

See Our Window Display of Shoes at Half Price--Mann Bros. & Holton

FIFE PICNIC ATTENDED BY LARGE CROWD ON FRIDAY

The Fife folks staged one of their customary successful and thoroughly enjoyable combination barbecues and picnics last Friday, and entertained a great crowd of visitors in royal fashion. The guests were assembled from all parts of the county, and all were profuse in their praise of the royal entertainment furnished by the Fife folks.

The editor and his party were delayed in getting to the barbecue, but suffered no neglect because of their tardy arrival. For Friends Henry Bradley and Tom Mitchell saw to it that we were served with the choicest morsels of barbecued beef, and that we had an abundance of bread and pickles to go with the savory meat. Then, they stopped the whole thing off with a big plate full of "son-of-a-gun" such as would make any old-timer recall the happy days in the cow camps of long ago.

There was a good program of amusements well carried out, and which held the attention of all throughout the afternoon. In the goat roping Howard Rehm of Rockwood won first, Taylor of Stacy second, and Frank Bradley of Eldorado, third. In the 100-yard dash, Weldon of Pear Valley won from Cates of Rochelle. In the boxing match, Cates of Rochelle vs. Bentley of Rockwood, the latter scored a knock-out in the fourth round.

In the wild horse riding, Slaughter of Waldrip was thrown from his mount, but the animal was later ridden by someone whose name was not learned.

One of the most interesting features of the day was the snappy ball game between the Mercury and Brady teams. The two teams were evenly matched and gave a classy exhibition, neither side registering a tally for the first five innings of the game. Robertson, Brady's crack pitcher, was in fine condition and pitched a great game. In the first six innings, but 19 men faced Robertson; two got on base, one on a single, the other on an error, but one went out on a double play. In the eighth Robertson fanned three, and in the entire game he had 9 strikeouts to his credit. Bailey sacrificed twice and was hit by pitched ball once, so he was officially at bat only one time. For Mercury, Beasley was also in fine shape and pitched a great game, striking out ten men and giving but one pass. Towards the latter part of the game, however, Brady began to connect with his curves, and rapped out ten hits in all.

Summary of the game:
Double plays—Bailey to Conley to Adkins; Bailey to Melton; Melton to Conley to Bailey. Struck out, by Beasley 10, by Robertson 9. Base on balls, off Beasley 1. Hit by pitcher, by Beasley 1. Stolen base, Matlock. Errors, Mercury 3; Brady 2.
Score by innings—

	R	H	E			
Brady	000	002	200—4	10	2
Mercury	000	000	100—1	4	3

Robertson, Brady ball team's new acquisition to its pitching staff, is proving out a wonder and a great find. Although Robertson is but a nineteen years old, he plays the game like a veteran, and in the past four games played by him, has a record of having had 45 strikeouts to his credit.

BRADY RADIATOR COMPANY

RADIATOR REPAIRING AND RECORING

SOUTHWEST CORNER SQUARE

Next Door to Murphy's Filling Station

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER

New location, 3 doors East of Brady Sentinel office

SANTA FE TRAINMEN SAVE BABY FROM DEATH ON TRACK

A two-year-old baby boy playing between the rails, a swiftly advancing Santa Fe engine with unchecked momentum, no one near the child to snatch it from danger, this furnished the plot for a regular "thriller" of the movie school at San Saba recently, in which three Temple trainmen figured—Engineer Tommie Ormon, brakeman Davidson and Fireman Thompson. Displaying a rare degree of quick thinking, swift action and heroism, these three men succeeded in saving the infant from a tragic death and in restoring him to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Burdett of Houston, who were visiting in San Saba at the time.

Ormon was gathering speed on his way out of San Saba during the afternoon run. As the train neared the steam mills, the baby was seen on the track directly in the path of the engine. Ormon knew he could not halt the engine completely, or bring it to a stop before striking the child. Instead, he threw on the reverse lever, checking the speed appreciably, while Davidson and Thompson swung out on the running board to either side and rushed forward to the cow-catcher. The baby was snatched up just before the weighty monster reached it.

Explanation was that the child had been playing in the yard of the F. E. Crowley home, where the Burdett were visiting, and wandered out onto the track, just as the train approached.—Temple Telegram.

WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE FARM? SUBJECT OF AGRICULTURAL PROGRAM

Editor Brady Standard:
The Agriculture club of Davis school met Saturday, July 2, 1921, for the purpose of rendering a short program. Nearly all members were present. We had several visitors. All reporting say they enjoyed themselves. We try to entertain them while they are with us.

We rendered a very encouraging program, as this was our first time to render a program since school was out. However, we made it brief and brought it to the point.

The secretary announced a very interesting program for August 6th. We hope to have several visitors and all members present at this meeting. We shall look for several of you.

The most important feature of the afternoon was "Why Did You Leave the Farm?"

—Reporter.

The Wrong Place.

A smiling Irishman entered the examination room where candidates for the Chicago police force underwent their physical test.

"Strip!" ordered the police sergeant.

"What's that?" demanded the Irishman.

"Take off your clothes, and be quick about it!"

GASOLINE EXPLOSION AT ROCHELLE FATALLY BURNS 9-YEAR OLD CHILD

LITTLE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. C. B. BYRD LOSES LIFE IN EXPLOSION OF GASOLINE SATURDAY MORNING—DIED AT LOCAL SANITARIUM SUNDAY.

Dottie, nine-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Byrd, who live on the old Hadow place, west of Rochelle, met a terrible fate last Saturday when she was burned in an explosion of gasoline. The accident occurred at the family home at about 10:00 o'clock in the morning, when the little child dropped a lighted match in an empty gasoline barrel. The exploding fumes enveloped the child in a sheet of flame, and she was terribly burned about the body and limbs. Her hair was scorched, but her face was unmarred by the flames.

The child was rushed to the Brady sanitarium where everything possible was done in the hopes of saving her life, but without avail. She remained conscious until Sunday, although the shock of the severe burns rendered her insensible to the pain. Death came as a relief to the little sufferer about midnight Sunday.

The body was carried to the family home Monday, and funeral services were conducted at 4:00 o'clock yesterday afternoon by Rev. Richardson, pastor of the Rochelle Baptist church. Besides the parents, five other children survive. Dottie was the third child in the family and a bright and lovely little girl, whose cheery presence will be sorely missed by old and young friends alike. The deep sympathy of all goes out to the parents in their loss.

STAGE GRAND ENTERTAINMENT JULY 2ND—RODEO AT DUTTON CITY PARK

BIG FELDOR PROGRAM DRAWS IMMENSE ATTENDANCE FROM ALL SECTIONS—ALL EVENTS PROVE INTERESTING—BROWNWOOD BAND SCORES HIT.

An immense crowd was gathered in Brady last Saturday for the big July celebration staged at Dutton City park, and over 1500 paid admissions were registered at the park gate. The grandstand was filled to overflowing, and many additional were accommodated with chairs placed on the east side of the grandstand, while a line of spectators and autos circled from the grandstand to the extreme southwest corner of the immense park. The program included some unusual features, and while furnishing plenty of excitement, was carried through without mishap from start to finish.

One of the big features of the day's entertainment, and one which was thoroughly appreciated by every visitor to Brady and the citizenship as well, was the Brownwood band. This band is one of the best in West Texas, and they not only play real music, but proved themselves willing and untiring entertainers. Following their arrival on the morning train, they immediately gave a few numbers in front of the Queen hotel, and then just before dinner gave a most enjoyable concert in the courthouse park, which was attended by the greater percent of the rapidly swelling crowd. In spite of the dust and heat, the band continued their program at Dutton park, playing at every intermission, and more often than not, not waiting for an intermission.

Not only did they play well, but their repertoire included all the latest and most popular airs. While the band was one of the most expensive parts of the rodeo program, the Dutton park management feel more than repaid for their outlay, and the citizenship is enthusiastic in its praises of the splendid band.

The first of the events on the rodeo program was the polo game between two picked teams. The game was a fast and furious one, made all the more interesting because of the score resulting a tie—3 to 3. Players on the teams were: Team No. 1: Johnny White, Captain, Walter Caldwell, W. C. Wegner. Team No. 2: W. N. White, Captain, Leslie Galbreath, Ben Strickland.

In the pony race, a fast one-fourth mile saddle race was won by Ben Strickland.

In the goat-roping events, George Spiller won 1st, timing 11 seconds; Ed Spiller won 2nd, with 14 seconds, and Ben Polk 3rd, with 17 seconds.

The riding of "Red Devil" the wild bull owned by the Dutton City Park proved the most exciting event of the day. Cecil Turnell made two attempts to ride the animal, the first time with a saddle, and from which he was dismounted by the animal following a series of vicious pitching.

The second attempt at riding by Mr. Turnell was more successful, a surcingle being used, and the animal being ridden to a finish.

LYRIC THEATRE TO CLOSE SATURDAY FOR MONTH

An announcement that will be learned with regret by the many patrons of the Lyric theatre, is that this popular show house will be closed Saturday night for several weeks. Poor business is the reason assigned by Manager Julius Levy, who states that he has been operating at a loss for the past seven weeks. Mr. Levy regrets very much the necessity for closing, and has not yet decided just when he will re-open—possibly in August. He expects to improve his vacation period, however, by going to Dallas and getting lined up for some of the big feature films now being released through the leading motion picture corporations. As patrons of the Lyric have learned, Mr. Levy shows the big features the same as the theatres in the largest cities of the south, and, not infrequently, shows them before they are shown in the cities. He expects to book some splendid attractions, and announces that upon re-opening the same prices as always—15c and 25c—will prevail.

Watch for the opening announcement.

Attention, Veterans!

L. Ballou requests us to announce that there will be a very important meeting of the local camp, U. C. V., on next Saturday afternoon at Odd Fellows hall. All veterans are requested to take notice and be on hand at the meeting.

Quite Ready.

The case of Callahan vs. Cohen was called for trial in a municipal court of a Western city. A big crowd arose and shouted, "Riddy, riddy, find 'nt!"

"Where's the defendant?" asked the court.

"I'm the plaintiff," said the Celt.

"Then why do you answer 'Ready for the defendant?'"

"Because, your Honor," said Callahan, "I am riddy for th' d'find'nt. If he shows up, I'll knock his head off!"

Ring Price Books—various sizes and styles. The Brady Standard.

THIRTY THOUSAND TOES IN BRADY SIX THOUSAND FEET IN BRADY

Now How Many Corns in Brady?

To any person, or set of persons, letting us know the number of CORNS on the THIRTY THOUSAND toes in Brady, we will give the party, or parties, one bottle of REXALL CORN SOLVENT and will guarantee the Corn Solvent to remove at least FIVE corns, if used according to directions.

We will further guarantee to remove the corns from the THIRTY THOUSAND TOES of Brady, granting that there is only ONE CORN to the toe, and Oh! Oh! that corn on the toe, and GEE! Durn how it does BURN! When you are seated all comfortably in the show or church and all at once you begin to squirm—not at what you see on the curtain or the TRUTH the preacher told—but OUCH! that old Sunday CORN—GEE how it BURNS!

Now your corn will get EASY. REXALL CORN SOLVENT will take

COLEMAN AND BRADY SHARE JULY 4 GAMES

The double-header ball game played by Coleman and Brady on the local diamond July 4th, drew a large and enthusiastic crowd, including a big delegation of Coleman fans. Both games were splendid and clean exhibitions, the first being hard-fought throughout, and neither side scoring the first six innings. The visitors won the first game, 2 to 1, while Brady capped the second, 3 to 0.

The visitors won the first contest by garnering three hits and profiting by an error in the eighth inning. Up until that time Spiller had pitched a fine brand of ball but in the next to the last stanza, with one down, Rowden cracked out a two base hit and when Collins made a single, he scored. Akin, the next hitter, was out at first and then Gideon reached first when Connolly fumbled his grounder. Collins scored when Idol singled. Robertson then relieved Spiller and Prince made the third out. Taylor pitched the last inning and held Coleman scoreless.

Brady scored in the seventh when Roberts walked, Murray sacrificed and the visiting catcher failed to hold a pitched ball. The ball struck his mitt and bounded to the left of the grandstand and Roberts romped home with Brady's only run of the game.

Adkins was the slugging star for the home team, making a two base hit and a single in four times at bat. Murray and Connolly each made a single and that was the sum total of Brady's hitting. Coleman made eighth safeties, Spiller allowing seven men and with better support than he had held the invaders, to one of his greatest triumphs. Brady made five hits while their opponents made only three.

The score by innings—

	R	H	E			
Coleman	000	000	020—2	8	3
Brady	000	000	100—1	4	5

Second Game.

That the locals had set out to win the second game, there was never a question of doubt. Robertson, Brady's crack pitcher, was all but invincible, and in no inning did he permit more than four men to come to the bat. In the six innings that Coleman batters faced him, he struck out nine men, and allowed but two hits. On the other hand, Brady hit the big Coleman pitcher frequently and timely, and garnered four hits off him, both Adkins and Murray being credited with two-baggers.

Brady's first two scores were made in the second innings, when Gibbon Roberts received a pass, and scored on Murray's two-bagger. Murray also scored. Roberts scored again in the fourth, after having been given a pass. Bailey stole two bases and in all Brady had three stolen bases to her credit. Coleman had none, Robertson and Bailey forcing the runners to hug their bases.

A summary of the game shows as follows:

Hits—Brady 4; Coleman 2.
Strikeouts—By Brady 9; By Coleman 3.
Bases on Balls—Off Brady 0; Off Coleman 3.
Errors—Brady 1; Coleman 3.

Score by innings—

	R	H	E			
Coleman	000	000	0—0	2	1
Brady	020	100	x—3	4	3

As an interesting and unexpected diversion, a bull-riding feat was interspersed between the two games. George Co. recalled dimly as "Boo" served here, runner of the Alva factory, 1 Gans street. The fight was to my left, his high fence

Two of a Kind.

A small-known fact, but that, but the st

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES Local Readers, 7 1/2c per line, per issue Classified Ads, 1 1/2c per word per issue Display Rates Given upon Application

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

The management assumes no responsibility for any indebtedness incurred by any employe, unless upon the written order of the editor.

Notices of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

BRADY, TEXAS, July 5, 1921.

HONEST INJUN.

Have you cut your weeds? If you have, your neighbors are sure to vote you a good neighbor.

WEED-CUTTING.

It is with a great deal of pride that citizens interested in the weed-killing campaign now on in Brady, note that the greater percent of the population have already cut their weeds, or else have the weed-cutting well in progress. The editor has seen whole blocks of vacant lots cleared of all weeds, brush and obnoxious growth and presenting a most inviting appearance. Don't you agree with us that these lots are a benefit to their community in more ways than one? Not only is the attractiveness of such a community enhanced by these lots, but all danger of lurking diseases, mosquito and insect incubators, and snake and vermin nests is obviated.

If you have not already cut the weeds and cleaned up about the premises owned, occupied or used by yourself and your family, won't you do so now, merely as a matter of good citizenship?

The Civic League, as representing all the organizations of the city of Brady, promulgated and endorsed this campaign. Can any other organization be expected to cooperate and support to the move in which every citizen is vitally interested?

RICHLAND "EXPLAINS."

Heading the article with the illuminating title "The Brady Standard Gets Its Back Up," the Richland Springs Eye-Witness in its last week's issue offered the following explanation of the failure of the Richland Springs team to come to Brady for the game matched recently:

In commenting on the failure of the Richland Springs ball team to fill an engagement to play ball at Brady last week, The Brady Standard says:

"A ball game was scheduled for Wednesday afternoon with Richland Springs, and was widely advertised, but at the eleventh hour the Richland Springs team backed down, claiming inability to get their team together for the game. The action caused no little disappointment among local fans, and Richland Springs will have hard sledding in the future to win favor among local sports."

It is very regrettable that the Richland Springs team was unable to fill its appointment on the Brady diamond as scheduled, not only because it was a disappointment to the Brady sports, but because it would have added another easy victory for our boys. Our team has defeated Brady unmercifully in two games this season and the prospect of chasing around the Brady diamond fifteen or twenty times in the broiling sun was enough to dampen the enthusiasm of any team.

When called to task for their seeming fickleness towards the Brady team, the boys explained that a majority of them were busy threshing grain and as it was threatening rain, it was next to impossible for them to fill their engagement.

However, we do not see that the boys' excuse is a very good one. It is not the boys' fault that it is so hot in Brady. It is the fault of the weather. It is not the boys' fault that they are busy threshing grain. It is the fault of the farmer. It is not the boys' fault that they are busy threshing grain. It is the fault of the farmer.

team, we believe we stated the facts correctly in the article mentioned. Our advice to the locals would be to go fishing every time there is any talk of a game being matched with the honey-handed harvest hands of Richland Springs.

Edward Bok in making a speech here last week began with: "A veteran speaker who was asked how long an after-dinner speech should be, replied: 'As long as a woman's dress; long enough to cover the subject, and short enough to be interesting.'"—Houston Chronicle.

SNAP SHOTS.

A West Dallas widow says the reason she broke her last engagement was because her fiance owned an oil well and she didn't care to take on any additional liabilities. — Dallas News.

NEW BROWNWOOD BANK TO OPEN FOR BUSINESS ABOUT AUGUST FIRST

The Brownwood Guaranty State bank, which will open its doors for business in this city about August 1st next, will be the fifth bank for Brownwood.

The enterprise is promoted by Mr. C. C. Walker, formerly of Rotan, in Fisher county, where for a number of years he was president of the Rotan State bank. Mr. Walker calls himself a "country boy." He is, however, thoroughly at home and equipped with experience in every phase of the banking business.

Besides Mr. Walker the stockholders in the new bank are Dr. J. W. McCarver, I. J. Rice, J. W. French, H. Murphy, Dr. A. N. Mayo, C. E. Andrews, Dr. A. L. Anderson, H. M. Hughes, Rev. C. E. Moore, F. B. Greenwood, G. F. Wear, W. R. Lambert, Rev. R. R. Rives and Mrs. I. J. Perkinson.

A unique feature of the above list of stockholders is that it contains the names of two preachers. This shows, if anything, that the preaching profession in Brownwood is on a substantial and prosperous plane. It used to be in the old days that preachers were the poorest men in any community. In fact, preachers used to think they had to be poor to carry a good example of piety and get to heaven. But it is all different now. The tradition of the camel and the needle is obsolete and a back number. The modern preacher can be a banker and get by with it.

The location for the new Brownwood State bank has not yet been selected. It is understood a number of sites have been considered. The organizers of the bank are trying to negotiate with Mr. J. H. French for the use of the old Trent bank building, which he occupies with his land lean agency and abstract offices.

The capital stock for the new bank, \$55,000, is all paid up and now on deposit. A charter has been applied for. The only thing lacking to put the bank into operation is the necessary building and the necessary furniture and fixtures, housing and accessories that will be acquired and installed in the new two or three weeks. —Brownwood News.

NOTICE!

O. W. Cochran, successor to O. C. Waddill, solicits your Tailoring, Cleaning and Pressing. Ladies' work a Specialty. ROCHELLE, TEXAS.

STOP THAT ITCHING

Use the reliable Blue Star Remedy for all skin diseases and foot troubles such as Itch, Eczema, Poison Oak, Red Bugs, Old Sores, Sores on Children, Prickly Heat. Sold on a guarantee by all Drug Stores.

R. & R. BOLL WEEVIL EXTERMINATOR.

"The Farmers' Friend." Increase your cotton production 25% to 100%. KILL THAT WEEVIL and WORM. A successful mechanical device to exterminate Boll Weevils and Worms and other cotton insects has at last been placed on the market—one that will positively catch the boll weevils and worms without injuring the cotton plant. Anyone can attach it to a cultivator in ten minutes. It will meet the demand of the most adverse critic. IN STOCK at O. D. MANN & SONS.

Sweet the rooster—and bring down the price of eggs.

PERSONAL MENTION

P. C. Clifton was among the business visitors in Brady last Saturday. Hanson Crump is here from Menard for a visit with his aunt, Mrs. J. E. Brown.

H. A. Ziller, Jr., of Beaumont, Texas, is a guest of his cousin, Mrs. J. E. Brown. Miss Nellie Brown returned last Friday night from Menard, where she had been visiting the past two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Malone and children left the latter part of last week in their auto on a trip and visit with his brother at Frost, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Allen and little girl, Roylene, will leave Thursday for Marlin, where they will spend several weeks recuperating at that health resort.

Walter Marburger, who has been here the past several months, a guest of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lang, has returned to his home at Brenham.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hodges have returned from a several week's stay at Christoval, and Mr. Hodges reports himself as having been greatly benefited by his stay at that popular health resort.

Harry Broad spent several days here from Brownwood as guest of Edd and Howard Broad and families, and incidentally to see the Brownwood band perform at the Rodeo. He stayed over the Fourth to take in the ball games.

Miss Ida Mae Souther left this noon for Brownwood enroute to Los Angeles, Calif., where she will make her home. Enroute she will stop off for a sight-seeing tour of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and will also visit her sister, Mrs. P. T. Orlopp, and family in San Diego.

SEED PLANTED IN NEGRO'S TRACKS MADE FEET ACHE

Marlin, Texas, July 1.—Weird in detail and perhaps with no parallel in the history of Texas jurisprudence is the story told in his trial in Falls county District court here this week by Curtis Shell, negro, 52 years old, against whom a jury returned a verdict of confinement for life in the state penitentiary on a charge of shooting to death his son at their home south of Marlin recently.

Marking back to the fallacy of the ancients that there is a certain relation between the moon and mental derangement and reminiscent of African jungle savages with their "voodoo" charms and "cunger" spirits, the defendant testified in all seriousness, when he took the stand in his own behalf, that he had been "conjured" by another negro, who planted seed in his tracks which caused pains to run up his legs when he walked over the same ground again. He explained in detail how a "cunger" is laid, sometimes at one's gate, again at a doorstep, or in some other place where the victim is liable to pass. The "cunger" is the first felt in the ball of the foot, then in the legs, next in the body and finally in the head, where an evil spirit possesses the mind, the defendant asserted.

That "a dark cloud of wrath hung over his household" was the declaration of Shell, who said he paid a negro woman of Waco, regarded by the superstitious darkies in this section as a "cunger doctor," the sum of \$50 to relieve him of the evil mind and that she then demonstrated her powers by taking away one of his "brains," after which she proceeded to "ano'nt him with oil by rubbing his head and body" and advised him to read the Bible, which he did twice daily, two hours each morning and two more hours every afternoon, with a view of effecting a cure. Shell further told the court that changes of the moon affected his mind in support of his claim of temporary insanity at the time of the shooting, which, coupled with an assertion that the killing was accidental, was his principal defense.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case of Catarrh Cure fails to cure.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Graham Robertson, energetic and popular traveling representative of the Waples-Platter Grocer Co., is spending the week in Sweetwater getting acquainted with a fine nine-pound boy, born to Mrs. Robertson there on Thursday, June 30th. Congratulations are extended the proud parents.

F. R. Wulff left last Thursday for El Paso in response to a message stating that his mother would undergo quite a serious operation at that place. Harry Wulff, who has been at A. & M. college, also went to El Paso to be with his mother. Latest reports are that the operation, while quite serious and very tedious, was an entire success, and the Messrs. Wulff are expected to return to Brady in a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee King, accompanied by their two daughters, left this morning on an extended auto trip which will include a visit to her brothers in Arizona, and also a visit to the Grand Canyon in Arizona, Colorado and the Yellowstone Park. They contemplate also a visit to Everett, Washington. They expect to be gone about two months.

Mrs. J. A. Schwalbe and daughter, Miss Ethel, of San Angelo were guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Yoas, and also Mr. and Mrs. Lee King, before continuing Monday their trip to Austin, where they will be some time on combined business and pleasure.

The Standard editor is always being remembered in some kindly way by one or another of his friends, all of which he appreciates more than he can say. For instance, on July 4th, while celebrating the nation's birthday, who should greet us but our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Henderson of the Lost Creek community, bringing with them a basket of fine, large, luscious tomatoes, and a perfectly good watermelon. When we feasted on those tomatoes and the watermelon, we reflected that there must be thousands of Texans in less-favored sections of the state, not to mention folks living in other states, who would view us with envy could they but get a picture of the feast we were having. And that recalls the fact that McCulloch county producers should be organized into a co-operative association for the purpose of effectively marketing our surplus products. The outside world should have the opportunity to become acquainted with the peerless products of the truck farms such as Mr. Henderson and his fortunate neighbors have—they would be willing to pay well for the privilege, and, in turn, McCulloch county producers would reap larger reward for their industry.

We are in the market for your Oats. Mayhew Produce Co.

LEGAL NOTICE.

NOTICE OF SALE OF UNCLAIMED FREIGHT.

Hubb Dry Goods Co. Brady, Texas, J. M. Radford Gro. Co. Abilene, Texas, and Hillsboro Cotton Mills, Hillsboro, Texas, are hereby notified that the undersigned, St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company, will at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 25th day of July, A. D., 1921, at public door of its freight house in Brady, Texas, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following unclaimed and undelivered freight upon which the legal charges thereon have not been paid as required by law, to-wit:

2 Bales Cotton Duck. The consignor of said freight is Hillsboro Cotton Mills of Hillsboro, Texas, and the consignee hereof, Hubb Dry Goods Co. of Brady, Texas. Such sale will be made pursuant to the laws of the State of Texas. Dated June 20th, 1921. St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co. By C. Crawford, Their Agent.

NOTICE OF SALE OF UNCLAIMED FREIGHT.

H. Wilensky Brady, Texas, J. M. Radford Gro. Co. Abilene, Texas, and Bonham Cotton Mills Bonham, Texas, are hereby notified that the undersigned, St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company, will at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 25th day of July, A. D., 1921, at public door of its freight house in Brady, Texas, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following unclaimed and undelivered freight upon which the legal charges thereon have not been paid as required by law, to-wit:

1 Bale Cotton Duck. The consignor of said freight is Bonham Cotton Mills of Bonham, Texas, and the consignee thereof H. Wilensky of Brady, Texas. Such sale will be made pursuant to the laws of the State of Texas. Dated June 20th, 1921. St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co. By C. Crawford, Their Agent.

IT WOULD TAKE A LONG WHILE

To travel all over the county, telling folks of your wants — and then you would, perhaps, miss seeing the very folks most interested in what you have to say.

ISN'T IT EASY, THO'

To just place an ad in the Classy-Fi-Ad department of The Brady Standard, and sit back in your easy chair and let the Classy-Fi-Ads do the work?

The Brady Standard Classy-Fi-Ads

Work while you sleep—they're like planting good seed in fertile soil.

We are in the market for your Oats. Mayhew Produce Co.

For Groceries, phone 56. W. W. JORDAN & CO.

Give me a trial with your next roll of films. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's. For June Seed Corn, see Macy & Co.

ON AN OUTING

You will need one of those new Hot and Cold Bottles, one-gallon size, with opening large enough to insert hand. Call and see them. BRADY AUTO CO.

Don't forget we want to supply you with Hay. O. D. MANN & SONS.

Advertisement for 'The Mystery of the Silver Dagger' by Randall Parrish. The illustration shows a man in a dark coat and hat, looking down at a dagger he is holding. The text is stylized and dramatic, with 'MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER' in large, bold letters. Below the illustration, it says 'BY RANDALL PARRISH' and 'AUTHOR OF THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENDISH'. At the bottom, it says 'COPYRIGHT BY RANDALL PARRISH'.

ON THE floor of the dark touring car he found the dagger—"a long, thin-bladed dagger"—an ornament rather than a weapon—with an odd, fanciful hilt. There were stains upon the polished steel. And into his mind came the thought of the girl with the silver dagger in her hat. It was Phillip Severn who found the folded slip of paper in the false bottom of the lacquered jewel box, and that was the beginning of everything. Here is a serial in Mr. Parrish's best style, adventure treading on the heels of adventure through a thrilling maze of mystery to an entirely satisfactory conclusion.

Don't Fail to Read the Opening Chapter of this Interesting Story Now Starting With This Issue of The Standard.

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENDISH"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AWEIL

CHAPTER I.

The Message in the Box.

Anticipating the possibility of my train arriving late, I had named the hour of my meeting with Cummings as three o'clock, and, in consequence of our reaching the city exactly on time, was compelled to loiter idly about the hotel for an hour. However, in passing through the corridor—my attention was attracted by an unique curiosity shop occupying a small side room, and, merely to pass the time pleasantly, I entered and began examining the strange collection of wares on display.

There were several articles I lingered over, tempted to purchase, but drifted on, rather undecided, until my eyes perceived a very quaint lacquered jewel box, of a class of workmanship quite unusual. The proprietor, perceiving my interest, joined me.

"The jewel box attracts you," he said pleasantly, opening the case and bringing it forth. "You have love for such things?"

"A deep interest at least," I admitted, taking the article from his hand, "a collector in an amateur way. What is the workmanship—surely not Japanese?"

"No," smilingly. "Although positively I cannot answer as to its origin. The inscription, which can only be read with a microscope"—he traced with his finger—"is ancient Arabic, but no wild Arab ever did the lacquer."

"Yet so strange a curio must have a history, an imaginary one, at least. What is the story?"

"Positively none," he admitted regretfully. "The fact is, this article was found by a chambermaid in one of the hotel rooms, and turned in to the manager. He made every effort to trace the guests, only to learn that they, two men, by the way, had registered falsely. He even advertised, but with no response, and finally, after thirty days, was persuaded to accept my offer for the article."

"You have put a price on this?"

"Yes, ridiculously low, no doubt, yet bringing me a good profit."

He named a price, and, still with the box in my hands, I yielded to the temptation, and bought it. The article was sufficiently small to find lodgment in an overcoat pocket, and, as Cummings appeared a little later, was soon forgotten in the earnestness of our conversation. We later had dinner together, and attended the theater in company, my mind so occupied with other matters that I scarcely once thought of the strange purchase I had made, which remained securely hidden. It was only after returning to my own room, then nearing midnight, that it was again recalled to memory.

Only an idle curiosity and a feeling of sleeplessness induced me to read the article forth, and remove its wrappings, but the sight served immediately to increase my interest. It was certainly a wonderful find, artistically beautiful, and most unusual in design. There was a mystery that must have exercised a strange spell over my imagination, for I dreamed of the long-dead workman who fashioned it, forgetful of the passing night hours. A clock somewhere in the neighborhood struck, and I counted twelve, arousing myself. Perhaps I was already half sleeping, for as I turned to rise my sleeve struck the box at the edge of the table, and before I could prevent the fall, it lay upon the floor at my feet.

As I stooped hastily to recover the overturned box, I was astounded to discover the bottom slipped partially aside, as though some secret spring had been touched, revealing so narrow a receptacle that the ordinary eye would never suspect the possibility of its existence. Not only was there a false bottom, but the opening revealed a closely folded paper. I grasped this quickly, a thrill running through me. What ancient and long-buried message was about to be unfolded?

It was plainly modern—a clean, white sheet, no folded parchment of old, but some mystery of yesterday. There was writing there, in Spanish, so faintly traced I could barely decipher the words, yet clearly revealed as of this day and generation. I know Spanish fairly well, having had a year in Mexico City, yet it required some time before I could puzzle out the message on this sheet. The paper had been torn, seemingly sundered from a much longer letter, and preserved merely because of the specific address and instructions it contained. Beyond doubt all else had been destroyed. What remained may have been sufficient guidance to the party who had the benefit of what went before in the original epistle, but was obscure to anyone else. Yet it was modern, something relating to this very time, a menace; something to be grasped and understood. This conviction absolutely gripped me. I stared at the rather sinister words, blindly groping at what lay hidden behind them, instinctively scenting a conspiracy of evil which I could not determine. All unattended I had stumbled into a clow which might lead to startling results, yet it seemingly gave me no hint of who was involved, or of its real nature. I put the words together, weighing each one with care as to its exact meaning, and read them over with increased bewilderment. The torn fragment began and ended abruptly; I could only guess at its meaning, yet the impression left upon my mind was both sinister and menacing. I wanted to know more.

108 sailed Saturday from Stockholm. Will deposit letter of credit with Krantz to your order. Amount ample all needs. See to this at once, and advise \$3 Gans, so as to be no delay. Two raps, three—Cervantes. Waldron favors action this month; suggest Watonia. Can you be ready? Use South A code.

That this letter was authentic I had no doubt, nor was its meaning altogether obscure in the light of certain events. Several allusions were familiar to me and these were what caused my earlier suspicions to crystallize into probability. It bore all the earmarks of a plot, a revolutionary plot, and one not yet brot to consummation. To be sure the note was undated, and the box had been left at the hotel thirty days before. Yet the Watonia was certainly the name of a ship and to my memory suggested Central American trade. This did not necessarily imply that the conspirators had abandoned their purpose. More likely they were not quite ready in time to operate on the sailing date of that particular ship. Some delay had occurred, and, possibly, even now prompt action might overturn all their plans. I undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep, for the darkness brought new thoughts and suggestions for the morrow.

I was still in government employ, although unassigned, and felt this discovery to be a direct call upon my service. While my first inclination should naturally have been to turn the whole matter over to the proper bureau for investigation, two facts led me in another direction—I was sufficiently young to seek adventure, and I desired to verify my suspicions before creating any false alarm.

As I rested there, sleepless, staring up at the black ceiling, the words of the strange fragment of letter remained vividly before me. Little by little I dug at the truth, coming finally to this conclusion: "108" was, no doubt, the recognized number of some agent who had been dispatched to America on a special errand to the conspirators in this country. He had sailed Saturday, a month ago, or more, and must have long since arrived at some port, bringing with him instructions not to be entrusted to the mail, and sufficient money, in form of letter of credit, with which to finance whatever nefarious scheme of revolution might be contemplated. This money

was to be paid out to the authorized party through a man named Krantz. Who was Krantz? There was a well-known banking firm, Kulb, Krantz & Co., in Wall Street, and it was quite probable these might prove the ones involved, although to my knowledge they had no outward Junta connections of this nature. "Gans" was evidently a street, although I could recall none bearing so peculiar appellation, while the password was in itself proof almost positive as to the South or Central American sympathies of the conspirators.



Questioned Him Relative to the Mysterious Box.

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These facts were fairly clear as I thus weaved them together, but they were rendered more damning by the other name mentioned—Waldron. If this was Ivan Waldron, I had good reason to know the fellow, and to connect his activities with any scheme destined to embarrass the government. He was a professional agitator of the most pronounced type, a socialist radical, who in the past had openly advocated opposition to all law and order. Moreover, the fellow had a large and desperate following, to whom he was a high priest. He was reported to be a Russian by birth, but spoke English without an accent, and I felt no doubt but what a sufficient amount of money would engage his interest in any desperate cause. The desire to "get him" added zest to my interest in the affair, if he was actually at the head of these fellows, these plotters against the neutrality of the United States, the catch would be worth while.

As soon as possible next morning I sought out Burke, the manager of the hotel, with whom I had a speaking acquaintance, and, without confiding the extent of my discovery, questioned him relative to the mysterious box, and the guests who left it behind. Two men, he said, both well dressed, but with nothing particularly to distinguish them, had registered together late in the afternoon of Friday, September 27, and on request had been assigned to one room with twin beds and a bath. The larger man, who had inscribed himself as "P. S. Horner, Detroit," alone had a bag; his companion, known to the hotel as "Gustave Alva, Toledo, Ohio," being without baggage. The bill was paid the next morning by Horner, and the two departed together. It was an hour later when the chambermaid on that floor reported finding the box in the room vacated. After holding it for a day or two in expectation that it might be called for, no such inquiries being made, the hotel endeavored to trace the men, but to no avail. The fellows had either falsely registered, or were entirely unknown where they claimed residence. The first was the most probable condition. After thirty days, and having exhausted all reasonable efforts to find the rightful owner, the hotel felt legally justified in selling the trinket. That was all Burke knew of the matter, and his interest in it was not keen.

I am inclined to think now that I went at the problem without much system, and that any success achieved was through pure accident. During the forenoon I dropped in upon Clement Breckenridge, cashier of the Dover's National Bank. We had been classmates at college, and I generally called on him when in the city. This time I led the conversation to Kulb, Krantz & Co., on the pretense that I had received mail from them relative to some recommended investment. Clement knew Krantz well and favorably, and my probing elicited the information that the man was Austrian by birth, but a naturalized citizen, rather deeply interested in political matters. If his sympathies were at all revolutionary he had carefully refrained from any such open expression. The firm had made a specialty of handling South American business, and had intimate financial connections in both Rio and Buenos Aires. The company ranked high in financial circles.

"The present war must have cost them a rather heavy loss," I hazarded. "However, this is nothing to me. By the way, Clement, do you chance to know of a Gans street in this town?"

"Gans? That is a new one on me. Try the city directory—there on the edge of the desk."

The name was not to be found, nor any other approaching it in sound or spelling, and I finally drifted out onto the street, really no wiser than when I first entered. I made one more effort, however, telephoning to a detective sergeant whom I knew well, as to the present whereabouts of Ivan Waldron. The last heard of Waldron, he was in West Virginia, speaking to striking miners; that was less than a week ago; he had not been seen in the city since.

The whole affair looked hopeless. About all I could do would be to send the torn note to the proper authorities in Washington, with a statement of how it came into my possession, and let them dispose of the matter in any way they deemed best. I wrote such a letter carefully on hotel stationery, and went down to mail it in the lobby. Before disposing of it in the mailbox I encountered the manager, Burke, and stopped for a word. We were still talking when a bellboy came up hurriedly with a message. Burke turned.

"What is it, George?"

"That Gans street party is on the wire, sir."

"Oh, all right. Excuse me, Severn, but I've been trying to get connection for an hour."

"But wait a minute," my veins tingling. "Did he say Gans street? Where is that? There is no such name in the city directory."

"Gans! Why, over in Jersey. Yes, I'm coming."

I trust the unmailed letter into my pocket, and sat down, staring at the crowd in the lobby, but entirely indifferent to their presence. Here at last was an opening, a chance—Gans street was in Jersey City. Then it was not all a dream. I would at least look over the ground before I gave up in despair, for I had stumbled upon a way out of the blind alley—Gans street, Jersey City.

CHAPTER II.

A Man and a Woman.

It was late in the afternoon, the day dark, with a chilly wind blowing off the river, when I reached Jersey City.

The first policeman encountered gave me all necessary directions, so that I alighted from a street car within a block of my destination. A saloon on the upper corner of the block furnished me the necessary clev, and, using it as a marker, I succeeded in tracing back until satisfied I had thus safely located "876." It was an abandoned factory, built of brick, two stories high, evidently extending over considerable ground at the rear, but with a frontage not to exceed forty feet. The lower windows were boarded up, a number of those in the second story broken, and the main entrance, large enough for the passage of a motor truck, was tightly secured by an immense iron bar. A smaller door to the right alone offered any possibility of entrance, although it was tightly closed.

To all outward appearances the place had been unoccupied for months; and perhaps years. From the sidewalk it was impossible to gain any glimpse within. Only one discovery served to convince me that I might be on the right track—that I had not been entirely deceived. A small sign, so covered with dust and dirt as to be almost unreadable, was nailed over the smaller door. In the growing dusk I was obliged to study it intently to decipher the words, but finally made them out letter by letter:

"OFFICE ALVA MALLEABLE IRON COMPANY."

Here was a strange coincidence, if nothing more, for Gustave Alva had been one of the names signed on the hotel register. Beyond doubt this old, abandoned iron foundry was his property, and what better spot could be selected in which to meet and concoct a scheme of crime? What a place to hide arms for shipment. Whatever doubt I may have felt regarding my venture vanished in the presence of that unusual name. This was unquestionably the place named in the letter as a rendezvous; here was where the recipient of that letter was to go and receive instructions; where he was to use the mysterious raps, and the countersign "Cervantes," in order to gain admittance. The knowledge that I was actually upon the threshold of such a discovery brought with it a determination not to lose the advantage. But what could I do? What further steps might be safely taken alone?

The night was dark, a slight drizzle in the air, no one abroad except from necessity. No sign of life was visible for the full extent of the block, until the saloon on the further corner came into view. Its gleaming hospitality invited me, and I strolled along the opposite walk, my coat collar turned up to shut out the drizzle, and finally crossed over to where I could peer in



I Could Peer In Through the Dingy Window.

through the dingy windows. The man behind the bar was unmistakably Polish, and of no high type, and at first I saw no other occupants of the place except two roughly dressed men at a table just inside, who were playing cards silently. The room was clean enough, and quiet, yet I felt no inclination to enter. Those were not fellows it would be safe to question, and I would have turned away, but at that instant I perceived the indistinct figure of a young woman in the further corner, sitting beside a table alone.

Her presence stimulated my curiosity. She appeared to be young, not badly dressed, and her being in such a place unattended rendered her of some interest. It surely could do no harm if I dropped in for a sandwich and a glass of beer. I crossed to the bar, positively watchful, but no one

except the proprietor apparently paid the slightest attention to my entrance. The two men never glanced up from their cards, and the girl—for she was scarcely more—merely turned her head and stared at me without interest. I spoke to the barman in English. We exchanged a few words—his own speech very broken—while he prepared the sandwich, and the only thing unusual I noticed was the passage of a slight smile between him and the woman across the room. I could not see even as to that, but

my eyes on the window from the street. I watched intently, but no shadows passed that way—the two had not turned down Gans street.

My mind worked rapidly as I sat there motionless, afraid to make the slightest move lest it arouse suspicion. Whatever the object of the meeting might be, Gans was more or less involved. He had signaled to the girl twice, and his words, however inno-

eyes, and a face decidedly pleasant to look upon, although with a firmness to it, expressed by mouth and chin, not to be mistaken. I noted these things hurriedly, never venturing to stare at her, though she apparently gave me no attention whatever. Somehow the girl seemed strangely out of place in that dingy saloon—she did not in any sense belong. She was evidently not there seeking company, nor was she drinking; and yet there must surely be some meaning to her presence.

The proprietor approached me, leaning one hand on the table.

"There is nothing more?" he asked. "No, this will answer very well."

He lingered, tempted to question me. "You have not been in before? Perhaps you do not live here?"

"I do not," I replied frankly. "I travel out of Boston, and sell lumber. I have been doing some business with the yard down below."

"I see. You are not from New York, I make it?"

"No; Boston has always been my home."

"Once I live there, too; when I first come north from Rio. What you think about this war? We lick Germany—hey?"

"Oh, I don't know; she seems to be more than holding her own."

"Ach, yes. But now this country go; what then?"

I looked up quickly into his face, with a swift desire to test his real sentiment.

"This country! Why should it go in? There are Germans enough over here to stop that."

"Not Germans—no. But Internationals, revolutionaries. They are more than you think. 'Tis time for them to strike a great blow."

"You are Polish, are you not?"

"Yah, from Warsaw. I come over six years."

"Naturalized?"

"I have first papers—why you ask?" suspiciously.

"I merely questioned from curiosity." My eyes wandered once more to the girl across the room, and he noticed the glance.

"You wonder what she do in here?" he asked. "I tell you. She was my niece, an' sit here to wait for a friend to walk home with her. It is not a good neighborhood, this, for a woman alone in the dark."

"Her home is some distance?"

"Five—six blocks. It is a dark, bad way."

He moved back toward the bar, apparently satisfied with his examination of me, as well as his explanation. I wondered grimly why he had taken the trouble to tell me all this, and ordered another glass of beer as an excuse to linger there a while longer. What was the party like who was to call for the girl? I did not have to linger long to gratify my curiosity. The side door opened silently, and a man stepped briskly inside, shaking the raindrops from his coat as he greeted the barman cheerily.

"A dirty night, Jans," he said, glancing swiftly about, his eyes sweeping over me sharply. "Business not very good, I suppose?"

"Dead. It's no good now any more, with all the factories closing up because of the war. Just some salesmen drops in for a beer. That makes me nothings."

The newcomer laughed, evidently put quite at ease by this quick explanation. I was watching him. A rather thick-set fellow with a turned-up mustache and a disfiguring scar on one cheek, which gave to his eye a peculiar expression. Watching the fellow I must have missed some signal, for he whirled about suddenly and confronted the girl, who had already risen to her feet and stood expectantly, one hand yet resting on the table.

"Ah, senorita! You were waiting for me to come," he exclaimed. "Yet I have not kept you long."

"Oh, no," she answered quietly in Spanish, her voice so low the words barley carried to where I sat. "You were delayed?"

"A car blockade at the wharf. No, thank you, Jans, nothing tonight. You would go, senorita?"

"There can be nothing to remain longer here for, surely."

I watched them disappear through the side door, marking his grasp on her arm and her quick glance aside into his face. There had been something wrong about this meeting, something undeniably awkward and constrained. These two were not what they pretended to be—old-time friends meeting incidentally to walk home together. They were strangers, coming together there for the first time by appointment. Neither had previously known the other. I had even detected fear, doubt, in the expression of the girl's face.

Yet I dare not move, or attempt to follow them. I could only sit quietly,

driven to find out what it all meant. I finished my beer slowly, and then selected a cigar from the case and lit it deliberately. Jans leaned over the bar, speaking confidentially, and I had to remain, although I cursed inwardly at the delay. Yet I broke away at last,



I Cursed Inwardly at the Delay.

assured that I had finally lulled every suspicion to rest and passed out through the front door.

The street was deserted and rain-swept, the few lights showing mere pin-pricks in the darkness. I plunged straight across the street, as though headed for the nearest car line, and then, in the shade of darkness, retraced my steps, passing the corner, until I attained the side entrance. Here, assured that I was safely beyond observation, I paused to gain some conception of my surroundings. Across from where I stood appeared the dim outlines of a long, ramshackle building, apparently a shed of some kind, while beyond the saloon was a row of one-story dwelling houses, seemingly exactly alike, and exhibiting no evidence of being occupied.

In which direction had the couple turned after their exit through the side door of the saloon—to right, or left?

Jans had unconsciously pointed in this direction when he told of where the girl lived, and, although that was doubtless a lie intended to deceive, it was no more than natural for him to have thoughtlessly designated the proper point of the compass.

I advanced cautiously, finding the narrow sidewalk one of boards, in very bad condition. It was only when I attained the end of this row of houses, and came to the entrance of a narrow, dark alley, that I found the slight proof that I was, by good fortune, upon the right track. It was above this opening that the incandescent bulb flickered dimly, yet, in spite of wind and rain, gave me glimpse of the mud underfoot. The two must have been the only ones passing that way since the drizzle began, for their footprints were yet visible in the soft mud of the crossing as they advanced beyond the safety of the board walk. By bending low, and keeping my own shadow out of the way, I was able to trace their progress for two or three yards quite easily, and then, to my surprise, the footprints turned abruptly to the left, and disappeared entirely.

To all appearances the two had proceeded down the alley. Black, inviting, as that gloomy passage appeared, they must have turned into it and groped their way forward. Where? For what purpose? I could think of but one object—the Alva iron factory, the mysterious meeting place at 876 Gans street. Beyond all question this alley would skirt along the back of that building, and there would be an entrance at the rear.

Dare I go on alone, unarmed as I was, knowing nothing of what I might encounter? I hesitated, my heart beating like a trip-hammer, yet, after all the danger seemed more of the imagination than reality. Besides, I was still young, and venturesome; the situation appealed to me, and—well, the memory of that girl's face remained strangely insistent. Odd as it may seem, her predicament yielded me a reckless desire to have an immediate hand in the game.

I found two imprints of a *low-heeled* shoe in the mud after the turn had been made, then all traces vanished. I crept forward, enveloped in gloom, keeping as closely as possible to the high board fence at the left. The way was rough underfoot, and my progress consequently slow, being anxious to make as little noise as possible. The passage was so black, I lost all knowledge as to how far I had gone, and was

only aroused to my position by the coming up against a pile of lumber, which completely blocked the further end of the alley. I recalled dimly the passage swerved here, run along the side of the Alva factory, till it reached Gans street. The place I sought was to my left, behind a high fence

We Appreciate Your Patronage



We have always appreciated the very liberal patronage given us since opening our new cafe. We endeavor to show this by attentive service, excellence of our dishes and our cordial invitation to "Call Again."

It is always a pleasure to have our good friends drop around—whether it be but for a cup of our excellent Maxwell House coffee, or a glass of milk and a piece of pie, or if it be for a full meal with side dishes a-plenty. In either case, you are sure of the same uniform, courteous treatment.

We value all our friends—and we want to keep them, because it is our pleasure to serve you.

H. & L. Irwin

NOTICE!

I have just received over 60 patterns of Comers stylish high-grade Rain Coats. See my sample coat and samples before you buy. J. L. THROWER, located second door north Moffatt Bros. & Jones, Brady, Texas.

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER.

Kills worms with one application. Heals wounds and keeps off flies. More for your money, and your money back if you want it. Ask Trigg Drug Co.

PICKNICKERS, ATTENTION!

We now have one gallon Hot and Cold Bottles for Picknickers. Bottles have opening large enough to insert hand. BRADY AUTO CO.

Most sick horses are the result of cheap feeds or unprepared feed. O-Molene feed keeps horses in better shape and produces more work. Call in and see us about it. Mayhew Produce Co., Brady, Phone 264.

Send your films to a good finisher. John McDowell, next door to St. Clair's.

EVERYBODY CAN SEE THE CHANGE IN HER

After Suffering for Ten Years Houston Woman Is Soon Restored to Health.

Mrs. Mamie Buford, residing at 1710 Clay avenue, Houston, Texas, is an ardent champion of Tanlac. In relating her experience with the medicine she says:

"For ten years I tried to find something that would break up my stomach trouble and relieve my indigestion. There was hardly any bounds to my delight when I found after using Tanlac a few days that my miserable feelings were leaving me. My digestion was so bad that I had been living on crackers and milk. I was so nervous I slept very little at night and woke up in the morning with terrible headaches. I lost weight, too, and fell off to 101 pounds.

"I tried everything nearly, but Tanlac is the only medicine that ever gave me any relief. Since taking it I have picked up and improved so much that everybody sees the change and some of my close friends hardly know me at first sight. My face has filled out and I have a good healthy color, and my dressmaker says I am so much stouter my old patterns can't be used any more. My appetite is simply amazing and I eat anything I want without fear of its hurting me. I sleep splendidly every night and get up feeling fresh and as happy as I was when a girl. Nothing else I have ever tried can compare to Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold in Brady by Trigg Drug Co., in Mercury by J. T. Matlock, in Rochelle by C. W. Carr, and by leading druggists everywhere.

Regularly.

"I hope," said Tommy's uncle from another town, "that you go to Sunday school regularly."

"Yes, s'r," said Tommy, quite frankly, "I go regularly every year, the two Sundays before Christmas."

Why not let your horses show you what they can do when fed on a real balanced ration. Purina O-Molene gives your horse a sparkling eye, sleek coat and puts snap into his work. Buy Purina O-Molene from Mayhew Produce Co., Brady, Phone 264.

ORDER COAL TODAY!

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

The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "The Strange Case of Cavendish"

Illustrations by A. Weil

Continued from Page 3)

The silence was profound, stupefying, uncanny. Against the lighter lead of the upper sky I was barely able to trace the upper story of the building, but it was all black, a gloomy, deserted hole. Any faith I might have had that the two I had attempted to follow had come there vanished as I strained my eyes for some gleam of light, or any other sign to denote their presence within. I still believed they had turned down the alley, but this was not their goal; beyond doubt they had entered some gate along the way, and thus escaped me entirely.

I hardly know what impelled me to grope my way back along the fence, blindly feeling for a gate. Curiosity, no doubt, and a lingering desire to make certain of what was inside the barrier. The entrance was easily found, a mere wooden door, held by an iron clasp, which opened instantly to my touch. I stepped inside, closing it quietly behind me, and stared uneasily about through the cushioning blackness.

My eyes, grown accustomed to the gloom, made out dim outlines, encouraging further exploration. Discovering ample space, and what felt to my feet like a walk, I turned the corner in search. At that moment the gate latch clicked sharply, and I sank down into the black ground shadow, every nerve tingling with alarm. The gate operated almost noiselessly, yet my strained ears could detect its stealthy movement, and hear the crunch of a heavy footstep on the cinder path within. The fellow evidently knew his way even in that darkness, for there was no hesitancy in his movements, no uncertainty. He faded away along the rear wall, and I became aware that he had turned about the further corner. That would naturally mean there was a door there. I had evidently been searching the wrong side.

Assured the man had vanished, and that he sought entrance to the building through some passage well known to him, I crept forth along the end wall, crouched low in the shadow, using every precaution against discovery. All that was venturesome in me held high carnival and nothing of danger now could have held me back. I reached the corner around which the fellow had disappeared, but, in the intense blackness, could perceive no movement beyond, no sign of any presence. I listened eagerly, scarcely venturing to breathe, and in another moment was rewarded by hearing the gentle tap of knuckles on wood a few feet away; there could be no doubt of the number—two raps, a pause, three raps; the very signal mentioned in the letter. I waited, still breathless, uncertain what had occurred, yet convinced the man ahead had been given entrance.

Unable longer to withstand the strain I took a step forward into the darkness. At that instant the latch of the gate clicked behind me.

Continued Next Tuesday.

BAPTIST MEETING AT METHODIST TABERNACLE HAS 54 ACCESSIONS

The Baptist meeting at the Methodist tabernacle has been one of great interest, and served to attract large crowds. The Rev. J. W. Hickerson, in charge of the meeting, proved a masterful speaker and his sermons made a deep impression upon the minds and hearts of his hearers. This fact is no better evidenced than in the large number of conversions and accessions to the church, some 54 of the latter being reported up to the present.

Robert Cook Buckner this (Tuesday) evening will begin a training school for B. Y. P. U. and Sunday School workers, which will be continued until next Sunday, sessions being held every afternoon. All interested, are invited to attend.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or digest the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Let the cow decide. She will tell you why it pays to use a 24% protein ration, Purina Cow Chow. Make a test and let the milk pail tell the tale. Purina Cow Chow is sold in Checker-board bags Mayhew Produce Co., Brady, Phone 264.

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

Flattery.

A youth in Kansas, who had just completed his first story, which, he felt, was sure of acceptance by a metropolitan magazine, took his effort to the local postoffice with great ceremony.

"Th's," he carefully explained to the postmaster, an old friend, "is my first manuscript. How much postage will it require?"

"Three cents an ounce," said the postmaster. "That's first-class matter."

"I thank you!" said the writer, delighted.

Your duty and your pocketbook demand that all your cows give plenty of milk. Purina Cow Chow will increase your milk supply because it contains the food elements that keep the cow in the best condition, in supplying her with the ingredients that she can easily convert into milk. See us today. Mayhew Produce Co., Brady, Phone 264.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Tasty-FI-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion, with a minimum charge of 25c. Count the words in your ad and remit accordingly. Terms cash, unless you have a ledger account with us.

FOUND

ESTRAYED—In my pasture, one bay horse mule and one mouse-colored horse mule. Owner may recover by paying for this notice and care of mules. T. A. DIAL, Brady.

WANTED

WANTED—Woman to do cooking and house work. Phone 356.

FOR SALE

FOR TRADE—22 head of mules for cattle. ROHDE BROS., Brady, Texas.

FOR SALE—Oliver Typewriter in first-class condition. Brady Standard office.

CONCESSIONS FOR SALE.

At Confederate Reunion, Brady, Texas, August 3-4-5th. Biggest event of the year. For information see LEE KING, chairman Concessions Committee, Brady.

ELBERTA PEACHES. Fine Elberta Peaches. Prices right. F. F. JAMAR, Richland Springs, on Locker road.

PEACHES FOR SALE. Have several hundred bushels of very fine Elberta peaches ready for market at R. B. McCARTY'S orchard, Mercury, Texas.

ELBERTA PEACHES. Will have ripe Elberta peaches by the 10th of this month, and will again appreciate the patronage of all of my friends. A. L. SIMMONS, Richland Springs, Texas.

GET BUSY, keep busy. Is your job unsafe? Is it permanent? You want a life-long business. You can get into such a business selling more than 137 Watkins products direct to farmers if you own auto or team or can get one. If you are under 50 and can give bond with personal sureties. We back you with big selling helps; 52 years in business; 20,000,000 users of our products. Write for information where you can get territory. J. R. Watkins Co., Dept. 113 Winona, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE FARMERS. This will give notice that beginning Monday, June 13th, our mill was again put in operation, and will continue running for about two and one-half weeks. We are in the market for your cotton seed, and are paying \$20 per ton. Bring us your seed. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

Call and See Us

Before you sell your Chickens, give us a chance. We pay as high prices as anyone, and guarantee satisfaction in weight.

Brady Brokerage Co.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ADVERTISING RATE FOR CARDS. One Inch Card, per month.....\$1.00 One Inch Card, per year.....\$7.50

B. L. CRADDOCK, M. D. Women's and Children's Cases a Specialty Office at Jones Drug Co. Res., 28 —PHONES— Office, 29

DAN A. SMITH

Daily Bus Line Brady to Coleman

Leave Queen Hotel at 1:30 P. M.

J. E. SHROPSHIRE

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

J. E. BROWN

LAWYER Office Over Brady National Bank BRADY, TEXAS

S. W. HUGHES

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

JOE ADKINS

LAWYER Office in Broad Building South Side Square

EVANS J. ADKINS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Practice in District Court of McCulloch County, Texas Office in Court House

DR. WM. C. JONES

DENTIST Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building (Office 79 PHONES Residence 202

W. W. WILDER

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER Estimates on All Classes of Building and Repair Work. Phone 151 BRADY, TEXAS

G. B. AWALT

Breeder of Red Poll Cattle CAMP SAN SABA, TEXAS

E. R. CANTWELL

MATTRESS MAKER

New location, 3 doors East Brady Sentinel office

Rubber Bands. Brady Standard.

Index Tabs. The Brady Standard.

AWALT & BENSON

Draying and Heavy Hauling of All Kinds

Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

AWALT & BENSON

W. H. BALLOU & CO.

General Insurance

Office Over Commercial National Bank

We are in the market for your Oats. Mayhew Produce Co.



CARTER'S INKYRACER Eradicates the ink spot, ink mark or ink line. Does it quickly—leaves no trace.

Carter's Inx

COMPLETE LINE FOR HOME AND OFFICE USE

We especially recommend CARTER'S WRITING FLUID—the standard office ink—and CARTER'S PENCRAFT—combined office and fountain pen ink.



FOUNTAIN PEN INX In large bottles, small bottles and bottles with special fillers; also in traveler's cases.

If You Get Your Inx From Us--You'll Make Your Mark in the World



CARTER'S GLUE mends everything but broken hearts and morals. In Glue Pencils—it's so handy.

CARTER'S MUCILAGE—the "great stickist"—sticks like a car window. In Quart bottles—small sizes, too.

CARTER'S CICO PASTE

always ready for use—never dries up. In tubes, bottles, and boxes. Sweet the rooster and the dog's dinner. PRATT office use