boiler fires, I went at the job single-handed and managed to wear out the live-long day at it.

It took me all the afternoon and then some to get the machinery cleaned and tinkered up and reassembled. In pawing over the supplies in the mine storeroom—stuff left by the former operators—we had found an acetylene flare torch and a can of carbide and I rigged the torch so that I could go on working after dark.

It was along about nine o'clock when I got the deep-wells ready to run and freshened up the fires and turned the steam on. In curious contrast to the care which had been taken to provide a discharge outlet for the centrifugals, the Cornish pumps had merely an iron trough which ran to a ditch leading down to the bench below the mine buildings. After a few minutes of the clanking and banging, the water began to come. It was horribly smelling stuff, thick and discolored; evidences sufficient that it was coming from the bottom of the mine. The two pumps together were lifting about an eight-inch stream, and it occurred to me at once that if I could set the centrifugals going at the same time, the mass attack might accomplish what the piece-meal assault couldn't.

Throwing in the clutch that drove the big rotaries, I ran up against what Daddy would have called a "circumstance." There wasn't power enough to drive both sets of pumps coupled together; at least, not with the steam pressure the boilers were carrying. Thinking to get more power by pushing the fires a bit harder, I went to the detached boiler room to stoke up, leaving the deep wells clanking away in the shaft-house. I had fired two of the furnaces and was at work on the third when a series of grinding crashes in the machinery sent me flying to find out what was going wrong.

What was happening—what had already happened—was a plenty. As I have said, the great Cornish water-lifters were driven through a train of gearing. When I reached the scene, the steam engine was still running smoothly, but the pumps had stopped. The reason didn't have to be looked for with a microscope. The gear-train was a wreck, with one of the wheels smashed into bits, and half of the cogs stripped from its mesh-mate, if that's what you'd call it.

Mechanically I stopped the engine and went to view the remains. The deep-wells were done for—there was no question about that; they'd never run again until a new set of gears should be installed. That much determined, I began to look for the cause of the calamity. Naturally, I supposed that a cracked cog in one of the wheels had given way, and with this for a starter, the general smash would follow as a matter of course. But a careful and even painful scrutiny of the wreckage failed to reveal the cog with the ancient fracture. Each break

was new and fresh and clean; there wasn't a sign of an old flaw in any one of them.

I think I must have knelt there under the gear train for a half-hour or more, handling the fragments of iron and fitting them together. It was like a child's broken-block puzzle, and after a time I was able to lay all the larger bits out upon the floor in their proper relation to one another. It was in the ground-up debris remaining that I found something which suddenly made me see red. Battered into shapelessness, but still clearly recognizable, were the crushed disjecta membra of our twelve-inch monkey-wrench!

I tried not to go off the handle in a fit of mad rage. With a sort of forced calm I considered every beam and projecting timber where I might incautiously have left the wrench, and from which it might have jarred off to fall into the gears. There was no such chance. I had used the wrench in re-assembling the machinery, but now that I came to recall all the circumstances, I distinctly remembered having put it, together with the other tools, on the little work bench back of the engine. The alternative conclusion was, therefore, fairly inevitable. While I was firing the furnaces, somebody—and doubtless somebody who had been watching for the opportunity—had taken advantage of the moment when my back was turned and had thrown the wrench into the gears.

It was the final straw. There was only one person on the Cinnabar reservation who could have any motive for wrecking my machinery; and while I was banking the fires and setting things in order for the night, I chafed my course, as the navigators say. The dawn of another day, I told myself, would schedule the ultimate limit. Unless he should prove to be a good bit quicker with his gun than I was with my fists, Bullerton was due to get the man-hauling he seemed to be aching for; and beyond that, he'd quit the Cinnabar, if I should have to tie him on his horse and flog the beast half-way to Atropia.

It was with this most unchristian design seething and boiling in my brain that I finally went over to the cabin, let myself in, and climbed stealthily up the left ladder to my blankets, and the next thing I knew, it was broad daylight, the sun was shining in at the little window over the head of my bunk, and from the kitchen at the rear a juicy and most appetizing odor of frying ham was wafting itself up through the cracks in the unchinked walls of my cubicle.

CHAPTER XI.

An Arctic Bath.

It's an old saying that coming events have a knack of foreshadowing themselves. While I was struggling into my clothes and reviving that overnight determination to have it out with Bullerton, the minute I should lay eyes upon him, it struck me all at once that the house was curiously quiet. To be sure, somebody was stirring and the breakfast was cooking, but the premonition that something had happened was strong upon me when I descended the ladder.

In the living-room I found a mighty sober-faced, old Daddy putting breakfast on the table.

"It's just you and me for it, this mornin', Stannie," he muttered, laying plates for two; and his mild old eyes looked as if they were about to take a bath.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Has Bullerton gone?"

"Uh-huh; bright and early—fore day, I reckon; leastwise, I didn't hear him when he went."

"But where's Jennie? She isn't sick, is she?"

He shook his head dolefully. "No; she—she's gone, too."

"Not with Bullerton?" I gasped.

"It sure does look that-away, Stannie. She left a 'H' note on the table



"No, She's Gone, Too."

for me, a-tellin' me not to worry none, and sayin' I needn't look for her till I saw her ag'in."

At first I could hardly believe my own ears. It was so incredibly out of keeping with Jennie as I had been idealizing her.

"Are you going after them?" I demanded.

"What for?" was the despondent query. "Tain't a morsel of use, any way you look at it. Jennie's a woman-gone, and she don't have to have the old daddy say she can, 'r she mustn't. Besides, they were probably pitchin' out to catch one o' the early trains—there's one each way, east and west—and them trains 've been gone a couple of hours."

Daddy had done his best with the breakfast, but I don't recall any meal of my life that ever came so near choking me. I told Daddy about the smashing of the machinery, and the proof I had that it had been a piece of sabotage.

"Reckon maybe he allowed you'd find out he done it and try a dogfall 'r somethin' with him to pay him back?" Daddy queried.

"I don't know," I confessed. I went on eating in silence, or rather trying to eat, and turning over the puzzling and bad-stating questionings in my mind. How could Jennie go off with Bullerton, knowing him to be the scamp he was? And why, if she had been meaning all along to do this thing, had she blocked his game by telling me that I wasn't to sell him the Cinnabar?

It was in the midst of these reflections that I chanced to feel in the coat pocket where I had been carrying the deed turned over to me by Daddy Hiram; and for the second time that morning I nearly choked. The pocket

(Continued Next Week)

Wire Waste Baskets—Metal Waste Baskets. The Brady Standard.

THE BRADY STANDARD
H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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ADVERTISING RATES
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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, Jan. 24, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Most everybody has been wishing, and praying, for a slow rain—but this heavy, misty fog we've been having the past couple days is entirely too slow. Somebody please pep up the Weather Man.

PAY YOUR POLL TAX.

Every citizen of McCulloch county—and that means the men and the women alike—should this week make it a point to pay his (or her) poll tax. Next year, of course, this injunction will not be quite so necessary, as everyone who pays tax of any kind, both men and women, will incidentally pay their poll tax, and thereby be entitled to a vote, unless they permit their taxes to become delinquent. This year, however, it is still optional with the ladies as to whether or not they pay their poll tax. Failure to pay their poll tax, along with any other tax on individual or community property, before February 1st, will debar them from the polls anytime during the year. With precinct, county, state and national officers to be voted upon, everyone should this year, above all others, enable himself or herself to have a

voice in the elections. That means pay your poll tax before February 1st, or, better still, pay it this week and avoid the rush or a possible oversight next Monday or Tuesday—the last two days of grace.

There is another reason, aside from the voting privilege, which should induce every citizen, male or female, to pay his or her poll, and that is that the poll tax is primarily intended to benefit the public school—and if anything on earth needs every help and financial encouragement it is our public schools. Pay your poll tax, regardless of whether you wish to vote or not. Pay it, and help our schools.

NEED MORE POULTRY ON TEXAS FARMS.

More than \$43,000,000 worth of poultry and poultry products were raised, sold or consumed in Texas in 1919. The interest manifested in the industry would indicate that the annual value of property to Texas was even larger in 1920 and 1921. The poultry flocks of the State bring to producers a greater income by \$10,000,000 than do the dairy cows. Even so, the industry is yet in an undeveloped stage, comparatively speaking. There are many thousands of farms in Texas where a chicken or turkey is unknown. There are many thousands of other farms where nothing but scrubs are kept and these receive but a very little attention. If the industry was developed to a reasonable degree every farm would have its flock of poultry and most of them would have either purebreds or good grades. No doubt many of our one crop farmers who have held to the opinion that poultry is just an excuse to keep the women folks out of the cotton fields, have taken note of his neighbor who has been supplying the market this fall and winter with turkeys at 30 cents a pound and more, making from one load of turkeys more than many cotton farmers have made from ten acres of staple. If observations of this kind have the proper and logical effect, Texas will continue to lead other states in the nation in the production of this great American bird.

A few good cows and a flock of good poultry properly attended to has kept thousands of Texas families supplied with many of the necessities of life this past year. There is no excuse whatever for any farmer to be without either. Let the farmers of Texas begin the new year with the resolve to produce their own poultry and dairy products and also their own vegetables and pork in 1922.—Farm & Ranch.

There are lots of women who feel like framing that "poll tax" receipt that her husband "had" to buy—because it has been the first official document he has bought since he bought the license.—San Saba Star.

HELP!

For first-aid to any one needing help of any kind—
Buying, Selling, Finding,
Wanting—...we recommend

BRADY STANDARD'S

Classy-Fi-Ads

"They Work While You Sleep."

That time when passing automobilists were glad to "give a lift" to pedestrians is no more. Also into the limbo of forgotten things has gone the time when nearly every courteous automobilist stopt to offer help to cars in trouble. Nowadays the wise automobilist refuses to pick up anything he doesn't know; he is especially suspicious of cars alongside the road apparently in trouble, for he has learned his sad lesson, either from personal experience or that of others. The kindness of giving a lift has frequently been repaid by another kind of "lifting" at the point of a gun by the befriended; in more than one case the driver has been foully murdered as recompense for his kindness. The "broken down car" too often is but a pretext to get passersby to stop long enough for the holdup man to "get the drop" on them for nefarious purposes. Only the other day a Denton county man was the victim of a new scheme in which the robbers hid themselves behind the skirts, as it were, of women. Passing near Fort Worth a car in front of which two women were apparently making ineffectual efforts to get it to go, he stopt to help them. As he stepped out of his car, two men, who had kept in the background, shoved pistols into his stomach and told him to "hands up." He did, because there wasn't anything else for him to do; and he counted himself fortunate that they took only the \$12 he had with him, leaving his car. He was just that much more fortunate than another man who befriended two strangers in Wichita Falls, buying their supper

and then taking them in his car for the ride to Fort Worth. They repaid his kindness by slugging him as they approached their destination, binding and gagging him and throwing him out of the car and stealing his car in addition to \$117 he had with him. The safe thing to do now is to pass up all requests for a lift on the road unless you know whom you are "lifting;" to hurry by all persons apparently in trouble, especially at night, and to forget the kindly instincts that used to be of such assistance to pedestrians and unfortunate driver unable to make their cars run.—Denton Record-Chronicle.

PUT ME NEXT TO ADVERTISING.

Sadly blinking, I was thinking
Of that dim and distant day
When the modest advertiser
Humbly sang his little lay:
"Do not stick me in some corner
Of your magazine," he plead,
"Put me next to reading matter,
"Where I'm sure of being read!"

Advertising now is rising;
For the artists of today
Make their wages from the pages
Where Big Business has its say.
There is glory in a story,
But the clever author gets
Honest dollars boosting collars,
Chewing gum and cigarettes.

So the blighter of a writer,
Who would fame, not fortune gain,
Humbly pleads for recognition
As he chants this sad refrain:
"Put a corset down my side line
And a shampoo on my head—
Put me next to Advertising,
"Where I'm sure of being read!"—
Hamilton Herald-Record.

A railroad official stated a few days ago that the auto was the railroad's greatest enemy. This may be correct, but we have never yet heard of an auto and a train getting mixed up, but what the auto came out second best.—Hamilton Herald-Record.

An editor relates the following:—"When first he came to see her, he showed a timid heart, and even when the light was low, they sat this far apart, but as their love grew warmer and they learned its joy and bliss, and soon began to situpcloselikethis."

A survey of the religious status of members of congress conducted by the board of temperance of the Methodist church, shows the following affiliations. Of the 435 members of the House, 91 are Methodists, 56 Presbyterians, 29 Baptists, 35 Episcopalians, 23 Congregationalists, 18 Catholics, 11 Christians, 10 Lutherans, 10 Disciples, 5 Unitarians, 3 Jewish Church, 3 Quaker Church, 2 Universalists. —Coleman Democrat-Voice.

An incident which shows in an impressive manner the broad range of the drop in cattle prices comes from Lockhart. Two years ago one of the livestock dealers there sold a fat yearling for \$36; the animal changed hands later for \$40 and again for \$42.50. A few days ago the original seller bought a fine three-year old steer in the country near Lockhart and finding his brand on it learned it was the same steer he sold as a yearling for \$36. He bought it back as a three-year old for \$15. Some crop, eh?—Temple Mirror.

C. W. Lackey is an old Georgia veteran. He frankly admits that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan immediately after the civil war. Everybody claims the glories of the original Klan and Mr. Lackey asks that S. G. put the folks right and keep the record straight. The purpose of the original Klan was distinctively against the constitutional law of the land. It was to preserve the white supremacy in the South, and its members wore the mask. It was a mask of honor and stood for the highest ideals of Southern manhood.—San Saba News.

SNAP SHOTS.

Tillie Clinger says the reason she gave up her job as cashier at the lunch county was because the boss wanted her to keep a toothpick in her mouth and make people think she took her meals there.—Dallas News.

Fontain Pen Ink. The Brady Standard.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of McCulloch.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Execution issued out of the Honorable County Court of McCulloch County, of the 6th day of January, 1922 by W. J. Yantis, County Clerk of said McCulloch County, for the sum of Eight Hundred Seven and 46/100 (\$807.46) Dollars and costs of suit, under an Execution, in favor of R. E. Nix, Guardian in a certain cause in said Court No. 678 and styled R. E. Nix, Guardian vs. C. V. Curry, placed in my hands for service, I, J. C. Wall, as Sheriff of McCulloch County, Texas, did on the 6th day of January, 1922, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in McCulloch County, Texas, described as follows, to-wit: Being a 1-36 interest and being all his interest in and to 128 1-20 acres of land situated in McCulloch County out of the E. H. Danken Surv. No. 1216 and 1217, Cert. No. 691; Abst. No. 194 and 195. Also his undivided 8-36 interest and being all his interest in and to 160 acres of land situated near Rochelle in McCulloch County, Texas, and being all of the W. G. Willoughby survey No. 783, Abst. No. 2083, patented to C. H. Hamberg by patent No. 64, Vol. 17, and levied upon as the property of C. V. Curry and that on the first Tuesday in February 1922, the same being the 7th day of said month, at the Court House door, of McCulloch County, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said Execution I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said C. V. Curry.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Brady Standard, a newspaper published in McCulloch County.

Witness my hand, this 6th day of January 1922.
J. C. WALL, Sheriff
McCulloch County, Texas.

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The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS

The GIRLAHORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$250,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a placid horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Flacerville, in the Red desert.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$250,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million, Stanford again refuses.

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

Under cover of the forest I set down and waited; and in a short time Daddy joined me, making an excuse for the dodge-away that didn't mean anything at all.

"I got a claim over yonder in the right-hand gulch—the one at I was workin' when your granpaw came along," he said. "Thought maybe you'd like to hog over with me and take a look at her."

Of course, I said I'd be delighted; so we made a detour around the Cinnabar, keeping out of sight from the cabin and shaft-house, and pushing on around the western slope for maybe half a mile until we came to the gulch in which the abandoned claim lay.

Working entirely alone, Daddy had driven a tunnel possibly a hundred feet deep straight into the solid rock of the mountain side, following the thin vein and hoping that it would widen into a "pay-streak." After he had led me a few yards into the tunnel, he waved me to a seat on a pile of broken rock, and took one himself with his back against the opposite wall.

"I'm gettin' just naturally so I hate a gosh-dummed crowd," he remarked, switching suddenly from his talk of the abandoned claim. "Feel sometimes as if I'd like to swap skins with a condemned gopher and duck plumb into a hole."

"Well," said I, grinning at him, "you've ducked, for once in a way, and so have I. What about it?"

"Charley Bullerton," he spat out, without further preface. "That slick-tongued word artist sure does get onto my nerves. What-all's he tryin' to do to you, anyway, Stannie?"

I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't know, so I told him all of it, from start to finish, offers, bullyings, and threats, but, of course, nothing about the Jeanie factor.

"Great Moses!" he ejaculated, at the end of the sorry tale. "Why, gosh-to-Methusalem!—it's a hold-up! Do you reckon he kin unwater the Cinnabar?"

"Surest thing in the world. So could you or I, if we had the money to drive a long drainage tunnel from the lower slope."

The old man smoked along in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Bout that there tunnel job; something like two hundred thousand, we figured that'd cost, with no bad luck, didn't we, Stannie?"

"That was the figure."

"And, first off, Charley Bullerton was willin' to give you fifty thousand for your rights—though now you say he's shaved it down to forty. That'd mean an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand; all a-solin'

the ultimate threat of now, so as ordinary, garden-variety mining shark, what would I have done?"

That answer came pat, also. I should have taken the old gentleman's money, trusting to the rising flood to make him sick of his bargain in due course of time and thus willing to sell out for anything he could get.

"I believe I have it doped out," I told Daddy at the end of the cogitating pause; and then I passed the inferences along to him. The immediate effect was to evoke a couple of his quaint substitutes for profanity.

"Jeholachim-to-breakfast!" he exclaimed; "I'll be ding-swizzled if I don't believe you've struck the true lead, Stannie, my son! If you have, here's what follows: Charley Bullerton's here to do the dickerin' for that same old high-blindin' Cinnabar outfit that did your granpaw up. They sold for half a million 'r so and now they're willin' to buy back for thirty or forty or fifty thousand. By Jezebell! I just knew that slick-tongued rooster was tryin' to work some skin game!"

"Yet he is going to marry your daughter," I put in grimly.

At this the old man turned gloomy-serious in the batting of an eye, drawing his mouth down at the corner and sucking hard at the pipe which had long since burned out.

"That's been a pinchin' me like a tight boot, Stannie," he admitted. "If you'd ast me afore he come, I'd 'a' told you she hadn't a morsel 'o' use for that con-dummed block-head. But just you look at the way things are stackin' up now! He's snoopin' round her mighty near all the whole time and she hain't never once give me the wink to send him a-kinin', like I'm tchin' to!"

He told me to look. I had been looking until my eyes ached. The indications were all one way, tons of them; with only one little impulsive kiss to put in the other pan of the scale. I didn't tell Daddy about the kiss; but I did tell him that Jeanie had told me not to sell the Cinnabar.

"So?" he commented, livening up a little. "That brings on more talk. Reckon you can make out to hang onto the old cow's tail for a spell longer?"

I took time to consider my answer. "I've been wonderin' if, all things given their due footing, it were worth while to hang on, Daddy. As matters stand now, Bullerton is stuck unless I sell out to him. If I should take my foot in my hand and walk out, he'd be left up in the air. But, on the other hand, there's Jeanie. If she's good for anything, she's a horse of another color. I'm not enough of a dog-in-the-manger to bite her nose off to spite Bullerton's face."

"Um," was the grunted response. Then, with a side swipe that I wasn't looking for: "Charley Bullerton's been hintin' round that you're tied up with a girl back East. Is that so?—or is it only another one o' his frilly lies?"

I laughed.

"I wish I knew, Daddy; I'd sure tell you if I would anybody. We were really engaged—the back-East girl and I; but I don't think we are now, and I don't think she thinks so. Anyway, she called it all off when we found out—
—or thought we found out—that my grandfather hadn't left me anything in his will. She's like Jeanie says she is, you know; she's got to marry money."

"Jus' so," he said, with a rather grim glint in the mild blue eyes. "All the same, if you had the old Cinnabar in slap-up workin' order, I reckon you'd have to go back yonder and marry her, wouldn't ye?"

"I'd be in honor bound to offer to, anyway."

"That don't sound much like you are carin' a whole lot for her," he objected gravely.

I despair in advance of making him understand the lack of sentiment in the case, or the viewpoint from which any such condition could be considered as a human possibility. He was much too simple-hearted. So I got rid of the Lisette obstacle, or got around it, as best I could.

"She has been free for several weeks, now; in all probability she is wearing some other fellow's ring by this time. But about the Cinnabar: assuming that my string of guesses is hitched up to the true state of affairs, what would you advise me to do? Shall I hang on—with no prospect, that I can see, of getting anywhere on my own hook? Or shall I sell out to Bullerton and thus let your daughter in for a wife's share of a possible fortune?"

"Gosh-all-hell!" he spluttered, "when you line it up that-away, I reckon I ain't the man to tell you what to do!" Then, as upon a second and belated thought: "Jeanie says for you not to sell; if she said that to me, I'd hang on till the cows come home. I would so!"

I got up and knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And that, Daddy, is precisely what I'm going to do," I said; and the saying of it ended the conference in the abandoned tunnel of the "Little Jeanie."

CHAPTER X.

The Deep-Well.

The next morning I turned out at break of day, before anybody else was up, slipped into my clothes, straightened up my bunk, and dropped through the ladder hatchway to the main-deck.

I had told myself that the reason for the daybreak turn-out was a desire to see if the railroad people really had been sufficiently in earnest about the proposed copper mine branch to make a survey for it; but the true underlying push was a biting reluctance to have anything more to do with Bullerton, or even to sit at table with him.

Tiptoeing through the common room, so as not to wake Daddy Hiram, I



Raided the Cupboard for a Bite of Something to Eat.

broke into Jeanie's kitchen and raised the cupboard for a bite of something of the smart house-keep; but I guessed I could notice that, some way, he didn't seem quite so chipper and careless as he had the day before.

"See here," I ripped out; "what's the use? You can't buy this mine at any price! It's not in the market and it isn't going to be. Not in a thousand years!"

"But see here; what's the use of butting your head against a stone wall? You're stuck, world without end, and you know it. This flooded hole in the ground is of no more use to you than a pair of spectacles to a blind man!"

"Perhaps not; 'tis a poor thing, but mine own." I guess I can keep it as a souvenir if I feel like it, can't I?"

"Oh, h—!" he gritted, and turning on his heel went away.

After he had gone I patted myself on the back a bit for not losing my temper and then, just to have an excuse for staying away from the cabin and the Bullerton vicinity, I made fires under the boilers and got up steam. In the former pumping spasm Daddy and I had operated only the two big centrifugals, ignoring the deep-well pumps designed to lift the water from the lower levels of the mine.

Just to try something that we hadn't tried before, I got steam on the deep wellers, and, soon found that the machinery, which we hadn't taken down in the general overhauling, needed tinkering before it would be safe to run it. Banking the boiler fires, I went at the job single-handed and managed to wear out the livelong day at it.

It took me all the afternoon and then some to get the machinery cleaned and tinkered up and reassembled. In pawing over the supplies in the mine storeroom—stuff left by the former operators—we had found an acetylene flare torch and a can of carbide and I rigged the torch so that I could go on working after dark.

It was along about nine o'clock when I got the deep-wells ready to run and freshened up the fires and turned the steam on. In curious contrast to the care which had been taken to provide a discharge outlet for the centrifugals, the Cornish pumps had merely an iron trough which ran to a ditch leading down to the beach below the mine buildings. After a few minutes of the clanking and banging, the water began to come. It was horribly smelling stuff, thick and discolored; evidences sufficient that it was coming from the bottom of the mine. The two pumps together were lifting about an eight-inch stream, and it occurred to me at once that if I could set the centrifugals going at the same time, the mass attack might accomplish what the piece-meal assault couldn't.

Throwing in the clutch that drove the big rotaries, I ran up against what Daddy would have called a "circumstance." There wasn't power enough to drive both sets of pumps coupled in together; at least, not with the steam pressure the boilers were carrying. Thinking to get more power by pushing the fires a bit harder, I went to the detached boiler room to stoke up, leaving the deep wells clanging away in the shaft-house. I had fired two of the furnaces and was at work on the third when a series of grinding crashes in the machinery sent me flying to find out what was going wrong.

What was happening—what had already happened—was a plenty. As I have said, the great Cornish water-lifters were driven through a train of gearing. When I reached the scene, the steam engine was still running smoothly, but the pumps had stopped. The reason didn't have to be looked for with a microscope. The gear-train was a wreck, with one of the wheels smashed into bits, and half of the cogs stripped from its mesh-mate, if that's what you'd call it.

Mechanically I stopped the engine and went to view the remains. The deep-wells were done for—there was no question about that; they'd never run again until a new set of gears should be installed. That much determined, I began to look for the cause of the calamity. Naturally, I supposed that a cracked cog in one of the wheels had given way, and with this for a starter, the general smash would follow as a matter of course. But a careful and even painful scrutiny of the wreckage failed to reveal the cog with the ancient fracture. Each break was new and fresh and clean; there wasn't a sign of an old flaw in any one of them.

I think I must have knelt there under the gear train for a half-hour or more, handling the fragments of iron and fitting them together. It was like a child's broken-block puzzle, and after a time I was able to lay all the larger bits out upon the floor in their proper relation to one another. It was in the ground-up debris remaining that I found something which suddenly made me see red. Battered into shapelessness, but still clearly recognizable, were the crushed disjecta membra of our twelve-inch monkey-wrench!

I tried not to go off the handle in a fit of mad rage. With a sort of forced calm I considered every beam and projecting timber where I might incautiously have left the wrench, and from which it might have jarred off to fall into the gears. There was no such chance. I had used the wrench in re-assembling the machinery, but now that I came to recall all the circumstances, I distinctly remembered having put it, together with the other tools, on the little work bench back of the engine. The alternative conclusion was, therefore, fairly inevitable. While I was firing the furnaces, somebody—and doubtless somebody who had been watching for the opportunity—had taken advantage of the moment when my back was turned and had thrown the wrench into the gears.

CHAPTER XI.

An Arctic Bath.

It's an old saying that coming events have a knack of foreshadowing themselves. While I was struggling into my clothes and reviving that overnight determination to have it out with Bullerton the minute I should lay eyes upon him, it struck me all at once that the house was curiously quiet. To be sure, somebody was stirring and the breakfast was cooking, but the premonition that something had happened was strong upon me when I descended the ladder.

In the living-room I found a mighty sober-faced old Daddy putting breakfast on the table.

"It's just you and me for it, this mornin', Stannie," he muttered, laying plates for two; and his mild old eyes looked as if they were about to take a bath.

"What?" I exclaimed. "Has Bullerton gone?"

"Uh-huh; bright and early—fore day, I reckon; leastwise, I didn't hear him when he went."

"But where's Jeanie? She isn't sick, is she?"

He shook his head dolefully.

"No; she—she's gone, too."

"Not with Bullerton?" I gasped.

"I sure does look that-away, Stannie. She left a lit' note on the table



"No, She's Gone, Too."

for me, a-tellin' me not to worry none, and sayin' I needn't look for her till I saw her ag'in."

At first I could hardly believe my own ears. It was so incredibly out of keeping with Jeanie as I had been idealizing her.

"Are you going after them?" I demanded.

"What for?" was the despondent query. "Thin't a morsel 'o' use, any way you look at it. Jeanie's a woman growed, and she don't have to have the old daddy say she can, 'r she musn't. Besides, there was probably pithin' out to catch one o' the early trains—there's one each way, east and west—and them trains 've been gone a couple 'o' hours."

Daddy had done his best with the breakfast, but I don't recall any meal of my life that ever came so near choking me. I told Daddy about the smashing of the machinery, and the proof I had that it had been a piece of sabotage.

"Reckon maybe he allowed you'd find out he done it and try a dogfall 'r somethin' with him to pay him back?" Daddy queried.

"I don't know," I confessed.

I went on eating in silence, or rather trying to eat, and turning over the puzzling and bad-tasting questionings in my mind. How could Jeanie go off with Bullerton, knowing him to be the scamp he was? And why, if she had been meaning all along to do this thing, had she blocked his game by telling me that I wasn't to sell him the Cinnabar?

It was in the midst of these reflections that I chanced to feel in the coat pocket where I had been carrying the deed turned over to me by Daddy Hiram; and for the second time that morning I nearly choked. The pocket

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SOUTH SIDE

DEADLY INDIAN FIGHT IN EARLY DAYS AS RELATED BY JUDGE VAN SICKLE

(By Henry Clay Harris)

In the early times of our State, before the day of Texas newspapers and Texas railroads, the good storyteller instead of being regarded as one who could simply tell stories was a person who was held in much esteem, and his society was eagerly sought after. In fact, he alone, with legal proceedings, filled the place that it takes the newspapers, the magazines, the movies and the theaters to fill today. This bard, whose desire was not for fame, but the enjoyment of his fellows, not only related the happenings of his own life and the lives of others, but often performed deeds himself for no other purpose than to make an interesting event.

In Hunt county, some miles south of Greenville, lies the hamlet of Vansickle, named for one of these storytellers, who lived and was honored there some fifty or sixty years ago. Judge Vansickle, besides being reputed the best story-teller in North Texas, was a very capable member of the Greenville bar. His favorite theater for the relating of his tales was some other lawyer's office in Greenville. Like a great many other lawyers of his day, including General Sam Houston, Judge Vansickle's office was in a corner of his front yard. There in rural quietness, cooled by Southern breezes or warmed by a blazing fireplace, strengthened by content, he composed his addresses before the bar, framed his stories and dreamed over an eventful past.

It is said that in an incredibly short time whenever Judge Vansickle dropped into one of his fellow-lawyers' offices of Greenville and began his talks there would not even be standing room. On one of these occasions Judge Vansickle was telling about one of his Indian fights.

"It was while I was in the Panhandle," he said. "I was looking for lost horses. I had ridden since sunup and now the sun was only about three hours' high in the afternoon. My horse was very tired. As I was riding over a ridge I saw a party of about twenty Indians about a half mile away in a valley ahead of me. I could see that the same instant I saw them they also saw me. Like hounds after a rabbit, they immediately gave chase. Like said rabbit, I skeedaddled. I knew the Apaches were on the warpath and it was very evident that these Indians were Apaches, the most diabolical, inhuman, ferocious savages that ever roamed over our plains. My distress was increased by the fact that I could see that the Indians' horses were not tired, but very fresh and were fast gaining on me; and that my weary horse, even though he was giving me the best he had, was going slower every step, and could not keep me from my pursuers until night hid me from them. To fight—one against twenty was out of the question—I must find a place to hide before the Indians got too close. I remembered passing some time before a deep ravine at the foot of a steep ridge. That ravine was about a mile from where I then was. I resolved to take my chances of hiding in it. I concentrated my entire powers to encouraging my gallant but fast-falling horse. Louder and louder the fiendish yells of my pursuers screamed in my ears. With amazing rapidity, shorter and shorter, shrank the distance between me and those who sought my life. At last I passed

over a ridge which held me for a time from my pursuers and raced up the deep ravine. I gladly noted that the ground was so rocky that my horse's hoofprints did not show; and there was nothing to indicate that I had not gone straight ahead over a lower ridge beyond, instead of turning to one side.

"After I had gone about 100 yards I passed several turns of the ravine, which completely hid me from the sight of anyone near its entrance. This made me happier still. I felt reasonably safe, but I increased the distance between me and that ravine's entrance as fast as my tired horse could run. I had gone about 200 yards beyond these turns when, to my horror, I heard a terrible chorus of triumphant Apache yells. I looked behind me and saw I was being pursued again. I raced down the middle of the ravine. Its walls were too steep for my horse to climb out. The ravine grew more narrow. Those walls grew steeper and steeper, and higher and higher. At last, when perpendicular and about forty feet high, the walls abruptly closed together in front of me. I sprang from my horse and ducked behind a boulder, resolving to hold the Indians at bay there until night. I reached for my forty-four—and my blood froze in my veins. I was unarmed. My gun had been jostled from its holster—and lost."

Here the speaker paused and sadly sighed.

"What happened then?" asked a breathless listener.

"Why, they killed me, of course," was the mournful reply.

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

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists. 75c.

Tanlac is purely vegetable and is made from the most beneficial roots, herbs and barks known to science. Trigg Drug Co.

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

We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry. A. F. GRANT, Jeweler, West Side Square.

Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady ard.

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

McCULLOCH CO. GINNING TOTAL IS NEAR 12000 BALES

According to the report of the U. S. Bureau of Census, as furnished The Standard through courtesy of Arthur Wood, local cotton ginning census reporter, McCulloch county on January 1, 1922, had ginned a total of 11,903 bales. Inasmuch as all gins had closed down early in December this may be considered the final total for the 1922-23 cotton ginning crop. For the preceding crop year, a total of 27,894 bales had been ginned in McCulloch county up to January 1, 1921.

Announcements

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

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

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

- For District Clerk:**
FRANK W. LOHN
MISS MAGGIE McKEAND
- For County Tax Assessor:**
H. R. HODGES (Re-Election)
P. A. CAMPBELL
S. R. (DICK) HAYS
- For County Treasurer:**
JUNE COORPENDER (Re-Election)
MRS. NONA MONTGOMERY
- For County Judge:**
EVANS J. ADKINS (Re-Election)
- For County Sheriff:**
J. C. WALL (Re-Election)
- For County Clerk:**
W. J. YANTIS (Re-Election)
HENRY D. BRADLEY
- For County Tax Collector:**
HUBERT K. ADKINS (Re-Election.)
- For County Surveyor:**
E. A. BURROW
- For County Superintendent of Public Instruction:**
W. M. DEANS (Re-Election)
Mrs. M. L. STALLINGS
- For Commissioner Prec. No. 1:**
WALTER W. JORDAN
CHAS SAMUELSON (Re-Election)
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:**
R. L. (Bob) BURNS (Re-Election)
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:**
J. F. PRIEST (Re-Election)
W. J. REED
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:**
S. H. GAINER
- For Public Weigher Prec. No. 1:**
ED JACOBY (Re-Election)

Chas. Samuelson Candidate for Re-Election.

The name of Chas. Samuelson appears in the announcement column this issue as a candidate for re-election as Commissioner of Precinct No. 1. In filling this position the past year and a half, Mr. Samuelson has again demonstrated his ability and fitness for the position. Not only has he served the county as a whole well, but he has ably taken care of the interests of his precinct. In all, Mr. Samuelson has served three terms as commissioner, counting his present term, and has given freely of his time, and has been conscientious in the performance of his duties. He has taken good care of the roads of his precinct, considering the great mileage and limited funds, and has looked after the interests of all sections of precinct No. 1 without favor or prejudice. Having lived in the East Sweden community for over thirty years, Mr. Samuelson is well known to all citizens of the precinct, and is highly regarded by all. In making his announcement for re-election, he asks careful consideration of his record and his ability, and would heartily appreciate the vote and support of both lady and men voters.

For the common everyday ills of mankind there is nothing to equal Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

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

GOOD VALUES IN REBUILT CARS

REBATE ON FEBRUARY 1st, 1922

On Any

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

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

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

SEVERAL BARGAINS IN STOCK

F. R. WULFF

Phone 30

Brady, Texas

Bob Burns for Re-Election.

R. L. (Bob) Burns offers himself this week as a candidate for re-election as Commissioner of Precinct No. 2. That Mr. Burns has made a capable and efficient commissioner, there is no denying, and it is best proven by the fact that he is popular with all his constituents. It is shown again in the fact that the main roads of his precinct are in as good shape as is possible, considering the limited funds with which he has been obliged to operate. The road work done on the Mason road, and also the road work on the Voca hill, has been of especially commendable nature. In fact, Mr. Burns says he has his main roads in such state, that he next expects to begin work on the laterals. Another thing, his precinct will be out of debt within the next few months, something unparalleled, perhaps, in county history. Withal, Mr. Burns is a pleasant, likable sort, always interested in the welfare and progress of the county, and no mistake will be made by citizens of his precinct in again returning him to the office he now holds.

Dick Hays for Tax Assessor.

S. R. (Dick) Hays announces in this issue his candidacy for the office of Tax Assessor of McCulloch county. Dick is one of the old-timers in McCulloch county, and having carried mail both on the Brady-Fredonia line and the Brady-Waldrip line, for many years, he is known to a majority of the citizens of McCulloch county, and more particularly to those of the South and North ends, as well as the Brady vicinity. He feels that his wide acquaintanceship and his familiarity with land and land values in the various sections of the county, will stand him in good stead, should he be the choice of the people, and enable him to fill the office of tax assessor in an efficient and capable manner, just as he has served the people of the county capably and efficiently as mail carrier. Withal, Mr. Hays possesses a kindly and humorous nature; he always looks on the bright side of things, and has made himself accordingly popular with all classes and ages. He hopes that his candidacy may receive favorable consideration from both the ladies and the men, and that he will be given the votes and support necessary to win. For all of which he expresses appreciation and thanks in advance.

Read The Standard's Classi-Fi-Ads.

W. J. Reed for Commissioner.

W. J. Reed of Lohn offers himself as a candidate for Commissioner of Precinct No. 3, and respectfully solicits the vote and support of citizens of that precinct, the ladies as well as the men. Mr. Reed has been a resident of McCulloch county for the past fourteen years, and is a son-in-law of G. W. Blanton, one of Lohn's pioneer and most highly respected citizens. He is a level-headed, substantial and successful farmer and citizen, and with his wide acquaintance over his precinct, is certain to be a strong favorite for the office he seeks, especially since he has been solicited by many friends to make the race. Mr. Reed feels that inasmuch as his residence is centrally located in the precinct, he will be enabled to serve all sections in a capable and efficient manner. If elected, he promises to give the office and his duties careful, conscientious attention, and will alter be found ready to advance the county's interests in all matters affecting its welfare. He will make a thorough canvass of the district before the primaries, and hopes to enlist the support necessary to make him a winning candidate.

S. H. Gainer for Commissioner.

Having long been solicited by many friends to make the race for Commissioner of Precinct No. 4, S. H. Gainer this week formally becomes a candidate for the office. Mr. Gainer is so well known, not only in his precinct, but all over the county, as to scarcely need introduction to the voters. He has lived on the same place, three miles south of Rochelle, for the past 26 years, during which time he has gained and held the admiration and respect of all. In making announcement, Mr. Gainer says he feels that he can take care of the office, if elected, and gives assurance of making every effort to serve his precinct and the county as a whole, in an efficient manner. Needless to say, the county's interests could be placed in no safer or more capable hands than those of Mr. Gainer, who is acknowledged as one of our most substantial and successful citizens, and who would apply to his official duties the same care that he has given his own private affairs. Mr. Gainer respectfully solicits the vote and support of all voters of Precinct No. 4, ladies and men alike, in the coming primary election.

Read it in The Standard.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOUND—Between Melvin and Eden on upper road, auto casing with rim and rack. Owner may recover by paying for this ad at Standard office.

WANTED

FAT-HOGS Wanted. See O. D. Mann, Brady.

WANTED—Roomers and boarders. See or phone MRS. W. F. DUTTON.

WANTED—Load of clean, bright Johnson grass hay. Apply at Brady Standard office.

WANTED to Trade—for small farm; Voca country preferred. Call, or address C. M. LIVERMAN, Brady, Texas, Route 1.

FARM WANTED—Wanted to hear from owner of a farm for sale; give lowest price, and full particulars. L. Jones, Box 551, Olney, Ill.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two places of 90 acres each. For further information, see or write J. F. CAWYER, Mercury, Texas.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Classy-Fi-Ad space in The Brady Standard.

FOR SALE—Second-hand Corrugated Iron. See N. T. COOK, at Brady Compress Co.

FOR SALE—About 200 bushels Mebane cotton seed at 75c per bu. at the bin. W. M. HARRIS, Lohn.

FOR SALE or Trade—Fat hogs, by C. M. LIVERMAN, at J. E. Brown's place, 4 miles northwest of Brady.

FOR SALE—Buick Six, in A1 mechanical condition. Priced right, for cash. MANN-RICE'S AUTO CO.

FOR SALE—Two registered Poland China Sows with pigs. Sell for cash, or take good note. G. C. KIRK, Brady.