

# THE BRADY STANDARD

Vol. 1

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Thursday, April 15, 1909.

No. 4

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

### ALL SHIPPING STOPPED

Spring Shipments Come to Abrupt Close. Osage County, Oklahoma, Closed to Texas Cattle.

Local cattle shipments came to a sudden stop yesterday when the Frisco issued orders to accept no more cattle for shipment to the Osage nation. As practically all Brady cattle were billed to that section of Oklahoma there naturally followed a complete tie-up in shipping operations.

The cause for the order lies in the fact that the Osage country has been closed to Texas cattle by injunction proceedings growing out of a clash in authority between state and federal officials. Both claim control of the Indian lands and the matter will have to be threshed out in the courts.

Thousands of Texas cattle are thus debarred, involving heavy damage to cattlemen. Local agent Hundley reports about 200 cars yet to be shipped from Brady, all of which are, of course, now tied up. In some instances this situation becomes serious on account of the scarcity of grass and water.

Sheriff T. L. Sanson went to Lake Charles, La., Friday, returning Monday with John Hampton, who is charged with forgery.

MARRIED:—Miss Ella Keller and Mr. Carl Steffins were married Sunday night at the home of the bride in this city.

"Tony, The Convict," will be presented at the opera house Friday night by home talent. Miss Campbell deserves much credit for the interest she has taken in developing the talent of our young people and we are sure that the good people of Brady will show their appreciation by a full house. The proceeds are for the benefit of the school and public library.

### Expert Marksmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ad. Topperwein, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. will be in Brady next Tuesday, April 20, and will give an exhibition of fancy shooting with shotgun, rifle and pistol at the fair grounds, beginning at 2:30 p. m.

These two form the best pair of marksmen—man and wife—in the world. They will perform feats almost incredible in the telling, and which will have to be seen to be appreciated.

The exhibition will be entirely free, and a cordial invitation is extended the ladies of the city to attend. The local gun club will also hold a shoot that afternoon, and a large attendance of the shooters is anticipated. Remember the date and hour, and be sure to be present.

R. E. Sammons, of Little Rock, Ark., visited his brother, W. W. Sammons, last week.

John Jenkins, of Sherman who was drowned in the surf at Long Beach, Cal., last Sunday week, was a nephew of Mrs. Tom Bradley of this city.

Wm. Graham, of Grit, is visiting relatives in the city this week. Mr. Graham is one of the executive board of the Farmers Co-Operative Cotton Co., headquarters at Galveston.

Attorney Jesse Leslie, of Mason, was here this week in attendance upon county court.

The Frisco has been making record breaking runs this season, nearly all trains running through to their destination within the thirty-six hour limit, doing away with the necessity of unloading and feeding in transit.

An arm on one of the drive wheels of one of the big Frisco engines broke last Thursday and threatened to demolish the cab but fortunately the engine was stopped before any serious damage was done.

### PRIZES ARE OFFERED

The Ladies' Tuesday Club Interesting Themselves in Matters of Civic Improvement and Beauty.

Beautiful yards make beautiful homes and beautiful towns and cities, and The Standard is glad to note that greater interest in these matters is being manifested in Brady. We are handed the following for publication:

"As an incentive for more beautiful yards and general civic improvement in Brady, 'The Ladies' Tuesday Club' offers two prizes of \$5.00 each—

"1st—For the most beautiful yard that has had no improvement before this spring;

"2nd—For the most beautiful yard already improved.

"The prizes will be awarded during the latter part of the summer when the yards are at their best. Anyone wishing to try for either prize please send name to Mrs. Mary Doole. Club members cannot enter the contest."

The town cow is soon to be shut up, and thus one more reason for not attempting yard improvements taken away. Nothing adds to a town's beauty and attractiveness like pretty homes, trees, lawns and flowers. And as a rule the town filled with this class of homes is populated by a happy, prosperous and contented people. The Standard wishes the ladies much success in their work along lines of civic beauty, and pledges them every aid in its power.

Contractors Embry & Wright are now engaged in remodeling Banker F. W. Henderson's house in South Brady. Several rooms and porches are being added, and Mr. Henderson will move to town and occupy the house as soon as the work is completed.

There was great disappointment in Brady Sunday among the purchasers of Easter hats. The blustery weather had no regard for these lovely creations of the milliner's art, and many ladies were forced to stay indoors and postpone the pleasure of coming out in a new spring suit.

Deputy Silas Mayo made a very important arrest last week when he rounded up a man in Conner's wagon yard who had a mule and horse he was trying to dispose of. The horse and mule had been stolen from Austin.

The big steam roller broke through a culvert on the square last week affording ample opportunity for suggestions by bystanders, but was finally pulled out in good shape.

John R. Winstead and family, of Waldrip, came down Monday to attend the funeral of Uncle Bob Davis.

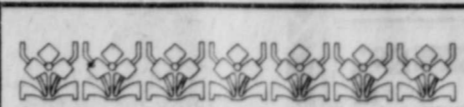
Gust. Lindahl of Rochelle was a pleasant caller at The Standard office Saturday.

Walter Wiggington left Friday on a visit for several days to Mason.

### MUSIC TEACHER

Miss Edith Lucas will continue to teach during the summer.

FREE ADVANTAGES:—Club work in which sight reading, ear training, and Theory are taught. Harmony and History of Music to advanced students. A few more pupils solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Studio at J. H. Drinkard's, southwest corner school campus.



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YOU'RE going to be one of the best dressed men in town if you leave it to us

We carry only the best makes, and our clothes are guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

We can please you in any style suit you may want.

**SUITS, \$12.50**

**TO \$25**

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes.

Remember we carry a complete stock of men's wear. Also

**MEN, WOMEN AND Children's Shoes**

CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN

**S. NEUMEGER,**

BRADY TEXAS

## LISTEN

Don't be satisfied with the wheels going 'round in your watch. Have it repaired by ALLEN, THE JEWELER.

**High Grade Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks and Watches**

**New Home Sewing Machines**

**ALLEN**  
THE JEWELER

### DATES FOR SPEAKING

State Lecturer D. P. Smith Now at Work Among the Farmers Unions of McCulloch County.

D. P. Smith, state lecturer for the Farmers Union, was announced for dates in McCulloch county last month but on account of sickness was not able to come. He is on the ground now, however, and the following is handed in for publication, The Standard taking pleasure in responding:

Bro. D. P. Smith, state lecturer has been endorsed by McCulloch County Union and will lecture to the public at the following places and dates. Everybody invited. Ladies are respectfully invited.

|                |          |         |
|----------------|----------|---------|
| Fife           | April 12 | 8 P. M. |
| Waldrip        | " 13     | " "     |
| Lohn           | " 14     | " "     |
| Pear Valley    | " 15     | " "     |
| Union Band     | " 16     | " "     |
| Melvin         | " 17     | " "     |
| West Sweden    | " 19     | " "     |
| Ward           | " 20     | " "     |
| Carroll Colony | " 21     | " "     |
| Bear Creek     | " 22     | " "     |
| Calf Creek     | " 23     | " "     |
| Davis          | " 24     | " "     |

Other dates will follow.

Respectfully,  
S. B. CROUCH, Pres.  
J. D. BENSON, Sec.

Paul Willoughby and Joe Williams returned Monday from San Angelo where they had been looking after the delivery and shipment of the Willoughby steers.

### WE ARE SPECIAL AGENTS

FOR THE FOLLOWING GOODS

Peruna  
Castoria  
Swamp Root  
Syrup of Figs  
Electric Bitters  
Prickly Ash Bitters  
Thacher's Remedies  
King's New Discovery  
All Chamberlain Remedies  
Caldwell's Syrup of Pepsin

Also a large stock of Toilet Soaps, Face Creams and Powders, all kinds of Household Remedies.

Everything in Drugs, Paints, Oils and Wall Papers. Call and see us.

Wholesale and Retail

**JONES DRUG CO., Inc**  
C. A. TRIGG, Mgr.  
Where Customers Are Satisfied

W. T. Melton & Co., report the sale of 61-2 sections in the McKnight pasture, 15 miles west of Brady, to J. E. White, et al. The property will be cut up and sold to farmers. They also sold to Richard Sellman 320 acres 18 miles east.

### MAN MAKES GUN PLAY

Constable Silas Mayo Caught a Tartar Saturday, but Landed His Man Nevertheless.

Constable Silas Mayo had quite an exciting experience Saturday in making an arrest at a local wagon yard. The party's name was Teague, and Mayo held a warrant for his arrest on the charge of horse theft. When approached Teague showed fight and made a gun play that might have resulted seriously but for the prompt action of the officer in grappling with the would-be-shooter. City Marshal Sheridan came on the scene about that time and Teague was overpowered and placed in jail. Deputy Jim Glenn took the prisoner to Brownwood the first of the week and turned him over to Travis county officers who met him there.

It seems that Teague had sold a good animal at a small price to a local party who gave in payment a check on a local bank. Shortly after the transaction the buyer became suspicious that all was not right, and stopped payment on the check. When Teague failed to get the mon on the check he made a way which resulted in Constable Mayo looking into the case when he found the man answered to the name of a man wanted for horse theft, and held a warrant allowed as state.

Mr. and Mrs. passed through town en route to the village.



**WARD & BOYD**  
Successors to HURT & BOYD,  
**JEWELERS**

Mr. S. T. Ward has bought the interest of J. M. Hurt in the above business and takes this method of asking his friends in the Brady country to call  
Most Complete Line of Jewelry, Solicitors of Fine Watch Repairing

**TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES**

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

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

Phone 163

**The Brady Standard**  
North Side Square



**WANTED—A RIDER AGENT** IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and exhibit our latest Model "Hanger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*  
**NO MONEY REQUIRED** until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepaid freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**, during which time you may ride the bicycle and keep it as long as you like. If you are then, not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle, ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.  
**FACTORY PRICES**—We sell the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.  
**YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED** when you receive our beautiful catalogue and see the low prices we can make you buy. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost.

**BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at our prices. Orders filled the day received.  
**SECOND HAND BICYCLES**. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

**COASTER-BRAKES.**

**\$8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF \$4.80**  
**8 SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY \$4**

The regular retail price of these tires is \$5.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 each with order \$4.50.

**NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES**  
NAILS, Tracks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

**DESCRIPTION:** Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of this specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$5.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

**IF YOU NEED TIRES** don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING A BICYCLE DO NOT WAIT** or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

**J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.**

**LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE**

EDITOR STANDARD:

You were kind enough to publish my letter last week and hence I make bold to try again. I notice that none of the other farmers accept your invitation to write. I call myself a farmer because you said editorially that I look like one, and what a paper says editorially I understand is always true. Did you mean to compliment me or not? To look like a farmer in this country means to look prosperous; to look a fellow's credit is good; to look like he had money in the bank is quite sure I do not. At any rate I feel like that. I feel like a man who has talked about it and don't go. I use I can't look like farmers every breath I take. Every bit of filth, every micrcole and germ, every piece of

the east after he has farmed here a year or two? Dr. Craddock tells of a poor renter that came out here flat as any poor renter in the black belt can be. He rented from Dr. Craddock, and had to borrow \$100 the first year to pull through on. Well, he kept on renting for three years, paid Dr. Craddock something like ten dollars an acre a year for rent, and then bought and paid for a good farm. That's farming in McCulloch. The farmer is the prosperous looking man. I am afraid, Mr. Editor, you would slander the farmer when you say I look like one.

I have come pretty near losing my job as a Bystander. The dust is getting a little too tough for even me. I cannot see how a bully, bustling burg like Brady would continue to breathe the blamed, blasted bunches of dust and dirt that is forced down the wind pipes of us fellows that look like farmers every breath we take. Every bit of filth, every micrcole and germ, every piece of

pollution and decay, that falls on the streets is ground up, chopped up, churned up, into dust, and fills our noses and mouths. It settles on the apples and candies our children buy and flavors the tid bits they eat. It floats to the delicious green vegetables which the grocers display on the walks, Mary gives us nice greens and dust and vinegar for dinner. We eat our dust—and the editor says we look like a farmer. The dust covers the dainty millinery, and all those pretty frills and furbelows that the ladies are making for Easter. No wonder they charge so much for Easter hats when they carry so much dirt—it is like buying a farm. The dust settles all over the dry goods shelves, ruins our Sunday clothes that we farmers wear every day. Mr. Editor, it does look to a mere Bystander that your wide awake business men would dig down a little and sprinkle the streets. Did you ever hear of a town as big as Brady that had no street sprinkler? It is past the ken of a Bystander, how business men will consent to have their goods ruined rather than give up a little money to a street sprinkler. In dollars and cents it is a losing proposition to the business man to do business in the dust. It occurs to a dust-choked Bystander that it would be a good thing for your business men to have every street as it is finished by the contractor treated with a good coating of crude oil. I am told that a tank car of oil will treat five miles of street, and one application will keep down the dust for six months.

It made me feel sad, Mr. Editor, to see how the wheels of progress tear up old land marks. Four years ago the club ladies of Brady gave suppers and held bazaars and raised money to plant shade trees all around the square. Most of the trees died, but some grew and did well. I came to love those pretty young trees. It rather made my farmer heart ache to see the road hands dig all those trees up and haul them off. It was all right, I admit, but I hated to see them go. This street work has undone lots of our pet things. We put a culvert in front of Jones wagon yard that cost lots of money; that is more. We had a tile drain across the square in front of the bank; that is gone. The drain in front of Mr. Baze's is gone. In fact the old hill on Blackburn street that the county worked for twenty years and the city for three and spent lots of money on—it is all gone, and when the water pipe is buried it will be a nice straight gentle slope all the way from town to Buck Richards' No culverts, no rocks, no pond under the stand pipe, but only a nice city-like street.

I am one Bystander that wants to congratulate the city council on passing that ordinance to keep up the cow. It may be a little tough on some, but is the proper thing. Now let our citizens go

**RIDDICK & DRAPER**  
**BARBERS**

Best Work, Clean Service

**HOT AND COLD BATHS**

We Want Your Trade. E. Side Sq.

**GRAHAM & BALLOU**  
**FIRE INSURANCE**

At The Brady National Bank

Your Business Respectfully Solicited

to work and make pretty yards. Plant trees and vines and flowers and grass. Pretty lawns, and nice sidewalks will make Brady a place of beauty. These two items have been woefully wanting in the past. But let us have them now. We have lots of pretty homes. Let us have lots of pretty yards. I am interested in this subject and am going to see if I can't stir up a little enthusiasm among our people. I am tempted to offer a prize for the best lawn. If Ben Strickland will furnish it I will here make an offer of a ginger cake for the prettiest yard. Now that the stock law has been passed let us quit talking Bully Brady and change the cry to Beautiful Brady. Pretty yards makes a pretty town and call for admiration from every BYSTANDER.

You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of kidney and bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequalled for weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes; insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by Central Drug Store.

—Window screens and window glass work a specialty at Ramsay's planing mill. 14t

The friends of Basil Duke will be glad to hear that he is now in the Republic of Mexico, traveling in the interest of a Rubber Stamp Co. He writes that he is doing well. Basil is a Brady boy, having been raised in McCulloch county. We wish for him success in his new field of opportunity.

**The Brady Water and Light Company**  
Wants Your Business

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

**HARDIN & JONES,**  
**THE LUMBER PEOPLE**  
—Everything in—  
**Brick, Lime, Cement, Sash, Doors, Building Paper, Wall Paper, Etc.**

**Better Not Get Dyspepsia**

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

A great many people who have trifled with indigestion, have been sorry for it—when nervous or chronic dyspepsia resulted, and they have not been able to cure it. Use Kodol and prevent having Dyspepsia. Everyone is subject to indigestion. Stomach derangement follows stomach abuse, just as naturally and just as surely as a sound and healthy stomach results upon the taking of Kodol. When you experience sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, bloated sensation, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, heart burn (so-called), diarrhoea, headaches, dullness or chronic tired feeling—you need Kodol. And then the quicker you take Kodol—the better. Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it. Ordinary pepsin "dyspepsia tablets," physics, etc., are not likely to be of much benefit to you, in digestive ailments. Pepsin is only a partial digester—and physics are not digesters at all. Kodol is a perfect digester. If you could see Kodol digesting every particle of food, of all kinds, in the glass test-tubes in our laboratories, you would know this just as well as we do. Nature and Kodol will always cure a sick stomach—but in order to be cured, the stomach must rest. That is what Kodol does—rests the stomach, while the stomach gets well. Just as simple as A, B, C.

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

For Sale By CENTRAL DRUG STORE.

**THE QUEEN HOTEL**  
H. N. COOK, Proprietor  
**RATES \$2.00 PER DAY**  
**Best Hotel in Brady. Best Rooms. Best Table. Best Service. Sanitary Plumbing.**

**\$25 REWARD.**

I will pay \$25 reward for the arrest and conviction of any parties destroying my road signs. Nuf Sed.

KIRK, THE TAILOR.

Arthur Wood and A. M. Bryson have let the contracts for new homes. Embry & Wright will do the building, work to commence shortly.

—We have a complete line of hardware, and don't forget we are selling the old reliable John Deere implements, the plows that have stood the test of over fifty years, and today they are considered the best plow on the market. Satterwhite & Martin. tf

Dr. Mose Jones is visiting his family at Austin.

**From For Off Ohio.**

Toledo, Ohio, April 7, 1909.  
EDITOR THE STANDARD,  
Brady, Texas.

DEAR SIR:—I have received Nos. 1 and 2 of your very bright, attractive paper, and congratulate you heartily upon its business and up-to-date appearance. You certainly deserve the good success that I am sure you will have. I enclose P. O. order for year's subscription.

Yours truly,  
A. F. Curtis.

Read the pain formula on the box of Pink Pain Tablets. Then ask your doctor if there is a better one. Pain means congestion, blood pressure somewhere. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets check head pains, womanly pains, pain anywhere. Try one, and see! 20 for 25c. Sold by Central Drug Store.



# THE BARRIER

BY REX BEACH

Copyright, 1908, by Harper & Brothers

"For w'y you sell 'im?" I say. "Because I'll tak' 'im down to Flambeau for Necla Gale, w'at never had no dress lak dat in all her life." Waal, sir, dat Marie Bourgette she's hear of you before, an' your dad, too—moos' all dose Cheechakos know 'bout Old Man Gale—so she say:

"W'at lookin' kind of gal is dis Necla? An' I tell her all 'bout you. Wen I'm t'rough she say:

"But maybe your little frien' is more bigger as I am. Maybe de dress won't fit."

"Ha, you don't know me, mamselle! I say. 'I can guess de weight of a caribou to five poun'. She'll be same size lak 'in one inch roun' de wals'."

"Poleon Doret, she say, 'you ain' no Franchemans to talk lak dat. Look here! I can sell dis dress for 'ousan' dollar tonight, or I can trade 'im for gol' mine on El Dorado creek to some dose Swede w'at want to catch a gal, but I'm g'oin' sell 'im to you for three hundred dollar, jus' w'at I pay for 'im. You wait here till I come back."

"No, no, Mamselle Marie, I'll go 'long, too, for so you don't change your min', I say. An' I stan' outside her door till she pass me de whole works."

"Don't forget de little shoes," I say, an' dat's how it come."

"And you paid \$300 for it!" Necla said, agast. The Canadian shrugged.

"Only for de good heart of Marie Bourgette I pay w'at 'ousan'," said he. "I mak' seven hundred dollar clean profit."

"It was very nice of both of you, but—I can't wear it. I've never seen a dress like it except in pictures, and I couldn't"—She saw his face fall and said impulsively:

"I'll wear it once anyhow, Poleon, just for you. Go away quick now and let me put it on."

"Dat's good," he nodded as he moved away. "I bet you mak' dose dance hall women look lak sucker."

No man may understand the girl's feelings as she set about clothing her-



She hesitated modestly when she saw its low cut.

self in her first fine dress. Time and again she had studied pictures from the "outside" showing women arrayed in the newest styles and had closed her eyes to fancy herself dressed in like manner.

Poleon's eye had been amazingly correct, for the gown fitted her neatly save at the waist, which was even more than an inch too large notwithstanding the fact that she had never worn such a corset as the well formed Marie Bourgette was accustomed to.

She pondered long and hesitated modestly when she saw its low cut, which exposed her neck and shoulders in a totally unaccustomed manner, for it struck her as amazingly indecent until she scurried through her magazines again and saw that its construction, as compared with others, was most conservative. Even so she shrank at sight of herself below the line of sunburn, for she was ringed about like a blue winged teal, the demarcation being more pronounced because of the natural whiteness of her skin. She sat down, dress and all, in the thick softness of a great brown bearskin and thought it over.

How odd it was, now that she considered it, that she needed no aid with these alien garments; that she knew instinctively their every feature; that there was no intricacy to cause her more than an instant's trouble.

She was interrupted in her reverie by the passing of a shadow across her window and the stamp of a man's feet on the planks at the door. Of course it was Poleon, who had come back to see her. So she rose hastily, gave one quick glance at the mirror above her washstand, choosing the side that distorted her image the least, and, hearing him still stamping, perfunctorily called:

"Come in! I'll be right out."

She kicked the train into place behind her, looping the shawl carelessly about her in a way to veil her modesty effectively. She crossed proudly to the

reading table to give him a fair view of her splendor and was in the middle of the room before she looked up. Taken aback, she uttered a little strangled cry and made a quick movement of retreat, only to check herself and stand with her chin high in the air, while wave after wave of color swept over her face.

"Great lovely dove!" ejaculated Burrell fervently, staring at her.

"Oh, I—I thought you were Poleon. He"—In spite of herself she glanced toward her room as if to flee. She writhed at the utter absurdity of her appearance and knew the lieutenant must be laughing at her. But Burrell would only make it worse. Burrell, however, was not laughing.

"I was looking for your father," he said, wondering if this glorious thing could be the quaint half-breed girl of yesterday. There was nothing of the native about her now, for her lithe young figure was drawn up to its height, and her head, upon which the long black braids were coiled, was tipped back in a haughty poise. She had flung her hands out to grasp the table edge behind her, forgetful of her shawl, which drooped traitorously and showed such rounded lines as her ordinary dress scarce hinted at. This was no Indian maid, the soldier vowed. No blood but the purest could pulse in such veins; no spirit save the highest could flash in such eyes as these. A jealous rancor irked him at the thought of this beauty intended for the Frenchman's eyes.

"Can't you show yourself to me as well as to Poleon?" he said.

"Certainly not!" she declared. "He bought this dress for me, and I put it on to please him. After he sees it I will take it off, and"—

"Don't—don't take it off—ever," said Burrell. "I thought you were beautiful before because of your quaintness and simplicity, but now"—his chest swelled—"why, this is a breath from home. You're like my sister and the girls back in Kentucky, only more wonderful."

"Am I?" she cried eagerly. "Am I like other girls? Do I really look as if I'd always worn clothes like these?"

"Born to them," said he.

Her warmth and unaffected frankness suffused him as she stood out, turning to show the beauties of her gown, her brown hands fluttering tremulously as she talked.

"It's my first party dress, you know, and I'm as proud of it as Molly is of her rubber boots. It's too big in here and too small right there. That girl must have had a bad chest. But otherwise it fits me as if it had been made for me, doesn't it? And the shoes—aren't they the dearest things? See!" She held her skirts back, showing her two feet side by side, her dainty ankles slim and shapely in their silk.

"They don't wear as well as moccasins." Both laughed delightedly till he broke in impulsively:

"Oh, girl, don't you know how beautiful you are?"

"Of course I do," she cried, imitating his change of voice, then added naively, "That's why I hate to take it off."

"Where did you learn to wear things like that?" he questioned. "Where did you get that—well, that air?"

"It seems to me I've always known. There's nothing strange about it. The buttons and the hooks and the eyes are all where they belong. It's instinct, I suppose, from father's side."

"Probably. I dare say I should understand the mechanism of a dress suit, even if I'd never seen one," said the man, amused, yet impressed by her argument.

"I've always had visions of women dressed in this kind of clothing, white women, never natives, not dressed like this exactly, but in dainty, soft things, not at all like the ones I wear. I seem to have a memory, although it's hardly that either; it's more like a dream, as if I were somebody else. Father says it is from reading too much."

"A memory of what?"

"It's too vague and tantalizing to tell what it is, except that I should be called Merridy."

"Merridy? Why that?"

"I'll show you. See." She slipped her hand inside the shawl and drew from her breast a thin gold chain on which was strung a band ring. "It was grandmother's. That's where I got the fancy for the name of Merridy, I suppose."

"May I look?"

"Of course. But I daren't take it off. I haven't had it off my neck since I was a baby." She held it out for him to examine, and, although it brought his head close to hers, there was no trace of coquetry in the invitation. He read the inscription, "From Dan to Merridy," but had no realization of what it meant, for he glimpsed the milk white flesh almost at his lips and felt her breath stirring his hair, while the delicate scent of her person seemed to loose every strong emotion in him. She was so dainty and yet so virile, so innocent and yet so wise, so cold and yet so pulsating.

"It is very pretty," he said inanely. At the look in his eyes as he raised his head her own widened, and she withdrew from him imperceptibly, dismissing him with a mere inclination.

"I wish you would send Poleon here. It's time he saw his present."

As Burrell walked out into the air he shut his jaws grimly and muttered: "Hold tight, young man. She's not your kind—she's not your kind."

Inside the store he found Doret and the trader in conversation with a man he had not met before, a ragged non-descript whose overalls were blue and faded and patched, particularly on the front of the legs above the knees, where a shovel handle wears hardest; whose coat was of yellow mackinaw, the sleeves worn thin below the elbows, where they had rubbed against his legs in his work. As the soldier entered the man turned on him a small, shrewd, weather-beaten face with one eye while he went on talking to Gale.

"It ain't nothin' to git excited over, but it's wuth follerin'. If I wasn't so cussed unlucky I'd know there was a pay streak somere close by."

"Your luck is bound to change, Lee," said the trader, who helped him to roll up a pack of provisions.

"Mebbe so. Who's the dressmaker?" He jerked his bushy head toward Burrell, who had stopped at the front door with Poleon to examine some yellow grains in a folded paper.

"He's the boss soldier."

"Purty, ain't he?"

"If you ain't good he'll get you," said Gale, a trifle cynically, at which Lee chuckled.

The one-eyed man snorted derisively. "It ain't wuth considerin'!"

"Why not?" insisted Gale guardedly.

"Maybe I've got a record. You don't know."

"If you have, don't tell me nothin' about it," hastily observed Lee. "I'm a God-fearin' citizen myself, leenin' ever toward peace and quietudes, but what's past is dead and gone, and I'd hate to see a lispin' child like that blue and yellow party try to reezureck it."

"He's got the American army to back him up, at least five of them."

"Five agin a hundred. He aims to overawe us, don't he?" snickered the unregenerate Lee, but his wrinkles changed and deepened as he leaned across the counter confidentially.

"You say the word, John, and I'll take some feller along to help me, and we'll transfer this military post."

"Pshaw! I'm just supposing," said the trader.

"All right. It's up to you. However, if I happen to leap down on this pay streak before it sees me comin' I'm g'oin' to put my friends in first and foremost and shut out these dress-makers complete. So long!"

Having given Necla's message to Poleon, the lieutenant took up his business with the trader. It concerned the purchase of certain supplies that had been omitted from the military outfit, and when this was concluded he referred to the encounter of that morning.

"I don't want you to think I bungle everything in that manner," he said, "for I don't. I want to work with you, and I want to be friends with you."

"I'm willing," said Gale.

"Nobody dislikes playing policeman more than I do, but it's a part of my



"Oh, I—I thought you were Poleon. He"—duty, and I'll have to do it," continued the young man.

"I reckon you simply aim to keep peace, eh? You ain't looking for nobody in particular?"

"Of course not—outside of certain notorious criminals who have escaped justice and worked north."

"Then there are a few that you want, eh?"

"Yes, certain old timers. The officers at every post have descriptions of a few such, and if they show up we will take them in and hold them till courts are established."

"If you've got their names and descriptions mebbe I could help you," said the trader carelessly.

"Thank you. I'll bring up the list, and we'll go over it together. You must have been here a good while."

"About ten years."

"Then Miss Necla was born out in the States?"

Gale shot a startled glance at the soldier before he answered in the affirmative, but Burrell was studying a pattern of sunlight on the floor and did not observe him. A moment later he inquired hesitatingly:

"Is this your first marriage, Mr. Gale?" When the other did not answer he looked up and quickly added: "I beg your pardon, sir. What led me to ask was Miss Necla. She is so well, she is such a remarkable girl."

Gale's face had undergone a change, but he answered quietly:

"I ain't never been married."

"What?"

"When I took Alluna it wasn't the style, and neither one of us has thought much about it since."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Burrell hurriedly. "I'll bring that list with me the first time I think about it." And, nodding amiably, he sauntered out. But his mind was in a whirl, and even after he had reached his quarters he found himself repeating:

"The other was bad enough. Poor little girl! Poor little girl!"

Gale likewise left the store and went into his house, the odd look still strong in his eyes, to find Necla posing in her new regalia for Poleon's benefit. At sight of her he fell into a strange and unexpected humor and to their amazement commanded her roughly to take the things off. His voice and manner were harsh and at utter variance with any mood he had ever displayed before.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOLDIER FINDS AN UNTHRODDEN VALLEY.

MEADE BURRELL had experienced a profound sense of pity for Necla upon learning her father's relation to Alluna, but this also largely vanished when he found that the girl was entirely oblivious to its significance. He had tried her in many subtle ways and found that she regarded the matter innocently, as customary, and therefore in the light of an accepted convention, nor did she seem to see anything in her blood or station to render her inferior to other women. She questioned him tirelessly about his place, and he was glad of this, for it placed no constraint between them.

As for her, each day brought a keener delight. She unfolded before the Kentuckian like some beautiful woodland flower and through innumerable, unnoticed familiarities took him into her innermost confidence.

A month of this went by, and then Runkon returned. He came on an up-going steamer. The manner of his coming was bold, for he stood fairly upon the ship's deck, and his smile was evil now, as it had been before.

With him was a stranger. When the boat was at rest Runkon sauntered down the gangplank and up to the lieutenant, who stood above the landing place and who noted that the scar, close up against his hatband, was scarce healed. He accosted the officer with an insolent assurance.

"Well, I'm back again, you see, and I'm back to stay."

"Very well, Runkon. Did you bring an outfit with you?"

"Yes, and I'm pretty fat besides." He shook a well-laden gold sack at the officer.

"What do you want in this place anyhow?" demanded Burrell curiously.

"None of your d—d business," the man answered, grinning.

"Be sure it isn't," retorted the lieutenant, "because it would please me right down to the ground if it were. I'd like to get you."

"I'm glad we understand each other," Runkon said, falling into conversation with the stranger, who had been surveying the town without leaving the boat. Evidently this man had a voice in Runkon's affairs, for he not only gave him instructions, but bossed the crew who handled his merchandise, and Meade Burrell concluded that he must be some incoming tenderfoot who had grub staked the desperado to prospect in the hills back of Flambeau. As the two came up past him he saw that he was mistaken. This man was no more of a tenderfoot than Runkon. On the contrary, he had a bearing of one to whom new countries are old, who had trod the edge of things all his life. There was a hint of the meat-eating animal about him. His nose was keen and hawk-like, his walk and movements those of the predatory beast, and as he passed by Burrell observed that his eyes were of a peculiar cruelty that went well with his thin lips. He was older by far than Runkon; but, while the latter was mean visaged and swaggering, the stranger's manner was noticeable for its repression.

Impelled by an irresistible desire to learn something about the man, the lieutenant loitered after Runkon and his companion and entered the store in time to see the latter greet "No Creek" Lee, the prospector, who had come into town for more food. Both men spoke with quiet restraint.

"Nine years since I saw you, Stark," said the miner. "Where you bound?"

"The diggings," replied Stark as Lee addressed the stranger.

"Mining now?"

"No; same old thing, but I'm grub staking a few men, as usual. One of them stays here. I may open a house in Dawson if the camp is as good as they say it is."

"This here's a good place for you."

Stark laughed noiselessly and without mirth. "Fine! There must be a hundred people living here."

"Never mind; you take it from me," said the miner positively, "and get in now on the quiet. There's something doing." His one sharp eye detected the lieutenant close by, so he drew his friend aside and began talking to him earnestly and with such evident effect as to alter Stark's plans on the moment, for when Runkon entered the store shortly Stark spoke to him quickly, following which they both hurried back to the steamer and saw to the unloading of much additional freight and baggage. From the volume and variety of this merchandise it was evident that Mr. Stark would in nowise be a burden to the community.

Burrell was not sufficiently versed in the ways of mining camps to know exactly what this abrupt change of policy meant, but that there was something in the air he knew from the mysterious manner of "No Creek" Lee and from the suppressed excitement of Doret and the trader. His curiosity got the better of him finally, and he fell into talk with Lee, inquiring about the stranger by way of an opening.

"That's Ben Stark. I knew him back in the Cassiar country," said Lee.

"Is he a mining man?"

"Well, summat. He's made and lost a bank roll that a greyhound couldn't leap over in the minin' business, but it ain't his reg'lar graft. He run one of the biggest places in the northwest for years."

"Saloon, eh?"

"Saloon and variety house—seven bartenders, that's all. He's the feller that killed the gold commissioner. Of course that put him on the hike again."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he had a record as long as a sick man's drug bill before he went into that country, and when he put the commissioner away them Canadian officials went after him like they was killin' snakes, and it cost him all he had made to get clear. If it had happened across the line the coroner's jury would have freed him, 'cause the commissioner was drunk and started the row. But it happened right in Stark's saloon, and you know Canucks is stronger than vitriol for law and order. Not beln' his first offense, it went hard with him."

"He looks like a killer," said Burrell. "Yes, but he ain't the common kind. He always lets the other man begin, and therefore he ain't ever done time."

"Come, now," argued the lieutenant, "if it were the other man who invariably shot first, Stark would have been killed long ago."

"I don't care what would have happened, it ain't happened, and he's got notches on his gun till it looks like a cut bear had chewed it. If you was a western man you'd know what they say about him. 'The bullet ain't been run to kill him.' That's the sayin'. You needn't grin. There's many a better man than you believes it."

"Who is it that the bullet hasn't been run to kill?" said the trader's deep voice behind them. He had finished with his duties and now sauntered forward.

"Ben Stark," said Lee, turning.

"You know him, John?"

"No; I never saw him, but I know who he is; used to hear of him in the Coeur d'Alenes."

"That's him I was talking to," said the miner. "He's an old friend of mine, and he's going to locate here."

Burrell thought he saw Lee wink at the trader, but he was not sure, for at that moment the man of whom they were speaking re-entered. Lee introduced him, and the three men shook hands. While the soldier fell into easy conversation with the newcomer, Gale gazed at him narrowly, studying him as he studied all men who came as strangers. As he was doing so Alluna entered, followed by Johnny and Molly. She had come for sugar and asked for it in her native tongue. Upon her exit Stark broke off talking to the lieutenant and turned to the trader.

"Your squaw, Mr. Gale?"

"The old man nodded.

"Pah-Ute, eh?"

"Yes. Why, do you savvy the talk?"

"Some. I lived in California once."

"Where?" The question came like a shot.

"Oh, here and there! I followed the mother lode for a spell."

"I don't recall the name," said the trader after a bit.

"Possibly. Where were you located?"

"I never lit on any one place long enough to call it home."

It seemed to Burrell that both men were sparing cautiously in an indirect, impersonal manner.

"Those your kids, too, eh?" Stark continued.

"Yes, and I got another one besides—older, a girl."

"She's a 'pip,' too," said "No Creek" Lee fervently. "She's plumb beautiful."

"All of them half-breeds?" questioned Stark.

"Sure." The trader's answer was short, and when the other showed no intention of pressing the subject further he sauntered away, but no sooner was he out of hearing than Stark said: "Humph! They're all alike."

"Who?"

"Squaw men."

"This one ain't," Lee declared. "He's different. Ain't he, lieutenant?"

"He certainly is," agreed Burrell. This was the first criticism he had heard of Necla's father, and although Stark volunteered no argument, it was plain that his opinion remained unaffected.

The old man went through the store at the rear and straightway sought Alluna. Speaking to her with unwonted severity in the Pah-Ute language, he said:

"I have told you never to use your native tongue before strangers. That man in the store understands."

"I only asked for sugar to cook the berries with," she replied.

"True, but another time you might say more; therefore the less you speak the better. He is the kind who sees much and talks little. Address me in Siwash or in English unless we are alone."

Suddenly she dropped her work and came close up to him. "Can he be the one?"

"I don't know. Stark is not the name, but he might have changed it. He had reasons enough."

"Who is this man Stark?"

"I don't know that either. I used to hear of him when I was in British Columbia."

"But surely you must know if he is the same. She must have told you how he looked. Others must have told you"—

Gale shook his head. "Very little. I could not ask her, and others knew him so well they never doubted that I had seen him, but this much I do know, he was dark—"

"This man is dark."

"—and his spirit was like that of a mad horse—"

"This man's temper is black."

"—and his eyes were cruel."

"This man has evil eyes."

"He lacked five years of my age," said the trader.

"This man is forty years old. It must be he," said the squaw.

Even Necla would have marveled had she heard this revelation of her

father's age, for his hair and brows were grizzled, and his face had the look of a man of sixty, while only those who knew him well, like Doret, were aware of his great strength and the endurance that belied his appearance.

"We will send Necla down to the mission tonight and let Father Barnum keep her there till this man goes," said the squaw after some deliberation.

"No, she must stay here," Gale replied, with decision. "The man has come here to live, so it won't do any good to send her away, and, after all, what is to be will be. But she must never be seen in that dance girl's dress again, at least not till I learn more about this Stark. It makes no difference whether this one is the man or not. He will come, and I shall know him. For a year I have felt that the time was growing short, and now I know it."

"No, no!" Alluna cried. "We have no strangers here. No white men except the soldiers and this one have come in a year. This is but a little trading post."

"It was yesterday, but it isn't today. Lee has made a strike, like the one George Carmack made on the Klondike. We came to tell me and Alluna, and we are going back with him tonight, but you must say 'fish' or it will start a stampede."

"Other men will come—a great many of them?" interrogated Alluna, ignoring utterly the most recent news.

"Yes. Flambeau will be a Dawson if this find is what Lee thinks it is. I stayed away from the upper country because I know crowds of men would come from the States, and I feared that he might be among them, but it's no use hiding any longer. There's no other place for us to go. If Lee has got a mine I'll have the one next to it, for we will be the first ones on the ground. What happens after that won't matter much. You four will be provided for. We are to leave in an hour, one at a time, to avoid comment."

"But why did this man stop here?" insisted the woman. "Why did he not stay on the steamboat and go to Dawson?"

"He's a friend of Lee's. He is going with us." Then he added, almost in a whisper, "Before we return I shall know."



# THE BRADY STANDARD

Published on Thursday of each week  
By

JOHN E. COOKE, Editor and Proprietor

J. WALKER GREEN, Authorized Representative  
and Contributing Editor.

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BRADY, TEXAS, APRIL 15, 1909

BROWNWOOD is now entitled  
to free mail delivery—and will  
get it.

SANTA ANNA has voted favorably  
for a bond issue of \$25,000  
for water works.

OF COURSE the school tax  
election will carry; let us hope  
that not a dissenting vote will be  
cast.

THAT school tax election on  
May 1st means much to Brady.  
Shall we have a public school or  
not? The ballots cast that day  
will decide.

A VOTE "for" the school tax  
means a vote for education and  
the great moral uplift accompa-  
nying it. A vote "against" the  
measure means a vote for a step  
backward and downward.

PUSH and progressiveness are  
the prerogatives demanded of  
every live town. The more in  
evidence these two attributes ap-  
pear the more lively and greater  
the town.

MIDLAND had a quarter-million  
fire loss last week. Two national  
banks and a newspaper were  
among the enterprises burned.  
Fortunately all three had their  
money in the safe that night.

ORGANIZED effort in building a  
city is the work that wins. "Get  
together, stay together, pull to-  
gether"—what a wonderful motto,  
and what wonderful works it will  
accomplish. Let the Brady  
boosters get busy!

EVERY city should have a  
public park. Every town should  
provide itself with suitable  
grounds for same before it  
reaches city proportions.  
Brady ought to secure her park  
ground now, before property  
goes any higher in price. This  
is a matter in which our entire  
citizenship should be interested,  
for a public park ground is a ne-  
cessity in city life, and Brady is  
destined to be a city.

WHY should not Brady make  
an effort to secure the location of  
the new West Texas State Nor-  
mal? Other towns in West Texas  
are falling all over themselves in  
an effort to get this nice, fat plum,  
and if it would be good for them why  
wouldn't it be good for Brady?  
The Standard editor comes from  
a school town and knows some-  
thing about what a good school  
means to a town, and we can say  
truthfully that we believe the se-  
curing of this school would do  
more to make Brady a big town  
than any other one enterprise we  
could get. The other advantages  
to be derived are too numerous  
to mention at this time, but the  
uplift in educational, moral and  
social development might be  
touched upon. Why not make  
an effort?

FRIDAY'S Dallas News carried  
a dollar for Brady, tell-  
ing about receipts,  
shipments,  
and of our ad-  
vertising placed as  
work by D.  
Thos. P.  
the busi-  
ness money  
for

erly written and placed. It  
occurred to The Standard editor  
while witnessing their work on  
this proposition that if Brady  
had about 25 or 30 such boosters  
organized into club and working  
systematically what a glorious  
up-hill shove this old town would  
get in a very short time. Why  
not do it, gentlemen?

## SECOND-CLASS RATE.

The Standard this week is  
mailed under the U. S. Postal  
Laws governing the admission  
of second-class matter. The ap-  
plication was granted in just  
twelve days from the date it was  
made, which is the quickest time  
we have ever heard of a matter of  
this nature going to Washington,  
passing through the various  
ramifications of the department  
and getting back to the starting  
point.

This fact is the source of some  
pride to The Standard, as it  
shows that our application was  
strictly according to law, and  
that our subscription list was  
genuinely bona fide and comes  
squarely up to the requirements  
of Uncle Sam. It will be our  
earnest endeavor to keep it so.  
The Standard will be sent to no  
man who does not order it to  
come to his address. Our sub-  
scription department will be con-  
ducted upon the same business  
basis as any other legitimate busi-  
ness demands—every paper shall  
be paid for. If The Standard is  
not worth the price set upon it  
by the publisher it is not worth  
anything, and if the reader does  
not think enough of the paper to  
pay for it that reader is worth  
nothing either to the paper or to  
its advertisers.

The Standard solicits your  
patronage. We want every family  
in McCulloch county to subscribe  
for the paper, and we are going  
to give you a paper worth the  
price. But no one will have  
The Standard forced upon them.

THE COURT-HOUSE PARK.

The Standard considers the  
suggestion of a recent contributor  
concerning the improvement of  
the court house park as a most  
sensible and commendable idea.  
Every city should have a beauty-  
spot in its business area, and  
Brady could have a perfect little  
brower of beauty in her court-  
house grounds with a little trouble  
and expense.

The fence surrounding the  
grounds should be removed and a  
wide cement side walk in octagon  
form put in its stead. Just in-  
side this walk a hedge fence of  
California privet, or some similar  
shrub, could be made to grow.  
Cement sidewalks leading from  
each of the four entrances should  
replace the gravel walks. The  
grounds already have a nice lot  
of thrifty growing trees, and  
more should be planted, together  
with some suitable shrubbery.  
Of course the entire grounds  
would have to be raised to a level  
with the paved streets adjoining  
—that will be found a necessity,  
whether the park features are  
added or not.

Such a park, nicely sodded  
with Bermuda grass, and pro-  
vided with lawn seats, would add  
more to the attractiveness of our  
city than any other one thing  
costing the same money. A band  
stand might be erected for free  
open air concerts on summer  
evenings.

The Standard respectfully re-  
fers the consideration of this  
matter to our honorable commis-  
sioners court.

Vol. 1, No. 2, of The Brady  
Standard reached our exchange  
table last week. The Standard  
shows skill in its mechanical  
make-up and starts out with a  
very good advertising patronage.  
Semi-weekly Dallas News, the  
Semi-weekly Fort Worth Record,  
or the twice-a-week St. Louis Re-  
public, together with The Stand-  
ard, one year for \$1.75. Call or  
send in your orders.

The San Angelo Standard is  
now recognized everywhere as a  
metropolitan paper. With a \$14,-  
000 perfecting press, a \$50,000  
plant occupying its own home—  
an entire two-story building—  
and a patron of three of the  
world's best news gathering  
agencies, the Standard is a hum-  
mer and no mistake. In a recent  
issue that valuable paper gave  
some of the inside details of its  
work and named over its work-  
ing force from front office to lye  
pot, and on counting noses we  
find that it takes thirty-three  
men, women and boys to get out  
the paper. And in all the list  
appears not the name of Pat  
Murphy. Among all the names  
given and duties assigned no hint  
is given as to what part is played  
in the daily game by the erudite  
gentleman from County Cork.  
Shades of Slew Guthrie and the  
old tin growler that used to hide  
under the stone! But where  
does his Irish nibs come in? The  
San Angelo Standard with-  
out its Murphy? Never! Perish  
the thought! Take away your  
web press and your three lino-  
types, your seven editors and  
'steen assistants, and give us  
back the old-time Standard with  
its Campbell oscillator, its growler,  
Pat Murphy and his sweet  
Irish smile.

The business man who would  
have the newspapers spit and  
skewer the mail order houses and  
yet fail to let prospective custo-  
mers know of his wares should  
ponder this from the Wills Point  
Chronicle, one of the most per-  
sistent anti-mail-order papers in  
the state:

The merchant who fails to keep  
his prospective customers in-  
formed about what he has to sell  
through the newspapers, has no  
kick coming if they send to mail  
order concerns for things they  
did not know he had or could sell  
at the same price charged by the  
foreign concern. The people  
read the newspaper for informa-  
tion to guide them in their buying  
of supplies as well as to get the  
news about the things. If the  
local merchant stands back and  
lets the mail order houses  
convince his customers that it is  
better to send off after supplies  
he has no one but himself to  
blame. If the home merchant  
would keep the people informed  
about what they have for sale  
and their prices they would get  
the trade.

MASON county citizens are  
righteously indignant over the  
statement made in the Fort  
Worth Record dispatches recent-  
ly to the effect that Mason county  
ranchmen were so opposed to  
railroads cutting up their ranches  
that any railroad would find it  
hard sledding to get through.  
The statement is denied emphati-  
cally by the Mason County News,  
also by a contributor to The Re-  
cord. It is stated, on the con-  
trary, that any bona fide railroad  
proposition will be gladly welcome  
by those people, and that any  
ranch owner in the county would  
cheerfully give rightofway  
through his property.

—Ice cream freezers are all  
the go these days. Why don't  
you get one from Satterwhite &  
Martin? tf

—Carhart's work clothes and  
gloves, the best on earth.  
CONLEY MERC. CO.  
Brady, Texas.

J. E. Hoskins, the operator at  
the depot, announces that he will  
open a school in Brady on May  
1st. To begin with the classes  
will be instructed at night, day  
sessions to be arranged for later.  
Mr. Hoskins, besides being a  
very competent man in his line  
of business, is also an affable  
companionable gentleman, and  
The Standard bespeaks for  
him a big success.

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

## MARKET REPORT.

The following prices are being paid  
by Brady dealers for farm produce.  
Report changed each Wednesday  
afternoon:

|                               |               |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| Butter, per lb.               | 15 to 25c     |
| Eggs, per doz.                | 12c           |
| Hens, per lb.                 | 7c            |
| Spring Chickens, per lb.      | 12c to 14c    |
| Turkeys, per lb.              | 10c           |
| Ducks, per doz.               | \$3.00        |
| Geese, per doz.               | \$5.00        |
| Milo Maize, per bu.           | 60c to \$1.00 |
| Oats, per bu.                 | 65c           |
| Hay, (cane), per ton          | \$10.00       |
| Cane seed, (red top), per bu. | \$1.00        |
| Hides, green, per lb.         | 5c to 6c      |
| Hides, dry, per lb.           | 10c to 13c    |
| Millet, per bu.               | \$1.00        |
| Cotton, middling              | 9c            |

Any lady reader of this paper will  
receive on request, a clever "NO-DRIP"  
coffee strainer coupon privilege from  
Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. It is silver-  
plated, very pretty, and positively  
prevents all dripping of tea or coffee.  
The doctor sends it, with his new free  
book on "Health Coffee" simply to  
introduce this clever substitute for  
real coffee. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee  
is gaining its great popularity be-  
cause of first, its exquisite taste and  
flavor; second, its absolute healthful-  
ness; third, its economy—1½ lbs 25c;  
fourth, its convenience. No tedious  
20 to 30 minutes boiling; "Made in a  
minute," says Dr. Shoop. Try it at  
your grocer's for a pleasant surprise.  
All grocers.

J. R. Stone last week purchas-  
ed the Shore Hotel property  
from F. M. Newman, W. D.  
Crothers and G. R. White, giving  
in exchange a farm four miles  
west of town. The deal was en-  
gineered by the Meers Land Co.

—E. B. Ramsay's planing mill  
for office and store fixtures 1-4t

John Walland Paul Willough-  
by went over to San Angelo last  
Friday on business.

I Can Fit you With Spec-  
tacles. Allen the Jeweler.

N. Woods of Fredonia was a  
pleasant caller at The Standard  
office Friday afternoon.

Rev. John Power, of Brown-  
wood, was heard on the "Resurrec-  
tion of Christ," at the Episco-  
pal church Tuesday night by an  
appreciative audience.

W. W. Lewis of Menardville,  
was here yesterday en route to  
Dallas, where he goes to pur-  
chase a new automobile for the  
Menard-Brady mail line.

Listen! You Should  
have your spectacle frames prop-  
erly fitted. I can do it. Allen,  
the Jeweler.

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

## Cattle Shipments.

Agent Hundley informs The  
Standard that up to yesterday  
1048 cars of cattle had been ship-  
ped from this point to Oklahoma  
pasture, and that there will  
only be about 150 or 200 more to  
go out before the season's ship-  
ping is brought to a close. Sever-  
al orders for cars have been  
cancelled by the prospective  
shippers on account of the dry  
weather and cattle not being in  
proper condition to ship.

## Death at Belton.

Miss Ora Vickers, sister of  
Mrs. C. R. Alexander, of this  
city, died at Belton last Monday  
night of pneumonia. Miss Ora  
attended the Brady public school  
up to about thirty days ago, and  
was well and favorably known  
by the young people of our town  
who were shocked at the sad  
news of her death.

## Fires in McCulloch County.

Mrs. Austin Kimbrough, living  
in the Deep Creek country in the  
northeast part of the county,  
lost her household goods by fire.  
No insurance.

A. Hibdon, living near Ro-  
chelle, lost his barn, feed, meat,  
buggy and harness by fire Sun-  
day night. No insurance.

A few dollars will insure your  
house, barn and furniture.  
If you have a fire you have some-  
thing coming to you to start you  
again. I insure city or country  
property, insure against cy-  
clones and wind storms, insure  
your automobile against fire,  
theft or pilferage, and collision.

A. R. CLAWFORD,  
Your Insurance Man.

Nothing But

# AUTOS

AND

# AUTO SUPPLIES

THAT'S US

## WADE & SHERIDAN

## Change in Express Companies.

Mr. Taylor, superintendent of  
the United States Express Com-  
pany, was in Brady Tuesday.  
Mr. Taylor is making a tour of  
the Frisco for the purpose of  
establishing U. S. Express of-  
fices to succeed the Wells-Fargo  
Company, the contract having  
been awarded his company for  
carrying express over the Frisco  
system some months ago.

—Our millinery department is  
selling more every day. We  
have the style, goods and the  
correct prices.  
CONLEY MERC. CO.  
Brady, Texas.

## Goodbye Dogs and Cows.

The town cow will have to go  
the way of the untaged dog after  
the 20th inst., but she can find  
consolation in the fact that she  
knows her redeemer liveth,  
while the poor dog that is un-  
fortunate enough to get into the  
city pound can find little comfort  
in the admonition to "cheer up,  
the worst is yet to come."

## For Trade.

I have \$12,000 desirable resi-  
dence property in Fort Worth,  
rapidly advancing in value,  
earning on investment 6 per cent.  
Will trade for improved or un-  
improved lands near Brady.  
J. E. HOSKINS.  
Frisco Depot.

## County Court.

County court convened Mon-  
day and the jury was empaneled  
and the criminal docket cleared,  
all in the space of about two  
hours. The docket was not badly  
crowded, and the cases were  
all disposed of either by con-  
tinuance, or by the boys 'fessing  
up, paying their fines and being  
discharged. The civil docket  
will be taken up next week.

## The Brady Telegraph School

Opens up for business May 1st.  
Terms reasonable. For particu-  
lars address P.O. Box 147, Brady,  
Texas.

## J. V. Searcy Leaves.

It is with genuine regret  
that we report J. V. Searcy's  
leaving Atoka. It was between  
three and four years ago that he  
came here. In that time, by  
fair square dealing, strict at-  
tention to business and cour-  
teous treatment to all he built  
up a business and made a host  
of friends of which anyone  
might be proud. He leaves us,  
not because of unsatisfactory  
business, or large opportunities  
elsewhere. The death of his  
father not long since caused his  
decision to return to his mother,  
and the younger members of the  
family. He goes from here to  
Brady, Texas. While, as we have  
said, we regret his leaving, we  
wish him the very highest possi-  
ble success in the new field to  
which he has gone.

The above from the Atoka,  
(Ok.) Democrat, refers to Brady's  
new jeweler, Mr. J. V. Searcy,  
who is this week opening a first-  
class stock of high-grade jewelry  
in Jones Drug Co. building. Mr.  
Searcy is installing some fine  
fixtures, including late style  
floor and wall cases, and will  
carry in addition to jewelry a  
full stock of silverware, cut glass,  
fine china, and the various other  
items to be found in an up-to-date  
establishment of the same na-  
ture.

## Ice Factory About Ready.

The plant of the Brady Ice  
Factory is about ready to begin  
work, and the management ex-  
pects to begin making ice next  
week. They will sell ice at 50  
cents per hundred, where custo-  
mers take fifty pounds or more  
at one order. The Standard is  
glad to see this industry launch-  
ed, and bespeaks for it a hearty  
patronage.

Rheumatic poisons are quickly and  
surely driven out of the blood with  
Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—liquid  
or tablet form. Dr. Shoop's booklet  
on rheumatism plainly and interest-  
ingly tells just how this is done. Tell  
some sufferer of this book, or better  
still, write Dr. Shoop's, Racine,  
Wis., for the book and free test samples.  
Send no money. Just join with Dr.  
Shoop and give some sufferer a pleas-  
ant surprise. Central Drug Store.

W. D. Crothers purchased a  
new Buick auto last week.

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

Arthur Reagor left Monday  
to attend the Sunday school con-  
vention at Waco.

The Sunday school children  
enjoyed an Easter egg hunt at  
the Christian church tabernacle  
Saturday afternoon. A large  
number of the little folks were  
out, and had a great time.

Jack McGaughey Eastered at  
his home in Brownwood.

## At Rest.

Monday morning at 6 o'clock,  
the spirit of R. A. Davis took  
flight to yonder shore to meet  
his God, his loved ones and com-  
panions gone before.

"Uncle Bob" as he was famili-  
arly called by his many friends,  
was the father of Mr. J. F. Davis,  
manager of the Brady Lumber  
Company of this city. He was  
born in Mississippi, Oct. 10, 1832,  
and died at his old home at Wal-  
drip, April 12, 1909. He had  
been in poor health for some  
years and the end was not un-  
expected by his friends.

The deceased was a member of  
Brady Camp, U. C. V., and as  
his old comrades gathered  
around to pay a tribute of love  
we were reminded that ere long  
the remnant will have passed  
over the river and camped 'neath  
the shade of the trees and we  
will see them no more on earth,  
but they will live in our memory.  
The burial service was con-  
ducted by Rev. T. P. Grant and  
the mortal remains of R. A.  
Davis were laid to rest in the  
Brady cemetery by loving hands  
just as the twilight was fading  
into night.

## Notice.

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

CHALK, THE TAILOR,  
Syndicate Building.

Rev. Glenn Flynn, of Dallas,  
agent of the American Bible So-  
ciety, will preach at the Metho-  
dist church next Sunday morn-  
ing, and at night all the churches  
will unite in a service with him  
at the Baptist church.

The Brady Telegraph School  
Opens up for business May  
1st. Terms reasonable. For  
particulars address P.O. Box 147,  
Brady, Texas.



# MILL REMNANT SALE

## 15 Days Slaughter of Prices

### April 17th to May 1st at BENHAM'S

Don't compare other sales with ours. We have been in the sale business a long time. Others wonder how we do it—price is all of it. This little crowd of well trained sales promoters like I have here will conduct a line of sales this summer. We want to make the first, at Brady, the *Banner 15 Days of the Season*. Don't listen to anyone, but tell them all you are bound for Benham's, the sales promoter of West Texas.

I own these sales goods at a price much lower than I ever owned a stock. I bought them for cash and am going to sell them for cash. If you haven't the cash, go borrow it, sell your yearlings, your cows, your steers, your horses, do any way to get the money for Benham's Sale. If you can't get the money come any way.

We are going to give a lot of goods away—you get in on that deal. You are bound to take goods away from Benham's store. At 9 o'clock of each day of this sale we will give goods away; come see. On Friday and Saturday we will have an Auction Sale, 9 to 10 and from 3 to 4. We may have this Auction Sale every day at these hours, but without any doubt we have the Auction Sale on Friday and Saturday of each week.

#### SHOES

We will close out the entire stock of Brown Shoe Co.'s Shoes for less than wholesale cost. Think of buying "White House" Shoes for \$1.98, "Enterprise" for \$1.48; "Princess" for \$1.24.

You can buy Hanan & Son's Shoes in this Mill Remnant Sale for \$3.50 and Patent Colt or Kids for \$3.98.

On Saturday, April 24th we will give a pair of Shoes to the one guessing the nearest to the retail value of the window of shoes. Everyone buying \$1 worth of goods is entitled to a guess, or a guess with each \$1 sale. You get your pair at 4 o'clock Saturday, April 24th.

# S. A. BENHAM, THE GRAND LEADER

## Over the County

News Notes of Interest From Our Country Correspondents

### LOHN LOGIC

LOHN, TEXAS, APRIL 12.

EDITOR STANDARD:

High winds and dry weather is the order of the day. Weather prophets have moved away or have hidden out so we are left to guess, but no good can come by guessing about the weather.

Alex Taylor and sons and R. M. Batchlor visited Concho county prospecting last week. They seem to be still pleased with the Lohn county.

Roland Magill and family visited their parents at Blanket and returned Friday.

Jesse Blanton, son of Rev. Z. T. Blanton, visited his parents last week and secured a house and has gone back to Blanket to bring his family.

Friday and Saturday was Farmer's Union day at Lohn. Mr. Smith of San Saba county, made two good talks, and Brother Kinney told of his experience to the amusement and edification of the hearers. Brother Rodgers carried us back to the dark days of the sixties, gave a vision of that which makes one shudder, passed to the present confronting question of how to live without the bonds of slavery. Dark as were the pictures drawn, Saturday evidenced that plenty abounded. Boxes and baskets were opened and then—well, do not ask too many questions. It was enjoyable.

Singing Saturday night. The new books make chance enough for improvement in the science.

Rev. J. M. Burrow preached Sunday and at night. He always gives us something for thought.

Hardy Bradley is in from Brownwood visiting friends. If we can't guess about the weather can we guess about his visit? REGINA.

### NEW HOPE NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our New Hope Correspondent.

RICHLAND, TEXAS, APRIL 11.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

Well, we are alive and here but things are looking gloomy for we sand lappers. Some of our people are getting blue but if we remember right it was the 11th day of April before we had enough rain to bring up corn in 1900 and we raised a bumper crop.

Health is very good in our community at present.

W. A. Childers and family visited E. D. Crouch's family Sunday.

H. J. Woodalls is visiting in the New Hope community this week.

Mrs. A. H. Chiles is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Richman this week.

Emmet and Bun Crouch made a flying trip to Mercury this week.

Mrs. Lolah Crouch is on the sick list this week.

Jim Rouse' baby is ill with whooping cough.

New Hope was brought to life with the entertainment of a nice little show last Saturday night. RUSTY.

### SHORT SKETCHES FROM LOST CREEK

Almost a Serious Fire at J. B. Sessom's—J. A. Armor Dead

VOCA, TEXAS, APRIL 13.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

One day last week J. B. Sessom came near having what might have been a destructive fire. Some of the family made a fire at the wash place back of the house and near the smoke house, preparatory to washing the clothes, and went back in the house and when they returned they found the clothing burned and fire had blown into the smoke house and caught a box of rubbish and was in a high blaze when discovered. No damage was done except the clothing burned.

D. H. Henderson was over in the Plank House community a few days ago on legal business.

L. M. McBea made a trip over in Coleman county to see his brother last week.

Sunday night the Death Angel visited the home of J. A. Armor and laid his icy hands upon his brow and kissed his eye lids to sleep. He was an old and highly esteemed and honored citizen of McCulloch county and he leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn after him. Otto Armour was called by telephone at Eden Sunday and arrived at a late hour Sunday night.

Professor C. P. Taylor and wife, who have been teaching school in Coleman county, came in Monday.

Miss Eula Park's musical entertainment and forty-two party last Saturday night was reported by those present as a royal affair. Refreshments were served after the guests had become tired. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Ras Spiller, Ed Campbell and Miss Lena Spiller, Fred Spiller and Miss Margaret Todd, Misses Eva and Lona Henderson and Miss Eva Sessom, Harvey Henderson, F. D. Sommers and Emmet Sessom. A CITIZEN.

### MILBURN MIXUPS.

MILBURN, TEXAS, APRIL 12.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

Jack Frost came to see us last week and played havoc with fruit and young vegetables.

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Ginsley, of this place, were called to the bedside of her brother, Andrew Taylor, of Cherokee, on the 2nd. He died the following Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones on the 7th, a fine boy.

Mrs. Viola Beakley, of San Saba county, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Grace Scott, of Rising Star, is here for awhile among old friends.

Mrs. R. D. Shumate and children, Mrs. G. L. Scovogrin and baby spent Saturday night and Sunday with their mother Mrs. J. C. Thames.

Rev. Thames went to Pear Valley last Friday to fill his appointment, also to attend the mission rally they were expecting to hold there.

Rev. Hull went to San Saba county to preach at one of his churches.

Mack Dillard and Miss Della Johnson, both of this place, were married Sunday eve, April 11th. We wish for them a happy and useful life.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Whitley of Brownwood, are here visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. C. Stroud.

Some of the Milburn boys have been off for some time looking for a better place, but as they have come home we suppose they think McCulloch county can't be beat.

The young people enjoyed a singing at Mr. Joe Penn's Sunday night.

More anon. IDAHO.

### MELVIN MAKE-UPS

MELVIN, TEXAS, APRIL 12.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

Well, here I am again, but can't speak of rain without telling a lie and I don't want to do that as I don't want to take up the habit of Peter Jones.

Mrs. Rambo and Miss Bolt are on the sick list this week.

Mr. Vaughn had the misfortune of losing a fine mare last week.

Miss Viola Mitchell was the guest of Miss Ida McDonald Sunday night.

Andrew Cottrell and wife, of Brady, were out Wednesday, the guests of Newt McShan and Danley Cottrell. They returned home Friday.

Jess Hale and wife are visiting at Lohn this week.

L. P. Yocham and E. E. Hale made a business trip to Brady Saturday.

Mrs. Ruth McDonald and Mrs. Minsey were the guests of Mrs. Smith one day last week.

Mr. Dunn and family were shopping in Brady Saturday.

Fonso Gressett and lady, of near Brady, were in our midst one day last week.

Danley Cottrell is having a well dug on his place.

W. T. Cowling and Mr. Allen were in Brady Saturday.

Ed Hale and family and Paten Yocham and family went fishing one day last week.

Mrs. Idell Cottrell and Mrs. Lizzie Hale were the guests of Mrs. Clyde Yocham Saturday.

Success to the Standard and its many readers. BASHFUL BOY.

I Can Fit You With Spectacles as it should be done. Allen, the Jeweler.

### NINE NEWS NOTES

NINE, TEXAS, APRIL 12.

EDITOR STANDARD:

The wind is still blowing a gale at Nine, and little prospects of the much needed rain.

Stock water is getting scarce and tanks muddy, but there are not many cattle dying near here, though several of our cattlemen are moving cattle in other pastures for water.

J. W. Wilder and family have gone to Thorndale to visit his parents, and expect to remain until it rains, hope their stay will prove a short one.

Arthur McCoy and some friends with Mr. Deland's family are going fishing. They are sure of a good time, hope for a good catch and would not mind a good wetting.

Irvine George, Jr. is recovering fast from his accident and will no doubt be up soon.

A crowd of children enjoyed an Easter hunt at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Brown on the John Wall ranch. The rabbits were especially generous in that locality as there were seventy-five or more eggs found.

W. I. George is busy this week building a nice house, shed and pens, also pasture for his fine hogs. Billie is justly proud of his hogs as they are beauties.

J. G. Woods, one of our most prosperous farmers, is busy clearing twenty acres of new land, which he will have ready for planting soon.

Forty-two seems to have a new interest to some folks in Nine since Miss Mauldin came.

Mesdames Henderson, Wooten and Granville came out with Rev. T. P. Grant to see Master Irvine George last week.

Mr. Hudson and three charming Brady girls came out in the auto Sunday. "Tis an ill wind that blows no one good," so in a measure we bless the wind.

Payne Woods returned Monday to his work with Will Strickland on the Ford ranch. ELIZA.

Cadet Hose—every pair guaranteed at Abney & Vincent's.

R. R. McBride came in Saturday from Okalahoma and reports abundant rain and grass in the Territory.

It is no longer "Little Joe White." Joe came out Easter Sunday in long pants and it is now "Joe White, Jr."

Mr. and Mrs. Joe J. McCall returned Monday from their wedding trip to South Texas. They are now at home to their friends in their cosy cottage in North Brady. May their future life be one of happiness and prosperity is the sincere wish of The Standard.

### BRYSON NEIGHBORHOOD

BRADY, TEXAS, APRIL 12.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

As Easter has passed I will endeavor to write the news of this community. We haven't much news to write though will try to let the readers of the Standard know what us farmers are doing in this part of the world.

We are enjoying life again, as every body is well in this community. For the first time this year health is wealth in the farmer's home and pleasure in the rich man's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanson were the guests of A. E. Helga Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. McCall and Anderson are progressing nicely with their farms toward getting a crop this year. It was about March 18th, when they purchased this section of land. They have plenty of stock water on the 640 acres. When they get this piece of land nicely improved it will help this community very much.

In the fall of 1906 there wasn't any community here. No one but Bill Bryson and A. B. Salters. When they went to Brady they had to go north until they came to the Brady and San Saba road, then turn toward Brady. Now we have a good second-class road straight to Brady. Just partition fences, as you might say, between farms clear to town. Now we have as good a community for its age as McCulloch affords. The biggest portion of your readers know how Brady has grown in the past three years. This community has done equally as well. Now you men who are not Brady boosters, get right and be such. McCulloch county didn't grow much until Brady began growing. When Brady started up hill everything else started to grow. I think that we have as good a town as the southwest affords, and when the good citizens of Brady get through with the street work and those cement sidewalks we will have as nice and neat a town as any county! Now you outsiders step in and help pull up the hill. If we all would help up the hill in every respect (not only one, but every one) this world would be much better off. No matter what your condition may be you can help in some way. If it hadn't been for a few kind words when my wife and prettiest fellow and best girl got me surrounded in the house with clubs I don't know what all they would have done. SHARPSHOOTER.

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

Mrs. Anderson and McCall have been improving their land about four miles east of town. They have built two tenant houses and are opening up new farms.

W. H. Harrison, of Lohn, was in the city Monday and paid The Standard a pleasant call.

### Amusements.

The Densmore Sisters, playing at the Lyric this week, have given such universal satisfaction in their singing and dancing specialties that the management has engaged them for all next week. The management of the Lyric is to be congratulated on securing such performers, and their patrons will be pleased to have the opportunity of being entertained throughout another week's engagement by these popular little girls.

Mollie Bailey's show was in town Monday. It's the same old Mollie and the show is as good as ever, though now traveling via railroad, whereas it used to be by wagon. Mollie Bailey is known to the children (aged 6 to 60) all over West Texas, and wherever known is esteemed. The show, while not a Barnum & Bailey affair, is good and clean.

Manager Joe Matthews announces that the Brady Opera House is now in the West Texas circuit, and all attractions billed for Brownwood and the other towns in this section will also come to Brady. While he has no dates for certain as yet, he thinks that Albert Taylor and his excellent company will be with us soon.

Mrs. Wm. Walton left Tuesday for a visit to Goldthwaite.

Mr. Justice, of Llano, time McCulloch county with his son, were pros last week and will probably be near Rochelle.

G. W. Wood of Win purchased a home in the country from White & and will make McCulloch his home.

The Easter given by the Jun class at the Sunday night and enjoy



## COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

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

### OFFICERS:

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

### DIRECTORS:

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

**We Want Your Business**

### Black Minorcas

IN PRESENTING this card to the public, I wish to express my sincere thanks to those who have favored me with their orders, and promise that the same honorable dealings shall prevail in the future. On these grounds I most respectfully solicit your patronage. I am located five miles east of Mercury, on Mercury and Holt road. Visitors are welcome to inspect my stock. I breed full-blood BLACK MINORCAS, and keep the one breed only, and have them pure. 15 Eggs \$1.50, 30 \$2.50, 60 \$5.00, 100 \$7.50. I always try to give satisfaction, and adjust any reasonable claim. Nothing shipped C. O. D. Send money order or registered letter.

**R. H. WHITE, Mercury, Texas**

### WADE'S TRANSFER LINE.

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

**E. L. WADE, Brady, Texas.**

### POLK'S BARBER SHOP

Wants Your Whiskers for Business Reasons

Bath Rooms Fitted Up With the Latest Sanitary Plumbing

NORTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE

## WE WANT YOU

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

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

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

NDAY'S Dally  
-dollar-

**Brady National Bank**

BRADY, TEXAS.

## Green's Column Current Comment

By J. Walker Green

The people of McCulloch county are bully folks; upper case and double leaded Bully! A perfect stranger in the county I have been the recipient of continuous kindness, courtesy and open-hearted hospitality. Surely no people deserve to inherit an opulent country more than the people of McCulloch county deserve the rich acres which has fallen to their lot. I have traversed the country from Brady to Mercury and everywhere I have met the welcoming smile, the cordial greeting, the warm hand-clasp that betokens the brotherhood of man. And it has made me feel good to the bone, for it shows that in these days of stress and uncertainty they still hold fast to the best things in this life—energy, (for they are going right along with their work), courage and good humor. All along the road the fields were full of men and mules and they were making things hum. The Sweden neighborhood was as busy as a beehive in June. With four mules abreast some men were breaking ground with disc gang plows, others were listing and others still were planting. It is hard to down a Swede, the sons of the strong-hearted Norsemen, who in ancient times took to their hearts and hearth-stones the canny Scotch lassies and demure English maidens to give to the world a race, to which the American nation of today owes many of its proudest characteristics. They are tireless workers, frugal and pains-taking and as might have been expected, those who have been here any length of time have been eminently successful as farmers and stockmen; and it is a foregone conclusion that those who are new to the country will reach the same measure of success, in the not distant future. Some of the most beautiful farms and elegant homes in the country belong to these people; they have a beautiful church, a fine school and there is an all pervading bon-homie atmosphere in the neighborhood that is good to see and feel. I had the pleasure of meeting a number of these people and am under special obligations to Major C. A. Hurd, H. C. and Conrad Johanson, Gust Lindahl and others for special favors, and herewith express my sincere thanks.

Further up the road is Rochelle, the biggest little town you ever saw, where the song of the saw and the hammer awakes you in the morning and sings you to sleep at nightfall. Rochelle is a town of lofty aspirations and its brislet swells when it thinks of the future of its great-day-a-coming.

Mr. G. W. Jones, the chief promoter and sponsor for Rochelle, tells me that if Brady don't wake up and get a move on her she won't be worthy to be classed as a suburb of Rochelle in a few years; but then Mr. Jones has a vivid imagination and hope springs eternal in his breast. I know this because Mr. Jones is from "old Kaintuck" and I know Kentuckians as well as I know Tennesseans. It is but natural that I should, for there is a close kinship between them. Just as I know the clearer notes of the bird-songs of Tennessee; just as I know the crystal bubbling springs, its greener grass and the sweeter intoxicant of its flowers; just as I know when 'possums and 'simmons are ripe; just as I know the bead and tang of "mountain dew" and the taste of the worm in the mulberries, just so well do I know the wonderful mind-pictures of the thoroughbred Kentuckian and Mr. Jones is that. Why, we have played the same games of "town-ball" and "bull pen" in boy-hood days, and later on have stuck our footy-tootsies under the same game of stud-poker and did not go home till morning; drank whiskey out of the same bottle, went to the same corn-shuckin's, log-rollin's and candy-pullin's; kissed the ruby lips and hugged the queenliest girls this old earth has ever seen, in the same ecstasy of love. How could I help knowing them, and that is why I think it may not be all a dream—but the vain imaginings of hope. Rochelle is already the trading center of a magnificent farming country. It has the most opulent environment agriculturally of any little town I know and besides drawing patronage from Hall's Valley, Locker and as far away as Richland Springs. So you see while all may not be gold that glitters in the mind of the Kentuckian, still they have barrels of sand in their gizzards and grit to spare, and there is no telling what they can and will do when a notion hits them real hard. I can at least attest that Rochelle and the country surrounding it, has a citizenship as good as the best on earth and I know of no more solid bed-rock upon which to lay the foundation of a city than a good reliable, honest and hospitable citizenship, and it has all of that.

But Lord! how the wind doth blow up there. It is enough to roach the leaves on the trees, roach the mane of the old speckled hen, roach the hair of a ball-headed man, roach anything, "roach-hell." I wish you well, "old Kaintuck"; I feel the throbb

of kindred blood, the warmth of a kindred heart and wish you success in all your hopes and dreams. Bully for Rochelle.

"Placid": A sweet and beautiful word, suggestive of quiet repose and slumberous passivity, inviting to the weary and the seeker after rest, but you should have seen the cyclonic whirl of the town the day of my arrival; it seemed that it must have been named by the prince of sarcasm though upon my return it was trying to be good, and lived up to its good name. Placid doubtless recognizes the truth of the philosophy that "spring would be gloomy weather if we had noting else but spring" and treats its folks to some sudden and radical variations in the belief that Placid would be a gloomy town if it were never other than placid. I spent a pleasant and restful night with Mr. W. V. Day, a pleasant and hospitable gentleman who treated me most handsomely. Also made the acquaintance of Prof. O. H. Robbins, who has a nice school and is also the post-master and merchant. Mrs. Robbins attends to the store while the professor is busy in the school-room.

Mercury is well named. It is a warm number, doing lots of business with betterments in progress everywhere. Its leading business establishments would be a credit to a town of ten thousand people. The Cawyer Mercantile Co., McCarty and Porter, and Jno. Matlock's drug store will compare favorably with any like establishments in either Brownwood or Brady. Milburn looked somewhat "down in the mouth" to a stranger, but I believe that Destiny has much in store to lead people to its future, that its star will rise in some midnight of its dreams, to burnish and brighten its once cherished pictures of what might be but now faded and colorless and covered with the dust and rubbish of lost opportunities. The topography of the country is enough to halt the attention of any man who has eyes to see. I have in mind a little town in Virginia—Roanoke—which, twenty-five years ago was the exact counterpart—a twin to the Milburn of McCulloch county of today, in slumberous quietude and a passive, hopeless, yielding to the decree of an unfriendly fate. On the sun-ward slope of the Blue mountains it lay, prone and lazy, while the world passed by, with its procession of activities. It had slept far past the night, and was still snoring when a wide-eyed active stranger blew into town and lifted every man-jack in the place to his feet with a jerk and a jump. This stranger discovered one of the richest coal fields in that state, put his money behind his judgment and today Roanoke is one of the fairest and busiest cities of that grand old commonwealth. One man did it.

"The chasers of trifles, run hither and ye!"  
And the little small days of small things go on,  
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn  
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn  
And the voice of our wailing is loud,  
Then the great deed calls for the great man to come  
And the crowd unbelieving, sits sullen and dumb,  
But the great deed is done, for the great man has come  
"Aye! the man comes up from the crowd."

Some-day—who knows how soon—"the man who come up from the crowd" at Roanoke, or one endowed with like gray matter and spirit and then things will begin to whiz along the flower embossed banks of the limpid Colorado; then Mercury and Milburn will be as one in a splendid confluence of business energy and urban magnificence—So mote it be!

There are some of the finest farms around Milburn and Mercury I ever saw. Right from under the beetling brim of the mountain the land harks away, as level as a billiard table, and rich as the valley of the Nile, a deep sandy loam of inexhaustible fertility, and incalculable possibilities of production. There are already two flowing well on the farm of J. M. Robinson, and they are only 140 feet in depth. What if the drill should be sent 1800 or 2000 feet? What might it not find on the way?

Mr. J. M. Robinson is one of the most progressive and successful farmers in the Mercury country. He has a beautiful home and one of those level farms. And Mr. Robinson is the owner of "Vero," probably the finest German Coach stallion in Texas. I am a Tennessean and I have seen some of the best horses in the world, but I never saw a better horse of his kind than "Vero." He is the acme of beauty, grace and strength. He is very large and heavy, yet active as a cat, and steps away as easily and lightly to a buggy as a Tennessee or Kentucky track horse. Mr. Robinson is the owner of two very fine jacks also, whose get will measure up with any in the state. A span of mules, coming fours, was sold for \$600.00,

not long ago, and I happen to have seen two yearling colts by the same jack (the property of Mr. H. F. Moore) and the minute Mr. Moore is ready to accept \$300.00 for them, they will be taken as a trout takes a fly. Mr. Robinson has some registered Berkshire hogs that are worth traveling far to see; they looked to be about ten feet long to me and big around in proportion. I thought I had seen some hogs myself but concluded, after careful inspection of the Robinson herd, that heretofore I had been looking at "scrubs." Besides the splendid horse, jacks and hogs, Mr. Robinson has two pens of premium chickens—or—the barred Plymouth Rock and the other White Rock. I am not an "envious Casca" by any means, still, I would not mind exchanging the smell of gasoline, the smut and ink and roar of the newspaper shop, for the sun-lit fields, the quiet ease and plentifulness of the Robinson environment. A farm and a farmer like this are worth as much or more to a country than any other factor I can think of. J. W. G.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, are easy to take and act gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them. Central Drug Store.

J. H. Turner has bought the Brady Wagon Yard and is again in charge of the business. Mr. Turner moved away from Brady a short time ago, and says he is glad to get back.

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

John R. Winstead and family, of Waldrip, came down Monday to attend the funeral of Uncle Bob Davis.

### Wanted.

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

The universal popularity of our livestock agent, Mr. E. F. Tillman, is attested by the fact that with but one exception every one of the home shippers routed their cattle over the Frisco. Mr. Tillman has worked hard to give the shippers from this section the very best service that money and labor can procure and every shipper is well pleased.

—Last week we told you through the papers that we had more refrigerators than we had any use for, and we still claim it, but will close out our stock of refrigerators regardless of profits, so if you need one don't overlook this opportunity.

SATTERWHITE & MARTIN.

The Mothers Club held an interesting meeting last Friday afternoon with Mrs. Coleman. The Club meets next Friday with Mrs. Callan.

### For Sale.

Good No. 6 Remington typewriter in first class condition—\$65. See it at Queen Hotel. J. A. Massie. tf

Mrs. Charley Blakney came in on the train Saturday from Comanche on her way home to Menardville.

"The old fashioned way of dosing a weak stomach, or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed entirely to the cause of these ailments the weak inside or controlling nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr. Shoop, to strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart, or Kidneys, if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail then those organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days, and see! Improvement will promptly and surely follow. Sold by Central Drug Store.

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

On account of the unfavorable condition of the cattle, shipments will be unusually light this season, many cattle not being in condition to move. There is a general complaint among stockmen that their cattle have not wintered well.

Ed Decker and Mr. Cotton passed through Friday from Ft. Worth on their way home to Menardville.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. H. W. LINDLEY,  
DENTIST

Office Over Anderson & Moffatt's Store.  
Phone 81.

DR. Wm. C. JONES,  
Dentist

Office Over Jones Drug Store  
PHONES: Office 79  
Residence 202  
BRADY, TEXAS

F. M. NEWMAN  
LAWYER

BRADY, TEXAS

A. S. HOLLY, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon

Prompt attention to both day and night calls.

Office Jones Drug Co.

Res. Phone 260 Brady, Texas

## R. M. Russell Dray Line

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

## Brady Studio

R. Hutschenreuter, Prop

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

South Side Square  
Brady, Texas

### SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER

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

### The Semi-Weekly Farm News

has no superior. The secret of its great success is that it gives the farmer and his family just what they need in the way of a family newspaper. In addition to its general news and agricultural features, it has special pages for the wife, the boys and the girls. It gives the latest market reports and publishes more special crop reports during the year than any other paper. For \$1.75 cash in advance, we will send the Semi-Weekly Farm News and The Brady Standard each for one year. This means you will get a total of 156 copies. It's a combination which can't be beat, and you will secure your money's worth many times over. Subscribe at once at the office of this paper.

### THE FACTS IN THE CASE

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

### Specially Edited

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

### ALL THE NEWS

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

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

### The Best Bargain

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

### The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record

A reliable, trustworthy, Democratic newspaper, and always the plain people's reliance. By subscribing for THE STANDARD and the Ft. Worth Semi-Weekly Record together, you get both papers together for \$1.75. The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record alone one year, \$1; six months, 60c; three months, 25c. Place all orders through this office.

Phone No. 163 for uptodate job printing. tf



**HARDWARE**

**FURNITURE**

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## OUR CREED

We believe in the goods we are selling, and in our ability to get results. We believe that honest goods can be sold to honest men by honest methods.

We believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not crying; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of doing business. We believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one order today is worth two orders tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. We believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and honest competition. We believe in increasing our trade and the way to do it is to reach for it.

WE ARE REACHING FOR YOURS

# O.D. MANN & SONS

BRADY, TEXAS

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**IMPLEMENTS**

**VEHICLES**



**HARDWARE**

**FURNITURE**

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