

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

### MCCULLOCH CO. GAINS 691 VOTERS OVER LAST YEAR

The list of qualified voters for the present year shows a remarkable gain over last year, according to the totals just compiled by Tax Collector Hubert Adkins. The payments for the current year total 2,320, with 66 exemptions, or a total of 2,386 qualified voters. The total payments in 1921 were 1,684, with only 11 exemption certificates issued, giving the total number of qualified voters as 1,695. The net gain in voters this year over last, therefore, is 691.

The City of Brady also shows a gain of 50 voters this year over last, 381 polls being paid this year as against 331 in 1921.

The following is the comparative list of qualified voters for 1922 and 1921 at each voting box in the county, showing both the number of poll taxes paid and the number of exemption certificates issued:

YEAR 1922		YEAR 1921	
Paid	Exemption	Paid	Exemption
Brady . . . . . 880	36	584	11
Nine . . . . . 28	2	17	
Camp S. S. . . . . 48	1	30	
Voca . . . . . 195		97	
Rochelle . . . . . 221	4	164	
Cowboy . . . . . 34	1	27	
Milburn . . . . . 29		19	
Lohn . . . . . 162	4	126	
Waldrip . . . . . 70	2	51	
Stacy . . . . . 32	1	29	
Mercury . . . . . 102		86	1
Fife . . . . . 75	1	51	1
Pear Valley . . . . . 100	3	80	
Melvin . . . . . 165	7	131	
Mt. Tabor . . . . . 25		14	
Calf Creek . . . . . 62		47	1
Placid . . . . . 76		58	1
Lost Creek . . . . . 23	2	18	2
Gansel . . . . . 47	1	29	
Whiteland . . . . . 36	1	26	
	2320	66	1684
	66		11
Total . . . . . 2386		1695	

### SHERIDAN MINE TO BE OPENED AND OPERATED ON A LARGE SCALE

The arrival of A. Robinson and W. A. Wilder disclosed the fact that the Sheridan mines are soon to be put into operation on a larger scale than ever. These gentlemen have had years of experience in the development line and have taken hold of the situation in a manner which proves they know what they are doing. They say they are convinced that the Sheridan mine will develop into one of the richest copper mines in the country; that the citizens of Burnet don't realize that an immense deposit of valuable ore lies buried in the immediate vicinity. The development work already done by the Sheridan mine has discovered and blocked out upwards of a million dollars worth of ore and there is no way of telling how many millions more lie buried in their holdings.

An additional mill is to be installed together with a reducing system that will double the present capacity and it is expected they will be shipping ore in quantities in the next 90 days. This contract also provides for the financing of a smelter to be built at the Sheridan mines.—Burnet Bulletin.

### ATTENTION, FARMERS!

Arrange to get your Cotton Seed delivered to us before March 1st, as we expect to make final run of the season the latter part of this month, or the first of next. We are paying \$35.00 per ton.

BRADY COTTON OIL MILL, Paul Klatt, Manager.

### SHOE SPECIALS.

Buy your Spring Shoes for less—while they last, at the Popular Dry Goods Co. Come early! One day only, Saturday, February 11th.

Read The Standard's Classi-Fi-Ads.

### NEXT NUMBER OF LYCEUM COURSE AT TABERNACLE THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16

The fifth number of the White & Myers lyceum course, presented in Brady under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers association, will be given on Thursday night of next week at the Methodist tabernacle, and promises another of the entertaining series, which has so delighted Brady audiences. Miss Margery Helen Graham, a reader of considerable note, will give a select program of readings which, for originality and excellent character impersonation, cannot be excelled. Miss Graham has that wonderful gift whereby she can carry her audience with her wherever she goes, whether it be to an Irish wake or a negro revival meeting. Everyone who attends the number is certain to be delighted with the program offered.

The next and final number of the present season's course will be presented early in March.

### MARGERY HELEN GRAHAM.



Margery Helen Graham has been called the "Dramatic Reader of a Thousand Moods." Miss Graham has developed a new line of dramatic readings. Whether her character is the Irish washer-woman or the color sd mammy, one sees the Irish cabin or the negro shanty. Coming on our Lyceum.

### MCCULLOCH COUNTY CREDIT RATING BOARD MET MONDAY—ASK "PROMPT PAY."

Last Monday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock the credit managers of twenty-four leading firms assembled in the office of the Retail Merchants association to exchange ideas in regard to the financial and credit standing of people in Brady and McCulloch county. These meetings will be held twice a month during 1922, and no man in the entire county will have his rating overlooked. The merchants and professional men who are members of the association organized for the purpose of protecting themselves and their prompt paying customers against the abuse of credit privileges, and they have agreed to require the prompt payment of monthly accounts.

That is, in order to remain in the "Prompt Pay" class your bills must be paid by the 10th of the month following date of purchase. This, of course does not apply to written contracts, installment accounts, or any accounts for which special arrangements are made at time of purchase. Your credit standing will be based upon the promptness with which you pay—not upon your intention of paying or your ability to pay—but the way you DO pay. The people who take it for granted that they have the peculiar privilege of saying how and when they shall pay their bills will find themselves in the "Slow Pay" class with the fellow who is slow because he is out of a job.

Everyone in McCulloch county who owes past due accounts should make it his business to see the merchants at once and make definite arrangements for the payment of all bills at the earliest possible time. The merchants are entitled to that consideration.

Get your Tanlac where they've got it Trigg Drug Co.

### I AM YOUR TOWN.

Make of me what you will—I shall reflect you as clearly as a mirror throws back a candle beam.

If I am pleasing to the eye of the stranger within my gates; if I am such a sight as, having seen me, he will remember me with all his days as a thing of beauty, the credit is yours.

Ambition and opportunity call some of my sons and daughters to high tasks and mighty privileges, to my greater honor and my good repute in far places, but it is not chiefly these who are my strength. My strength is in those who remain, who are content with what I can offer them, and with what they can offer me. It was the greatest of all Romans who said: "Better be first in a little Iberian village than be second in Rome."

I am more than wood and brick and stone, more even than flesh and blood—I am the composite soul of all who call me Home.

I am Your town.

—From the American Legion Weekly.

### COURT HOUSE NEWS

The following is a list of vital statistics, marriage licenses issued and real estate transferred, as recorded in the county clerk's office during the month of January; also a list of vital statistics as recorded by the city secretary:

- Births Recorded in Brady.**  
 Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Granville, Brady, boy, Jan. 20.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Placker, Brady, girl, Dec. 23.  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Bradley, Brady, girl, Dec. 30.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Jackson, Brady, girl, Dec. 19.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Ramon Guardio, Brady, girl, Dec. 19.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Broad, Brady, girl, Dec. 21.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Johnson, Brady, girl, Dec. 12.
- Births Recorded.**  
 Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Yates, Placid, girl, Dec. 30.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gaines, Pear Valley, girl, Dec. 30.  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Eratton, Rochelle, boy, Dec. 28.  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. A. King, Pear Valley, girl, Dec. 31.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Jess Bundick, Lohn, boy, Jan. 4.  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Steward, Lohn, girl, Jan. 5.  
 Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Allen, Rochelle, boy, Jan. 6.  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McMichael, Broadmoor, boy, Jan. 6.  
 Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Banta, Voca, girl, Jan. 7.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Dave Taylor, Voca, Jan. 7.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCartney, Voca, girl, Jan. 7.  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCartney, Rochelle, girl, Jan. 8.  
 Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Duncan, Melvin, girl, Jan. 11.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jordan, Voca, boy, Jan. 12.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Swen Hermanson, Brady, boy, Jan. 4.
- Deaths Recorded.**  
 Walter Presly Hardin, Rochelle, Jan. 4.  
 Enoch Spivey, Brady, Jan. 15.  
 Cecil Davenport, Brady, Jan. 25.  
 Clyde Custic Joy, Brady, Jan. 28.  
 Theodor Morris, Brady, Jan. 27.  
 Domingo Viaglas, Brady, Jan. 27.  
 W. J. Moore, Brady, Jan. 29.  
 Mrs. Ellie Bell Hurst, Brady, Feb. 5.
- Marriage Licenses Issued.**  
 Mr. H. L. Mitchell and Miss Beckie Pallett, Jan. 4.  
 Mr. Emmett Damron and Miss Ada Hester, Jan. 5.  
 E. C. Jackson and Mattie Jackson, (col.), Jan. 5.  
 Mr. Jas. R. Boyd and Miss Bianch Smith, Jan. 14.  
 Crus Sanchez and Alverta Loza, Jan. 16.  
 Mr. Ova Dodd and Miss Montie Elizabeth Perry, Jan. 16.  
 Pablo Samroman and Martine Rangel, Jan. 18.  
 Mr. Felix Baisden and Miss Mattie Lou Doyle, Jan. 18.  
 Mr. E. J. Burger and Miss Bessie Oldham, Jan. 28.
- Death of Mrs. Hurst.**  
 The death of Mrs. Ellie Belle Hurst occurred Sunday evening at about 5 o'clock at her home in Southwest Brady, following a serious illness extending over the past five months. The family had returned here from Stone-wall county about three months ago in the hopes that the Brady climate would benefit Mrs. Hurst's failing health. At the time of death she was aged 22 years, 4 months and 10 days.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Hurst were former residents of the Fife community, and have many friends over the county. She was a daughter of the late Mike Robbins, her mother being Mrs. John Robertson. Her marriage to Mr. Hurst took place seven years ago.

Surviving are the husband and two children; also her mother, four brothers and two sisters. To them is extended the sincere sympathy of all. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock, interment being made in Brady cemetery.

### SAVE MONEY.

Have your old hats cleaned and blocked; see the traveling hatter. I'll be in your town this week. F. E. PARK.

A nice gift given away after each sale and a diamond ring the last night of sale. Read our ad on front page. MALONE & RAGSDALE.

### 10,000 EGG INCUBATOR AMBITION OF BRADY MAN—ALSO MODEL POULTRY FARM

A 10,000 egg incubator is the ambition of Ben Moffatt, well-known Brady man and who has, for a number of years past engaged in the raising of fine stock, poultry and hogs. His 88-acre poultry and stock farm on the London road and a mile or so south of Brady is something of a revelation in itself. Here Mr. Moffatt is truly devoting himself to a "back to the farm" experiment, and is setting the pace for those who are advocating 100 hens, some pigs and milk cows on every farm.

In addition to raising Jersey cattle and registered Poland China hogs, Ben is going strong on registered Mammoth Bronze turkeys and strongest of all on chickens. Although good stock in turkeys is mighty hard to find, Ben has just secured eight registered Mammoth Bronze hens from a San Saba fancier, with which he will build up his flock. These hens are from \$25 turkeys and a \$100 tom. Ben expects to raise ten turkeys to the hen, or a total of 100 turkeys from his flock of ten turkey hens.

But it is in chicken raising that he will make his big showing this year—four hatchings of 250 eggs each, or a total of 1,000 chicks. This is merely the first step towards his 10,000 egg incubator. In building up to this ultimate goal, he expects either to contract the purchase of eggs from his neighbors, or else contract to set and hatch their eggs for them.

By means of a Delco-Light plant, Mr. Moffatt now has his cow sheds, chicken house, barn, lot and all out-buildings illuminated, in addition to his house, thereby enabling him to work among his birds and animals early or late. This coming winter he will experiment with forcing egg laying through the use of electric lights. A tightly-enclosed chicken house, brilliantly illuminated, and with plenty of scratch feed supplied, will keep the hens busy scratching and laying until about eight or nine o'clock. Then, by turning out one light at a time, the shed will gradually be darkened until the chickens will seek the roost as naturally as upon the setting of the sun.

Although Mr. Moffatt only moved out to this farm the past year his early efforts as a city-lot poultry and stock farmer have been quite remunerative, he having sold turkey toms for breeding purposes at record prices for Brady the past fall.

### NO FREE SCHOOLING 60 YEARS AGO, DECLARES T. J. KING—NO TRUSTEES

Sixty years from today will be 1862—and that looks a terrible long way off—we don't stop to wonder, nor to trouble about what will happen then. But sixty years ago—that's a different story, and an interesting one, even if there remain comparatively few that can recall the happenings of so long ago.

When T. J. King chanced to run across a school report for himself written away back in 1862, it naturally caused a flood of memories to come to him. The school room, and the lessons, and finally the report itself. Here is the wording of the report, written on a piece of an ordinary scratch tablet:

"Thomas King's School Record for April, 1862. Present 20 1/2 days. Recited 144 lessons. Deportment—good.

"Clara Cooksey." Who wouldn't treasure that report, bridging across these many years, and written by a teacher gone to her eternal reward long, long ago?

Mr. King says the school was in Lavaca county, and the first he ever attended. At the time he was but 5 years old, and, of course, paid tuition. As a matter of fact, in those days there were no free schools, and no school trustees. The children paid tuition ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00. Little do folks of the present day realize and appreciate the many benefits that have come to them with the passing of years. It takes such recollections as Mr. King's to bring them to mind.

Read it in The Standard.

### HEALTH OFFICER TO INSPECT ALL EATING HOUSES

A complete inspection and report upon all hotels and public eating places is promised by Dr. B. L. Craddock, city health officer, for about the middle of this month. The sanitary condition of all places will be especially looked into, and recommendations, where needed, will be forthcoming to assure not only the most healthful conditions, but the continued observance of sanitary conditions.

In making the tour of inspection about the 15th, Dr. Craddock is prompted by a desire to help Brady hotels, restaurants and eating houses to establish a reputation for cleanliness and sanitation, such as will establish for Brady an enviable reputation, not only among home folks, but among all travelers who chance to be Brady's guests.

Quite naturally, every hotel and boarding house keeper, as well as restaurateur, is expected to co-operate with the city health officer to the fullest extent.

### 75 MILLION IN FARM LOAN BONDS OFFERED, SEC. MELLON ANNOUNCES

Washington, D. C., Feb. 5.—The largest offering of farm loan bonds ever made was announced by Secretary Mellon.

The twelve Federal land banks will make a combined offering on Monday of \$75,000,000 of 5 per cent Federal farm loan bonds at the price of 102 1/2 and accrued interest at which price they will yield approximately 4.70 per cent to callable date and 5 per cent thereafter. The bonds, Mr. Mellon said, will be dated November 1, 1921, due November 1, 1941, and callable at the option of the issuing bank after November 1, 1931. They will be issued in coupon form, exchangeable for registered bonds. Interest will be payable May 1, and November 1.

"This is the largest offering of farm loan bonds ever made," Mr. Mellon said, "but in view of the generally favorable trend of the investment market and the continued strong showing of the Federal loan banks, it is believed that it will readily be absorbed and as the funds will go direct to the farmers of the country, it should tend to improve the agricultural situation."

### FIRE ALARM CAUSES EXCITEMENT SUNDAY, BUT DANGER LUCKILY AVERTED

Presence of mind and a strong and vigorous constitution are valuable assets in times of danger, as was proven Sunday shortly after dinner, when Wilson Jordan grabbed up a blazing 4-burner oil stove laden with tea-kettle, baking oven and other vessels, and carried it out into the yard before the fire could communicate to the wall paper or walls. Incidentally the arrival of the fire boys who had been on a wild-goose chase to the W. W. Jordan residence, a half mile farther southwest accompanied by several score of Sunday afternoon automobilists, was timed after all thought of danger had subsided.

The blazing up of one of the burners on the stove was the cause for the alarm. While Mrs. Jordan phoned the fire department, Mr. Jordan carried the oil reservoir into the yard, and then seeing the kitchen in imminent danger of being set afire, he adopted the heroic means of bodily carrying the stove out. Doubtless his action saved the residence from destruction or at least serious damage.

See those Shoes at Kirk's for Half-Price; just a few Odds and Ends. Nuf-Sed.

### BOARD AND ROOM

Special Prices, as follows: Meals, 40c; Beds, 50c.

### THE CENTRAL HOTEL

(Formerly The Brady Hotel) Located on Bridge Street, 1 Block North of Public Square

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, Feb. 7, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

Brady's street lights are mostly hidden under the proverbial bushel.

NEW SOURCE OF REVENUE.

The Stephenville Tribune has originated a new industry in that educational burg, whereby the ward school janitor is piling up funds for the school, and incidentally making pocket change by supplying one of the necessities of life. Read on—

For several months past the janitor of the central ward school has been much perturbed over injuries resulting to shade-trees on the school campus inflicted by women who pull off limbs to use as tooth brushes. He prefers to see the trees grow into and become stately trees, and be a pleasure and a delight to the school children, but this cannot be as there is an insistent demand for tooth brushes and this demand must be met; therefore he has been instructed to collect 25 cents for each tooth brush from each woman who either calls on him personally or serves herself without the formality of asking to be waited on. The janitor is a modest man, and possesses Chesterfieldian manners, hence no woman need fear asking him to wait on her. In fact, he prefers to wait on them, for then he can cut and trim the tooth brush to suit any sized mouth, and do so without tearing the limbs of the trees. The charges will be 25 cents for each brush. Those who owe back dues are expected also to pay. It is likely also the janitor will keep a stock of stuff to supply those who happen to run out. Ninety per cent of the sums collected goes to the public school and 10 per cent to the janitor to pay for extra work of waiting on customers. That he sells tooth brushes from the pretty trees, as he does not like to see their bodies mutilated.

THE NATION'S PAPERS.

There are 22,553 newspapers in the United States, a decrease of 2,515 since 1916. The falling off is due to the cost of paper and labor, forcing many small town papers to suspend publication.

The tendency during the last five years has been for better newspapers, conducted on a higher plane of business ethics, and the elimination in competition has made it possible for the publishers to give better papers and better service.

There is no city of less than 28,000 population in Texas with more than one daily paper. At the close of 1921 there were 14,633 weekly publications in the United States which is 2,535 less than in 1916. There are 149 fewer daily papers than in 1916.

Sworn circulation statements show that daily papers have made a wonderful gain in circulation during the past few years. This is accounted for by the extension of daily mail service, and the increase in interest of the reading public in current events.

The newspaper has gained standing with the manufacturers, wholesalers, jobbers and retailers as an advertising medium, and a class of advertisement.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD Published Semi-Weekly Tuesday - Friday Brady, Texas To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year SIX MONTHS \$1.00 THREE MONTHS .65c Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 25c per month. To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.50 per year SIX MONTHS \$1.25 THREE MONTHS .75c Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

The Brady Standard

Offers a quick Classy-

method of getting publicity on your wants which de-

Fi-

es successful imitation, both as to minimum cost and maximum results, viz: thru the want

Ads

They hit the spot like an arrow hits the bulls-eye.

WONDER WORDS.

Oregon to Build Roads Like a Soaped Banister. Wonder, Or., Jan. 28. Editor Brady Standard:

Wonder if poor old Jiggs will be sorry or glad when Maggie dies? Wonder if Magge would become penitent if she should become prostrate and had to have her meals brought to her bedside?

Wonder if you West Texas people have had plenty of rain yet? Wonder what kind of weather we are having here in Oregon? Well a few words will tell it. Just about as fast as the snow disappears, some more appears. Of course with these wet moons we have in the winter time here in Oregon, it just has to precipitate! and snow is only frozen rain, you know. Tho' we had better have snow than no water at all. Moon or no moon!

The present generations are outgrowing the old Dutch superstitions and now it is sometimes difficult to find an almanac with the signs of the Zodiac in it. Our forefathers used to plant cucumbers when the sign was in the twins, and cabbage when the sign was in the head and potatoes on the dark of the moon and melons on the light of the moon, etc., etc, but now we are glad to get a chance to plant them where there is moisture in the ground. Moon or no moon!

One of my neighbors when I was a boy said he had always noticed that a change of weather is always within three or four days of the change of the moon. He never had stopped to consider that it couldn't get any farther away from the change than "three or four days." Some people seem to have an idea that when the moon in its orbit travels one-quarter around the earth that it turns a sharp angled corner and jumps a cog and lets the water spill out. They don't seem to realize that the moon is changing its position every second. Just as much one minute as it does the next.

Oregon is preparing to do an immense amount of road work as soon as spring opens up, and it won't be long until you can crank up your tin lizzie and come to see the wonders of the world, just like sliding down a soaped banister.

A negro boy saw another across the street munching an apple. He hollered to him and said "Gimme a piece o' yo' apple!" The other said, "I ain' got muf fo' m'sef!" He then said, "Well gum de coah!" The other replied "Dey ain' gonna be no coah!" So that is pretty much the way of this letter. Next time I hope to do better.

"O. I. C. U. R. RIGHT."

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. 50c.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

Big Sale on Shoes at Popular Dry Goods Co., Saturday only. Compare our prices with others.

"I have taken eight bottles of Tanae and have actually gained 40 pounds in weight and feel better and stronger than I have felt before in twenty-five years," says O. H. Mahaffy, of Nashville, Tenn. Trigg Drug Co.

SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE Via Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m. Fare—\$9.00. Round Trip—\$16.00. Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

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

LOCAL BRIEFS

In mentioning the death of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Joy, The Standard last Friday erred in stating the body was laid to rest in the Brady cemetery, as the burial took place in the Rochelle cemetery.

It will be good news to the many friends of Mrs. F. M. Richards to know that she is improving from a bad spell of pneumonia and is now able to sit up. All hope for her continued improvement, and trust she may soon be about once more.

Mrs. M. E. Abernathy returned Saturday from Tilden, Texas, where she had been called the Sunday previous on account of her mother, Mrs. M. E. Pursch, being quite ill. She reported her mother improving nicely at the time of her return home. Mrs. Abernathy made the trip over Walker Bros. Brady-San Antonio bus line and says she not only had one of the quickest and most comfortable trips, even though the weather was cold and disagreeable, but that the expense was the least of any trip she had ever made home, except in the Abernathy car.

Jim Matthew, associate owner and manager of the celebrated Peg Leg farm, was in to see us Tuesday and reported conditions down the river "about as well as could be expected." Mr. Matthews was for seventeen long, laborious years connected with The Brady Sentinel, but quit the business eight or ten years ago to tickle the breast of Mother Earth and cause her to give up a more lucrative livelihood. —Menard Messenger.

Jim likes best nowadays to drop around the printing office, watch the poor printer labor and toil, and then remark: "The farmer's life is the life for me."

Mrs. I. G. Abney is numbered among Brady folks attending the style show in Dallas, she having left last Friday night on a marketing trip for the Abney store. Mrs. Abney's success in the millinery business the past season has encouraged her to plan an even more ambitious and pretentious showing of millinery for the Spring season, and she will personally supervise the selection of the hats which will go to make up her stock. Incidentally, she will make extensive purchases in dresses and ladies' ready-to-wear, as well as the complete lines of merchandise carried by the Abney store, and promises some delightful surprises to the many friends and patrons upon their next visit to the store.

Mrs. S. A. Benham and daughter, Miss Lucille, left Sunday morning for market to buy the Spring stock for the Benham store. They were accompanied on the trip by Dudley Chaparr, driving through to Dallas, and making the trip safely, although they found it had rained ahead of them all the way up from Brownwood. As usual, the Benham's will buy most extensively in all lines, and will include in their purchases all the latest, daintiest and most fascinating of articles in ready-to-wear, millinery and novelties. The next week or two will be busy days at the store, as the new goods will be arriving, being unpacked and placed on display. Every lady will, of course, be anxious to see the newest of the season's offerings, and should be sure to visit the Benham store during this interesting period.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vincent left Sunday night on a marketing trip, and expect to spend a week or ten days selecting their lines for the Spring and Early Summer. In anticipation of greatly enlarging his stock and extending his lines, Mr. Vincent is having his store remodeled throughout, and the store is certain to be doubly attractive to all shoppers the coming season, as each department will have its lines displayed to the best advantage. The millinery and ready-to-wear department, which will occupy the mezzanine floor, will be in charge of Mrs. Demp Branscum, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Vincent to market, and who will personally select the hats and garments for this department. Mrs. Branscum enjoys a wide acquaintance among shoppers, and will select her purchases with special view to pleasing the varied tastes of patrons of the store. Her department is certain to be one of the most popular establishments in the city.

COAL! COAL! The best grade McAlister Deep Mine Coal. BOWMAN LUMBER CO. Jewelry Auction Sale starts Wednesday, Feb. 8th at 2:00 o'clock. Malone & Ragsdale.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. E. BROWN LAWYER Office Over Brady National Bank BRADY, TEXAS

Dr. Henry N. Tipton DENTIST Office in Syndicate Building Upstairs Over Moffatt Bros. & Jones Office Phone No. 399; Res. No. 305

Dr. MINNIE HARMON PIRTLE Dr. C. C. PIRTLE Our Practice Embraces Osteopathy, Chiropractics and Swedish Massage. Phone 398 Brady, Texas

DR. WM. C. JONES DENTIST Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building PHONES: Office 79 Residence 202

T. E. DAVIS PIANO TUNING and REPAIRING At Davis & Gartman's Music Store.

J. E. SHROPSHIRE LAWYER General Practice, Civil and Criminal Special Attention to Land Titles Office Over Broad Merc. Co. South Side Square, Brady, Texas

S. W. HUGHES LAWYER BRADY, TEXAS Special attention to land titles. General practice in all the courts. Office over Brady Nat'l Bank, Brady, Texas

JOE ADKINS LAWYER Office in Broad Building South Side Square

EVANS J. ADKINS ATTORNEY-AT-LAW 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

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion. Where advertiser has no monthly account with us, cash must accompany order. Count the words in your ad, and remit accordingly.

FOR SALE

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

FOR SALE—5-passenger Hupmobile, in good running order. Paint, tires and top in good shape. Apply Brady Radiator Co.

FOR SALE—Kubanka Wheat, the best Spring wheat; good to plant anytime during February. Surpasses all others in yield. \$1.50 per bu. J. T. H. MILLER, Brady.

LOST

LOST—Friday, on streets of Brady, key ring with keys. Finder please return to Brady Standard office.

FOR RENT

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WANTED

WANTED—Single man to work on ranch. W. N. WHITE, Brady.

PERSONAL MENTION

H. H. Knight and H. F. Whittaker, prominent citizens of the Rochelle section, were Brady visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. Maggie Gray has accepted a position with the Benham store, and since Monday has been greeting her many friends at this popular establishment.

Miss Erin Yantis returned Monday from Dallas, where she had been to see the opera, "Chu Chin Chow," which was staged at the Fair Park coliseum. While in Dallas, she was a guest of friends.

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.

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# The GIRL AND A 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 \$40,000, 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 piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

**CHAPTER II.**—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford meets 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 appears 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 grandfather's estate is secured a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville. Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving a deep 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 who, he believes, is his daughter, Jeanie. 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 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 \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Jeanie emotions Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently in a spirit of mischief, allows him to "beat" after a conversation with Hiram. Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

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

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

**CHAPTER XII.**—They find Jeanie's pony, abandoned, but no trace of the girl. When they get back to the cabin, Bullerton is there, apparently awaiting their return.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Believing Jeanie to have gone with Bullerton, the sight of the man is too much for Broughton, and he uses him roughly. Bullerton, knowing the whereabouts of Jeanie, Broughton orders him off his property, and he departs vowing vengeance. Satisfied Bullerton means mischief, Broughton and Hiram fight themselves in the mine shafthouse and prepare for a siege. Bullerton comes with a crowd of desperadoes and on their refusal to vacate, begins an attack.

"You need a little killing worse than anybody I know," I told him. "Go on; you were to overtake her at Atropia; what then?"

"I didn't see her again!" he howled. "I don't know where she went!"

I didn't believe much of what he was saying, and I think Daddy Hiram didn't, though we had proved it true up to the point where they had separated on the Atropia road. I would have gone on, making him talk some more, but the look that was creeping into the old man's eyes made me let up. As I read the look it meant that Daddy couldn't stand it to see the third-degree stunt carried to its finish, so I got up and pulled Bullerton to his feet. He was pretty badly wrecked, as I meant him to be; still couldn't straighten his neck, and stood as if one leg were about half paralyzed, as perhaps it was.

"This outfit is my property, and you've out-stayed your welcome!" I snapped at him. "Climb your horse and get off the map!"

He limped over to his horse and gathered the reins and tried to put a foot into the stirrup. When I saw that he couldn't do even that much, I grabbed him and heaved him into the saddle; did this, and gave the horse a slap to set him going. I guess I shall always be able to recall the picture of that brown-bearded pirate riding across the Cinnabar dump head in the early morning sunshine, screwing his body in the saddle—because he couldn't turn the stiff-necked head by itself—to yell back at me with sizzling curses, "I'll get you—I'll get you yet! D—n your eyes—do you think you can make a hobbling cripple of me and get away with it? I'll—" and then breaking it off short and kicking the ribs of his nag frantically for more

speed when I made as if I were going to run after him.

Throughout this bit of belligerent by-play, which hadn't used up more than a few minutes, all told, Daddy Hiram had stood aside, as I have said, taking the part of the interested spectator. Now he remarked: "You can bet all your old clothes, son, that we ain't seen the last o' Charley Bullerton, not by a long chalk. You recollect I told you once he'd got a man, down in one o' the camps on the Saguache? Well, it was for a heap less than what you let's go to him a few minutes ago. But let's do it."

I passed through the cabin to the out-kitchen and while I was kindling a fire in the stove I saw Daddy with an armful of hay and a peck measure of oats, toiling the little horse down the path back to the cabin to disappear with it in the direction of the gulch where the abandoned "Little Jeanie" claim lay. I had the coffee made and the bacon fried by the time he got back, and after we had eaten he blossomed out in an entirely new role—that of commander in chief.

"This is movin' day, Stannie," he announced briefly. "If you'll dig up all the chuck and canned stuff you can find and tote it over to the shaft-house, I'll fetch the blankets and the cookin' tins."

I obeyed blindly, and entirely without prejudice to a lively curiosity as to what this new move might mean. While I was emptying the kitchen and pantry the old man unearthed another rifle from the closet under the loft ladder, and with it a box of ammunition; and I observed that this second gun, like the one he had carried on our pilgrimage of the night, looked as if it had been freshly oiled and rubbed up every day since it had left the factory.

"You'll have a lot of talking to do presently," I warned him. "You seem to forget that you haven't yet told me what's biting you."

"Maybe there ain't nothin' bitin' me; maybe I'm just gettin' sort o' old and skeery. But it's this-away, Stannie, son: Ever since your gran'paw gave me this here watchin' job, and since I heard tell how them Cripple Creek short-card artists socked it to him on this Cinnabar deal, I been lookin' for trouble. I ain't been easy about them Cripple Creek holdups nary a day since your gran'paw told me to stay here and hold the fort for him."

"You thought perhaps the original owners might try to grab the property by force?"

Daddy looked up at me from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Pears to me, like you've got a mighty short memory, some way, Stannie. Have you done forgot that bunch o' huskies we saw campin' out in Antelope gulch as we come along by there at daybreak this mornin'? I didn't like the looks o' that camp much at the time; and I liked it a whole lot less after we got here and found Charley Bullerton sunnin' himself on the doorstep. Made me sort o' perk up my ears."

"But, see here, Daddy," I thrust in, "if he's got my deed, or has destroyed it, why—"

"Why, he has as good a right to the Cinnabar as the next one that comes along, is what you're goin' to say. I ain't disputin' you for a minute. But afore he can have it, he's got to take it, hain't he? And we've got two mighty good lit' pieces of artillery that says he's goin' to have one joyful old time a-takin' it; that is, if you're of the same mind that I am."

By Jove! I wanted to put my arms around the old Spartan and hug him! As I've said, there were ten or a dozen men in that bunch we'd seen in the gulch, and he was calmly proposing to stand up to them, as confidently as if it were all in the day's work.

"I get you now, Daddy," I said, "and if there's a fight coming to us, your mind is mine. We'll give them the best we've got."

I thought the two old-fashioned guns and Jeanie's pistol promised a poor chance for an effective defense; but Daddy Hiram proceeded to show me that we had at least one other resource. In the mine stores left behind by the former operating company were two boxes of sixty-per-cent dynamite, with fuse and caps, and Daddy pointed out that there were good possibilities wrapped up in the greasy brown-paper cartridges if the enemy should come close enough to let us use them.

or me, or any lone man, to defend a beleaguered mine against an armed attack. It was so funny that I shouted, "Do you mean to say that Jeanie would shut herself up in here and lead the guns for you against a mob of mine jumpers?"

He looked up with a prideful sparkle in his mild blue eyes. "You don't half know that little girl o' mine, yet, Stannie, son," he said earnestly. And then: "She's the only boy I ever had, you see; and she hain't had any mother since she can remember. Maybe I hadn't ort to taught her to ride hawsses and shoot, and them things; but it seemed like I had to."

"You haven't made her one lotta less womanly—or lovable," I hastened to say. Then I blurted out the thing that had been weighing on me ever since we had found Bullerton loafing on the doorstep: "Do you suppose they could—is there any way they could have been married yesterday, Daddy?"

"Uh-huh; I reckon there was. They might 'a' gone on down to Angels. There's a justice o' the peace down there."

It still lacked a full hour of noon when we got our preparations made and were ready to stand a siege. Then we waited, and waited some more; and after a while I began to grin. What if we had stampered ourselves needlessly? After all, the men we had seen in the deep gulch might really have been tramps, and not a Bullerton army. Would the mining engineer, unprincipled as he doubtless was, go to the length of trying to dispossess us by force? The more I thought of it, the more unlikely it seemed.

"I guess maybe we were scared of a shadow, after all, Daddy," I said. "Bullerton has had time enough to bring up his army, if he has one."

"I ain't countin' much on his backin' down," was the drawing rejoinder. "Ye see, I know Charley Bullerton of old; been knowin' him ever since he first bursted into the minin' game. That was over in the Saguache. He's an all-round cuss, but he's a stayer. Besides, you roughed him up sort o' burful this mornin', and he's got that to make him spitey. We'll be hearin' from him as soon as he gets things yanked round into shape to suit him."

Still, as time passed and nothing happened, it looked less and less likely that we were going to have to fight for our holding ground. I don't know to this good day what made Bullerton so slow in bringing up his army, but it was high noon, and Daddy and I were eating a cold luncheon, with the shaft-house door-sill for a seat, when we saw the army coming. It was a straggling gang of perhaps a dozen men; we couldn't count them accurately because the road on the bench wound in and out among the trees.

They came up within easy rifle shot and pitched their camp, if you could call it that, in a little glade. At that distance we could see that they were armed, but, of course, we couldn't tell what kind of guns they had. After they had taken possession of the small open space, two of them set to work to build a cooking fire.

At the halt in the glade one of the party—Bullerton, we guessed it—broke a branch from a pine, stripped the twigs from it, and made it a flag-staff for his white handkerchief. Under this flag of truce he and two of his



Daddy and I Were Eating When We Saw the Army Coming.

men came on, leaving their guns behind. There was a clump of about thirty feet, maybe, coming up from the bench to the ledge upon which the mine buildings stood, so we got a fairly good look at the peace party before it came within talking distance. Bullerton still had a slight touch of the wry-neck, and the devil-may-care jauntness which had been his chief characteristic as a guest of the Twomblys had been wiped from his face and manner like a picture from a blackboard.

As the three of them topped the rise in the ore road I reached behind me and got one of the Winchester's.

"That's near enough!" I called out. "Do your talking from there, if you've anything to say."

"So that's the new wrinkle, is it?" I laughed. "I was hoping you might spring something a little more original. How are you going to prove ownership?"

"The burden of proof isn't on us; it's on you!" he ripped out. "You haven't a shadow of claim to this mine. I've got your so-called deed right here"—and he shook that at us. "It's a forgery; a clumsy, childish forgery that wouldn't impose upon a blind man! We can send you to the rock pile on the strength of it if we want to!"

Since he had stolen the deed out of my pocket, I thought, of course, that he was just bluffing about its being a forgery. He must have known perfectly well that it wasn't. But Daddy was whispering in my ear as he sat behind me. Something like this: "Gosh-all-Friday, Stannie, he's got you goin'! He's made a copy o' the deed and throwed the 'riginal away—burnt it up, r' somethin'!"

"You have it all your own way, Bullerton—or you think you have," I told him; and if I didn't get all of the self-confidence into the words that I tried to, I am persuaded that he didn't know the difference. "I might even concede that you have everything but the mine itself. If you want that, you may come and take it; but you'll permit me to say that when you break into this shaft-house there will be fewer people alive on Cinnabar mountain than there are at the present moment. I shall quite possibly be one of the dead ones, but before I go out I shall do my best to make you another."

"All right," he snapped back; "you're speaking for yourself, and that's your privilege. But how about you, Twombly? This is no quarrel of yours. Suppose you go over yonder to your cabin and stay out of the fight. Nobody wants to hurt you."

That put it pretty squarely up to me, too, so I turned to the old man at my side.

"It's good advice, Daddy," I said; "and this isn't your quarrel. You'd better duck while you can."

Daddy Hiram made no reply at all to me; didn't pay any attention to me. Instead, he stood up on the door-sill and shook his fist at Bullerton.

"I been lookin' for you and your kind of a crowd for a year back, Charley Bullerton, and drawin' pay for doin' it!" he shrieked. "Stannie,



"Throw It! Good-Gosh-to-Friday! Throw It!"

here, says if you want this mine you can come and take it, and, by gum, I say them same identical words!"

"All right," said Bullerton again. "But it's only fair to say that we out-number you six to one, and we've got the law, and a few deputy sheriffs, on our side. You two haven't a muss show as a cat in hell without claws and when the circus is over, you'll both go to jail, if there's enough left of you to stand the trip." Then, as he was turning to go he flipped the deed into the air so that it fell at our feet. "You may have that," he sneered. "We'd like nothing better than to have you produce it in court."

It didn't seem just fitting to let him have the last word, so I pitched a small ultimatum of my own after him as he herded his two scoundrelly-looking "witnesses" into the downward road.

"One thing more, Bullerton," I called out. "Your flag of truce holds only until you get back to your army. If you or any of your men are in sight of Cinnabar property ten minutes after you reach your camp, we open fire."

Since the truce was thus definitely ended, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closing the doors and making everything snug I asked Daddy what kind of human timber Bullerton was likely to have in his army, and if there were any chance that his boast about having deputy sheriffs in the crowd was to be taken at its face value.

"There's nothin' to the deputy brag, like Beasley is the chief deputy for this end o' the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse comitatus down yonder. As for what he has got, there's no tellin'. Most likely he's picked up a fistful o' toughs and out-o'-works down in Angels. There's always plenty o' drift o' that kind hangin' round a minin' camp."

"Fighters?" I queried.

my eyes on a level with one of the high window holes. The ten-minute ultimatum interval had come to an end, but the raiders were making no move to vacate the premises. On the contrary, their cooking fire was now burning briskly and they were apparently making leisurely preparations to eat. It fairly made me schoolboy furious to see those fellows calmly getting their noon meal ready and ignoring my warning.

"Hand me up one of those dynamite cartridges!" I barked at Daddy Hiram; and when he complied, I lighted a match and stuck it to the split end of the fuse. There was a fizz, a cloud of acrid smoke to make me turn my face away and cough, and then a frenzied yell from the old man.

"Throw it—good-gosh-to-Friday—throw it!"

I contrived to get it out through the window opening in some way, and lost my balance on the earth bags doing it, tumbling awkwardly into Daddy's arms as I fell. Coincident with the tumble, the stout old shaft-house rocked to the crash of an explosion that was still echoing from the cliffs of the mountain above when the sour fumes of the dynamite rose to float in at the window holes.

"G-good gizzards!" stuttered Daddy Hiram, "did you reckon I cut them fuses long enough so 't you could hold 'em in your hands and watch 'em burn?"

"What do I know about fuses?" I asked, grinning at him. Then I mounted the breastwork again and looked out, prepared to see the entire landscape blown into shreds.

Aside from a few sheets of corrugated iron torn from the roof of the adjacent ore shed, the landscape appeared to be fairly intact and still with us. But down on the bench below, the lately kindled cooking fire was burning in solitary confinement. The raiders, to a man, had disappeared.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### Applied Hydraulics.

"They've skipped," I reported to Daddy, as I climbed down from the earth sacks, "and that shows us the quality of the humanity stuff we have to deal with. Bullerton will never get that bunch to rush us in the open."

"That's something gained, anyway," said the old man; "and ever lit' m' helps. But if they ain't goin' to take it standin' up, we got to look out for Injin doin's; the snake-in-the-grass kind. Charley Bullerton ain't goin' to quit none so easy."

Nevertheless, for an hour or more, it looked as if the jumpers had quit. In due time the cooking fire in the little glade burned out, and no one came to rekindle it. Around and about the solemn silence of the mountain wilderness ringed us in, and it was hard to realize that the siege had been abandoned—though we knew well enough it hadn't.

We put in the time as best we could, tinkering up our defenses and trying to provide for all the contingencies. For one thing, Daddy found a big auger and used it to bore loopholes at various places through the wall, by means of which we could command the approaches to the shaft-house on two of the three exposed sides. Eastwardly, the blacksmith shop intervened between us and the boiler shed—it was built as a lean-to against that side of the shaft-house—and in that direction we were necessarily blind. The fourth side, as I have said, faced an abrupt cliff of the mountain, a rocky wall rising to maybe twice the height of the buildings and almost overhanging them. At its summit this cliff tapered off into a steep upward slope, bare of timber; hence we were comparatively secure from attack in that quarter.

As to provisioning we were not so badly off. Daddy Hiram, well used in his long experience as a prospector to figuring upon the longevity of "grub-stakes," estimated that, what with the canned stuff, part of a sack of flour, and another of cornmeal, we could live for a week, though the cooking was going to be rather inconvenient. For a fire we should have to resort to the forge in the blacksmith shop, and the shop was nothing but an open-cracked shed, as I have described it, entirely indefensible if the raiders should conclude to rush it.

In the fulness of time the period of suspense came to an end, and we were given audible proof that Bullerton had finally made his "dispositions," as an army man would say. The announcement came in the form of a rifle bullet ripping through the roof of the shaft-house as if the stout iron roofing had been so much paper.

"The fun's a-beginnin'," said Daddy; and the words were hardly out of his mouth before another bullet came, this time from the opposite direction, and it also, tore through the roof.

"Got us surrounded," Daddy grimaced, when a third shot came from still another point of the compass; and within the next fifteen minutes Bullerton's demonstration was made complete. The shots, fired one at a time, and at intervals of a minute or so, came from all three of the exposed sides of the building, and the time elapsing between the ripping crashes on the roof and the crack of the guns told us that the marksmen were all well beyond the range of our Winchester's, even if we could have seen them—which we couldn't.

Bullerton had evidently given his men orders to aim at the roof, for it was only a stray bullet now and then that came through the walls. After a time the purpose of the bombardment became obvious. Bullerton seemed to have absorbed the idea that he could

break our nerve—wear us out. After the first fusillade the shots came at intervals of maybe five minutes; just often enough to keep us on the strain; and I don't mind admitting that the object was handsomely gained. I can't speak for Daddy Hiram or the dog, but at the end of the first hour I was little better than a bunch of raw nerves.

As all days must, this wearisome first day came to an end at last, and with the coming of dusk the bombardment stopped—with our roof looking like a sieve.

But after darkness had settled down we were made to feel in another way how acutely helpless we were. We could see nothing, hear nothing. Though we knew we were surrounded, the silence and solitude were unbroken, and the strain was greater than that of a pitched battle. If we were to get any sleep at all, a night watch could be maintained by only one of us at a time; and with our utmost vigilance a surprise attack would be the easiest thing in the world for Bullerton to pull off.

There are no night noises in the high altitudes, unless the wind happens to be blowing; no frogs or tree-toads, no insects; and the silence was fairly deafening—and maddening.

Not wishing to strike a match to determine the exact end of my watch period, I stuck it out, meaning to give Daddy good measure. So I think it must have been somewhere-around ten o'clock when the collie woke with a start, jumped up, took the kinks out of his back with a little whining yawn, and trotted to the door—the one opening toward the cabin across the dump head. Screwing an eye to one of Daddy's auger-bored loopholes, I tried to fathom the outer darkness, which was only a degree or so less Egyptian than that of the shaft-house interior.

Though I could see nothing suspicious it was very evident that the dog could hear something. He had his nose to the crack under the door and was growling. I quieted him and listened. Something was going on, either inside of the cabin or back of it; in the dead silence I could distinguish a low murmur of voices and, a moment later, a sound like that which would be made by the cautious opening of one of the sliding windows. While I still had my eye to the peep-hole a jet of flame spurted from the dark bulk of the cabin, and simultaneously a bullet tore

through the shaft-house roof. The raiders had captured our outworks.

The report and the bullet chatter aroused Daddy Hiram, and when I turned he was at my elbow.

"Done croke up on us, have they, son?" he said in his usual unruffled manner. Then: "Maybe this is just a sort o' false notion over here. S'pose you try and get a squint at things over on the blacksmith-shop side, Stannie."

I stumbled across to the other door, taking the collie with me. I could see nothing in that direction; less than nothing, since the lean-to shop building cut off what little light the stars gave. But the black darkness didn't hinder Barney's ears or his nose, and his eagerness to get back to the real battle front was a good proof that there was as yet nothing stirring on our side of things.

Groping my way back to Daddy I found that he had one of the Winchester's and seemed to be trying to fit a round to the barrel. When I finally made out what he was doing I found that he had thrust a piece of heavy wire into the gun-barrel and was impaling one of the dynamite cartridges on its projecting end.

"Lif' skyrocket," he chuckled; then, with quaint humor: "You stand by with a match, Stannie, and let's see what-all's goin' to happen. When I say the word, you stick your match to the fuse."

Heavens! maybe I didn't enjoy a delightful little spasm as I got a flash-light mental picture of that old man fumbling around with a lighted cartridge at the muzzle of his gun, trying to poke cartridge and gun-barrel through a hole in the door that couldn't possibly have been over two and a half inches in diameter—and in the dark, at that! What if he shouldn't be able to find the hole in time? Or if he should succeed in finding it and the rifle bullet should jam on the wire? Or any one of a dozen "ifs" that might fall to rid us of the deadly thing before it should go off and blow us to kingdom come?

But there was no time to haggles about it, and the whang of another high-powered bullet on the iron roof over our heads speeded things up.

"Do your do," Daddy muttered; and I struck a match, sheltered the tiny flame in my hollowed hands until it got going good, and then, with a silent prayer that Daddy might not miss the hole, stuck the blaze to the frayed end of the powder string.

(Continued Next Week)

### An Example.

We note that a Chicago man murdered his wife because she was too extravagant.

We hold this is going altogether too far. Not for a minute would we endorse or countenance or approve such drastic methods, but we see no objection in every married man reading the item aloud to his wife as a warning.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Considerate Lad.

Does your boy believe in Santa Claus?

"I really can't say. Sometimes I suspect he thinks I believe in Santa and he hates to undeceive me."—Boston Transcript.

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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:

### City Announcements.

For City Secretary:  
E. G. (BILL) GILDER

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 Collector:  
HUBERT K. ADKINS (Re-Election)

For County Surveyor:  
E. A. BURROW

For County Superintendent of Public Instruction:  
W. M. DEANS (Re-Election)  
Mrs. M. L. STALLINGS

For Commissioner Pre. No. 1:  
WALTER W. JORDAN  
CHAS SAMUELSON (Re-Election)

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:  
R. L. (Bob) BURNS (Re-Election)  
LEONARD PASSMORE

For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:  
J. F. PRIEST (Re-Election)  
W. J. REED  
JOHN R. WINSTEAD

For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:  
S. H. GAINER  
J. F. KYZAR  
H. H. KNIGHT

For Public Weigher Pre. No. 1:  
ED JACOBY (Re-Election)  
H. C. (HENRY) KING

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2.

The many friends of Leonard Passmore in Precinct No. 2 are responsible for his announcement as a candidate for Commissioner in that precinct, which announcement is made this week. It was only upon the earnest solicitation of his many friends that Mr. Passmore has finally consented to make the race, and with the loyal support promised, he feels confident of making a winning race. Mr. Passmore has been a resident of the South part of the county for the past four years, moving to McCulloch from Gillespie county. During his residence here, he has won the confidence, friendship and esteem of all. For the past twenty-nine years he has taught in the public schools of Texas, and holds a permanent First Grade Certificate. As an educator, he has won the confidence of patrons, the same as he did as a fellow-citizen. Needless to say, Mr. Passmore possesses all the qualification to fill the position of commissioner in a capable and competent manner, and, if elected, promises to give the duties his best thought and attention. He solicits consideration of his candidacy by the voters of his precinct, both the men and the ladies.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 4.

The name of H. H. Knight is offered voters of Commissioners Precinct No. 4, in this issue, Mr. Knight having announced as a candidate for commissioner in that precinct. In presenting his candidacy to the voters, Mr. Knight says he has been strongly solicited to enter the race by many friends who have promised him their vote and active support. Mr. Knight is a native Texan—was born and raised in Texas, and never out of the state. He has lived in McCulloch county since 1908, and has lived at his present place between Rochelle and Placid, and 2½ miles south of the latter place, for the past year. By reason of being located about the middle of the precinct, Mr. Knight feels that he can serve every portion of the precinct to best advantage. He is experienced in dirt work, and has worked at building roads. He feels that he

# WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN —FEBRUARY 17TH?—

Sure, That's It!

## The Legion-Band Minstrel

BE SURE TO COME.

See the finest Hawaiian act ever staged in Brady, conducted by Dr. Ragsdale. Big Foot Slim and Shorty will also make their appearances.

Black Face Comedians You Will Enjoy

can fill the office efficiently and competently, and by reason of being well acquainted over the precinct, is confident that he can enlist the support and vote necessary to win. He will appreciate consideration of his candidacy from all, both the ladies and men.

### ATTENTION, FARMERS!

Arrange to get your Cotton Seed delivered to us before March 1st, as we expect to make final run of the season the latter part of this month, or the first of next. We are paying \$35.00 per ton.

BRADY COTTON OIL MILL,  
Paul Klatt, Manager.

**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. 35c.

### SHOE SPECIALS.

Buy your Spring Shoes for less—while they last, at the Popular Dry Goods Co. Come early! One day only, Saturday, February 11th.

### Married at Eden.

An item that quite escaped the attention of this editor was the marriage at Eden on Sunday, January 15th of Mrs. Zula Cunningham and Mr. Cleve West. Mrs. West is well known to many Brady people, being the daughter of C. C. Calloway of this city, and having resided here for several years, while engaged in nursing. The groom is a prominent and highly respected citizen of the Van Court community, being employed on the George Henderson Kickapoo ranch, where he has oversight of the windmills and water supply for the cattle. The couple will make their home on the ranch at Van Court.

The best wishes of a host of Brady friends is extended Mr. and Mrs. West.

New shipment of Spring Suits just arrived, and the price is right on them. A look will convince you. Kirk, Nuf-Sed.

A nice gift given away after each sale and a diamond ring the last night of sale. Read our ad on front page. MALONE & RAGSDALE.

### FIRE BOYS BENEFIT SHOW ACCORDED LARGE ATTENDANCE ON THURSDAY NIGHT

The Brady Fire department members are feeling mighty good over the record-breaking attendance accorded their benefit show at the Lyric theatre last Thursday night, more especially since not only was the house filled to capacity, but also a large proportion of those in attendance had purchased season tickets, thereby assuring continued good crowds for the remaining three benefit shows contracted.

With the public so solidly behind them, the boys feel that they are sure of building up their reserve funds to where it will total the \$1,000, which they desire in lieu of accident insurance for their thirty-odd members.

### ORDER COAL TODAY!

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

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

### Bobby Got the Cake.

One day three-year-old Bobby came running in from the yard, and seeing his mother in the act of cutting a cake, the following conversation ensued:

"Gimme a piece, mama."  
"You can't have cake unless you wash."

Bobby took this as equal to a promise of a piece of cake when he washed, and so he hustled to the washroom where he scrubbed the inside of his hands and a small circle around the mouth and nose. Then he presented himself again and said:

"I'm washed now, mama."  
"Oh, but your ears are awful dirty."  
"Yes mama, but I don't eat cake with my ears."  
Bobby got the cake.

**SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!**  
Big Sale on Shoes at Popular Dry Goods Co., Saturday only. Compare our prices with others.

Loose Leaf Note Books at The Brady Standard.

Now is the time to buy that Spring Hat. Lots of new Stetsons—new colors—new shapes and little of everything in the hat line. KIRK, Of Course. Nuf-Sed.

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

Tanlac will overcome that run-down debilitated condition and make you feel just like your old self again. Trigg Drug Co.

Buy it at your own price. Entire jewelry stock of Malone & Ragsdale to go at auction, beginning Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 8th. Malone & Ragsdale.

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

### Men, Women and Love.

From "The Confessions of Ursula Trent," by W. L. George: "Men who don't love you always send you beautiful letters."

"Men don't understand how protected a woman feels when she's got her hat well down over her eyebrows."

"Men go down so fast; they never wait for us. They begin making love to us before we've made up our minds that they're not wearing the right kind of collar and tie."

"Marriage is only a dodge for getting rid of being in love; seems to do it right enough, anyhow."

"When a woman says 'You don't love me,' she means 'I don't love you.' Love is little more than an echo."

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.

### Not So Bad, at That.

"Life was not so complex in the stone age."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Grumpson, "but modern life has its compensations. When I go out for a stroll I'd rather dodge motor cars than try conclusions with a saber-toothed tiger."  
—Argonaut.

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

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

Jewelry Auction Sale starts Wednesday, Feb. 8th at 2:00 o'clock. Malone & Ragsdale.

### SHOE SPECIALS.

Buy your Spring Shoes for less—while they last, at the Popular Dry Goods Co. Come early! One day only, Saturday, February 11th.

# Stock Sweetening Salesmanship

(From Printer's Ink)

A confectionery salesman had just opened the door of a retail store. "Nothing doing" was the cheerful greeting extended before he had so much as said a word. "I have eighty pails of candy, and that will do me for a month. Until they are gone you can take me off your visiting list."

The confectionery salesman, disregarding the hearty welcome, walked up to the counter and after going over it carefully a few moments in silence suddenly asked: "Where are your lemon drops?"

"By George, I'm all out of 'em," exploded the dealer.

Further questioning showed the dealer to be short of many quick-selling items. The overstock consisted largely of the slow-moving numbers. With that settled, the salesman proceeded to explain the impossibility of disposing of shelf-warmers unless the stock was kept sweetened with merchandise that is always in demand.

It is a fact that men entering a store usually have their minds set on a definite article. If the retailer hasn't got what is wanted a hurried exit generally follows. When he is able to meet the demand, however, there is then an opportunity to create sales for those items that need pushing.

In other words, what this salesman did was to impress upon the dealer the principle of "stock-sweetening" which simply means that the way to hurry along an overstock is to get people into the store by playing-up fast sellers. After that it is up to the retailer to do the rest.

ILL-ASSORTED STOCK is a far more general condition than overloaded shelves. In most stores there is too much of this and too little of that. Furthermore the SHORT numbers are most always the best sellers. Frantic efforts to increase the speed of the stock snails will be of little avail unless there is a liberal sprinkling of "sweeteners."

It goes without saying that nationally and consistently advertised merchandise is peculiarly fitted for the role of "stock sweeteners."

# The Brady Standard

Dealers in Advertising

Brady, Texas