

THE BRADY STANDARD

Vol. I

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Thursday, April 29, 1909.

No.

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

A \$10,000 FARM DEAL

J. C. Asher, of Clarendon, Texas, Buys the J. P. Baze Improved Stock Farm in This County.

One of the nicest deals in farm property made in McCulloch county recently was consummated last week when J. C. Asher, of Clarendon, bought the J. P. Baze improved stock farm about twelve miles south of Brady and two miles from Camp San Saba, the consideration being \$16 per acre, and the deal totaling a little over \$10,000.

The Baze property is well improved. It consists of 636 acres, 7-room house, plenty out-buildings, and contains a splendid pecan orchard. It has two miles of permanent rock fence, and the balance of the place is enclosed with 10-wire hog proof fencing. There are half a dozen flowing springs on the place, and altogether it comprises one of the best farm and stock raising propositions in the county. Mr. Asher left immediately for Clarendon to move his family here.

The Standard is doubly glad to welcome Mr. Asher to McCulloch county as the editor is personally acquainted with him and from a four-year acquaintanceship we know him to be a splendid citizen. And in locating him The Standard scores one for its abilities as a booster for McCulloch county, for Mr. Asher came to investigate the Brady country after reading a copy of our first issue.

Wm. Reagan, of Cisco, came in Saturday to see his brother, A. B. Reagan. He reports Cisco hot after the new state normal school and with the best prospects of any other town for landing the plum.

J. A. Low of Stacy was a pleasant caller at The Standard office Saturday.

Buffet Luncheon.

A perfect day and a charming hostess; such was the combination that Mrs. Sam Graham's guests enjoyed last Thursday noon. The honor guest of the function was Mrs. William H. Wooten, of Winchester, Ky. Mesdames J. H. White, W. D. Crothers, F. W. Henderson, W. H. Wooten, G. R. White, John Wall, W. N. White, George Ganzel, J. E. White, Paul Willoughby, and Miss Crothers, completed the personnel.

The guests were graciously received in the aesthetic living room, were banks of pink roses filled the air with fragrance. White carnations decorated the dining room, a large bowl of them being the center piece on the table, with a back ground of Cluny lace.

The "opener" of the delicious collation was grape fruit and maraschino cherries. The second course was tomatoes with mayonaise, green peas in patty shells, beaten biscuit and chicken croquets. Maple parfait cream and white layer cake came third, while divinity candy and coffee made the last course. After this the guests were inspired to give stories, anecdotes or readings. The responses were all most entertaining, some never to be forgotten.

A GUEST.

The High School athletic team left this morning for San Saba to attend the athletic meet. We expect the boys to give a good account of themselves in all events.

Good Rain At Voca.

The Standard's correspondent at Voca phones the glad news that they were visited by a fine rain Monday night, and the farmers are all consequently happy. The rainfall was sufficient to enable planting to proceed until completed, and the prospects in that section are now tiptop.

Let's learn to swim!

W. T. MELTON IS DEAD

One of Brady's Most Prominent and Respected Citizens Passed Away Suddenly Last Night.

Col. W. T. Melton is dead. All Brady was shocked when this news was flashed over town about 8:00 o'clock last night. Colonel Melton had been at his office all day, and was apparently in his usual health. After eating supper he complained of a pain around his heart and physicians were summoned, but the hand of Death had been laid upon that noble heart, and a good man was called, his death resulting after about a half-hour's suffering. His death was pronounced as a result of heart failure, superinduced by an old rheumatic and asthmatic trouble from which he had been a sufferer many years.

Col. W. T. Melton was one of Brady's most substantial citizens. He was senior member of the land and abstract firm of W. T. Melton & Co., and was ever wide-awake to the town's best interests. No man among us held a warmer place in the respect and esteem of our people as a whole. No man in Brady could have died who will be more generally missed. His death leaves a gap in our citizenship which can never be filled, and the expressions of regret at his sudden taking away are many and sorrow is widespread.

Col. Melton was 65 years of age, and had been a citizen of Brady about seven years, coming here from Brownwood. Previous to that time he had been a citizen of Concho and San Saba counties, at one time being editor of a paper at San Saba. He was sheriff of Concho county for eight years, and was also sent to the Twenty-sixth Legislature while a citizen there. His residence in this section of the state dates back for many years, and he was widely known and universally esteemed all over the district. He was one of the most enthusiastic members of the local camp of Confederate Veterans, and was one of the pillars of that organization. During the war he was with the 14th Alabama Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia under Longstreet, and surrendered with his command at Apomattox. At one time he was Brigade Commander of the Confederate Veterans of this district, and the news of his death will cause sorrowing hearts among his old comrades of the Lost Cause.

There are left to mourn his loss a wife, two sons and four daughters: W. T. Melton, Jr., of Coleman; Thornton P. Melton, now in school at Ft. Worth; Miss Mamie Melton, of Brady; Mrs. Jesse F. Cross, of Fort Worth; Mrs. John Vaughan, of Plainview, and Mrs. Will Vaughan, of Brady. All of them will be here for the funeral tomorrow afternoon. The funeral services will be conducted by Rev. Mathis, of the Methodist church, of which denomination deceased had been long a member, having led a consistent Christian life. He was also an honored member of two lodges—the Masons and Odd Fellows, and the funeral tomorrow will be under the auspices of the Masonic body.

The Standard's editor feels a distinct sense of personal loss in the death of this fine old Southern gentleman. He was our friend and we esteemed him much, and we mingle our sorrow with those who mourn.

3--BIG SPECIALS--3

For One Week Only

Beginning
on
Saturday,
May
1st
and
Ending
Saturday
Night,
May
8th

50 dozen Elastic
Seam Drawers
regular 50c val-
ue, on sale per
pair..... **35c**

50 dozen Balbrig-
gan Shirts and
Drawers, good
quality, perfect
fitting, each..... **35c**

100 pairs pants,
regular prices
\$3.50, \$3.75
and \$4.00, on **\$2.95**
sale, per pair

CORRECT
DRESS
FOR MEN

S. NEUMEGEN,

BRADY
TEXAS

WHY PAY RENT

?

We will buy or build you a home according to your own ideas

OUR PLAN:

You pay \$7.50 per month on \$1000, with 6 per cent interest per annum. Payments monthly, quarterly or annually. Payments get smaller each year.

**SOUTHWESTERN
SAVINGS AND HOME
PURCHASING CO.,**

DALLAS, TEXAS

See EARLE CLARK at Queen Hotel, Brady, Texas

Officials Here.

A party of Frisco officials were in Brady between trains Sunday, coming in Vice President Gray's private car attached to the regular train. In the party were Vice President Gray, Chief Engineer Byers, G. A. Hancock, W. B. Drake, C. W. Strain and F. B. Parker. They stated they were simply on a tour of inspection of the Frisco lines.

Surprise Wedding.

Joe Neumegen, who went to Fort Worth ostensibly to buy goods for his new Brady business, sprung a surprise on his many friends when he returned last Thursday accompanied by his wife, who was formerly Miss Sallie Lou McMullen, one of the Panther City's fairest maids. They were married at the home of the bride on Monday, the 19th.

Mr. Neumegen is one of Brady's best young business men, and The Standard joins his large circle of friends in extending congratulations and best wishes for himself and bride.

Dr. A. S. Holly has bought two choice lots in the Crothers & White addition, and will at an early date begin the erection of a nice residence. He will be a near neighbor to The Standard parsonage, and will endeavor to keep the editor straight. We don't know who will keep the doctor straight, but Alderman Schaege will probably keep an eye on him.

J. E. Hoskins visited Brownwood on business last week.

THE COUNTY IS WET

Good Rain Reported in Nearly All Parts of McCulloch County Monday Night of This Week

It rained!
We are wet!

J. Pluvius, Esq., elevated his rain barrel over the Brady country Monday night and then pulled out the bung, spilling a generous wetness over Brady and surrounding country sufficient to start all the planters in McCulloch county to work and bringing smiles of contentment to the faces of farmers, ranchmen, merchants and all others whomsoever.

The long dry spell is a thing of the past. A good crop is now as-

ured, everything is lovely and the goose hangs high. It cannot be said that "confidence has been restored," for no one had really lost confidence, but it can be said that everybody is happy and more light-hearted than a week ago.

The rain was all right, though in parts of the county it might have been much better. Generally speaking, the county is wet. In Brady the fall amounted to about two inches. Brady creek had a 5-foot rise. Reports from over the county, as well as we could gather, are as follows:

Voca, good rain; Waldrip, good; Sweden community, good; Stacy, light; Five, moderate; Deland, very light; Broadmoor, moderate; Lohn, good; Rochelle, good. Other points were not heard from direct by this office, but we understand that the entire county has received a great benefit.



ATTRACTS ATTENTION

Writes best, looks neatest. Our Stationery will assist you in correspondence. Its the kind and quality to suit you. We try to satisfy our customers.

"IT'S THE ONLY WAY"

JONES DRUG CO.,

C. A. TRIGG, General Manager

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

DATES FOR SPEAKING

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

Secretary J. D. Benson, of the McCulloch County Farmers Union, hands in some additional dates for speaking by State Lecturer D. P. Smith. The appointments are as follows:

Bear Creek	April 22	8 p. m.
Calf Creek	" 23	" "
Davis	" 24	" "
Fikes	" 26	" "
Liberty	" 27	" "
Mt. Tabor	" 28	" "
Sweden	" 29	" "
Onion Gap	" 30	" "
Rochelle	May 1	" "
Lone Star	" 3	" "
Cowboy	" 4	" "
Milburn	" 5	" "
Mercury	" 6	10 a. m.

Notice.

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

CHALK, THE TAILOR, Syndicate Building.

We are headquarters for boys' knee-pant suits. We sell the kind that gives satisfaction. Abney & Vincent.

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.

The Brady National Bank

BRADY, TEXAS.

Green's Column Current Comment

By J. Walker Green

The Lohn country! That makes a noise like a New Mexico or Arizona sheep ranch, does it not? But you bet your life the Lohn country is not lonely; it's about the liveliest piece of the footstool I have traversed in many a day. There are no wampy, jawed whiners at Lohn; they are a cheery, smiling, good humored folk who keep the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the seeming unfriendliness of Jupiter Pluvius. They know that it is but a passing caprice of that erratic god for which ample amends will be made in the near future and are content to "labor and to wait." Everything is in complete readiness on many farms and nearing completion on all; so, when the rain comes, planting will be rushed without a halt until every seed is in the ground. The prevailing drouth may bring very advantageous and unlooked-for results to McCulloch county in two or three ways. It may teach farmers to husband the produce of a good crop season, to tide them over another year which may not prove so favorable and it may teach them too, to raise a living for Betsy and the babies from their own rich acres, instead of depending upon some other country, not so highly favored as their own, to raise it for them; in other words to "raise their living at home and board at the same place," a trite and homely phrase, but nevertheless a very wise one. And it may not be amiss, in this connection, to say that the landlords of McCulloch county, could work wonders along this line, both by counsel and example if they could only be persuaded to do it. This applies to Farmers' Union landlords with special force; this great organization has tried out various schemes, with more or less success in efforts to obtain a reasonable price for cotton. But it is not true that these schemes, ingenious and promiscuous as they have been, have only kept the words of promise to the ear, while breaking them to the heart. Have the farmers not sought to read the answer to their problem amongst the stars whilst stumbling over it at their feet? If a renter is compelled by his landlord to plant nine-tenths of his acreage to cotton, he has only two-thirds of the other tenth with which to supply his family with food and feedstuff for his stock. So not being permitted to raise enough grain for bread, or to fatten hogs for meat, he is compelled by absolute necessity to mortgage his crop for supplies, and he is obliged to sell the cotton as soon as it is picked to meet this indebtedness. All the warehouses and warehouse plans that could be constructed in a thousand years will not obviate the difficulty, as long as the planting situation remains as it is. Farmers' Union lecturers could not use their influence to better advantage than to devote themselves unremittingly to the amelioration of this condition and nothing would more surely and certainly bring ultimate victory to the organization than the complete elimination of the evil—trunk, root and branch. I am a friend to the Farmers' Union and wish it abundant success, but I am convinced that not until the renter and small land holder become self-sustaining, will their best dreams be realized. And this can be accomplished only by constant and reiterated argument and object lessons, by those who have the prestige of intellect and influence that will bring conviction to the grey matter of landholders, big and little.

Mr. Roberts is running the "big store" at Lohn, and jacks up the few who are becoming low-spirited by telling them that though it is no laughing matter, it is not yet time to cry; and truly a misplaced product of the lacrymal gland—the precious tear—is quite as ridiculous as the laugh "too previous." But really the most encouraging factor of the situation is the confident serenity of the old-timers. They are not fretting, even a little bit; their confidence in the country is steadfast and unshakable as the rock-ribbed hill. Mr. Roberts having had the misfortune of breaking his leg some time ago—though now happily recovering—and having become acquainted with the usefulness of a crutch, is now furnishing one to support the broken spirit to whomsoever shows signs of needing it. Besides owning the leading commercial establishment in the town, Mr. Roberts has large landed interests and believes in McCulloch county and especially in the Lohn country, and is in no wise disconcerted by the "little dry spell."

Mr. Rumbaugh, the leading blacksmith, is a big, strong, hearty fellow, the perfect ideal of what a competent smith should be, doing lots of work, and perfectly able to do it. He has all the latest labor-saving devices of an up-to-date mechanic and does not keep his customers waiting for their jobs. He is a genial, sociable young man and gets his full share of the patronage from the Lohn country, and what is better he deserves it.

I meet some powerful good fellows

in my rounds and it's good for sore eyes to see them after meeting the long-faced lugubrious grumblers. Some of them are from Arkansas and web-footed, and each one of these is "laffin' fit to kill hisself;" so glad to find a dry spot where they can walk around "thout squashin' mud 'tween their toes."

McCulloch county seems to be the home of fine chickens as well as the home of some mighty clever "chicken-cranks."

Andy Adams of near Mercury, says he expects to raise 2000 chickens this season. He has the Brown Leghorns, Blue Adalusians and silver laced Wyandottes. He understands the business, is fixed for it with wire pens, incubators, brooders and ingenious coops of his own make. He says there is more money in the chicken business than any other, expense and labor considered. There is no more trouble or expense in raising fine chickens than scrubs, and the wonder is that people will persist in raising the dung-hill variety when it is so easy to get a start of the very best strains and from reliable men right here at home. For instance there is Andy Adams who has eggs and chicks of the breed mentioned. Then there is Guy Adams with Black Minorcas, and R. H. White also Black Minorcas. I have seen both of these latter flocks and they are fine. There is J. M. Robinson of Mercury, who breeds Barred Plymouth Rocks as well as white of the same strain, and H. B. Warden of Lohn, has the premium Rhode Island Reds and they are enough to make a methodist preacher's mouth water. They are good to look at and no mistake, though I imagine they would be better to taste at. I have eaten \$17.50 worth of eggs this trip. It was like eating money. Andy Adams fed me on Brown Leghorn and Adalusian "aigs" worth from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per dozen. J. M. Robinson set up Barred and White Rocks galore, while H. B. Warden laid before me Rhode Island Reds. I kept tab on the count at Warden's and I got away with \$1.25 worth at one sitting. Maybe you fellows down at the shop think you have eaten eggs yourselves, but you don't know what aristocratic eggs taste like. Better get a round trip ticket and go with me and "Sandy!" I'll promise to fill you "plum full" of the highest priced eggs you ever chambered in all your born days.

Why not diversify with chickens? What's better than eggs and fried gizzards? When a fellow is full of "sieh" he just takes things easy and smiles. "Don't keer a darn whether it rains or not." Well, raise chickens! There is nothing easier to do, and without irrigation. Yes, plant chickens. J. W. G.

We had been tempted to beg some of our friends to quit praying for rain with the thought that such orisons were perhaps the occult cause of the long dry spell. They didn't make a noise like righteousness to us, but then we can't hear good anyway.

Now hush talking about the croaking raven just above your big barn door. We told you all the time it was nothing but a jay-bird.

"Jes look at dat water-million er hangin' on de vine! Oh! How I wish dat million now was mine. Gimme, Oh, Gimme, Oh, how I wish you would, Dat water million hangin' on de vine."

Let every fellow read about conserving the moisture and get busy to save the big wetness that Jupiter Pluvius has just donated to us. Harrow every acre of your plowed ground before planting anything anywhere. Common sense says "DO IT NOW;" science says "Do it now." When common sense and science agree it is a safe proposition to take hold of. Don't mouth about "book-farming." Do the thing that experience and success advise.

Give your boy a patch of ground to cultivate as his "very own." Advise but don't command as to methods of cultivation. Let him learn from experience if he must, for experience has a way of impressing its lessons in an unforgettable way upon both old and young—an object-lesson professor who bores through the thickest skull to the seat of understanding.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by Central Drug Store.

Cadet Hose are good hose; we guarantee them. Abney & Vincent.

PUBLIC SCHOOL NOTES

Both teachers and pupils are rejoiced over the good rain of this week. It will instill new life into school work as well as everything else.

The senior class has been busily engaged in final examinations for the past few days. This is one of the trials of the student, but one worthy of a strong effort.

As this goes to press, the High School boys will be ready to start to San Saba for the Athletic meet. The lineup in baseball will be about as follows, several changes being made in the lineup published in the last week's Standard:

Catcher, Tom King; Pitcher, Paris Williams; 1st base, George Yantis; 2nd base, Lawrence Fuller; 3rd base, Ike Rainbolt; Short stop, Oscar Thompson; Left field, Barott Tipton; Center field, Virgil Sessions; Right field, Clyde Hall.

In tennis, David Stallings will take the singles, while Clyde Hall joins him in the doubles.

In the running and jumping there will be a general mixup. Several of the boys show up well there. Rainbolt, Stallings, King, Fletcher and the Baze brothers compose the jumping list. King, Fuller and Rainbolt all make good on the 50-yd dash. Hall and Adkins run 100-yds in pretty fair time.

Last, but not least is our relay team. We hope to make it the pride of the school. The boys met at the track Monday afternoon for the final tryout. Hall, Adkins, King and Thompson won places on the team with Sessions digging at their heels, and ready to take the place of any man if necessity demands it. Not caring to cause any undue excitement, we will not at present publish their time record, but suffice it to say that the boys expect to lower their record made at the county fair last fall. The race there was won by the eighth grade team in 1:50.

When spring time comes, there is a general desire to go fishing and picnicing. Almost every live person enjoys these outings, under favorable conditions. Teachers are no exceptions to the rule. Last Saturday the entire teaching force of the Brady Public School spent the day on the San Saba river. Though many of the fish refused to be caught, every teacher voted the occasion a most enjoyable one. It seemed to them that happy college days had returned and the monotony of the school room was forgotten. College yells and songs were revived and rehearsed.—Well it is enough to say that every one had a good time and came home tired, but happy. It is unanimously agreed that Prof. and Mrs. Stallings are the ideal chaperones. The teachers are indebted to Miss Erna Tauch, the official photographer of the party, for her pleasant service, to Mr. C. D. Allen for his compliments on the "eatables," and to Mr. Everett of Camp San Saba for a boat ride on the river.

Miss Campbell and her merry troupe presented "Tony, the Convict" to an appreciative audience at Mercury Saturday night. All report a pleasant trip. An occasional excursion of this kind is making school life a pleasure.

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.

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

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 136 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 are not haphazardly put into the brains 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, 50c; three months, 25c. Place all orders through this office.

Phone No. 163 for up-to-date job printing. tf

A New Aid Fable.

This is not a George Ade fable, though it may sling some slang. It is a Home Aid fable.

Once there was a Geezer, who sat around and cut Kindling too small for Cook Stove purposes. He Whittled against Time and Flabbergasted against his Town. The town was No Good, he said—strictly on the Blink. Yes, it was N. G. Why, hadn't he lived Here since '84 and found that the Place was Punky? Sure, Mike!

Look at that town over in the next County. Grown like Jonah's Gourd. Must be a Jonah here. We've grown some, but I don't see that we're knocking any particularly Big Per-simmons. That's the way this Gazaboo knocked his town.

One day a Sarcastic Stranger floated into the Town that was Knocked from the burg that had Blossomed like Jonah's Gourd. He Heard some of the Flabbergasting and Dropped to the situation.



"Look here, you," he remarked to the citizen who was Handing Out the Knocks. "What do you do for this town? Are you doing your part to put this Burg on the Upgrade? What's that hefty Bunch of literature sticking out of your Clothes?"

"That's a Mail Order Catalogue from Chicago—a town that is a town," replied the Geezer.

"So I thought," said the Impertinent Arriv-al. "Now let me hand you out a nice little Wad of common sense. For the past ten years you have been sending your money to the Chicago Mail Order houses instead of spending it among your home merchants. What would have happened to Chicago fifty years ago if all the First Settlers had shipped their Loose Coin to New York on catalogue inducement? Why, you'd have to use a sand dredger now to find the Original Site of Chicago. Now, in the Burg from which I have just Blown in we

got over all this Bum Business years ago. We passed Resolutions that we would trade at home and help our own town to Spread out so that you could Sight it on the map without using Opera Glasses. But you and a Bunch of other folks in this town have wasted your Substance in Riotous Expenditures in Chicago by mail and let the sheriff hang out the "Nothing Doing" sign in front of some of your own town's mercantile Emporiums. Look at our Town and then look at yours. What makes the Difference?"

Whereupon the Whittling Gazaboo threw a few well chosen Thoughts into his mental makeup and went down to the village store to Annex a linen collar in place of the Paper Circles which he had bought from Chicago at Two Bits a Box.

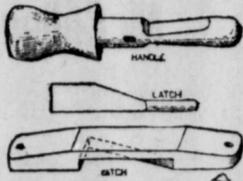
MORAL: If you want your town to grow, patronize home enterprises.

Farm and Garden

DOOR LATCH FOR THE HOME.

A Simple Design Which Can Be Economically Constructed.

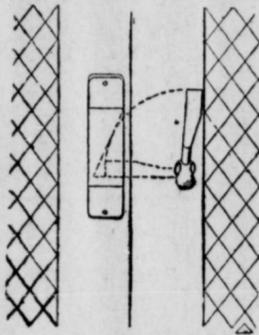
A homemade door latch may be constructed of three pieces of oak or other good hard wood. For the handle use a piece of 8 by 2 by 1 inches. Shape a flattish knob on one end three inches long. Work down the rest so as to pass through a one inch auger hole. Shape a knob on the other end by flattening the slides. The latch



DETAILS OF LATCH.

is made of a piece 5 by 1 by three-eighths inches. The catch is 8 by 2 by three-eighths inches.

Bore a one inch hole for the handle three inches from the edge of the door. Push the handle through the hole and mark on it the thickness of the door. Then bore in the handle a three-eighths inch hole for the latch. Then assemble the parts according to the finished figure, which shows the



LATCH IN PLACE.

latch thrown back. A little peg may be used to keep the latch from falling down when the door is open.

The design is very simple, and, besides being serviceable, such a latch can be made very economically.

Soil For Spring Vegetables.

The manure for the early spring vegetables, such as peas, potatoes, onions, beets, cabbage and corn, should be hauled and put into large, compact heaps. Put ten to twelve two-horse wagon loads in each pile. This quantity when rotted will make six large two-horse loads, enough to spread in three and a half foot drills for one acre of ground. This is the usual quantity to spread to the acre when used in the drill. If manure is broadcasted it will take double this quantity. The manure should be mixed as it is piled—that is, spreading horse manure over the cattle manure. Each foot layer of manure should be plastered. The plaster helps to rot the straw in the manure. It will also prevent the loss of ammonia and make compact, square heaps. After the heap is finished cover the sides and tops with six inches of earth. The earth covering will prevent the gases from escaping. It will also prevent the top layer from drying out. This is the method followed by the florists and nurserymen who require fine, rich, well rotted manure.

There is a good demand for manure from the city truck stables, as the horses, being heavily fed on grain and a good quality of hay and well bedded with rye straw, make the best kind of manure, suitable for all crops. The usual price for this manure is \$7.20 for all the manure made by each horse when in the stable for one year. Pick-up manure is of doubtful value. The usual price is 75 cents to \$1 per load in the winter and about half this during the summer. Practical truckers buy the high priced stable manure, as it contains all the elements needed for the growing of both truck and farm crops.

Success in Co-operation.

What a purely farmers' enterprise in co-operation may accomplish has been exemplified by a canning company in New Jersey. There were put out by the farmers of the canning company in 1908 a hundred acres of tomatoes, of which about eighty-five acres produced a crop, wet weather in the spring having caused the failure of the remaining either through poor cultivation or late planting.

The harvest, however, showed a total yield of 679 tons of tomatoes, for which the company paid \$9 a ton, or to the farmers the big sum of \$6,011. The average yield to the acre was two and a half tons and the largest yield something over thirteen tons. A fairly good number of acres ran from ten to twelve tons. The wages paid out, not including salaries, was \$4,050. Of course this was the company's expense and went for labor in putting up the product; 248,000 cans were filled and 100 persons employed, the majority of whom were women and girls. The company is a stock company, all of the stock being held by farmers. It is also officered by farmers and is controlled by farmers exclusively.

SOIL FERTILITY.

How to Build Up Land That Has Been Overworked.

The only way to build up and hold the fertility of the soil is to feed a large part of the crop and return the manure to the land. If manure cannot be had, the next best thing is to plow under crops grown for the purpose. There should be deep plowing, but no subsoiling. Leguminous crops should be grown for the nitrogen they bestow upon the soil.

Most soils, even when very poor, as a general thing, contain plenty of plant food except nitrogen, though sometimes other elements are lacking. The texture must be improved in order to increase fertility and plant food and humus added. Tillage goes a great way toward improving texture, but this alone is not enough. Humus must be added, and in doing so plant food is added, making the soil more permeable to air and water.

Humus is supplied to the soil, first, by the addition of stable manure, and this is probably the best method, calling for more forage crops and more stock; second, by planting crops for the purpose of turning them under (plowing under green crops is called green manuring); third, by growing clover and timothy, which are usually left down for several years, during which time their roots thoroughly penetrate the soil. Old roots decay and new roots grow. After the soil is plowed up considerable vegetable matter is turned under. With the mass of roots in the soil, this adds considerable humus. The advantage from the cultivation of clovers and alfalfa is found in the fact that they are deep rooted plants, and when their roots decay they have channels deep into the earth, thus aiding in the absorption of rains and letting in air to sweeten the soil.

Probably the most rapid way to build up a wornout soil when barnyard manure is not plentiful is to give it a course of treatment such as described, then grow only forage crops, buy grain to feed with them and return all the manure thus produced to the land. Dairy farming permits such a system to be followed, and no other type of farming builds up land so quickly.

Professor W. J. Spillman, agriculturist, in charge of farm management investigations, United States bureau of plant industry, says another type that gives quick results is to grow a succession of pasture crops for hogs, keep the hogs on these pastures and feed them a fourth to a half ration of grain. In middle latitudes the following system is adapted to this type of farming: Grow corn enough for the pigs on part of the farm, sowing either cowpeas or crimson clover or rye in the corn yearly to keep up fertility. The two latter crops furnish winter pasture for the pigs. On the remainder of the farm run the following three year rotation: Sow oats in early spring, follow by rye sown early in August, follow this by sorghum the following spring, in September or October sow rye again after the sorghum, late the next spring sow either sorghum or cowpeas and begin over again with oats the succeeding spring.

Tree Planting.

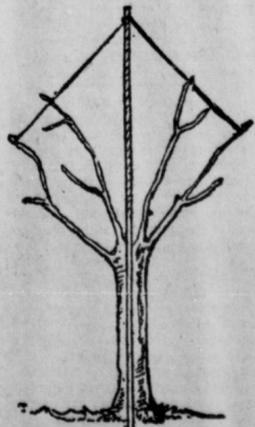
For extensive planting white pine at present is the only tree which can be obtained in large numbers. It is also a tree which is adapted to almost any kind of soil and which makes a quick growth of valuable timber. The blight which has attacked the pines during the past few years is somewhat of a drawback to the growth, and more or less attention is being directed to other trees, including spruce and chestnut.

Comfort For Sick Animals.

A sick animal should be placed in a well disinfected and dry box stall with plenty of bedding and sunlight (avoid drafts). In cold weather place a blanket on the animal, feed sparingly with digestible food, such as bran mashes made of linseed tea; keep manger sweet and clean. Water should be pure and clean and warmed when necessary. It is always necessary for new milk cows to be given warm water.

Guy Pole Support For Fruit Trees.

If fruit trees are long limbed and high heads support with a guy pole. Lash the y pole to the tree at the foot and a the forks. Branch guy



PROP FOR FRUIT TREES.

wire and tie to clubs, stake pieces of board and support several limbs. There is no reason why guys cannot be left permanently. Props will slip out and limbs split down and disfigure valuable trees.

PIONEER STOCK FARM

MERCURY, TEXAS

Dealers in and Breeders of Fine Stock. Registered Red Polled Cattle, Berkshire Hogs, Barred and White Rock Chickens. Owner of the Celebrated

German Coach Stallion, "VERO 3487" Also Two Fine Jacks, "GIP" and "BLACK TOM"

RED POLL CATTLE

HERD BULL—Oyama 12955.

COWS—Elsie 16561, "May Blossom 27185", "Hulda 18374", "Xanna 22436", "Rainbow 27380", "Bennenna 27379", "Queen Anne 23125", "Skein 5th 14259", "Lena Roosevelt 18984", "Lula 17044."

BERKSHIRE HOGS

"Texas Chief 91355", "Longfellow's Gem 96815." Twenty-five pigs for sale, price \$10 per pig.

CHICKENS—Two pens of prize winning chickens, both White and Barred Rocks. Prices on application.

The above named stock cannot be surpassed in any country for health, strength, weight and beauty. The breeding is of the purest strains of registered blood, and parties desiring to improve their stock cannot do better than to buy from this stock. By patronizing your home people you get stuff that you can depend upon as being all they are represented to be, thoroughly acclimated and just what you want and need. Call and see for yourself, or address,

PIONEER STOCK FARM

J. M. ROBINSON, Prop. MERCURY, TEXAS

SHOWED THEIR GENIUS EARLY

Mozart and Mendelssohn Were Musicians of Note Before They Had Reached Their Teens.

Mozart may be said to be the only child composer, although Haydn undoubtedly would have been a prodigy if he had possessed the advantage of a musical father, instead of being compelled to teach himself the rudiments of composition.

At the age of 11 Mendelssohn had written a violin sonata and two pianoforte sonatas. Weber had composed an opera when only 13, but, unfortunately, the score was destroyed by fire. His "Waldnaden," written a year later, was actually performed, however, at Chemnitz, Vienna, Prague and St. Petersburg. Beethoven, on the other hand, was hardly a prodigy composer, but as an instrumentalist he was considered sufficiently responsible at 15 to fulfill the duties of organist at the Vienna Electoral chapel, with which his family had long been connected.

Bach, Wagner, Schumann and Brahms were also comparative late developers.

THIBETAN ETIQUETTE.

One of the queerest salutations in the world is that of the natives of Tibet. When two inhabitants of this isolated, mountainous country of Central Asia meet, each takes off his hat, puts out his tongue and scratches his right ear. These actions are performed simultaneously. The whole performance is analogous to our simple custom, on meeting, of nodding the head and saying "How do you do?"

GRAHAM & BALLOU

FIRE INSURANCE

At The Brady National Bank

Your Business Respectfully Solicited

RIDDICK & DRAPER

BARBERS

Best Work, Clean Service

HOT AND COLD BATHS

We Want Your Trade. E. Side Sq.

JUDGE WILL WAIT AND SEE.

An earnest plea was made by Attorney Charles Pettijohn to Judge Pritchard of the criminal court for leniency to a client who had entered a plea of guilty to larceny. The burden of the attorney's argument was that his client was the father of twins, and was tempted to theft in order to feed the mouths of the infants.

"Your honor, I will say frankly," said Mr. Pettijohn in closing, "that if I were the father of twins and needed food for my family, I would not hesitate to go out and steal it." "Mr. Pettijohn, when you are the father of twins I will consider your proposition," said Judge Pritchard. —Indianapolis News.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

in each town and district to ride and exhibit our latest model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once. NO MONEY REQUIRED. We will pay you \$100.00 for every bicycle you sell to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance. Prepare freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. 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. We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make—SANTAL FACTORY PRICES at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$20 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. NO RISK. Buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to Rider Agents. When you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderful low prices we sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. By several prices. Orders filled the day received.

COASTER-BRAKES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but we will have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$8 or \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices.

\$8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF \$4.80

SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY 4

The regular retail price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 cash with order \$4.80. NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks 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 inside 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 only 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 \$8.50 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.

approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us back. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride so much better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle, you want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you have examined and found them satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us back. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride so much better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle, you want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable offer.

DO NOT WAIT or a pair of tires from anyone until you offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. We

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY

WORKMEN DIG UP \$8,500 IN COIN

Gold and Silver Apparently Buried for Half a Century Unearthed at Lexington, Ky.

Lexington, Ky., April 8.—While digging a posthole in an abandoned lot today, workmen discovered a brass kettle containing \$8,500 in gold and silver that apparently had been buried for half a century. The lot was sold at commissioners' sale a week ago for \$116.

The only way to find money in Brady is to buy furniture from Satterwhite & Martin. Compare goods and prices and prove this assertion.

—Typewriter ribbons and carbon papers at Standard office.

Some Realty Deals.

W. T. Melton & Co. report having consummated the following deals since last report:

To Gus Noyes of Ballinger, for Savage Bros., 513 acres in Concho county out of the Hoskins pasture, consideration \$10,263.

To G. S. Johnson, of Melvin, 980 acres in the McKnight pasture, terms private. To J. A. Johnson, of Melvin, 1920 acres in same pasture, at \$1.50 per acre. The Messrs. Johnson are brothers, and are among the best and most substantial citizens of McCulloch county. They have been in the stock raising business near Melvin the past 15 years.

To D. F. and John Savage for A. Martin, of Coleman, 640 acres in Concho county.

Lots 3 and 4, block 28, Crothers & White addition to Brady, to Dr. A. S. Holly, consideration \$400.

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

THE BRADY STANDARD

Published on Thursday of each week
By

JOHN E. COOKE, Editor and Proprietor

J. WALKER GREEN, Authorized Representative
and Contributing Editor.

OFFICE IN CARROLL BUILDING,
North Side Square, Brady, Texas

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year
Six months.....50c
Three months.....25c

Entered as second-class matter April
1st, 1909, at the Post Office at Brady,
Texas, under act March 3, 1879.

BRADY, TEXAS, APRIL 29, 1909

BRADY needs ten thousand
more shade trees.

BROWNWOOD will have a sky-
scraper building. The contract
has been let at \$62,000, for a six-
story building.

It has rained; now look after
your yards and vie with your
neighbor in trying to have the
prettiest premises in town.
Plant roses, flowers and shrub-
bery. Let's make it "Beautiful
Brady" in deed and in truth.

LAST call! Don't forget the
school tax election for May 1st.
All remember it is a lower tax
than you have been paying, and
we must have it for the perpet-
uation of our public schools. Be
sure you vote right.

In the good old summer time
old McCulloch will be rolling in
the wealth of plenty of good
things to eat, and we invite all
the wampy-jawed, shriveled
stomachs in East Texas that
have known nothing but empty
hopelessness to come over and
fill up.

SAN ANGELO reports 845 cars
of cattle shipped so far this sea-
son, and the probability of a total
of 1100 cars for the season.
Brady has already shipped over
1100 cars and the shipments have
been generally curtailed here on
account of dry weather and for
other causes.

WHERE in the world is there a
country that will show up more
pretty days in a year than this
section of West Texas? With so
many bright and beautiful days,
backed by bracing climate, what
does a little wind and a little dust
at this season of the year amount
to anyhow? When it comes to
climate the Brady country can
not be surpassed by the sunny
slopes of California itself.

WHEN the people of Dallas
sent Senter to the Senate they
were proud of their prince of
high-brows. He was long on
sense of the uncommon variety,
they knew. He had traveled far
and familiarly through fields of
thought culture unknown to com-
mon folks. He had drunk deep
from the hidden springs of that
mystic land whose waters clarify
the mists which envelope and
cling to most ideals, but they did
not know that in this wander-
lust of mind he had lost his grip
on good, old common sense, which,
after all, is the most important
and valuable factor in the makeup
of a legislator.

THE citizens of Donley county
are soon to vote on a bond issue
of \$100,000 for road improvement
—building permanent roads.
Surely, this is the best money ever
spent by any county. Good roads
cost money, to be sure, but they
are cheap in comparison with the
cost of bad roads. To vote a tax
for building permanent roads is
to voting off a tax
people have been pay-
ing. The Standard
every county in
and should follow
Donley in this matter.

Logical way to
at is to vote
at will endure
generations
work of pay-
inary road

tax in Texas is nothing but a
waste of money, and year after
year the same work has to be
done over, and thus the enormous
waste of time and money con-
tinues, while the farmers con-
tinue to drag heavy loads over
the same old, bad roads. The
Standard respectfully refers
this matter to the people of Mc-
Culloch county for consideration.

SENER has lost his center of
gravity. He has been wobbling
on the ragged edge of the abyss
of folly so long that it looks as if
nothing could save him from a
head-long plunge to the bottom.
Let him go, for we are tired of
the suspense; "plum tired" of the
Senter side show at Austin. We
beg for a new figure in the spot-
light, but ever and always it is
the Senter phiz that pokes out
from ever slide. It's Senter, the
center of every exposure of the
plate, the scenter of everything,
and we are weary and dejected.
"The voice of our wailing is
loud."

IN a recent issue of the Dallas
News Brady was represented
with an advertisement concern-
ing the past season's cotton re-
ceipts, and the total number of
bales was given at 50,611. These
figures were itemized as follows:
Compressed bales shipped 41,936;
bales in compress yard at time
1475; bales shipped flat 5000;
bales in cotton yards 2200; total,
50,611. No account was taken
of cotton held on farms and still
unsold, of which there is a con-
siderable amount.

IT TAKES money to make the
mare go over at Angelo. Just
now it is \$100,000 wanted for the
Methodist college, \$50,000 (ad-
ditional) for the Orient, and a
good big sum for the West Texas
Normal. The motto over there
seems to be "Dig." One beauty
about Angelo, however, is that
her people never hesitate in the
digging when there's something
good in sight.

The Brady Standard edited
and published by J. E. Cooke,
one time connected with San An-
gelo Standard and lately pub-
lisher of the Clarendon Banner-
Stockman, has been put on our
exchange list. He has already
put some of his Panhandle
energy into the new enterprise
in paperdom, as is shown by its
reading matter and advertising
patronage.—Irion County Record.

A New Mexico Opinion.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of The Brady
(Tex.) Standard, has reached our
exchange table. We note, and
that, too, with much pleasure,
that our old friend, John E.
Cooke, who for years runs the
Banner-Stockman at Clarendon,
in the great Panhandle country
of Texas, is the editor thereof.
The first issue of The Stand-
ard is a typographical beauty
and is well and creditably lined
up with excellent and newsy
reading matter. John E. Cooke
and the word "booster" are syn-
onymous; there never was a more
energetic and enterprising coun-
try newspaper man than Bro.
Cooke, and the business men and
citizens of Brady will make a
splendid investment when they
extend The Standard a liberal
support, as we know its editor is
capable of giving them returns
that can't help but appeal to
their highest appreciations.—
Deming (New Mexico) Graphic.

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

Mr. S. P. Thompson, post
master at Salt Gap, died Thurs-
day morning, April 22nd, at 8:30
and was buried at Stacy Friday
evening. Mr. Thompson had
been an invalid for several years
from cancer of the stomach, and
his death was not unexpected.
He was about 50 years old.

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

NIAGARA FALLS BARE

For One Whole Day the Rocky
Precipice Was Dry.

THE WATER CEASED TO FLOW

This Curious Phenomenon Occurred on
March 31, 1848—Terrified the People
in the Vicinity—Return of the Tor-
rent and the Cause of the Stoppage.

In the early spring of 1848 occurred
a natural phenomenon so strange, so
sudden and so stupendous that the old-
er inhabitants of western New York
still speak of it with awe and wonder.
This phenomenon was nothing else
than the running dry of Niagara falls.
The story is seldom recounted now,
but it was a nine days' wonder for the
whole country when it appeared in
the newspapers. For the first time in
history the roar of the grandest cataract
in America was hushed.

In the early morning of March 31,
1848, people living in the vicinity of
the falls were awakened by a peculiar
hush, as startling in its suddenness
and intensity as the most thunderous
explosion could have been. Many
dressed and hastened outdoors, urged
by a conviction that something appal-
ling had happened or was about to
happen. Some thought the end of
the world was at hand. Others imag-
ined that they had grown suddenly
deaf. Still others thought that the
hush preceding a terrific hurricane had
fallen upon the air. All were oppress-
ed with a feeling of profound awe and
dread.

It was soon discovered, however,
that the cessation of the roar of the
falls was the sole cause of this com-
mon panic. As the dim light of early
morning grew stronger the people
were able to see the almost bare precipice
of the falls, over which but a
short time before thousands of tons
of water had been pouring. Only
here and there small streams, con-
stantly growing smaller, now trickled
down the face of the towering wall.
Above the falls, instead of the rush-
ing, foaming river, only a naked chan-
nel, studded with black and jagged
rocks, appeared. The bed of the river
was practically exposed from shore to
shore, except for small streams, like
mountain brooks, running slowly to
the verge of the precipice. The spec-
tators could hardly believe their eyes.

Some remarkable feats were per-
formed on that day when Niagara ran
dry. People walked from the Canadian
side of the river, along the edge of
the frightful precipice, nearly as far
as Goat Island on the American side
and never even wet their feet. Some
went exploring in the river bed above
the falls and discovered a number of
ancient gun barrels, lost probably by
sportsmen up the river—in long gone
days and still after the rotting away
of their stocks slowly forced down
stream by the current. Gaves and
curious formations in the rocks were
discovered, the existence of which had
never been suspected before.

All that day, March 31, 1848, Niagara
falls remained dry, and people who re-
mained up until late at night, expect-
ing to see a change, went to bed with-
out witnessing it. But in the early
morning of April 1 the familiar thun-
der of the great cataract was once
more heard, and every one knew that
the mysteriously drained river bed
was again pouring its flood over the
falls.

Now for the explanation of this
strange phenomenon. It proved to be,
after all, very simple. The winter of
1847 and 1848 had been one of extreme
severity. Ice of such thickness had
never been known as formed on Lake
Erie that season. When the break-up
came, toward the end of March, a
strong northeast wind was blowing,
which piled the great fields of ice in
does and then in banks as high as
miniature icebergs. Toward night on
March 30 the wind suddenly changed
to the opposite direction and increased
to a terrific gale, which hurled back
the piled up ice and drove it into the
entrance of Niagara river with such
force that a huge and almost impene-
trable dam was formed. For a whole
day the source of the river was stop-
ped up, and the stream was drained
of its supply. By the morning of the
31st the river was practically dry, and
thus for twenty-four hours the roar of
Niagara falls was stilled. Then in the
early morning of April 1 the ice
pack gave way under the tremendous
pressure from above, and the long re-
strained volume of water rushed
down and reclaimed its own.—Ex-
change.

Few Beds in Bagdad.

About 90 per cent of Bagdad's pop-
ulation possess no beds. These poor
people rest on blankets spread on the
floors of their houses in the winter
and on the roofs in the summer. Owing
to the excessive heat of these regions
sleep is made impossible elsewhere
than on the roof or in the open gar-
dens. It is an interesting sight to see
how the women at sunset emerge from
their houses to prepare the evening
meal on the roof and spread the bed-
ding for the night. Inasmuch as the
climate is very dry, there is little to
fear from exposure to the night air.
While a considerable number of the
roofs are surrounded by latticework
to insure a certain amount of privacy,
by far the larger number are quite ex-
posed to the gaze of curious and in-
quisitive neighbors.

Learning without politeness makes
a disagreeable pedant, and politeness
without learning makes a superficial,
frivolous puppy.—Chesterfield.

SPRING RACE MEET

AT BRADY, TEXAS, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

MAY 20 AND 21, 1909

Under Auspices of

McCulloch County Fair Association

\$675.00---PURSES---\$675.00

TWO DAYS---11 RACES

Some good horses have been entered, and a splendid
meeting is anticipated. Following is the program:

FIRST DAY

Free-for-all Trot—\$100. Five to enter, 3
to start. Best three in five heats.
Free-for-all Pace—\$100. Five to enter, 3
to start. Best two in three heats.
Half Mile Running—\$50. Five to enter, 3
to start. Purse divided \$40 to first, \$10 to
second, entrance fee to third.
Relay Race—\$25. Five to enter. \$1 en-
trance fee. \$20 to first, \$5 to second, en-
trance fee to third. (Saddle horses only.)
Quarter Mile Running—\$25. Five to en-
ter, three to start. \$20 to first, \$5 to second,
entrance fee to third.
County Trot—\$50. Five to enter, three to
start. \$30 to first, \$15 to second, \$5 to third

SECOND DAY

Free-for-all Pace—\$100 Purse. Five to en-
ter, three to start. Best three in five heats.
Free-for-all Trot—\$100 Purse. Five to en-
ter, three to start. Best two in three heats.
Half Mile Running—\$50. Five to enter,
three to start. \$40 to first, \$10 to second,
entrance fee to third.
Relay Race—\$25 Purse. Five to enter; \$1
entrance fee. \$20 to first, \$5 to second,
entrance fee to third. (Saddle horses only.)
County Pace—\$50. Five to enter, three to
start. \$30 to first, \$15 to second, \$5 to third

Purses in Free-for-all Races Divided 60, 30
and 10 Per Cent.

For further information, address

SECRETARY McCULLOCH COUNTY FAIR ASSOCIATION
BRADY, TEXAS

BITES CHILD TO ENRAGE WIFE

Atlanta, Georgia, Merchant is Sent to Jail
for Two Weeks Because
of Action.

Atlanta, Ga., April 8.—[Special]
—Because he bit his 10-months-
old girl on the cheek to madden
his wife, J. Strube, a merchant,
was sent to jail for two weeks by
Recorder Broylee. The young
wife prosecuted him. She said
her husband quarreled with her,
and when she wouldn't answer,
he bit the baby to enrage her.

This is pretty bad, but not
half so bad as the man who bit
and read this news item thinking
it was only a bit of news. It is
an advertisement for Satterwhite
& Martin, as they wanted to tell
the people about their pretty
stock of furniture and stylish
buggies.

The Standard for job printing.

E. J. Broad was here from Ft.
Worth this week.

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

Howard Broad and wife visited
in Brownwood this week.

Miss Lewis, of Menardville,
passed through Brady Tuesday
on her way to Ft. Worth.

The little girl of Mr. and Mrs.
R. D. Dyer fell from the porch
Tuesday night and dislocated
both arms.

When you are hungry go to
the American Beauty Restaurant
in the Syndicate building. Opens
May 1st.

The best the market affords,
served in first-class style at the
American Beauty Restaurant.
Syndicate building.

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

—Call and inspect the new
jewelry, stock of cut glass, hand
painted china and silverware
shown by J. N. Searcy, the new
jeweler at Jones Drug Co.

The Cyclone

And Tornado season is near at hand. It
costs very little to carry Tornado Insurance,
and you are protected against all damage oc-
casioned by wind, tornado and cyclone. Don't
wait till the cyclone comes before you think
about it. Will take pleasure in giving you
further information.

A. R. CRAWFORD

The Fire Insurance Man

EMERGENCY CALL.

At a draper's shop in Leeds they
employed a small boy to run errands.
The other day while he was waiting
in the shop a lady came in and asked
the shop assistant for a yard of silk.
When it was placed in front of her
she exclaimed:

"Oh, really, I must be mad. I
want muslin."

On hearing this the boy rushed
out of the shop, and, seeing a police-
man across the way, ran up to him,
shouting:

"Come over quick; there's a girl
in our shop gone mad. She wants
muzzling."—Tit-Bits.

"CATTY" WOMEN.

There are "catty" women every-
where, if by "catty" is meant wom-
en given to petty spite and backbit-
ing, and London's west end has
probably not escaped. There are
"catty" women over here, too, just
as there are militant suffragettes,
and Salome dancers, and other un-
pleasant ladies fond of the lime
light. But he would be a brave
man who would come forward and
claim that most of his drawing-room
acquaintances are of the Tabby va-
riety. Also a reckless one.—Boston
Traveler.

The Standard wants another
good type setter at once.

IN DOUBT.



Dolly—What's the new baby's name,
Auntie?

Aunt—Oh, baby hasn't got any name
yet.

Dolly—Then how do they know it
belongs to us?

LONG PEDIGREE.

It is related that when Sir Moss
Montefiore was taunted by a politi-
cal opponent with the memory of
Cavalry and described as one who
sprang from the murderers who cruci-
fied Christ, the Jewish philantrop-
ist, whom Christendom has learned
to honor, called upon his assailant
and showed him the record of his
ancestors, which had been kept for
3,000 years, and which showed that
their home has been in Spain for
2,000 years before Jesus of Nazareth
was born!

Over the County

News Notes of Interest From Our Country Correspondents

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS:—The Standard is pleased indeed with your work and appreciates your efforts in aiding in the publication of "the best paper McCulloch county has ever had." There are ten of you this week and more to come. This involves much labor in type setting, and in order to facilitate this work we find that it is necessary that we receive your letters by Monday of each week. Therefore please mail your letters so we will get them on Monday, otherwise your correspondence may have to be omitted in order that the paper be not delayed. Letters arriving too late for publication will be held over for the next issue. We beg to thank you for your interest, and ask you to comply with this rule as closely as possible.

MELVIN MUSINGS.

Melvin, Texas, April 21.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

Well all the farmers are wearing a smile as we got a little rain Tuesday night which cooled the air and caused the trees to look like good old summer time, but didn't get enough to start people to farming.

Mrs. Ed Hale has been quite sick the past week but is improving at this writing.

Miss Viola Mitchell is on the sick list.

C. A. Johnson who lived near this place, and who was operated on for appendicitis Saturday, died at Brady Monday. He leaves a wife and three children who have the heartfelt sympathy of our entire community.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson McDonald made a business trip to Brady Saturday.

Misses Effie Hale, Eva Baker, May and Jimmie Cowling were the pleasant guests of Miss Maggie Dunn Sunday.

Mr. Baker and family were the guests of J. E. McDonald and family Sunday.

N. C. Ritchie and family visited Paten Yocham and wife Sunday eve.

Our clever mail man Mr. McGuffin has that new auto we spoke of before. He looks more like a lord than a U. S. mail carrier.

Miss Ida McDonald was the pleasant guest of Misses Vila and Maria Mitchell Sunday.

Ed Hale and little son Ervin went to Brady Friday.

Jimmie Alexander was the guest of Johnnie Seamore Sunday.

Mrs. Lona Satterfield and Mrs. Ritchie were the guests of Mrs. Ruth McDonald Wednesday.

Danley Cotrell is wearing a smile from one ear to the other this week; says he has struck plenty of water in his well. It's enough to cause a smile this dry weather. This is one of the wells the old Mexican witcher for.

J. A. McDonald has struck a small bit of water in his well but is still going further. Says he thinks he will strike plenty of water when he gets through the rock.

We have Sunday school every Sunday morning. Come and bring some one with you.

Brother Shirley preached a good sermon to a large crowd Sunday morning.

There was a Farmer's Union speaking at the school house Saturday night.

Miss Eula Woods entertained a large number of friends at her home Friday night. All report an elegant time.

Frank Leigh left Monday for Louisiana.

G. Light of Mason county was in our midst Sunday night.

Well I will quit for this time as news is scarce. Luck to The Standard and its many readers.

BASHFUL BOY.

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 interestingly 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 testsamples. Send no money. Just join with Dr. Shoop and give some sufferer a pleasant surprise. Central Drug Store.

PLACID POINTERS.

Placid, Texas, April 26.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

As hope is said to spring eternal in the human breast so we are still hoping for rain yet. Farmers are still going on with their work however, breaking land and planting cotton.

J. R. Gault has corn that is looking all right.

O. H. Robbins and J. R. Gault attended church at Cowboy on the 18th.

Our postmaster has ordered a cabinet for the postoffice.

Jim Ranne wife and babe of Sweden, were recently visiting in these parts and also at the home of his brother Joe at Mercury.

Rev. W. D. Killingworth our Methodist pastor, filled his appointment here Saturday night and Sunday. Four members were added to the church here by letter.

Our school teacher and postmaster caught the Frisco passenger Saturday and made the round trip to Brady and back.

Mr. Woods of near Lohn, was here last week prospecting for a location.

Mr. Love and family of near Hall's Valley, were visiting here Saturday.

Guy Adams and wife and his sister Miss Pearl of Deep Creek, attended services here Sunday.

Oscar Gault and W. V. Day report an enjoyable trip to Onion Gap Sunday night.

Milburn, Placid and Corn Creek crossed bats here in a ball game Saturday. Milburn carried off the laurels.

The young folks report a singing at M. L. Jones' Saturday night.

Good-bye, will try to do better next time.

EFRA.

MILBURN MIXUPS.

Milburn, Texas, April 24.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

We were blessed by a refreshing shower Tuesday night, the 20th. It has been cloudy and threatening for several days, and we are in hopes of getting plenty of rain yet to make good crops.

R. D. Shumate is having a new residence erected where his old one burned in January. They will soon move back to Milburn.

Neil McBee and Miss Maudie Cooper were married at Cowboy on April 17th, Rev. Thames officiating.

Grandma Gosset aged 90 years, died April 16th, and was buried the 17th at the Milburn cemetery.

Clarence Robbins of Placid, was visiting old friends here last week.

Mrs. J. C. Stroud visited relatives at Brady last week.

Rev. S. M. Hull and family went to Richland Springs Saturday to fill his appointment.

Rev. J. C. Thames filled his appointment at Onion Gap Sunday.

Those are nice letters by Mr. Green. We note what he said about the little town in Virginia, and we hope the right man will soon come along and arouse this slumbering little town to find its hidden treasure. We know there is oil here and perhaps richer fields.

George McAllister of this place, while strolling around among the rocks and mountains in their pasture a few days since, discovered what is supposed to be the petrified skeleton of a huge man. It surely belonged to the giant race now extinct. He brought the forefinger of the right hand to town to exhibit. It measured seven inches in length, four and a half inches in circumference and the nail was one inch long. He found it on the side of the mountain where the hard rains last year had washed the dirt away. Said the skull was very large.

Much success to The Standard.

IDAHO.

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

BRYSON BREVITIES.

Brady, Texas, April 26.

EDITOR STANDARD:

No news of great importance. Will endeavor to give a brief sketch of farm progress, there being a right smart of planting going on.

I. L. Clifton has about forty-three acres of cotton planted but is waiting for a rainfall sufficient to bring up the seed. He also has watermelons up and they are growing rapidly. If we don't have a frost to kill his vines McCulloch will grow some early watermelons. Mr. Clifton and family have gone to Concho county on a visit to his father. They will return during the week. His hired hand says he will be glad to see his return as he gets lonesome for Mr. Clifton is a jolly good fellow and makes company for him.

Joe Nunnally who lives on Dr. McCall's place is preparing to break about fifty acres of raw land.

Cheer up boys and look pleasant for McCulloch county is going to have plenty of rain before it is too late. SHARPSHOOTER.

—We have standing orders for vegetables. Phone us your orders. Cobb-Randle Gro. Co.

STACY SAYINGS.

Stacy, Texas, April 26.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

We had a small rain Thursday but not enough to do any good.

M. J. Stacy has returned from a long journey to Mexico. He was stopped by a severe case of sickness at Fort Worth for several weeks but has returned home at last, and is improving

fast. Think he will be able to be out at the picnic.

Frank Bailey and Walter Rogers are going to bid Stacy a farewell on the Fourth of July. Wish them a pleasant journey.

B. K. Bowen called Dr. J. D. McCann Thursday to see one of his children who has a severe case of diphtheria. The other cases have recovered.

Mr. Thompson of Salt Gap, passed away last Thursday morning and was buried at the Stacy cemetery Friday evening. He leaves a wife and children to mourn his loss.

R. C. Sloan has been moving his household goods this week over to his new home two miles south of Stacy.

Everybody that wants something good to eat, to hear good singing and to have a good time generally come to the all day singing first Sunday in May. Everybody is invited to come. Dinner on the ground for all.

VIOLET.

LOST CREEK ECHOES.

Voca, Texas, April 26.

EDITOR STANDARD:

Building character should be the motto of every parent in this world. Just as we live and conduct ourselves as parents, just that sure we are building the character of our children. Then how careful ought we to be. Solomon, the wise man of old, said "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." If we train our boys to go in saloons and into gambling dens and all kinds of vice, sin and immorality just that sure we are building a character that is degrading to civilization.

The Lost Creek school was out last Friday. Miss Willie Duke as principal has taught a very successful term of six months.

Miss Eula Parker left a few days ago for Mercury where she will teach music this spring.

Henry Roberts has sold his crop to C. P. Taylor. Mr. Roberts will leave in a few days for New Mexico.

A little girl came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lonza Holoway a few days ago and will make it her home.

F. D. Sommers and Miss Ellen Henderson went to Fredonia Saturday to visit at the home of their aunt, Mrs. G. W. Armor.

We had another very good rain but they come so far apart they don't do the amount of good that we would like to see.

The present condition of the pecan crop is good in this country. The fruit crop will be below the average.

Alvin Draper one of our old-time boys but now of the Lohn country, is here this week on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. J. Armor visited her sister, Mrs. W. A. Baker at Fredonia Sunday.

Mr. Parker went to Brady Saturday to ship his piano to Mercury for the use of his daughter, Miss Eula, who will teach music at that place.

There is considerable talk here of organizing a company to buy and operate an artesian well machinery outfit. We hope to see the project materialize and to see many flowing wells in this country in the near future. We feel sure it is here and it only remains our going after it.

Lots of folks in this part of the country regard the Holy Scriptures as being too sacred a volume to cast any reflections upon any of its bright and sparkling pages, however it might not have been the intention of our good correspondent from Milburn to thus have meant, when he adopted his pen name as Acts 2:38.

I sure do enjoy reading the many good letters from different parts of the county that appear each week in The Brady Standard, the best paper published in the county. A. CITIZEN.

LOHN DOTS.

Lohn, Texas, April 27.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

The people of Lohn are all smiles today, for we had a fine rain here last night. This means work for all.

Leon Browning and sister, Miss Lula, went to Brady Wednesday shopping.

J. M. Meeks, our post master, has made a new addition to his residence the past week.

Several couples of young people of this place went to Cow Gap to hear Rev. Shirley preach Sunday evening.

Mrs. D. A. Webb and son, Lee, with Mr. A. J. Smith, returned from Menardville Monday, where they had been visiting several days.

Prof. Grimes leaves tomorrow for New Mexico with a view of finding a home. We regret very much to have him and his companion leave us, for a christian who is willing to lend a

hand for the up building of a community, religiously and educationally is a factor to be desired.

Quite an audience attended services Sunday morning, and at night, to hear Rev. Shirley. It is restful to look upon that honest face and hear his earnest words. It makes us feel that—

—The world's not all a fleeting show For man's illusion given.

He that hath soothed a widow's woe, Or wiped an orphan's tear doth know

There's something here of heaven." This is moralizing and not giving much news, but moralizing is better than immoralizing any day. We will try to follow the rule laid down for ministers.

1st. Have something to say.

2nd. Say it.

3rd. Sit down.

REGINA

SALT GAP BREEZES.

Salt Gap, Texas, April 24.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

The sacred hand of death visited our community and took our beloved brother, Mr. S. P. Thompson. We all mourn his loss very much.

There must be something very attractive about Pear Valley, for D. N. Conroy and E. D. Duncan can't travel between there often enough to suit their taste, so Mr. Duncan took up board there.

Mr. and Mrs. Conroy were visited by some of their young friends on the 18th, taking them quite by surprise, but the house was soon arranged for a swell party and all report having a nice time.

Mr. Hines gave a ball on the 16th, a large crowd attending. All enjoyed themselves very much.

John Halmark, who has been anticipating a trip to Mexico, has decided to spend one more summer in the Salt Gap community, and we sincerely hope he will prolong his stay indefinitely and enjoy many more summers in the sunny valley of Texas.

The mumps have given many the big head but no serious trouble done; all improving.

Jerry Wright, of Nine paid Mr. and Mrs. Duncan a call on the night of the 22. Come again Mr. Wright.

The ball game of Pear Valley was largely attended by Salt Gap.

The young folks attended Ganzel preaching on the 25. THE ROVER.

ROCHELLE RATTLINGS.

Rochelle, Texas, April 24.

EDITOR BRADY STANDARD:

Graves Connell, drummer for Cox & Co., of Brownwood, was interviewing our merchants Friday. He reports a very good business in his line throughout this territory.

Mr. Hackley, of Fort Worth, who has been acting as operator at the depot, during the illness of Operator Fanning, left Friday for your city, where he will remain for awhile before returning to Fort Worth.

Mr. Lockaby, proprietor of the Jones Hotel, visited in Mason the past week and reports that country in very good condition but needing a good rain badly.

J. N. Little, of Junction City, has arrived in the city and will, within the next few days, commence the erection of a commodious store building, in which he intends opening a first-class racket store at an early date.

Rev. Land, a minister of the Holiness faith, has erected a tent on the vacant lot near the depot and is preaching to very good crowds at each service. He was joined Monday by Rev. Howard of Bangs and they expect to continue the meeting for several weeks.

Mr. Williams, who purchased the Haddow place south of town, has arrived with his family and household goods and they are engaged in moving to their new home. We are glad to welcome this family into our midst.

A. D. Gentry, our popular telephone man is making considerable improvements upon the telephone system throughout our little city and is determined that Rochelle shall have telephone service second to no other city of the same size in the state.

Dr. Harry Lindley, of Brady was here Wednesday and Thursday, and reports a very good practice in his line. Harry is a splendid young man as well as an efficient dentist and is always a welcome visitor to our little city.

Mr. Powell, who has been assistant clerk at the depot, left Saturday for Fort Worth, and after spending a few days there will go to Seattle, Washington, where he will reside in future. Powell is a good, steady, young man and will make good in his new home.

Miss Maud Sellman returned home Tuesday after a two weeks visit to relatives in Brownwood.

The residence of C. W. Carr, our new druggist, is about completed and Mr. Carr has moved into it with his household furniture and is now a full fledged citizen of our town.

W. J. Odell, manager of the Brownwood Lumber Co., passed through the city Wednesday, enroute to Brady and returned via Rochelle Thursday. While here he was the guest of the Crothers Lumber Co.

W. R. Rice has recently completed and moved into his new home, west of the depot and seems to be satisfied with his location and business in the city.

The Richland Springs and Rochelle baseball team played a match game on the Rochelle grounds Saturday, which resulted in an easy victory for the Richland Springs team. However, the game was a very pretty exhibition of the national sport and, with a little more practice our boys hope to give a better account of themselves in the future.

R. W. Haddow, of the Sweden neighborhood, and who recently purchased the O. E. Rice residence is moving into his newly acquired property this week. We are glad to welcome him in our midst.

Will Talbot, of the Crothers Lumber Co., returned Monday morning after spending Sunday with the home folks in Brownwood.

Richard Mosley has just completed a new residence near the Christian church and will move into same at an

NOTICE

We have purchased the Garage and Repair Shop of Wade & Sheridan, and with our seven years' experience in actual service in one of the best auto cities of the South, our courteous treatment and every possible effort to please our customers, every piece of work, large or small, guaranteed all auto owners may rest assured that they can give us their work and supply business and get a perfectly square deal, and results that will make the machine go.

We will attend to your wants, day or night, in town or twenty miles away, with any make of machine.

We have a repair car that will come and bring you in when broke down on the road. Best supplies always on hand—also vulcanizing plant for inside tubes and outer casing.

Stop With Us When in Town

BRADY AUTO CO.

WILLIAM S. BAKER, Mgr.

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.	12 to 14c
Turkeys, per lb.	10c
Ducks, per doz.	83.00
Geese, per doz.	85.00
Milo Maize, per bu.	60c to \$1.00
Oats, per bu.	45c
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 14c
Millet, per bu.	\$1.00
Cotton, middling	9c

City Election.

Next Tuesday is the date set for electing a new mayor. So far as The Standard is informed there are yet no candidates for the place, though perhaps several men will be put up and run by their friends.

The Brady Telegraph School

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

Jack McGaughy returned Tuesday from a visit to his family in Brownwood. He also attended a meeting of the representatives of his cotton firm, with the expectation of being relieved from duty for the season, but on the contrary was sent back to Brady for another month. Which indicates that there must be considerable cotton to be sold here yet.

Stolen—Reward.

Stolen, from our shop Saturday or Sunday, one red bicycle, nameplate "Cruetoe," heavy roadster tires, coaster brake, 24 inch frame. We offer \$10 reward for wheel and thief.

BRADY BICYCLE SHOP.

—Job printing—"a little better than seems necessary"—at The Standard office. Phone 163. tf

—We have standing orders for vegetables. Phone us your orders. Cobb-Randle Gro. Co.

A NEW RESTAURANT

On May 1st we will open the American Beauty Restaurant in the Syndicate Building, where we will be prepared to serve first-class meals and short orders—the best the market affords at most reasonable prices. Polite and courteous treatment to all.

MRS. A. M. SHORE & SON
SYNDICATE BUILDING



THE BARRIER

BY REX BEACH

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY HARPER & BROTHERS



The young man became conscious of a vague discomfort and realized dimly that for hours now he had been smothering with words and caresses a something that had striven with him to be heard, a something that instead of dying grew stronger the more utterly this innocent maid yielded to him. It was as if he had ridden impulse with rough spurs in a fierce desire to distance certain voices and in the first mad gallop had lost them, but now far back heard them calling again more strongly every moment. A man's honor or if old may travel feebly, but its pursuit is persistent. It was the talk about his people that had raised this uneasiness and indecision, he thought. Why had he ever started it?

"The marvelous part of it all," continued the girl, "is that it will never end. I know I shall love you always. Do you suppose I am really different from other girls?"

"Everything is different tonight—the whole world," he declared impatiently. "I've had a big handicap," she said, "but you must help me to overcome it. I want to be like your sister."

He rose and piled more wood upon the fire. What possessed the girl? It was as if she knew each cunning joint of his armor, as if she had realized her peril and had set about the awakening of his conscience deliberately and with a cautious wisdom beyond her years. Well, she had done it, and he swore to himself. Then he melted at the sight of her, crouched there against the shadows, following his every movement with her soul in her eyes, the tenderest trace of a smile upon her lips.

When she beheld him gazing at her she tilted her head sideways daintily, like a little bird.

"Oh, my! What a fierce you are all at once!"

Her smile flashed up as if illumined by the leaping blaze, and he crossed quickly, kneeling beside her.

He piled up a great sweet scented couch of springy boughs and fashioned her a pillow out of a bundle of smaller ones, around which he wrapped his khaki coat; then he removed her high laced boots and, taking her tiny feet, one in the palm of either hand, bowed his head over them and kissed them with a sense of her gracious purity and his own unworthiness. He spread one of the big gray blankets over her and tucked her in, while she sighed in delightful languor, looking up at him all the time.

"I'll sit here beside you for awhile," he said. "I want to smoke a bit."

At times a great desire to feel her in his arms, to have her on his breast, surged over him, for he had lived long apart from women, and the solitude of the night seemed to mock him. He was a strong man, and in his veins ran the blood of wayward forebears who were wont to possess that which they conquered in the lists of love, mingled with which was the blood of spirited southern women who had on occasion loved not wisely, according to Kentucky rumor, but only too well. Nevertheless they were honest men and women, if overemotional, and had transmitted to him a heritage of chivalry and a high sense of honor and courage. Her love had placed a barrier between them greater and more insurmountable than her blood.

He gently withdrew his fingers from her grasp and, seeing the other side of the wickup, covered himself over without disturbing her and fell asleep. It was early dawn when Necla crept to him.

"I dreamed you had gone away," she said, shivering violently and drawing close. "Oh, it was a terrible awakening!"

"I was too tired to dream," he said. "So I had to come and see if you were really here."

He quickly rekindled the fire, and they made a hasty breakfast. Before the warmth of the rising sun had penetrated the cold air they had climbed the ridge and obtained a wondrous view of broken country, the hills alight with the morning rays, the valleys misty and mystical.

"I wish Stark was not one of Lee's party," he said once. "He may misunderstand our being together this way."

"But when he learns that we love each other that will explain everything."

"I am not so sure. He doesn't know you as Lee and Poleon and your father do. I think we had better say nothing at all about—you and me—to any one."

They clung to the divide for several hours, then descended into the bed of a stream, which they followed until it joined a larger one a couple of miles below, and there, sheltered in a grove of whispering firs, they found Lee's cabin nestling in a narrow, forked valley.

"There's no one here," said Necla gleefully. "We've beat them in! We've beat them in!"

"They had been walking rapidly since dawn, and, although Burrell's watch showed 2 o'clock, she refused to halt for lunch, declaring that the others might arrive at any moment, so down they went to the lower end of 'No Creek' Lee's location, where Burrell

buzzed a smooth spot on the down-

stream side of a tree and wrote thereon at Necla's dictation. When he had finished she signed her name, and he



"I'll sit here beside you for awhile," he said.

witnessed it, then paced off 440 steps, where he squared a spruce tree, which she marked:

Lower center end stake of No. 1 below discovery. NECLA GALE, Locator.

"Now you stake the one below mine," she said. "It's just as good and may be better. Nobody can tell." But he shook his head.

"I'm not going to stake anything," said he.

"You must!" she cried quickly, the sparkle dying from her eyes. "You said you would, or I never would have brought you."

"I merely said I would come with you," he corrected. "I did not promise to take up a claim, for I don't think I ought to do so. If I were a civilian it would be different, but this is government land, and I am a part of the government, as it were. Then, too, in addition to the question of my right to do it, there would be the certainty of making enemies of your people, old 'No Creek' and the rest, and I can't afford that now."

All arguments and pleading were in vain. He remained obdurate and insisted on her locating two other claims for herself, one on each of the smaller creeks where they came together above the house.

"But nobody ever stakes more than one claim on a gulch," objected the girl. "It's a custom of the miners."

"Then we'll call each one of these branches a different and separate creek," he said. "The gold was carried down one of those smaller streams, and we won't take any chances on which one it was."

CHAPTER VII
THE MAGIC OF BEN STARK.

BEFORE the party came in sight the sound of their voices reached the cabin, and Burrell rose nervously and sauntered to the door. Uncertain how this affair might terminate, he chose to get first look at his enemies, if they should prove to be such, realizing the advantage that goes to a man who stands squarely on both feet. Then he heard Lee say:

"Well, I'll be d—d! Somebody's here ahead of us."

"We've been beaten!" growled Stark angrily, pushing past him and coming around the corner, an ugly look in his eyes.

"Good afternoon," Burrell nodded pleasantly.

Lee answered him unintelligibly. Stark said nothing, but Burrell's exclamation was plain.

"It's that cursed blue belly!"

"When did you get here?" said Stark after a pause.

"A few hours ago."

"How did you come?" asked Lee.

"Black Bear creek," said the soldier curtly, at which Burrell broke into profanity.

"Better hush," Burrell admonished him. "There's a lady inside." And at that instant Necla showed her laughing face under his arm, while the trader uttered her name in amazement.

"Lunch is ready," she said. "We've been expecting you for quite awhile."

"Ba gar! Dat's funny ting for sure," said Poleon. "Who tol' you 'bout dis strike, eh?"

"Mother, I made her," the girl answered.

"Take off your packs and come in," Burrell invited, but Stark strode forward.

"Hold on a minute. This don't look good to me. You say your mother told you. I suppose you're Old Man Gale's other daughter, eh?"

Necla nodded.

"What time of day was it when you learned about this?"

"Cut that out!" roughly interjected Gale. "Do you think I double crossed you?"

The other turned upon him.

"It looks that way, and I intend to find out. You said yesterday you hadn't told anybody."

"I didn't think about the woman," said the trader, a trifle disconcerted, whereupon Burrell gave vent to an ironical sneer.

"But here's your girl and this man

ahead of us. I suppose there's others on the way too."

"Nonsense!" Burrell cut in. "I call it sleek work," chuckled the Canadian, slipping out of his straps. "De nex' tam' I go stamped in' I tak' you 'long, Necla."

"Me, too," said Lee. "And now I'm goin' to tear into some of them beans I smell a-billin' in yonder."

The others followed, although Stark and Runion looked black and had little to say. It was an uncomfortable meal. Every one was ill at ease. Gale in particular was quiet and ate less than any of them. His eyes sought Stark's face frequently, and once he blazed his cheeks and his eyes boldly eyeing Necla.

"You are a mighty good looking girl for a 'blood,'" remarked Stark at last. "Thank you," she replied simply, and the soldier's dislike of the man crystallized into hate on the instant. There was a tone back of his words that seemed aimed at the trader, Meade thought, but Gale showed no sign of it, so the meal was finished in silence, after which the five belated prospectors went out to make their locations, for the fear of interruption was upon them now.

First they went downstream, and, according to their agreement, the trader staked first, followed by Poleon and Stark, thus throwing Runion's claim more than a mile distant from Lee's discovery. From here they went up the creek to find the girl's other locations, one on each branch, at which Stark sneeringly remarked that she had pre-empted enough ground for a full grown white woman.

Runion's displeasure was even more open, and he fell into foul mouthed mutterings, addressing himself to Poleon and Stark while the trader was out of earshot.

"This affair don't smell right, and I still think it's a frame-up."

"Bah!" exclaimed Doret. "The old man sent the girl on ahead of us to blanket all the good ground. That's what he did!"

"Wait wan minnit," interrupted Poleon, his voice as soft as a woman's. "I tol' you dat I know all 'bout dis Black Bear creek too. You 'member, eh? Waal, mebbe you 'tink I'm traitor too? W-at? W-y don' you spik out?"

The three of them were alone, and only the sound of Gale's ax came to them, but at the light in the Canadian's face Runion hastily disclaimed any such thought on his part, and Stark shrugged his denial.

There are men quite devoid of the ability to read the human face, and Runion was of this species. Moreover, malice was so bitter in his mouth that he must have it out. So when they paused to blaze the next stake he addressed himself to Stark loud enough for Poleon to hear.

"That lieutenant is more of a man than I thought he was."

"How so?" inquired the older man.

"Well, it takes nerve to steal a girl for one night and then face the father, but the old man don't seem to mind it any more than she does. I guess he knows what it means, all right."

Stark laughed raucously.

"That's probably how Gale got his squaw," concluded Runion, with a sneer.

It seemed a full minute before the Frenchman gave sign that he had heard; then a strange cry broke from his throat, and he began to tremble as if with cold. He was no longer the singer of songs or the man who forever a boy. The mocking anger of a moment ago was gone. In its place was a consuming fury that sucked the blood from beneath his tan, leaving him the pallor of ashes, while his mouth twitched and his head rolled slightly from side to side like a palsied old man's. But evidently Poleon meant no violence, for he allowed the passion, to run from him freely until it had spent its vigor, then said to Runion:

"Somebody goin' die for w-at you say jus' now. Mebbe it's goin' to be him, m'sieu; mebbe it's goin' to be him. I can't tell yet, but I'm hope an' pray it's goin' to be you, because I 'tink w-at you say is a lie, an' nobody can spik dose kind of lie 'bout Necla Gale."

He went crashing blindly through the underbrush, his head wagging, his shoulders slumped loosely forward like those of a drunken man, his lips framing words they could not understand.

When he had disappeared Runion drew a deep breath.

"I guess I've framed something for Mr. Burrell this time."

"You go about it queer," said Stark. "I'd rather tackle a gang saw than a man like Poleon Doret. Your frame-up may work double."

"Huh! No chance. The soldier was out all night alone with that half breed girl, and anybody can see she's crazy about him. What's the answer?"

"Have you got your eye on her too?"

"Sure! Do you blame me?"

"No, but she's too good for you. Better stay out," the gambler advised. "As a matter of fact, I don't like her father any better than you like her lovers."

"Well, it's mutual. I can see Gale hates you like poison."

"—and I don't intend to see him and his tribe hog all the best ground hereabouts."

"They've already done it. You can't stop them."

"Yes, I can stop them," said Stark. "I want the ground that girl has staked, and I'm going to get it. It lies next to Lee's, and it's sure to be rich. Ours is so far away it may not be worth the recorder's fees. This creek may be as spotted as a coach dog, so I don't intend to take any chances."

"She made her locations legally," said Runion.

"You leave that to me. When will the other boys be here?"

"Tomorrow morning. I tol' them to follow about four hours behind and not to run in on us till we had finished.

They'll camp a few miles down the creek and be in early."

"You couldn't get but three, eh?"

"That's all I could find who would agree to give up half."

"Can we count on them?"

"Huh!" the other grunted. "They worked with me and Soapy Smith on the Skagway trail."

"Good—five against three, not counting the girl and the lieutenant," Stark mused. "Well, that will do it." He outlined his plan; then the two returned to the cabin to find Lee cooking supper.

Poleon had finished several pipes and after supper sat in the shadows in the open doorway apparently tired and dejected, though his eyes shone like diamonds and roved from one to the other. Half unconsciously he heard Stark saying:

"This girl was about your size, but not so dark. However, you remind me of her in some ways. That's why it puts her in my mind, I suppose. She was about your age at the time—nineteen."

"Oh, I'm not eighteen yet," said Necla.

"Well, she was a fine woman anyhow, the best that ever set foot in Chandon, and there was a great deal of talk when she chose young Bennett over the Gaylord man, for Bennett had been running second best from the start, and everybody thought it was settled between her and the other one. However, they were married quietly."

The story did not interest the Canadian. His mind was in too great agitation to care for dead tales. His heart burned within him too fiercely, and he felt too great a desire to put his hands to work. As he watched Burrell and Runion bend over the table looking at a little can of gold dust that Lee had taken from under his bunk his eyes grew red and blood-shot beneath his hat brim. Which one of the two would it be? he wondered.

From the corner of his eye he saw Gale rise from Lee's bed, where he had stretched himself to smoke, and take his six shooter from his belt, then remove the knotted bandanna from his neck and begin to clean the gun, his head bowed over it earnestly, his face in the shadow. He had ever been a careful and methodical man, reflected Poleon, and evidently would not go to sleep with his firearm in bad condition.

"Nobody imagined that Gaylord would cause trouble," Stark was saying, "for he didn't seem to be a jealous sort, just stupid and kind of heavy witted. But one night he took advantage of Bennett's absence and sneaked up to the house." The story teller paused, and Necla, who was under the spell of his recital, urged him on:

"Yes, yes. What happened then? Go on!" But Stark stared gloomily at his hands and held his silence for a full minute, the tale appearing to have awakened more than a fleeting interest in him.

"It was one of the worst killings that ever happened in those parts," he continued. "Bennett came back to find his wife murdered and the kid gone."

"Oh!" said the girl in a shocked voice.

"Yes, there was a deuce of a time. The town rose up in a body, and we—you see, I happened to be there—we followed the man for weeks. We trailed him and the kid clear over into the Nevada desert, where we lost them."

"He died of thirst in the desert maybe, he and the little one."

"That's what we thought at the time, but I've crossed his trail since then. No, Gaylord is alive today, and so is the girl. Some time we'll meet." His voice gave out, and he stared again at the floor.

"Couldn't the little girl be traced?" said Necla. "What was her name?"

Stark made to speak, but the word was never uttered, for there came a deafening roar that caused Lee's candle to leap and flicker and the air inside the cabin to strike the occupants like a blow. Instantly there was confusion, and each man sprang to his feet, crying out affrightedly, for the noise had come with utter unexpectedness.

"My God, I've killed him!" cried Gale. And with one jump he cleared half the room and was beside Stark, while his revolver lay on the floor where he had been sitting.

"What is it?" exclaimed Burrell. But there was no need to ask, for powder smoke was beginning to fill the room, and the trader's face gave answer. It was whiter than that of his daughter, who had crouched fearfully against the wall, and he shook like a man with ague. But Stark stood

his customary quiet. There had blazed up one momentary flash of suspicion and anger, but it died straightway, for no man could have beheld the trader and not felt contrition. His condition was pitiable, and the sight of a strong man overcome is not pleasant. When it was seen that no harm had been done the others strove to make light of the accident.

"Get together, all of you! It's nothing to be excited over!" said Stark. "How did it happen?" Runion finally asked Gale, who had sunk limply upon the edge of the bunk, but when the old man undertook to answer his words were unintelligible, and he shook his head helplessly.

Stark laid his finger on the hole that the bullet had bored in the log close to where he was sitting and laughed.

"Never mind, old man; it missed me by six inches. You know there never was a bullet that could kill me. I'm six shooter proof."

"Whad' I tell you?" triumphantly ejaculated Lee to the lieutenant.

Doret of all in the cabin had said nothing. Seated apart from the others, he had seen the affair from a distance, as it were, and now stepped to the bed to lay his hand on Gale's shoulder.

"Brace up, John. Sacre bleu! Your face look lak flour. Come outside an' get it air."

Poleon led his friend down the trail for half a mile without speaking till Gale had regained a grip of himself and muttered finally:

"I never did such a thing before, Poleon; never in all my life."

"Why?" insisted the Frenchman.

"I—I—I— What do you mean?"

"Don't lie wit' me, John. I'm happen to be watch you undernert' my hat w'en you turn roun' for see if anybody lookin'."

"I thought you were asleep," said Gale.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE KNIFE.

IN every community, be it ever so small, there are undesirable citizens, and while the little party was still at breakfast on the following morning three such members of society came around the cabin and let fall their packs, greeting the occupants boisterously.

"Well, well!" said Lee, coming to the door. "You're travelin' kind of early, ain't you?"

"Yes, early and late," one of them laughed, while the other two sprawled about as if to rest.

"How far are you goin'?"

"Not far," the spokesman answered. "We want a piece of this creek."

"What are you goin' to do with it?"

"Cut that out, Lee. We're on."

"Who wised you up to this?" inquired the miner angrily.

"Never mind who put us Jerry. We're here, ain't we?"

The harm was done, and there was no use in concealment, so Lee reluctantly told them of his discovery and warned them of the stakes already placed.

"I'll stop along with the boys and show them where our upper stakes are," volunteered Stark, and Runion offered to do the same, adding that it were best to make sure of no conflict so early in the game. The five disappeared into the woods, leaving the others at the cabin to make preparations for the homeward trip.

"I don't like the look of this," observed the lieutenant thoughtfully. "I'm afraid there's some kind of a job on foot."

"There's nothing they can do," Gale answered. "We've got our ground staked out, and it's up to them to choose what's left."

They were nearly ready to set out for Plambeau when the five men returned.

"Before you go," said Stark, "I think we'd better organize our mining district. There are enough present to do it."

"We can make the kind of laws we want before the gang comes along," Runion chimed in, "and elect a recorder who will give us a square deal."

"I'll agree if we give Lee the job," said Gale. "It's coming to him as the discoverer, and I reckon the money will be handy, seeing the hard luck he's played in."

The group assembled in the cleared space before the cabin to make rules and regulations governing the district, for it is a custom in all mining sections removed from authority for local property holders thus to make local laws governing the size of claims, the size of the recorder's fees, the character of those who may hold mines and such other questions as arise.

It was of wondrous interest to Necla to be an integral part of such important matters, and she took pride in voting on every question, but Burrell, who observed the proceedings from neutral ground, could not shake off the notion that all was not right. Things moved too smoothly. It looked as if there had been a rehearsal. Lee, Poleon and the trader, however, seemed not to notice it.

The surprise came when they had completed the organization of the district and had nearly finished adopting bylaws.

Runion moved the adoption of a rule that no women be allowed to locate mining claims, and one of the strangers seconded it.

"What's that?" said Lee, raising his one eye from the notebook in which as secretary he was transcribing the minutes.

"It isn't right to let women in on a man's game," said Runion.

"That's my idea," echoed the seconder.

"I s'pose this is aimed at my girl," said Gale, springing to his feet. "I might have known you bums were up to some crooked work."

Poleon likewise rose and ranged himself with the trader.

"Ba gar, I don' stan' for dat!" said he excitedly. "You want for jump Necla's claims, eh?"

"As long as I'm chairman we'll have no rough work," declared Stark, glaring at them. "If you want trouble, you two, I reckon you can have it; but, whether you do or not, the majority is going to rule, and we'll make what laws we want to."

He took no pains now to mask his dislike for Gale, who began to move toward him in his dogged, resolute way. Necla, observing them, hastened to her father's side, for that which she sensed in the bearing of both men quite overcame her indignation at this blow against herself.

"No, no; don't have any trouble!" she pleaded as she clung to the trader. "For my sake, daddy, sit down." Then she whispered fiercely into his ear: "Can't you see he's trying to make you fight? There's too many of them. Wait! Wait!"

Burrell attempted to speak, but Stark, who was presiding, turned upon him fiercely.

A moment later he saw the futility of interference when Stark continued, addressing the trader:

"This isn't aimed at you in particular, Gale, nor at your girl, for a motion to disqualify her isn't necessary. She isn't old enough to hold mining property."

"She's eighteen," declared the trader. "Not according to her story."

"Well, I can keep her claims for her till she gets of age."

"We've just fixed it so you can't," grinned Runion cunningly. "No man can hold more than one claim on a creek. You voted for that yourself."

Too late Gale saw the trick by which Stark had used him to rob his own daughter.

"No Creek" Lee had the name of a man slow in speech and action and

one who roused himself to anger deliberately, much as a serpent stings itself into a painful fury, but now it was apparent that he was boiling over, for he stammered and halted and blustered explosively:

"You're a bunch of rascals, all of you, trvin' to down a pore girl and get her ground. But who put you wise to this thing, in the first place? Who found this gold? Just because there's enough of you to vote that motion through that don't make it legal, not by a d—d sight, and it won't hold, because I won't write it in the book. You—you—" He glared at them malevolently, searching his mind for an epithet sufficiently vile and, finding it, spat it out—"dressmakers!"

So this was why both Stark and Runion had gone up the creek with the three new men, thought Burrell. No doubt they had deliberately arranged the whole thing so that the new arrivals could immediately relocate each of Necla's claims—the pick of all the ground outside Lee's discovery and the surest to be valuable—and that Stark would share in the robbery.

Carefully slipping around the corner of the cabin and keeping the house between him and the others, Burrell broke into a swift run, making the utmost possible speed for fear they should miss him and guess his purpose, or, worse yet, finish their discussion and adjourn before he could complete his task. He was a light man on his feet, and he dodged through the forest, running more carelessly the farther he went, visiting first the upper claims; then, making a wide detour of the cabin, he came back to the initial stake of Necla's lower claim, staggering from his exertions, his lungs bursting from the strain. He had covered nearly a mile; but, even so, he laughed grimly as he walked back toward the cabin, for it was a game worth playing, and he was glad to take a hand on the side of the trader and the girl. Coming within earshot, he heard the meeting vote to adjourn. It could not have terminated more opportunely had he held a stop watch on it.

Runion addressed the spectators loudly:

"Well, boys, there a claims open for relocat I can't stake one of them."

"They won't lie open of the undesirable citizen, turn downstream, while panions made for th-

DID YOU GET ONE

OF OUR STOCK BOOKS? ASK US

We have in stock a full line of

International Stock Remedies
LeGear Stock Remedies
Crecent Stock Remedies
Black Draught Stock Remedies
And Others

Large Assortment of Fishing Tackle

PALACE DRUG STORE

BOZEMAN & FORD, Proprietors

Only the Best

Ballinger Cattle Sales.

Following is the record of recent cattle sales made at Ballinger, showing good prices for the grades of stock raised here:

O'Daniel Baldrige sold 500 cows and some calves to Oklahoma parties which were shipped from Miles Monday to Oklahoma points. Price, \$22.50 around.

Gus Noyes sold to Tom Russell of Menardville 2000 head of three and four-year-old steers, which were recently delivered at \$23 around—no cutbacks.

James Clayton bought of J. P. Maddox 40 head of steer yearlings at \$15 per head.

Walter Allen sold to M. D. Chastain 175 head of cows and calves at \$22.50 around.

Judge Willingham sold to Ed Gaither 167 head of stock cattle at \$25 for cows and calves and \$15 for dry cows.—Runnels County Ledger.

—Ladies, if you want a stylish hat, visit our millinery department. You will be surprised at the extremely low prices we are making. Abney & Vincent.

Died.

H. C. McDowell, aged 75 years, died at his home on the J. V. Ewing farm 12 miles southwest of the city Monday morning. He leaves a wife and several grown sons. Deceased was an old Confederate soldier, and one of the oldest members of the local camp, under whose auspices the funeral was conducted Tuesday, the Chaplain, Rev. W. G. Caperton, officiating.

—Fruits of all kinds. Cobb-Randle Grocery Co.

The best the market affords, served in first-class style at the American Beauty Restaurant, Syndicate building.

Now plant corn, beans, 'taters "and sich," for "the ring's aroun' the rosy" and the goose hangs high.

—Ring 132 for groceries. Cobb-Randle Gro. Co.

G. McCall has been attending of the Frisco association of surgeons this week.

The tailor, gives you Sed.

the Lyric, has vaudeville of patrons of the joying highly

Change In Auto Firm.

The Brady Auto Company succeeds Wade & Sheridan's automobile garage and repair shop, as will be noticed from the firm's display ad in this issue. The men interested are W. D. Crothers, D. F. Savage and William S. Baker, the latter gentleman being manager of the concern.

Mr. Baker came to Brady about a month ago as an experienced automobile man for Wade & Sheridan. That he knows his business thoroughly has already been thoroughly demonstrated. The company will, in addition to running a garage and general repair shop, put in a service machine, something Brady has stood in need of for some time, and will also handle a line of autos for sale. The names given above as standing behind the business assures in advance the success of the firm.

Plain sewing wanted. Mrs. C. C. Mayo, S. P. Moore building.

Street Sprinkling.

J. N. Baxter, of Rochelle, contemplates moving to Brady in the near future, and this week busied himself in making up a subscription for sprinkling the business streets. Mr. Baxter proposes to buy the best sprinkler that can be had, provide a good team to pull it, and put in a pumping outfit to supply the water, and agrees to keep down the dust. Most of the business people approached gladly subscribed funds on a basis of ten cents for each front foot, and on this basis if every business concern in town would come through the sprinkler would be assured. However, Mr. Baxter informs The Standard that some did not view the matter in the proper light, and he has so far failed to make up a sufficient amount to guarantee the service.

The Standard is sure the matter can be adjusted with a little more work, and hopes to report Mr. Baxter's success in a short time. Brady needs the sprinkler and must have it.

J. D. Branscum is one of the first to comply with the cement sidewalk ordinance, and is constructing 300 feet around his residence in South Brady. Mr. Branscum has a nice home, with a pretty yard, and the walks will add greatly to its beauty and value.

Dr. Holly and family returned yesterday from the Panther City.

HOW THE TOWN GROWS AND STILL WE BUILD

Some of Brady's Improvements Now in Course of Construction and to be Added This Year.

Money talks, and in town improvement there is nothing like a few figures to indicate the actual growth and development of a city. Brady has during the past six months been securing many needed enterprises and building numerous industries, representing in the aggregate a large sum of money. Among the improvements made in that time and secured to be made during the next half-year are included the following items. The figures given are approximate in the main, but are fairly correct as a whole:

Two Oil Mills	\$150,000
Two New Gins	15,000
Street Paving	20,000
Ice Factory	7,500
Dutton Building	7,500
Craddock Building	4,000
Telephone Improvement	10,000
Light & Water Improvement	25,000
New Residences (estimated)	50,000
	\$280,000

There are other things in store for Brady which will in all probability be worked out during this year, among which might be mentioned at this time:

- A new jail.
- A new concrete bridge.
- A new \$15,000 Methodist church.

And still other good things which bully old Brady should begin right now to prepare for and work for until we get them are:

- A city park.
- An artesian water supply.
- One hundred rent houses.
- An active commercial club.
- A new ward school building.
- More good church buildings.
- Better railroad passenger service.

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.

C. H. Bencini announces that he has bought a hundred thousand dollar oil mill at San Antonio.

Brady was the Venice of West Texas Monday night; a gondola would have been a jam-up thing.

Have your clothes cleaned and pressed right by Kirk, the tailor. Nuf-Sed.

Brady's Growth Steady and Continuous, And New Homes are Constantly Being Built.

Brady continues to build more residences, and in every part of the city houses are springing up as never before in the town's history. It is hard to estimate the number of new homes erected in the past six months, but it would be a safe estimate to say one hundred, and it looks as if it would be equally as safe to say that the next six months will show as many more.

In this connection it is interesting to note that this growth is one of necessity and fully warranted by the growth and development of the Brady country. Brady is not experiencing a boom, but is simply trying to keep pace with the country surrounding her, which by the way, is hard to do. Brady is a bully old town, so let's all get busy and boost her on the way to city proportions.

—Kirk, the tailor, gives you fits. Nuf-Sed.

James Ferguson, an old Bradyite, died Monday of pneumonia and was buried Tuesday.

Look Here!

Round trip from the square to the races May 20-21, for 25c on Wade's transfer.

Miss Campbell and her bunch of local talent took the play, "Tony, the Convict," to Mercury Saturday night. They were greeted with only a small house, though the audience was quite appreciative. They are now at work on another play entitled "The Turn of the Tide," which they hope to be able to present in a few weeks. As before, the play will be for the benefit of the public school library.

—They never stop when Searcy sets 'em going.

The vital statistics record in the office of the county clerk of McCulloch county shows that since Jan. 1st, this year, seventy-three births have been recorded. This is probably an incomplete record, as from the same source we gather that there have been only two deaths in the same time.

Autos are not in it. We need canoes in Brady.

Sick Room Necessities

Our stock of articles necessary to every sick room will be found not only complete but the qualities are the best and the prices most reasonable. When in need of

Sponges, Syringes,
Hot Water Bottles,
Rubber Goods
of Any Kind,

Just Remember

CENTRAL DRUG STORE
"Has It"

PERSONAL MENTION

Roy Willoughby was with us a few days this week.

Louie Baker made a business trip to Mercury this week.

Tom Scruggs, of Menardville, was here this week on business.

Jim Glenn's father and mother from Granbury are visiting him this week.

Dr. M. Jones came in Monday from Austin where he has been visiting his family.

Miss Gilley Macy came in Sunday from Abilene, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. John Mays came in Monday from Brownwood, where she has been visiting home folks.

E. F. Tillman and wife passed through Monday on their way to Menardville from Ft. Worth.

A. A. Lange of Llano, has accepted a position as bookkeeper with the Conley Mercantile Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Callan came in Saturday from Menardville and left on Sunday's train for Ft. Worth.

Postmaster Kelley, of Mercury, was in the city Monday and made The Standard a pleasant call.

L. G. Callan is in San Antonio this week as a representative to the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

Lewis Brooks and family came in from San Antonio Sunday where their son James has been attending school.

E. L. Jones will leave Sunday for Dallas where he will participate in the annual shoot of the Dallas Gun Club.

O. D. Mann and sons were the guests of Mr. Mann's daughter, Mrs. Jim Bevans, in Menard county this week.

T. H. Penn, of Mercury, was in the city Monday looking after some deeds to Mercury city property which he had recently bought.

Tom Bell returned Saturday from Austin where he secured a remission of the jail penalty in the case of Jim Reno convicted of violating the local option law.

E. A. Davis returned Monday from a quick round-trip to his ranch in the Del Rio country. He made the trip, about 200 miles, in his 1907 model Buick without

a puncture or accident.

Miss Myrtle Mauldin left Saturday for Ft. Worth and Alford where she goes to spend several weeks. Miss Mauldin has been in Brady only a short time and has gained many friends during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Stogsdale took the train last Thursday for Comanche. Dr. and Mrs. Holly and nurse left Saturday to join them, and all will go from there to Fort Worth where Mrs. Stogsdale will undergo surgical treatment.

—Fresh vegetables. Cobb-Randle Grocery Co., phone 132.

How about that city park for Brady? Let's talk it up and work it up. This a work wherein the ladies of the city could do valiant service, and The Standard would be pleased indeed to see them take it up and push it to a successful consummation. Now, while lots are cheap, a site should be secured and the work of improving it could be taken up as means were secured and opportunity offered.

Have your clothes cleaned and pressed right by Kirk, the tailor. Nuf-Sed.

Home Building.

Mr. Earle Clark, representing The Southwestern Savings and Home Purchasing Co., of Dallas, Texas, is at the Queen Hotel and will remain in Brady a month in the interests of his company. Mr. Clark has a very attractive proposition to offer those who are paying rent, or who for other reasons may wish to borrow money on real estate. See his ad in another column of this issue, and if interested call on him at the Queen or phone him to call on you.

When you are hungry go to the American Beauty Restaurant in the Syndicate building. Opens May 1st.

W. R. Rice has notified the city marshal that if he finds a red devil wagon bearing a Ford nameplate straying off about town to rope it and put it in the garage instead of the pound. These instructions follow a recent attempt of the auto to take a sneak out of its barn while W. R. was looking another way. Aside from a "busted" barn door no damage resulted, and Mr. Rice has learned that the way to hitch an automobile is to shut off the power when not in use.

LISTEN!

They resort to paper pins,
nails and sticks to make the
wheels go 'round in a watch.

Your watch cost money, and
you want it repaired as it should
be.

ALLEN, THE JEWELER

Can do it as it should be done.