

BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

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THE QUESTIONNAIRE.

At night when he discovers me
Half dozing in my chair,
I sometimes take upon my knee
The family questionnaire.
And while the back-log snaps and sings
Amid the ember's glow,
He asks of me a million things
That I shall never know.

Why is it kittens never bark?
What makes a bossy moo?
Do ghosts all sleep till after dark?
Why aren't ALL flowers blue?
Why don't the cows have horns like deers?
What's up beyond the sky?
Why don't folks live a million years?
Do angels ever die?

"Could bears lick lions do you 'spose?
Do crows know how to sing?
Where is the wind before it blows?
Why is it flies don't sing?
Was it your hat wore off your hair?
What makes the ears on corn?
Are turtles, frogs or fishes? Where
Was I when you were born?"

It's hard for him to understand
Why I, who've lived so long,
Can seldom answer them all
And sometimes answer wrong,
Yet I am sure he little dreams
How witless I can be,
Doit that I am, he never seems
To lose his faith in me.

—By James J. Montague.

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While the loss is complete, Mr. Cottrell will have the protection of a \$90.00 insurance policy which he carried.

Read it in The Standard.

FAIR STORE BUR- GLARIZED LAST SUNDAY NIGHT

The Fair store was burglarized presumably during Sunday night or the early morning hours Monday by a thief who made a clean get-away with about a dozen Stetson hats. Entrance to the building was effected by tearing off a screen from a back window, after which the window glass was smashed. Apparently nothing was taken except the hats, which were stacked close to the window, as no other goods in the store appeared to have been disturbed.

The burglary was not discovered until after the opening of the store Monday morning. One hat was found on the vacant lot at the rear of the store, where it had evidently been dropped in the flight of the robber. No clue to the guilty party has so far been obtained.

\$2.00 SCHOOL APPORTION- MENT TO BE MADE ON MARCH 1ST, IS RULING

Austin, Feb. 25.—The State Board of Education has decided to make an apportionment of \$2.00 for each scholastic in the State on March 1. The per capita for this year is \$13, and illy all came around alright when it was paid.

On account of the stringent financial conditions throughout the State, the amount received to the credit of the available school fund in the State Treasury this date is considerably less than during former years, it was stated.

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

After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash. Anderson & Carrithers, Insurance.

Many foreign countries are clamoring for Tanlac. Its fame is world-wide. Trigg Drug Co.

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The citizenship of Brady commends Mr. Westbrook to the good graces of the Brownwood citizenship, with the assurance that in him, they are acquiring a most valuable, progressive and desirable citizen.

Barley Feed Meal—a better feed, makes more and better milk. Also can fill all your needs in the Feed line. We sell Bewley Mills flour. SPILLER & KIRKLEN.

It is astonishing how quickly Tanlac will produce results. You usually feel better from the very first dose. Trigg Drug Co.

Carter's Show Card Colors for sign writing. The Brady Standard.

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

VETERANS THREE WARS REUNION JULY 12-13-14TH

The Veterans of three wars will hold a joint reunion in Brady on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 12-13-14th. This decision was reached at the meeting of the Elijah F. Allin Post of the American Legion Thursday night in the Legion hall, at which time a banquet was tendered members of the Post and of the Post Auxiliary, together with a few invited friends.

The occasion was marked by the assemblage of about a hundred members of the two organizations, and was a genuine get-together meeting, at which the spirit of rejoicing and good fellowship predominated. Post Commander J. A. Holton presides as toastmaster in his usual happy manner, and a number of toasts were responded to. Chief among the speakers of the evening was Judge J. E. Shropshire, who made the opening speech, in which he spoke in terms of highest praise for the Legion and the Auxiliary, and their worthy aims.

The following were the toasts given:

- "The Auxiliary"—Chas. Williams.
- "The Eden Post"—Evans J. Adkins.
- Response.—Messrs. Joe Clifford and Sansom of Eden.
- "Brady's Newspapers"—Joe Ogden.
- Response.—M. S. Sellers.
- "Brady's Band"—Tom Jones.
- Response.—Harold Deaton.

Judge Evans J. Adkins made the closing speech of the evening, which was a most patriotic and inspiring appeal, and in which the Legion's aims were set forth.

Following the departure of the guests, a business session of the post was had, at which the decision was reached to hold the reunion, to which veterans of both the War Between the States and Spanish-American War will be invited. The time was set in the last week before the July primary, and will be the occasion of a great gathering here from the entire county and surroundings. A big barbecue is among the many features planned for that occasion.

Initiation of a class of 41 candidates for membership in the local post was delayed until the next meeting on account of inability to secure the lodge hall adjoining.

TOM GREEN COUNTY EMPLOYS TRAFFIC COP TO PATROL HIGHWAYS

W. H. Alexander has been selected as motorcycle cop on Tom Green county highway. A motorcycle has been purchased from the State Highway department at a cost to the county of \$50. This action was taken on the authorization of the County commissioners in the recent meeting in January, when belief was expressed that a traffic officer would greatly aid in keeping the improved highways in condition.

It will be Mr. Alexander's duty to place obstructions on the hard surface Sonora highway in order to make trucks travel over the eighteen feet of surface and thus thoroughly iron it out. Continual tracking down a two-foot space in the center will wear ruts and necessitate continual repairs. It is pointed out when all the surface might as well be used.

The highway laws regarding truck tonnage and the loads that may be carried as well as the requirement of having rear view mirrors on trucks will be enforced.—San Angelo Standard.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire with all our heart to thank our good and many friends for their many kindnesses and attentions to our dear son, Audie, during his sickness and distress. May God's richest blessings ever rest upon each and everyone, is our prayer.

MR. AND MRS. A. F. TURNER
and Family.

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.

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VETERANS THREE WARS REUNION JULY 12-13-14TH

The Veterans of three wars will hold a joint reunion in Brady on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 12-13-14th. This decision was reached at the meeting of the Elijah F. Allin Post of the American Legion Thursday night in the Legion hall, at which time a banquet was tendered members of the Post and of the Post Auxiliary, together with a few invited friends.

The occasion was marked by the assemblage of about a hundred members of the two organizations, and was a genuine get-together meeting, at which the spirit of rejoicing and good fellowship predominated. Post Commander J. A. Holton presides as toastmaster in his usual happy manner, and a number of toasts were responded to. Chief among the speakers of the evening was Judge J. E. Shropshire, who made the opening speech, in which he spoke in terms of highest praise for the Legion and the Auxiliary, and their worthy aims.

The following were the toasts given:

"The Auxiliary"—Chas. Williams.
"The Eden Post"—Evans J. Adkins.
Response.—Messrs. Joe Clifford and Sansom of Eden.

"Brady's Newspapers"—Joe Ogden.
Response.—M. S. Sellers.
"Brady's Band"—Tom Jones.
Response.—Harold Deaton.

Judge Evans J. Adkins made the closing speech of the evening, which was a most patriotic and inspiring appeal, and in which the Legion's aims were set forth.

Following the departure of the guests, a business session of the post was had, at which the decision was reached to hold the reunion, to which veterans of both the War Between the States and Spanish-American War will be invited. The time was set in the last week before the July primary, and will be the occasion of a great gathering here from the entire county and surroundings. A big barbecue is among the many features planned for that occasion.

Initiation of a class of 41 candidates for membership in the local post was delayed until the next meeting on account of inability to secure the lodge hall adjoining.

TOM GREEN COUNTY EMPLOYS TRAFFIC COP TO PATROL HIGHWAYS

W. H. Alexander has been selected as motorcycle cop on Tom Green county highway. A motorcycle has been purchased from the State Highway department at a cost to the county of \$50. This action was taken on the authorization of the County commissioners in the recent meeting in January, when belief was expressed that a traffic officer would greatly aid in keeping the improved highways in condition.

It will be Mr. Alexander's duty to place obstructions on the hard surface Sonora highway in order to make trucks travel over the eighteen feet of surface and thus thoroughly iron it out. Continual tracking down a two-foot space in the center will wear ruts and necessitate continual repairs, it is pointed out when all the surface might as well be used.

The highway laws regarding truck tonnage and the loads that may be carried as well as the requirement of having rear view mirrors on trucks will be enforced.—San Angelo Standard.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire with all our heart to thank our good and many friends for their many kindnesses and attentions to our dear son, Audie, during his sickness and distress. May God's richest blessings ever rest upon each and everyone, is our prayer.

MR. AND MRS. A. F. TURNER, and Family.

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.

The Arabian Horse and Dog

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society dilettante, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$400,000, lies in a "safe repository," located in a "safe repository," and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a pinto 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 recalls 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 destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Boudier, 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 girl, 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 \$200,000. It has 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.

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 "his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownership. Mystery! 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 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. He and Bullerton means mischief. Broughton and Hiram fortify 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.

CHAPTER XIV.—Almost ready to give up, Broughton is heartened by Hiram's assertion that the sounds of the spring must have reached Atropia, and an investigating party will soon appear.

CHAPTER XV.—The siege continues, Bullerton vainly endeavoring to induce Hiram to abandon Broughton. He finally announces his purpose to destroy the shafthouse, with its defenders. They defy him.

The Atropia that I remembered was so nearly moribund that I didn't wonder it wasn't making any stir in our behalf; so, when a few patterning rifle shots which seemed to originate on the great bench below began to sift in among the bomb echoes, I took it that Bullerton had divided his force and was trying to rattle us two ways at once. As for that, however, the bigger bombardment kept us from rattling very seriously upon anything else. Two more of the giant crackers had fallen to the right of us, one of them into the wreck of the bluish smith shop, to send up a spouting volcano of scrap which fell a second or so later in a thunderous rain; and then...

For a fitting instant it seemed as if it must drop squarely in front of the iron shield under which we were jammed—in which case even the undertaker wouldn't have been needed—not any whatsoever, as Daddy Hiram would have said. But at the critical point in its flight the hurtling thing "ticked" the top of the hoist frame and its downward course was deflected the needed hair's-breadth, causing it to come down beyond the machinery, and not on our side of things. Nevertheless, we were cowering in anticipation of a blast which would most likely leave the entire machinery aggregation over bodily upon us when the explosion came.

We saw the belching column of

name and gas going skyward beyond the machinery barrier, taking a full half of the roof with it, as if the blast had come from the mouth of a gigantic cannon. We were dazed and deafened by the fumes, but neither of us was so far gone as not to hear distinctly a prolonged and rumbling crash like the thunder of a small Niagara, coming after the smash!

"The shaft!" shrieked Daddy Hiram, in a thin, choked voice; "it went off down in the shaft! And, say—what-all's that we're a-listenin' to now!"

If there had been a dozen of the bombs raining down I don't believe the threat of them would have kept us from bursting out of our dodge-hole to go and see what had happened in the mine shaft. But before we could determine anything more than that the mouth of the shaft was completely hidden under a mass of wreckage, and that the mysterious Niagara roar, dwindled somewhat, but yet hollowly audible, was still going on under the concealing mass of broken timbers and sheet-iron, there was a masterful interruption. Shots, yells, shoutings and hot curses told us that a fierce battle of some kind was staging itself just outside of our wrecked fortress; whereupon Daddy Hiram began pawing his way to the door, yelling like a man suddenly gone dotty.

"That there's old Ike Beasley—dad-blame his old hide!" he chattered. "There ain't nary 'nother man in the Timanyon's 'a' can cuss like that. He's come with a posse, and they're layin' out Charley Bullerton's crowd!"

There was a fine little tableau spreading itself out for us when we had clambered over the wreckage and had withdrawn the wooden bar and flung the door wide. Daddy Hiram had called the turn and named the trump. The large, desperadoish-looking man who had once interviewed me at Angels, and a little later had paused in his combing of the mountains in search of me to usurp my place at the Twomblys' breakfast table, this bewhiskered giant, with a goodish bunch of followers—hard-boiled to a man, they looked to be—had surrounded a fair half of the would-be "jumpers" and were handcuffing them with a celerity that was truly admirable. And Beasley, himself, square-jawed and peremptory, was shoving Bullerton up against the side of the shaft-house, snapping the irons upon his wrists and counseling him, with choice epithets intermingled, to save up his troubles and tell them to the judge.

As we emerged from our wrecked fortress, other members of the posse were scattering to round up the outlying bomb-throwers, who had apparently taken to the tall timber in a panic-stricken effort to escape. Down on the bench below there were horses and horse-holders; and among the horses one whose boyish-looking rider was just slipping from the saddle. While I was wondering vaguely why the Angels town marshal had let a mere boy come along on such a battle errand, the boy's figure ran up the road and darted in among us to fling itself into Daddy Hiram's arms, surging and half crying and begging to be told if he was hurt.

I didn't know at the time how much or how little the big marshal knew of the various and muddled involvements which were climaxing right there in the early morning sunshine on the old Cinnabar dump; but I do know that he quickly turned his captures over to some of his deputies and had them promptly hustled down stage and off scene. While this was going on I was merely waiting for my cue, and I got it, or thought I got it, when the boy who wasn't a boy slipped from Daddy's arms and faced me.

"I'm not hurt, either," I ventured to say, hoping that the brain storm had subsided sufficiently to make me visible. "Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say Mrs. Bullerton?" The look she gave me was just plain deadly; you wouldn't think that violet-blue eyes could do it, but they can. Then she drew a folded paper from somewhere inside of her clothes and held it out to me.

"There is the deed to your mine, Mr. Broughton," she said nippily, and with a fairly tragical emphasis on the courtesy title. "You wouldn't take the trouble to go to Copah and get it recorded, so I thought I'd better do it. I hope you'll pardon me for being so forward and meddlesome."

It was the super-climax of the entire Arabian-Nights business, and because my feelings would no longer be defiled their rightful fling, I sat down on the shaft-house doorstep and shouted and laughed like a fool. But after all, it was Mr. Isaac Beasley, deputy sheriff and marshal of Angels, who put the weather-vane, so to speak, upon the fantastic structure.

"I been lookin' 'round for you a right smart while," he told me gruffly, "when you set plum' over your laugh

and feel that you're heemin' a sashay over the hills fr exercise, you can come along with me and go to jail fr stealin' that railroad car."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hold-Up.

Beasley left me sitting on the doorstep—I've a notion he had run out of handcuffs, else he might have clapped a pair of them on me—while he started his posse down to Atropia with the captured holders and their leader. When he came back we took time, Daddy and I and the big marshal, to size up the damage that had been wrought, and beyond that, to dig into



"Hooray!" He yelled, "Charley Bullerton's Dreened Your Mine for Ye!"

the mystery of the continuous grumbling roar which was still ascending out of the wreck-covered mine shaft.

Beasley stayed with us, waiting, as I took it, to get his breakfast before he ran me off to jail, and the three of us fell to work clearing away the fallen timbers and roofing iron, Daddy Hiram leading the attack and being the first to stick his head through what remained of the tangle and hang it over the edge of the shaft's mouth.

"Hooray!" he yelled, his voice sounding as if it came from the inside of a barrel; and then again, "Hooray, Stannie, son!—by the ghosts of old Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Charley Bullerton's done gone and done eggs-zackly what he said he could do—dreened your mine for ye! Climb in here and take a look at her. She's empty—empty as a gourd—but, at that, she ain't goin' to be very long!"

A few more minutes of the strenuous toil cleared the pit mouth so that we could all see. The bomb which had exploded in the shaft had wrought a complete transformation. The standing flood, which all of our pumping attacks had failed to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch, was gone, and with it had vanished the two big centrifugals, the platform upon which they had stood, and their pipe connections. Gone, likewise, was the greater part of the heavy wooden shaft-lining. A title of this remained in the upper part of the shaft, but from a point possibly twenty-five feet down, there was nothing but the bare rock sides of the square pit swept by the receding flood.

As for the hollow roaring noise which had followed the crash of the explosion, and which still continued, there was a good and sufficient reason plainly visible from the pit's mouth. Some twenty feet down, and on the eastern side of the shaft, a stream of water big enough to run a good-sized hydro-electric plant was pouring into the perpendicular cavern, and it was its plunging descent into the bowels of the earth which was making the mimic thunder.

Beasley was the first to find speech. "Where the blazes is all that water comin' from?" he exploded.

"That's just what we're going to find out," I barked. "Can you and Daddy handle my weight in a rope sling?" They both protested that they could handle two of me if necessary, and a sling was quickly rigged and I was lowered into the pit. At the nearer view thus obtained, some of the mysteries were instantly made clear. The reason why the wooden boxing disappeared below a certain point in the shaft was that it had never extended any farther down. It had been merely a box with a bottom!—and all those pipe-dream impressions which had tried to register themselves on the day when I had my struggle with the suction-pipe octopus were instantly translated into facts. I could have sworn, then, that there was a bottom in the box, and there was a bottom. And that other impression—that I had encountered an intruding stream of ice-cold water in the chilling depths; here was the stream; a foot-thick, never-falling cataract, pouring in through a perfectly good and substantial conduit of twelve-inch iron pipe!

In a flash the whole criminal mystery involving the ostensibly flooded mine was illuminated for me. "Haul away!" I called to the two above; and when they had drawn me up to the pit's mouth and I could get upon my feet, I yipped at Daddy and the marshal to come on, and led them in an out-door race along the mine ledge to the eastward; a hundred-yards dash which brought us to the banks of the swift little mountain torrent in

the right-hand gulch.

A brief search revealed precisely what I was expecting to find; what anyone in possession of the facts precedent would have expected to find. In the middle of a small pool slightly upstream from the path level—a pocketed bit of water neatly screened and half hidden by a growth of low-branched spruces—we saw a cone-shaped whirlpool swirl into which a good third of the stream flow was vanishing. Below this pool an apparently accidental heaping of rocks formed a small dam which kept the little reservoir full.

Without a word, Daddy Hiram and the Angelic marshal plunged recklessly into the stream and with their bare hands tore away the slight barrier. With the removal of the slight barrier and the consequent clearing of the course of the stream, the pocket reservoir immediately sucked dry, the inlet of the cataracting pipe was exposed, and the secret of the flooded Cinnabar was a secret no longer.

The scheme which had been elaborated and set in motion to "soak" Grandfather Jasper was a premeditated "holdup." The Cinnabar, in operation and producing to its capacity, was worth, so Beasley asserted, all that my grandfather had paid for it, and more. But with the branch railroad built to its very door, its value would be doubled. Two alternatives had thus presented themselves to the owners, who were Cripple Creek mining speculators who had bought in the stock at a low figure while the main vein was as yet unexploited: they could go on mining the ore and storing it against the time when the railroad, with its cost-reducing advantages, should come along; or they could suspend operations for the same length of time, setting the losses of a shut-down over against the increased profits when they should start up again.

With our discoveries of the morning the plan of the robbery became perfectly plain. Some giant of finance among the speculators had evolved a scheme by which the mine not only might be shut down during the interval of waiting for the railroad to build over the bench, but at the same time be made to yield a bumper crop of profits.

Taking its various steps in their order, the first move in the game was to sell the mine to Grandfather Jasper while it was still a going proposition; and this was done. But one of the conditions of the sale (Beasley told us this) was that the selling corporation should continue to operate the mine, not as a lessee, but under a contract by which the operating company should receive a certain percentage of the output; an arrangement which gave the holdup artists ample opportunity to prepare for the coup de main.

How these preparations were made, and the secret of them kept from leaking out, still remained one of the unsolved mysteries, though Beasley suggested that probably imported workmen were employed, and that the work had been done under jealous supervision with all the needful precautions taken against publicity. The tight wooden box—which would figure as a part of the shaft lining—had been built, and into the box the creek had been diverted by means of the small dam and the underground conduit. With the water admitted, to rise in the box to the level of its intake in the creek reservoir, the trap was set and was ready to be sprung.

Beyond this point there was a gap we were obliged to bridge by conjecture, but the inferences were all plausible enough. Doubtless the plotters had notified my grandfather that his mine was flooded and was no longer workable. Doubtless, again, he had authorized them to buy the needful pumping machinery and to install it—while they did.

In this barefaced imposture the plotters had conceivably bided something upon Grandfather Jasper's advanced age as an insurance against any too-searching investigation; but beyond this they had carefully disarmed any suspicion that he might otherwise have harbored by encouraging him—in the actual purchase of the property—to take expert advice, and by craftily priming him, by understatements of the facts, to trust them.

Only rumors of what had occurred at this visit reached Angels; but Beasley could testify that my grandfather had come and returned alone, and that after the pumping demonstration had been made he had seemed disposed to pocket his huge loss and to call it a bad day's work.

The later developments were not hard to figure out. Beasley was able to tell us that the proposed railroad branch to run to the new copper properties in Little Cinnabar gulch was now a certainty for the very near future. Hence the time was fully ripe for the recovery of the Cinnabar by the plotters. No doubt they had confidently assumed that a repurchase of the property—not directly by themselves, of course, but by an agent who would figure as a disinterested third party—would be easy. Beasley said that there had been some talk of an under-running drainage tunnel, such as Daddy and I had figured upon—this at the time of the springing of the food trap—and that the cost had been estimated at half a million. Unquestionably the robbers had assumed that an old man who had already charged his venture up to profit and loss would sell for a song rather than to venture again; and in this they were probably well within the truth.

But at the moment when they were ready to complete the circle of imposture, death—the death of Grandfather Jasper—had stepped in to complicate matters. Somebody—possibly

Cousin Percy—had corresponded with whoever was representing the robber syndicate, and by this means the plotters had learned that they would now have to reckon with an heir. How Bullerton came to be employed by them almost at the instant of his return from South America we did not know; but we could easily understand that with the new complication which had risen by reason of Grandfather Jasper's death, it was highly necessary for some emissary of the syndicate to get on the ground quickly, prepared to forestall by purchase, guile, or, in the last resort by force, any attempt of the Dudley heirs to pry into things they were not to be permitted to know.

The pushing of the fight for possession to the final and property-destroying extremity was another matter that Beasley was able to explain.

"Ye see, it was a case of fish 'r cut-bait, and do it quick," the marshal ex-



I Was Looking at Jeanie When I Replied.

plained. "If he could run you folks out, pronto, and get possession afore anybody come along to ask a lot of p'inted questions, he stood about one chance in a dozen to lie out of it some way. If you-all got killed in the scrimmage, he'd scatter his men in the woods and try to make me b'lieve that you'd got done up trying to run him off."

"Would you have believed him?" I asked, grinning across the table at Beasley.

"It'd a-been a question of ver-racity,



"Now You're Talking Like a White Man."

as the court says; with maybe you and Hi Twombly too dead to testify."

At this, Daddy, who had been eating like a man half-starved, put in his word.

"I reckon you can't get at them galsot higher up, Stannie, but if you don't shove Charley Bullerton just about as far as the law'll allow, I'm goin' to call ye a quitter."

At that moment Jeanie had just brought in another heaping plate of the luscious corn cakes, and I was looking at her when I replied.

"We'll see about the shoving a bit later, Daddy. The first thing to do is to put the old Cinnabar in shape to shell us out some money. I'm broke, you know."

When I made this admission, Beasley, the last man in the world from whom help could come, I should have said, looked me squarely in the eyes. "Stannie Broughton—if that's your name—you ain't so dad-blamed crazy as you look and act," he remarked. "Money's what talks. Are you aifin' to swing onto this thing with your own hands—for keeps, I mean; not to sell it out to the first set o' minin' sharps that comes along?"

"Sure!—you said it; I'm going to keep it and work it—after I get out of the jail where you're going to land me for pinching that inspection car and getting it smashed. Why else did I start out blindfolded to hunt for a girl, a horse and a dog?"

He let the latter half of my reply go without comment; charging it up

to some last lingering remains of the craziness, perhaps.

"Well, let's see about where you'd crack your whip first," he invited.

"That part of it is easy," I laughed. "What I don't know about the practical end of the mining job would load a wagon. I'll pitch out and hunt me up a real, for-sure miner, of course."

"Nothin' so awfully crazy about that," he granted. Then: "What's the matter with Hi Twombly, here, for your boss miner?"

"Not a thing in the wide world—except that he can't be because he is going to be my partner in the deal."

"Now you're talkin' a whole heap like a white man," said the desperadoish one. "Dog-goned if I don't b'lieve

you are white! What do you say to givin' me a whack at the bossin' job?"

I took just one little glance at Daddy, and the mild blue eyes said "yes." "But you've got me under arrest, Mr. Beasley," I pointed out, just to see what he'd say. "You can't very well close a business deal with your prisoner, can you?"

"Kill two 'r three birds with the one rock," he mumbled, cramming the siruped half of his breakfast-finishin' corn cake into his capacious mouth. "I'll chase you down to Angels and turn you over to the majesty o' the law—the same bein' by name old Squire Dubbin. Then I'll jump my job o' sortin' out the bad angels from amongst the good angels and go out and rustle your bail. Time old Bill Dubbin's chewin' over the law in such cases made and pervided—like he's bound to do—I'll scrape up a bunch o' men and start 'em up hereaways to begin on the repairs. How does all that strike you?"

If my laugh was a bit grim there was a warrant for it. "It strikes me fair in the empty pocket, my good friend," I told him. "Just at this present moment I couldn't finance one solitary, lonesome carpenter—to say nothing of a gang of them, with half a dozen steam-fitters and boiler-makers thrown in."

"Huh! workin' capital, you mean? That's about the easiest thing this side o' Hades—with a mine like the old Cinnabar—with no more water in it than what can be pumped out—to back you. I reckon your title to the property's all right, ain't it?"

"It is; I have a deed from my grandfather." So much I said, but I didn't go on to explain how the quick wit of a girl who now hated me had saved that deed from being a mere scrap of waste paper. Not that I knew how she had done it—but the tangible fact was safely in my pocket.

Fifteen minutes after this breakfast table talk I was bidding a temporary good-bye to the wreck on the Cinnabar ledge, and was about to take the road to Atropia with Beasley; both of us intent upon catching a way-freight to Angels. Daddy had lent me the pinto pony for the ride to the

railroad station—this either with or without Jeanie's consent; I didn't know and forbore to ask—and the harlequin-faced dog was ready to trot at the pony's heels. But the blue-eyed maiden had shut herself up in her room, and I thought she wasn't going to come out and see me off.

At the final moment, however, after Beasley had already steered his nag across the dump head, and I was about to climb into my saddle, she came to the cabin door, and was both curiously embarrassed and a bit breathless.

"Please!—one minute!" she begged; and as I took my foot out of the stirrup: "Do you know what they have done with—with—"

"With Bullerton?" I helped out. "No, I don't know; but I suppose they've taken him on to the county seat at Copah with the others."

"Then—then—please let him go! If you refuse to prosecute—"

"Make yourself entirely easy," I broke in, a bit sourly, maybe. "I'll agree not to play the part of the dog in the manger."

"Thank you—so much!" she murmured; and then she backed away quickly and went in and on through to the kitchen, leaving me to follow Beasley, which I did, with the sour humor telling me that of all the puzzling, unaccountable things in a world of enigmas, a woman's vagaries were the least understandable. For, after all was said and done, and after all that had happened and been made to happen, it seemed to be palpably apparent that Jeanie Twombly was still in love with the ject.

(Continued Next Week)

Mohammed in Court.

It was in a court of law, and a witness was being cross-examined.

Said counsel: "Why do you assert that the plaintiff is insane?"

Witness—"Because he goes about declaring he is the prophet Mohammed."

Counsel—"And do you consider that clear proof of his insanity?"

Witness—"I do."

Counsel—"Why?"

"Because," answered the witness, with a complacent smile, "I am the prophet Mohammed myself."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Fine Start.

"Dearest, I am not worthy of you." "That's what mother says, Jack, dear. How lovely to see you two agreeing."—Boston Transcript.

Show Card Pink in all colors. The Brady Standard.

Mr. Gilder's Reply to Mr. Shropshire

In calling attention of the voters to my candidacy for the office of city secretary through The Brady Standard under date of the 21st instant, I did not intend to open up a controversy with the Hon. J. E. Shropshire, the present Mayor, or any one else.

In the last issue of The Standard, the 24th inst., Mr. Shropshire undertakes in a very feeble way to justify and defend the action of the council in placing \$1.00 per month as a salary for the office of secretary, thereby rendering it impossible for anyone elected by his people to serve them in this capacity. Mr. Shropshire points out his objections, using as his main weapon of defense the words "Interfering" and "Interfere;" he seems to know these words better than any others, in the English language. He begins by calling your attention to the "inadvisability of interfering with the present system of keeping our city records, books, and etc." And we cannot expect them, the council, to do efficient work, if we "interfere with them," and closes with the statement: "To counsel with them but do not INTERFERE." Mr. Shropshire uses these words in their wrong application.

IT IS THE COUNCIL INTERFERING WITH THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

The office of city secretary is elective, and the council is powerless to abolish it. They can no more abolish this office than they can the Aldermen or Mayor's office, and they know it.

On the 21st day of this month the council did abolish the city marshal's office, and now the people have no voice in choosing a man for their city officer. When you paid your property taxes, you were compelled to pay your city poll tax. Is this TAXATION without REPRESENTATION? Why "Interfere," with the council on the 4th day of April, when we will elect two aldermen and a mayor?

Mr. Shropshire places great stress on the present appointee's ability as a bookkeeper, and among other things, says: "We have a set of books that need no auditing," and in the next breath Mr. Shropshire tells you that "Your Mayor and board of Aldermen have not the time to wade into these records and do this work themselves; that they are not paid for what they do." Not doubting the accuracy of the books, Mr. Shropshire, but how do you know they do not need auditing, as you say that yourself and the board have no time to wade into the records? You have no one to blame, if you and the board are not paid for what you do. YOU CLAIM THE RIGHT TO PLACE ON RECORD THE PRICE OF SALARIES.

No doubt your appointee is competent, but this does not indicate or prove that he has all of the knowledge of bookkeeping down and hog-tied. As to the tax rolls, everybody knows, we always have back taxes on record, and it is the duty of a lawyer looking into titles to go over the delinquent rolls and dig them up. This is a part of his duty in earning his fee. If I did not know that I could fill the office of secretary to the full and entire satisfaction of the council and people, I certainly would not ask for the job. Why not place your man along with me and let the people choose between us in the election on the 4th of April? Let the people have something to say. I know the majority want to.

No, Mr. Shropshire, no one wants to revert to a former system that has proven a failure, by electing a man incompetent to fill the office of city secretary. And I assure you, that in me you will find no such failure. If elected, and I believe that I will be by the largest vote ever received by anyone who ever ran for this office, I will at all times be at my post of duty, and will readily convince the council of my willingness to work, and ability to fill the office. I am a poor man, need the office, and not physically able to do manual labor are some of the reasons why I am asking the voters for their support and influence to help me get this job.

As to Mr. Shropshire and those on the board who oppose me, I wish to say, that each and all of them are good men, and have the best interest of the city at heart. If it is impossible to convince them of the justice of my claims, they will have to wait until the returns of the election, and read them and weep.

—BILL—

W. G. Joyce for City Secretary.

After careful consideration of the matter, and acting upon the advice and solicitation of many friends, W. G. Joyce this week announces himself as a candidate for the office of City Secretary of Brady. In so doing, Mr. Joyce rests his candidacy squarely upon his merits as an officer, and believes that if the citizens and voters will carefully investigate his record, they will be convinced that he has served the city and the best interests of the citizens in a manner to deserve their support and vote. Mr. Joyce respectfully asks consideration of the following: Aggregate collections made by him on the city tax rolls for 1920 are 99.3%, and collections for 1921 ran 95.5% of the total roll. Few, if any cities, can claim such an efficient record for clean collection of taxes. Aside from the foregoing, the delinquent taxes collected by Mr. Joyce for the city, much of which was practically lost, has amounted to \$1,735.28, which sum alone covers more than half of the salary paid him during the two years he has served as City Secretary. Mr. Joyce is always willing and glad to show any courtesy within his power, and any citizen who desires to learn anything about conditions pertaining to the city or its affairs, will find Mr. Joyce ready to assist in every way possible. Mr. Joyce has the various city funds now so systematized that the standing of any account may be ascertained in a minute's time. He will appreciate and respectfully solicit the vote and support of every citizen, and especially will he appreciate the vote of the ladies.

Sweet Anticipation.

"You look dejected."
"Yes. Married life gets on my nerves."
"Been married long?"
"No. The wedding takes place tomorrow."—American Legion Weekly.

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

For Commissioner Pre. No. 4.

In the announcement column this week appears the name of Geo. C. Parker, one of McCulloch county's prominent and most highly esteemed citizens, who offers as a candidate for Commissioner of Precinct No. 4. Mr. Parker has been in Texas for thirty years, and for the past 15 years or more has resided in McCulloch county. He taught in the public schools of San Saba county for six years, and for two years was cashier of the Mercury State bank. Mr. Parker is one of the substantial and progressive citizens of the Placid community, and no one questions his ability to serve the people efficiently and capably, should he be the choice of the voters for commissioner of Precinct 4. Withal, Mr. Parker is a man of most agreeable disposition, yet firm in his conviction, and ever ready to stand up for what he believes to be right and just towards all. Mr. Parker asks earnest consideration of his candidacy, and his merits, and will appreciate the votes of both the men and the women.

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.

Fact.

The very inquisitive young man stopped his friend, the professor, one afternoon.
"Professor Diggs, have you ever discovered a buried city?"
"Oh, yes."
"And what did you chiefly enjoy about that kind of work?"
"Well, for one thing, when you unearth a city that has been buried for two or three thousands years, you don't have to listen to the reminiscences of the oldest inhabitant."—Fort Worth Record.

Read it in The Standard.

Save money and be sure of your winter fuel by placing your coal order with us now. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

BRADY ENCAMPMENT NO. 161 IS INSTITUTED

Last Thursday was a red letter day in local Odd Fellow history, for it marked the biggest step forward since the organization of the local lodge many years ago. The occasion was the institution here of an Encampment, to be known as Brady Encampment No. 161, and which was set to work under dispensation from the Grand Encampment of Texas, I. O. O. F.

The institution of the Encampment was marked by the visit here of notables high in the councils of Oddfellowship, chief among the number being Grand Patriarch F. A. Howell of Fort Worth, District Deputy Grand Patriarch Jewell A. Johnson of Brownwood, and W. D. Carroll of Comanche. The instituting of the Encampment and the election and installation of officers was had Thursday morning under the supervision of Grand Patriarch Howell, District Grand Patriarch Howell and by W. D. Carroll putting on the work. The following were the officers elected and installed:

- A. L. Quicksall, Chief Patriarch.
- C. P. Swim, Senior Warden.
- G. E. Shore, Junior Warden.
- C. G. Thornbloom, High Priest.
- M. R. Moore, Scribe.
- A. N. Awalt, Treasurer.

Charter members of the Encampment were the following: C. P. Swim, G. E. Shore, C. G. Thornbloom, A. L. Quicksall, M. R. Moore, J. J. Mayse, J. H. Purdy, A. N. Awalt. All of the charter members were transferred to the local Encampment from the Brownwood Encampment, with the exception of Mr. Quicksall, who transferred from Cleburne.

The formal opening of the lodge was had at 4:00 o'clock p. m. Thursday, when a class of twenty-four candidates had the Encampment degrees conferred upon them, a degree team of ten members of the Brownwood lodge being here to put on the work.

Following the conferring of the degrees, a banquet was tendered members and visitors present in the lodge hall, Chief Patriarch Quicksall officiating as toastmaster. Talks by Grand Patriarch Howell and by W. D. Carroll were among the most interesting and appreciated at the banquet.

The regular meeting of the Encampment will be on each Wednesday night at 7:30 o'clock for the present, in order to enable the new officers to perfect themselves in the workings of the lodge.

The new Encampment starts off with not only a large and enthusiastic membership, but with the most glowing of prospects, having already eight applications for membership to act upon at the next regular meeting and numbers of others to follow. So enthusiastic are the members that as soon as the lodge can be gotten in good working order, it is expected to begin to lay plans for the instituting of a Canton here, which will give to the Odd Fellows a military branch of the order. Inasmuch as the local Encampment is enabled to draw its members not only from the McCulloch county subordinate lodges, but from Menard, Eden, Junction and various other neighboring points adjacent to this territory, the membership is certain to grow by leaps and bounds. Still another ambition of the local members is to provide the order with its own home, the purchase of a suitable location for the erection of a modern and strikingly handsome lodge hall to be one of its actions in the no-distant future.

Guesswork.

It was an Irishman's first visit to the wilds of America, and strange to say, he was soon fast friends with an American. The American was a dead shot. One day, while they were strolling together through the woods, the American, wishing to show off his shooting abilities, said: "Say, pard, d'ye see that bi-r-d high up yonder tree?" "Yes," answered the Irishman. "Waal," replied Sam, "I'll get that bi-r-d, first shot." As he spoke he raised his gun to his shoulder, took careful aim and fired. It was a good shot, and the bird, after several somersaults, fell at their feet. The American picked it up. "I guess I've killed this bi-r-d, pard," he drawled proudly. The Irishman pondered a while, then said: "O'm glad it's only guessin' ye are, for the fall was enough to kill it."—Argonaut.

The famous Bewley Mills Flour—best for all uses. Try a sack. Also let us supply your wants in the Feed line, and Barley Feed Meal for cows. Spiller & Kirklen.

Read it in The Standard.

New Arrivals for Spring In Attractive Dresses, Suits and Coats and Millinery

You will be delighted with these charming new creations for late winter and early spring. The latest models are featured in the most popular materials and colors.

Exceptional Values in Dresses—

Taffeta, Canton Crepe, Tricotine, Serge, Crepe de Chine and Georgette in many beautiful styles.

Suits and Coats Specially Priced—

Tricotine and Serge, exquisitely tailored, make these new and attractive spring suits. Each style individual.

Attractive Millinery—

The season's most popular designs. Smart and chic Tailored Hats. Hats to match your costume. Hats for every occasion.

Teachers Attending the Meeting of the McCulloch County Teachers' Association Next Saturday are especially invited to come in and see our exhibit of these beautiful new spring styles.

South Side **E. H. Vincent** Brady Texas
DRY GOODS

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 accompanied 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
W. G. JOYCE

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
D. H. HENDERSON
- For County Judge:
EVANS J. ADKINS (Re-Election)
- For County Sheriff:
J. C. WALL (Re-Election)
- For County Clerk:
W. J. YANTIS (Re-Election)
HENRY D. BRADLEY
- For County Tax Collector:
HUBERT K. ADKINS (Re-Election)
- For County Surveyor:
E. A. BURROW
- For County Superintendent of Public Instruction:
W. M. DEANS (Re-Election)
Mrs. M. L. STALLINGS
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 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
J. M. CARROLL
L. A. WATKINS.
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:
S. H. GAINER
J. P. KYZAR
H. H. KNIGHT
GEO. C. PARKER
- For Public Weigher Pre. No. 1:
ED JACOBY (Re-Election)
H. C. (HENRY) KING

ORDER COAL TODAY!
And get in on our next shipment. Phone 295. MACY & CO.

PERSONAL MENTION LOCAL BRIEFS

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Levinson have returned to their home in Dallas, after a two weeks' visit with their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Myers.

Percy Paschall returned yesterday from an extended trip West, having visited in the Comstock and Del Rio border country, and also having made a trip into Mexico.

John McCleary, one of Brady's old-time and widely-known former citizens, arrived this morning from Ranger on a business visit. Mr. McCleary has been located at Ranger for the past five or six years, being employed there with the Prairie Oil & Gas Co.

The Texas-Meers Oil Co. have come back to the Shultz Oil Well No. 3 and are this week setting up the rig preparatory to resume drilling. The contract calls for a deep test.—Paint Rock Herald.

Congratulations are in order when next you see Frank Ogden, The Brady Sentinel's efficient machinist-operator, for a bright little Miss arrived at the Ogden home Sunday evening, and both Mother and Father Ogden are mighty proud of the little newcomer. The many friends of the family will be pleased to know that both mother and babe are doing nicely.


YOUNG MAN!
Don't be a renter; be a homeowner; J. F. Schaeg will give you an opportunity to buy a home just like paying rent. The time to buy is when everyone else wants to sell. See J. F. SCHAEG; let's talk it over—all his property is for sale on these terms.

"We have sold 97,000 bottles of Tanlac and have never had a single complaint."—Jacobs' Pharmacy, Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Trigg Drug Co.

Buying Freely.
"Jack Grabcohn announced that he was going abroad to help restore devastated France."
"How's he getting along with the work?"
"The last I heard of him he was helping to make the wine crop profitable."—Birmingham Age-Herald.


After the fire: Friends may sympathize, but we pay cash.
Anderson & Carrithers, Insurance.

The
Commercial National Bank
OF BRADY



WILL BE CLOSED
Thursday, March 2nd

In Observance of
Texas Independence



Please Arrange to Do Your Banking on Wednesday