

Shoes Priced Below Their Real Value--Mann Bros. & Holton

1 1/2 FARE ON ALL RAILROADS FOR U. C. V. REUNION

Fares of one and one-half have been named for the U. C. V. reunion to be held in Brady August 3-4-5. This low rate applies to all points on all railroads, and will be the means of attracting attendance from all over the state.

COUNTY COURT LAST WEEK DISPOSED OF 4 CASES

The following cases were disposed of last week in county court: State vs. Bell Bradshaw, aggravated assault; dismissed on motion of county attorney.

RODEO SATURDAY DRAWS GOOD CROWD AND PRODUCES THE DESIRED THRILLS

The rodeo staged at Dutton City park last Saturday by Findt Bros. served to draw a large attendance, and was a spectacular exhibition, furnishing all the desired thrills for the audience.

A. B. McKNIGHT OF KATEMECY ROBBED OF BETWEEN \$75-\$80 FRIDAY NIGHT BY NEGRESS

A. B. McKnight of Katearcy last Friday night reported to the local officers that he had been robbed of between \$75 and \$80 by a negro woman, and despite efforts to locate the guilty party, she made good her escape.

FOUR BALL GAMES ON SCHEDULE OF LOCALS FOR WEEK

The best week's series of the season is promised in base ball at Dutton City park by Manager J. A. Maxwell. Four games have been matched for the locals with some of the best and fastest teams in this section.

GUS ROBINETT LOSES HOME BY FIRE SUN. NIGHT

The home of Gus Robinett on the J. F. Quicksall place in the Dodge community, was completely destroyed by fire Sunday night at about 9:00 o'clock, nothing whatever being saved from the flames.

Death of Fin's Westbrook

The death of Fin's Westbrook occurred this morning at 1:30 o'clock at the local sanitarium. Death followed only a brief illness, and came as a great shock to relatives and friends.

We are now located on the West Side of the Square, where we will be glad to welcome you. We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry.

N. A. CLEVELAND GOES TO BEAUMONT TO TEACH AGRICULTURE IN PUBLIC SCHOOL

N. A. Cleveland returned this week from Beaumont, and is packing his household goods for shipment to that city. Mr. Cleveland has been named director of vocational agriculture in the South Beaumont school, and will specialize in that one subject alone.

BRADY DROPS GAME AT WALDRIP PICNIC TO ROCKWOOD LAST SATURDAY--10 TO 2

Brady donated the game played at the Waldrip picnic last Saturday to Rockwood by the decisive score of 10 to 2. Brady played with a pick-up team, while the Rockwood aggregation was strengthened by recruits from the crack Trickham ball team.

A Woman on Men

(Contributed by an indignant lady reader who confesses that she is weary of the fancied superiority of the male of the species.) Men are what women marry; they have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives; but never more than one collar or one idea at a time.

Prompt service, reasonable prices. W. W. JORDAN & CO., Grocers, Phone 56.

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 Brady Sentinel office

Death of W. H. Calley

The death of W. H. Calley, well-known Brady restaurant man, occurred last Thursday night at Marlin, where he had been for treatment for the previous ten days. His death was not entirely unexpected, as he had been in bad health for about three months, and could obtain no relief for the heart trouble with which he suffered.

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.

NOTICE! Dance each night during Reunion, on the grounds. Music furnished by the Original "Blue Devil" orchestra.

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

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.

THIRTY THOUSAND TOES IN BRADY SIX THOUSAND FEET IN BRADY

Now your corn will get EASY. REXALL CORN SOLVENT will take them OUT. Price 25c. TRIGG DRUG CO. Reports from seventeen out of the twenty boxes in the county indicate that all the amendments voted on in last Saturday's election were lost.

PICKNICKERS, ATTENTION!

We now have one gallon Hot and Cold Bottles from Picknickers. Bottles look straight thru. Large enough to insert hand. BRADY AUTO CO.

Some people seem to miss most good things of life. Read and look for our "Special Sale" of Toilet Articles and Stationery for July 29th and 30th. TRIGG DRUG CO.

You expose them, and let me finish them. John McDowell.

RULES OF GEORGIA GIRL FOR GETTING A HUSBAND SHE HAS HAD THREE

- Johnny Pearl Pruitt, a Georgia girl, annexed three husbands before she was seventeen. She got her first one before she was fifteen. And she isn't pretty, even tho' as one husband says, she is "just the right size," whatever that means. But she has got the "come hither" look in her eyes that a Methodist bishop once told his flock was the reason he had won three wives, also.

ALL AMENDMENTS LOST IN COUNTY, RETURNS INDICATE --ALL BUT THREE BOXES IN

Reports from seventeen out of the twenty boxes in the county indicate that all the amendments voted on in last Saturday's election were lost. Especially heavy majorities were polled against all amendments in any way relating to salary increases.

- 1. For abolishing prison board, 123; against, 241.
- 2. For raising salaries, 60; against, 90.
- 3. For Confederate tax, 149; against, 171.

(Continued)

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, 7½c per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1½c 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 26, 1921

HONEST INJUN.

"Weed Cutting As An Appetite Renovator," reads a heading in the Stephenville Tribune. Brady folks possessed of poor appetites and uncut weeds will please take notice!

THE GOVERNOR HANDICAPPING HIMSELF.

We have been inclined to think that Gov. Neff's campaign over the state in behalf of his law-enforcement program—providing the means for removal of officers who wilfully and corruptly fail to enforce the law, amending the accomplice feature of the Dean law and repealing the suspended sentence law—had some chance of enactment through his awakening of the public sentiment in behalf of that program. And it is only truth to say that he has awakened a very considerable public feeling to the belief that means should be provided for better enforcement of the criminal statutes.

But we very much fear that the Governor's criticism of the Legislature's "extravagance" and other shortcomings, as he views them, has handicapped him severely and that, wanting his enforcement program put through, it were better had he sought harmony between himself and the legislature rather than estranging its members through charges that are at least not proved. Not a few members who opposed the Johnson bill as it was originally presented have come around to favor the bill modified; even those who subscribe to the principle of the suspended sentence law are wondering if with things as they are it were not better repealed than to be abused as it unquestionably has been; and possibly the proposal to amend the Dean law to make convictions of the guilty less difficult to obtain is stronger now than it was a few months ago. But under the present situation, with the Governor's criticism of the Legislature just before special session convenes, there is a resentment on the part of the average legislator that certainly will be no help to carrying out the Governor's program—if any part of it is enacted into law it will be in spite, rather than on account of the Governor's advocacy of it.

Texas has already suffered in the past from lack of co-operation between the executive and the legislative branches; those of us concerned with the welfare of the whole state and not with political recriminations and charges would regret to see a recrudescence of conditions that existed at Austin when the Governor was doing all he could to discredit the Legislature and state departments and the Legislature and state departments were doing what they could to punish the Governor for his hostility towards them. And, if this condition recurs during the present administration, the majority of the people of the state will put the responsibility thereupon upon the Governor, rather than upon the Legislature whose members, with only a few exceptions, showed at the beginning of the regular session, an apparent sincere desire to labor harmoniously and co-operatively for the good of the state and to drop political bickerings out of which no good for the state can ensue.—Denton Record-Chronicle.

THE EXACT FACTS.

The Richland Springs Eye-Witness last week devoted the major part of its front page to a sensational article for the failure of the Richland Springs team to match the Brady team.

and Brady a year ago. All of which goes to prove how important it is for a ball team to keep its appointments, even though the harvest be on, and the rain a-threatening. This was the gist of The Standard's first article, and the Eye-Witness editor has, unconsciously perhaps, substantiated this opinion.

In support of the refutation of The Standard's article, the Eye-Witness publishes an affidavit of Gordon Murray, manager of the Richland Springs team when the game was scheduled. To be fair to the Richland Springs team and fans we give the affidavit herewith:

The State of Texas,
County of San Saba.

Before the undersigned authority, on this day personally appeared Gordon Murray, who being by me duly sworn, deposes and says that he had read the article in The Brady Standard, headed, "Keep the Record Straight," and that some of the statements therein contained are false and misleading. Affiant further states that he had no intimation from Brady that the game would not be played as scheduled until the team arrived in Brady; that the statement that he was offered \$25.00 expense money is absolutely false; that no money was tendered him, nor did the manager of the Brady team, or any other person, suggest paying the \$25.00 that was guaranteed by the Brady team. Affiant further states that the failure to play the game was wholly the fault of the Brady team; that the Richland Springs team went to Brady in good faith, expecting to play the game, paid their own expenses and that the only remuneration they were offered or received, was a pass into a negro ball game.

Witness my hand this 12th day of July, 1921. GORDON MURRAY,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 12th day of July, 1921.

J. W. MUNSELL,
Notary Public.

Adds the Richland Springs Eye-Witness:

"Now, Brother Standard, we have accepted your challenge 'to prove them otherwise,' and delivered the goods. In your reply, please give chapter and verse."

Well, always basing our reply on the original issue, viz: the 11th-hour notice that Richland Springs would not keep their recent appointment, we would say the chapter was the one which reads, "Do unto others as you think they have done unto you." The verse would be, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

We do not doubt for a moment that Gordon Murray, in his affidavit, speaks his honest convictions, but he nowhere, and at no time, refutes our statement that the man who answered Bailey Jones' long distance call, and who represented himself as spokesman for the Richland Springs ball team, stated positively that the game was off; this in spite of Jones' pleadings that the date be filled.

As for the offer to pay the \$25.00 expense money, Murray denies and Bailey Jones affirms that it was made. Richland Springs may believe their man; we believe ours. Jones avers he can make Murray recall the circumstances when he comes to Brady next Thursday.

If the matter cannot be settled that way, when we suggest that one Bailey Jones challenge one Gordon Murray (or vice-versa, as they be inclined) to mortal combat, in which the weapons shall be toothpicks, 42-centimeter guns, or airplane bombs. The victor to get all the spoils, including the disputed \$25.00.

And if the Richland Springs ball team has any feeling in the matter, they may give vent to same by taking that "easy" victory off our boys next Thursday. The Eye-Witness editor is hereby extended an invitation to share The Standard editor's box seat at the game, with the assurance that we will make no effort towards "hogging" all the rooting.

Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.

Lots of good numbers, staple products that are worth while, in our "Special Sale" for July 29th and 30th. TRIGG DRUG CO.

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

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

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.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

F. M. Butler was in from the Lohn community Monday and reported a shower out his way Sunday.

Herman Rohde reports the loss of both his saddle and that of his boy's which were taken from his barn during the absence of the family from home. No clue to the thief has so far been found.

Brady's fast colored ball team continues to out-champion all comers, and last Sunday annexed another hotly contested game by defeating the Llano colored team—score being 9 to 2. The Llano players put up a good game, and the score up to the last of the 8th was 2 to 2. The Brady team broke up the game in the ninth by running in seven tallies.

The Standard has seen many remarkable McCulloch county products but none that surpass the two beets exhibited in Brady last week by W. D. Parker of Pear Valley. One of the beets tipped the beam at 5¼ lbs. and the other weighed an even 5 lbs. Mr. Parker says they were grown in a small patch sowed for home use, were not irrigated, nor were they sub-irrigated—but they just simply grew. Despite their size, the beets are tender and well-flavored says Mr. Parker.

Mrs. J. L. Jordan is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. J. S. Evans, of Waxahachie, who arrived Monday morning to be her guest. Mrs. Evans is well remembered by all the older residents of Brady, her husband having been a pioneer Baptist minister in Brady and having founded the local Baptist church. All the many old-time friends of Mrs. Evans will be delighted to greet her once more.

The Fort Worth Record last Sunday published on its society page, a large portrait of Mrs. Clyde D. Pemberton, a bride of the week, and who, before her marriage last Wednesday, was Miss Jewell Galloway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Galloway of Brady. Mr. Pemberton is a prominent young business man of Fort Worth, being connected with the Chamber of Commerce there. The bride is one of Brady's charming young ladies, who, for the past several years, has made her home with her aunt in Fort Worth. Following a wedding trip to Galveston and other points, the happy couple are expected to visit in Brady before returning to Fort Worth to make their home.

M. A. Leddy was in Brady Monday from the Voca community, and reported everything in the way of garden and field products drying up for want of rain. At that, Mr. Leddy has no room for complaint, for he enumerated a list of fruits, berries and vegetables grown by him on his place that sounded like a feast to our ears. He has one of the premier orchards in the county, and among other fruits has enjoyed Early Wheeler peaches, apples, pears, apricots, plums, the Elbertas and a promise of some Elbertas, too. Then he has had various kinds of berries and now is enjoying the fruits of his vineyard. Then there has been the greatest variety of garden and field vegetables, and eatables. No wonder Mr. Leddy always wears a happy smile.

Mrs. Frank Champion has the universal sympathy of Brady friends in the sudden death of her sister, Mrs. Minnie Watson, who passed away at Fort Worth last Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The message received here Thursday night was all the more a shock since a letter had been received by Mrs. Champion only the day before from her sister, and which gave no intimation that she might be feeling bad. The body was shipped to Brownwood, Mr. and Mrs. Champion and daughter, Miss Beulah, going there Friday to attend the funeral held at 10:30 that morning. This is the third death in the immediate family of Mr. and Mrs. Champion in the past two months, two of Mr. Champion's brothers having recently answered the final summons, one of whom, J. W. (Billie) Champion died at San Antonio on July 2nd, and his funeral services having been held at Brownwood on the 5th.

Now here's another friend writing us from the cool climes of San Jose, to tell us of the good times "vacationing" in the gold-mining country of California. None other than our erstwhile Brady resident, Mrs. J. M. Payne, who writes back home to her friends in Brady, after

Everything for QUAI
—nothing for show

THAT'S OUR IDEA in making **CAMELS—the Quality Cigarette.**

Why, just buy Camels and look at the package! It's the best packing science has devised to keep cigarettes fresh and full flavored for your taste. Heavy paper outside—secure foil wrapping inside and the revenue stamp over the end to seal the package and keep it air-tight.

And note this! There's nothing flashy about the Camel package. No extra wrappings that do not improve the smoke. Not a cent of needless expense that must come out of the quality of the tobacco.

Camels wonderful and exclusive Quality wins on merit alone.

Because, men smoke Camels who want the taste and fragrance of the finest tobaccos, expertly blended. Men smoke Camels for Camels smooth, refreshing mildness and their freedom from cigarette aftertaste.

Camels are made for men who think for themselves.



Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ten years of married life, Mrs. Mayse and I are on our 'honeymoon.' Been to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Colorado City, Salt Lake City, Utah, Oakland, Calif., Berkeley, San Francisco, San Jose, and Los Angeles on our return home. Was writing 'pappie' tonight and thought of you, thinking you wouldn't mind hearing from a country boy in a fast life. Will return to my home and work at McKinney not later than August 1st. Best wishes." Now we usually envy our "rich" friends those wonderful vacation trips to cooler climes and scenic wonders, the while we are perspiring in the summer heat at our labors, but let it not be thought that we, for a moment, begrudge Mr. and Mrs. Mayse this most enjoyable trip—a trip earned by ten years of earnest labors—and we are glad of the enjoyable time they are having.

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

CONTENTED COWS GIVE MORE MILK.
Fly pestered cows are not contented. "Martin's Fly Spray" keeps cows contented and free from flies. Satisfaction guaranteed by Trigg Drug Co.

CLASSIFIED ADS
The Standard's Classy-Fi-Ad rate is 1½c 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.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms, with bath. Close to town. Phone 278.

WANTED
WANTED—Good, clean, bright Johnson hay. Apply at Brady Standard office.

WANTED
WANTED—To buy young turkeys. Will pay 20c per pound. See FRANK HURD at Brady Auto Co.

WANTED
WANTED—To Trade 4-months old Durham male calf for Jersey heifer. G. W. EDWARDS, sexton Brady cemetery.

WANTED—All People to use Classy-Fi-Ads.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Good Jersey cow. See J. F. SCHAEG, Brady.

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

FOUND
FOUND—On July 2nd, on Brady-Voca road, purse containing small amount of money. Owner may recover by describing and paying for this notice. M. A. LEDDY, Voca, Texas.

LOST—
LOST—Sterling silver thimble; valued through sentiment. Finder please phone No. 15. Mrs. J. O. WILLOUGHBY.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR INITIALS put on your Car, Suit Case, Trunk, etc. M. PAGE, Brady, Texas.

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.

STILL PLENTY OF PEACHES
It has been reported that all the peaches are gone. This is a mistake. I have plenty of peaches yet, and will take out the advertisement when the peaches are gone. R. B. McCARTY, Mercury, Texas.

REX SUN SHADES.
Make Auto Driving a pleasure. Can furnish shades for any make of car. J. D. BRANSCUM, over Brady National Bank.

Bring Us Your Eggs

We will pay 15c for Canded Eggs and 17 1-2c for Infertile Eggs.
We would appreciate a part of your eggs.

Brady Brokerage Co.

THERE'S AN AIR OF COZINESS

About the room whose walls have been newly covered with our modern wall decorations. They make for that "homey" look so inviting and so pleasant. Come and see these papers. Also have a full line of Paints, Stains and Varnishes.

RAMSAY'S PAINT AND PAPER STORE
BRADY, TEXAS

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENDISH"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL

COPYRIGHT, BY RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clew to a revolutionary movement in this country seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate.

CHAPTER II.—Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry.

CHAPTER III.—At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who appears to recognize him.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger addresses Severn as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Convinced, Severn hears the girl he had followed address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution.

CHAPTER V.—Leaving the crowd to discuss the message she had brought, the girl discovers Severn listening. She accepts his explanation of his presence and makes an appointment to meet him next day. He tells her his name is Daly. Harris informs him of a scheme he has to secure a sum amounting to \$1,000,000, the revolutionary fund, and offers to "split" with him. Severn accepts the proposition.

CHAPTER VI.—Severn learns it was his new friend and a "Captain Alva" who had lost the box which started him on the trail. Harris tells him the woman is Marie Gessler. He arranges to meet Severn next day at Tom Costigan's saloon. Leaving the building, Severn notices a stalled automobile a few blocks away. Investigating, he finds the body of Captain Alva, stabbed to death with a baton dagger. Securing it, he remembers having seen it, or one like it, in Marie Gessler's hat.

CHAPTER VI.

but he sat there chuckling to himself, and toying with a fresh cigar.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Played it safe and sure. I'm too old a bird to be caught napping. I put in most of that night holding wet cloths to Horner's head, and thinking out some plan of action. Before morning he thought I was the best fellow he ever knew, and I had the guy where I wanted him. For one of his breed, he was rather a friendly cuss. This was how I mapped it out. That letter of credit had to be turned into currency before it could do me any good, and the only way that might be done was through this guy Alva. I must get to him somehow in a way that would put me next his scheme, so I'd know when he had the cash. Once I got these details attended to in little old New York, the swag was as good as my own. I knew a dozen guys that would bump Horner off for a hundred if it came to that—so the price wasn't high. A million! Oh, man; and it had dropped right into my lap. But to do this it was necessary that I should be Horner. That was as plain as the nose on my face; as Horner, coming with credentials, and a letter of credit, Alva would be bound to receive me with open arms—see! After that I figured it would be easy enough. But how was I to become Horner?"

"You couldn't divvy with him?"

"I should say not; he was a square guy. It didn't take me five days to find that out. So there wasn't but one way out of it—I had to put Horner out of commission, and cop his belt. It was either that, or lose a million."

I looked at him, with a sickening feeling of horror I found hard to suppress, but he went on indifferently in the same cool, calm voice.

"There's no use going into details, Daly. We landed good friends, and Horner was in a strange land. You know New York pretty well, and I lost him the first afternoon down on the East side. I never did know just what became of the fellow, but the next morning I was alone in a back room in Greenwich, and had his belt with me." He chuckled grimly. "There wasn't much in it, except the letter of credit and a notation as to where and when Krantz could be seen privately. It was the next night Harris was to call on the banker up in Le Compte street."

"Le Compte? What number?"

"247 Le Compte. Do you know anybody there?"

"No; only Le Compte is an old stamping ground of mine. Go on; you wet there, of course."

"He re. Krantz didn't know me from Adam, not even my name. I was just '106' to him, but he was mighty nervous. Just the same, and anxious to get

away. I could see that. I don't think it was his house either; just an ordinary-looking shack, brick, three stories and a basement.

"That banker was business all right, and he put me through the whole bundle of tricks before he'd even let me sit down. I had to lie some, but mostly I was posted well enough so as to give him what he was looking for. Anyhow, I passed, and after that he was rather decent. Took me into a room and gave me a drink, besides asking me about affairs in Europe. H—l, I didn't know only what I'd seen in the papers—but I gave him an earful, and on the strength of his name I cussed England for all I was worth—which at that time was about a million bucks. Then I handed over the letter of credit, and he jammed it into his pocket like it was a scrap of paper. I don't remember that he even looked at it. After that he was for getting rid of me, the sooner the better. But I needed to know where Alva was, so I hung on, telling the old guy I had a private message that I had to deliver personally—straight from them financiers in London. So, after skrimishing a while, he jotted down an address on a bit

of paper, and the next thing I knew I was out in the street, with that gripped in my mitt."

"And then, of course, you hunted my Alva?"

"The next morning, before any bank opened. I thought over it all night and got up a peach of a story. I needed it, too, for this Alva was a smooth guy. It took some nerve to get him, but I knew, through Horner's memorandum, some things about him he never supposed was known up in this country; so when I sprung them, natural-like, he quit being offish, and gave me the glad hand."

"Who is he? A crank?"

"Not by a d—d sight. He's a captain in the Chilean army, military attache to the embassy at Washington, entrusted with certain work. But he's really working to overthrow the present Chilean government—gettin' up a revolution down there. I lied until I was black in the face, but I must have kept within bounds, for he got to liking me real well. He was a high-roller, and I put him onto some things in New York he had never been steered against before. That made a hit with him. There wasn't nothing said about cashing up all day long, and early the next morning we breezed into a downtown hotel, and went to bed."

"What hotel?"

"Search me. We'd been tanking up on champagne and were drunker in the morning than when we turned in. That's the honest truth. All either of us wanted for breakfast was a cup of coffee. We got that at a little dump on some side street, so as to brace up a little." He paused to laugh at the recollection, helping himself to a third cigar.

"And you actually retain no knowledge of where you spent the night?"

"Not the faintest glimmer. Can you beat it? Alva lost part of a letter somewhere, and a curious sort of box he had picked up in Chinatown. He put them both in his pocket, so he says, but that was the last he ever saw of either. Queer looking box that was; nothing I cared about, but it cost the guy a hundred bucks, and he was daffy over it. Anyhow, that night put me solid with Alva."

"But the money? He's never drawn it?"

"He Jotted Down an Address on a Bit of Paper."

"I had the whole story now in a nutshell and it was one to think over. The whole thing had played his cards well and was sufficiently evident. Now I must be fully as cautious in playing mine. I felt the fellow had given me his full confidence; actually believing me to be Daly, and on the same trail with him; desiring to use me in what was probably the biggest job of his life, he had been led into the indiscretion of confiding to me the full truth of his scheme. If I kept my head and nerve, I had it in my power to block everything and thus bring the whole gang to swift justice. I realized the danger of such an attempt, the immediate peril of endeavoring to accomplish this alone, yet at the moment perceived no other way. I must remain Daly and appear eager to obtain my share of the spoils."

"A sick piece of work, Harris," I admitted admiringly, "and so far as I can judge you have figured out the chances about right. They look good. I'm with you, old man—shake!"

Our hands clasped. "That is what I thought you would say, Harry," more familiarly. "Come on now and drink with me."

I put the stuff down, rather feeling the need of it, and desiring to establish our intimacy more closely.

"Then that's settled, George—yes, I'll have another cigar. By the way," as I lit up, "there was another thing I wanted to ask you about. You said there was a woman here from Washington. What's the idea?"

"D—n if I know, but I guess it's all right. Still I don't quite cotton to the dame. This is how I got it from Alva. Those junta fellows—the big ones, you know—think this New York lough is pretty slow; they want some action for their money. So Señor Mendez, who seems to be engineering the deal, decides to send somebody over here to stir up the criminals. But he's watched every minute; secret service men are as thick as flies, and if one of his underlings was to leave for New York, he'd never get ten feet without being spotted. Mendez is wise to this, so he gathers in privately a skirt he believes is all right, and sends her. It's not a decent job for a woman, and that's what makes it safe. He made a good guess, too; that female is as smart as a steel trap. She gave me the cold shivers."

"You don't think she suspects you?"

"No, I don't; there ain't no reason why she should; but she gave me the once over, all right, and I am perfectly willing to know she is on her way back to Washington. I never did play in any lugh with a woman in the game—perhaps that's what makes me afraid of 'em."

"What's her name?"

"Gessler, so Alva said—Marie Gessler; South American, I suppose; anyhow, she talked that language like a native. I steered clear of her most of the time. Somehow she got my goat. However, that's nothing to worry

"Not a dinky red. He claims the time wasn't come yet, and that it's safer with Krantz. But I've stuck to him like a brother and he's took me in with his gang, so now I know every move that's going on. I'm on the inside, all right, and now it's beginning to get hot."

"They are ready to act?"

"Sure; that's what the meeting was about tonight."

"What are they after—ships?"

"Well, they've got to have some, but mostly arms; then there is a guy down there who's got to be croaked. I don't care what it is; when the time comes they won't find a handful of change to act with. I'm some patriot, I am, and I'll put a bigger crimp in their sails than the whole United States government secret service."

"But see here, Harris," soberly, "how do you know you are going to get this? Of course, I see the game the way you've mapped it out, but suppose Krantz plays in check, or draft. That spikes your gun."

"H—l, yes; but he won't. I've sized up this man Krantz. He's in the game for money. He don't care who wins the d—n revolution, for he gets his share out of the pot right away. He's playing the game secretly on his own account. Get that? He expects it may be a year, or perhaps two, before he can cash in on the deal, but when it does come his share of profit will be likely a hundred thousand. That beats bank interest, and the old bird is willing to take the chance."

"Quite likely that's true; no bank would finance such a project."

"Of course not—the directors would throw a fit. Well, now, that kind of a guy, in on a raw deal like this, is going to play safe, isn't he? He isn't going to leave any evidence lying around to hang himself with—any drafts, or checks to pass through the clearing house? Not on your life; he is too wily a fox for that. Krantz knew this was coming, and he's been cashing in for six months or more to be ready for it. And now he's got the currency stored away, nobody knows where but himself. When Alva comes for it, it will be handed out secretly, and that old bird will crumple up the receipt in his pocket and wait till he can cash in through those guys in London. So now it's up to us to locate the dough; we've got to separate it from either Krantz, or Alva—I'm for Alva."

"Why?"

"Because the job looks easier. He's human and no money grubber. He's just as liable as not to carry the whole wad around with him; d—n it. I think that's just what he will do, for he won't dare deposit such a sum anywhere. That's why I have laid back so long, without attempting to strike—I'm banking on the army captain to offer me a soft thing. What do you say?"

I had the whole story now in a nutshell and it was one to think over. The whole thing had played his cards well and was sufficiently evident. Now I must be fully as cautious in playing mine. I felt the fellow had given me his full confidence; actually believing me to be Daly, and on the same trail with him; desiring to use me in what was probably the biggest job of his life, he had been led into the indiscretion of confiding to me the full truth of his scheme. If I kept my head and nerve, I had it in my power to block everything and thus bring the whole gang to swift justice. I realized the danger of such an attempt, the immediate peril of endeavoring to accomplish this alone, yet at the moment perceived no other way. I must remain Daly and appear eager to obtain my share of the spoils."

"A sick piece of work, Harris," I admitted admiringly, "and so far as I can judge you have figured out the chances about right. They look good. I'm with you, old man—shake!"

Our hands clasped. "That is what I thought you would say, Harry," more familiarly. "Come on now and drink with me."

I put the stuff down, rather feeling the need of it, and desiring to establish our intimacy more closely.

"Then that's settled, George—yes, I'll have another cigar. By the way," as I lit up, "there was another thing I wanted to ask you about. You said there was a woman here from Washington. What's the idea?"

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over," he glanced at his watch. "The time's safely off by this time. What do you say—let's go home."

I signified my willingness.

As we passed out together through the narrow passage, extinguishing the lights behind us, the one overpowering desire in my mind was to be once more alone, so as to think over, and piece together as best I might this fabric of villainy with which I was confronted. The situation was fairly clear, yet there were strange lights and shadows in it I found hard to reconcile. Moreover, what should I do? How could I serve best—by immediately telling my story to the officers of the law, and thus washing my hands clean? or by continuing to enact the role of Harry Daly, and in this way entrapping these fellows red-handed? I had had fully enough of Harris for the present. His boastfulness and pride of crime disgusted me. I had no desire to be associated with the fellow, or pretend, even for a worthy purpose, to be his companion. Yet, all this had happened so suddenly and unexpectedly I could not determine the best course to pursue. I remained dazed and confused, the only clear decision being an eagerness to bring him, and these others also, to justice.

We were the last to leave the place, and emerged from the building into the deserted yard, leaving all in silence and darkness behind us. The door closed tightly, secured by a night latch, and we stood motionless in the drizzle. By that time I was ready with a suggestion, but by good fortune he took the initiative.

"We better slip out of here alone, I reckon," he whispered. "I'll go up this way, and then you take a sneak through the lumber yard. Likely we'll catch the same car going down. If we don't, look me up at Costigan's place—you know where that is?"

"Sixth avenue, isn't it?"

"Sure. Ask for Parker, and it will be all right. If I ain't in, leave a note where I can hunt you up. I got to keep my eye on Alva tomorrow, so he don't get away with the stuff."

"You expect him to draw?"

"Not before night; but, just the same, I want to know for sure. You wait here five minutes, for I've got the longest trip to make. You'll show up all right?"

"You can't lose me; it looks too good."

He chuckled and patted me on the shoulder in an excess of friendliness, evidently feeling to some extent the whisky he had been imbibing so freely.

"That's the talk, Daly. Well, so long."

He slipped out through the gate into the dark of the alley, leaving it slightly ajar for me to follow. I sheltered myself behind the high board fence and listened to the soft slush of his feet in the mud. The sound vanished, and all about was silence and darkness.

I was startled by the sound of the door as he safely out of the way, and then followed, eager to be off. One thing was certain, I would make no effort to join him on the car; I would use the remainder of the night to decide the future, working out the problem alone.

To make certain that I avoided any possibility of encountering the fellow again, I passed directly through the deserted lumber yard before emerging upon Gans street. This thoroughfare was at this hour desolate enough, not a light showing in the houses, or a moving figure visible as far as I could see in the dimness of the street lamps. The rain was steady, the pavement shimmering with moisture, the only sound the pattering of the drops as they fell. If any policemen were abroad I saw no signs, and, with collar turned up to my ears, I chose to walk rather than seek the block to the east and the possibility of a street car.

The factory district ended in a row of houses, dark and silent at this hour, but the walking was good, and I pushed forward briskly, so buried in thought as to become practically insensible to the unpleasant surroundings. The night had been a full one, far exceeding my expectations, yet left me more puzzled than ever as to my own duty. So far I knew of no act of crime with which these men could be connected; they were merely proposing a future attack on a neutral government. If, however, I consented to play my part with Harris, I would not only be in ample time to circumvent any danger Alva and his gang might contemplate, but also gain ample evidence for their conviction and expulsion from this country. In addition to this I would be in position to block the daring plans of this international thief. Altogether it seemed to me that the wiser course for me to pursue, was to wait, and watch, ready to act at any moment, but keeping my own council until certain that the specific moment had arrived.

Nor was I oblivious to the strange impression left upon me by my encounter with Marie Gessler. She had interested me oddly, and I could not drive her memory from my thoughts. Our moment of conversation had been peculiar, and her words and actions remained as a constraint. Why had she stood there, her hand on the door, and talked to me in that mocking way? Had she a purpose, an aim? Did she believe my explanation? or was her suspicion aroused into a determination to pry it in some way? Although I could not decide, yet doubtless the latter theory was the most probable. That was why I had been pledged to call at "247 Le Compte street," and ask for "Miss Conrad." This was the same place where Harris had secretly met Krantz. Evidently it was another headquarters for these precious villains. Once there, and safely in their power, the truth of my

theory could easily be established.

Was that her idea?

If so, who then was "Miss Conrad?" Not Marie Gessler, certainly, under another name, for she would have returned to Washington. There was no doubt as to that, for Alva had agreed to take her direct to the depot in his own car, and would scarcely leave until she was safely on the train. Probably the other woman was a confederate, with whom she would communicate by telephone. My clearer judgment told me all this, made me fully conscious of the danger of keeping this appointment, yet never swerved me from an intention to do so. Marie Gessler's eyes were frank and honest; they had looked directly into my own, pleadingly I imagined, and I retained a blind faith in her no ordinary circumstances would overcome. She was involved in this criminal conspiracy—there could be no doubt as to that—but why? under what conditions? What could ever have driven so womanly a woman to such an association? Was her appeal to me an effort at assistance? Was she blindly endeavoring to learn in this way if I was worthy of trust, and confidence? This hope would not down; it remained insistent, persistent. I would keep my word; I would go to the place designated, at the hour set; I would go armed, prepared for whatever might occur of treachery—but I would go. Perhaps here was the key to the whole mystery; and once I solved her connection with the plot, particularly if it absolved her from blame, and the necessity of exposure, I could go forward with clear conscience, and land these others where they justly belonged.

I must have covered four or five blocks immersed in such thought, almost forgetful of my surroundings, my head bent low before the rain, my feet carelessly slushing through the water in pools on the sidewalk. I met no one, heard no sound to arouse me; all about was dark, desolate, forlorn. Then suddenly I became conscious of some unusual obstruction just ahead. At first I took it for a wrecked wagon lying against the curb, but another step forward revealed the truth—a deserted touring car, its red tail-light plastered with mud, and barely visible. I approached with a feeling of relief; it was not wrecked, no sign of accident was to be noticed. Even in that dim light I could see the machine was no common car, a sedan, its glass brilliant in spite of the rain splatters, and its paint gleaming brightly.

I stared about wonderingly, but could perceive nothing to account for the presence of such a car, or its apparent desertion. Up and down both streets not a figure moved; not a sound reached me but the slough of the wind, and the patter of rain. I shivered with the loneliness of it all, as curiosity led me to cross the muddy parkway to assure myself as to what this strange desertion meant.

There was no one in the car. I could look straight through the dimmed windows, and the glare of a street lamp a block away. One of the rear doors stood half open, and, tempted by it, I bent over and felt within. My hand touched some object on the floor, and I instantly straightened up with the thing



It Was a Long, Thin-Bladed Dagger.

gripped in my fingers. It was a long, thin-bladed dagger—an ornament rather than a weapon—with an odd, fanciful hilt. There were stains upon the polished steel; and the moment I saw it, I knew where it had attracted my attention before—as a pin in Marie Gessler's hat.

CHAPTER VII.

I Seek Miss Conrad—The Threads Become Tangled.

I grasped the thing in my hand, holding it up incredulously into what ever faint light I could find. There was no question as to its identity; I could not doubt. This was the same peculiar ornament I had observed that evening in the girl's hat, or else its exact mate. I recalled the quaint shape of the miniature hilt too clearly to be mistaken. Then this car was the one in which she had departed with Gustave Alva two hours before. What had occurred in the meanwhile? Something serious evidently. The dagger on the floor would indicate a struggle, or at least a hasty departure from the vehicle.

I stood staring after my newly comprehended thing, the gleam of those dark stains on the floor. Their nature could not be determined in so

own a light, yet when I touched them with my finger it became discolored. My God! could it be blood? Blood? It was blood; then this had been a scene of tragedy, of awful crime perhaps. The discovery sickened me, but I had to go on. I wrenched open the forward door and peered fearfully within. I could not but know instantly what I saw—a dim, huddled form leaning forward across the steering wheel, one hand yet on the spokes, with head dangling helplessly, upheld only by contact with the windshield.

I knew the man was dead before I touched the cold hand; his very posture told that—and how he had died; instantly, from a stab in the back. I could not see his features, the darkness hid them, but desperation drove me to pass my hand over the concealed face; the upturned mustache, the exposed teeth, grinning ironically in death, left no doubt as to who he was—the Chilean soldier and attache, Captain Alva. The awful horror of it paralyzed my very brain. She must have done this! That girl must have killed him! But why? for what reason? for what purpose? Could it have been in answer to insult? Had the man dared to press his advances once they were alone? and had she resisted? I would not question his inclination, yet this was not possible. The knife lay on the floor behind him, just as plucked, blood-stained, from the wound. The girl, then, was not even riding beside him; she could not be to have dealt such a blow—she must have been alone in the rear seat. There in the dark, unnoticed by the man driving, she had leaned forward, and driven that sharp blade unerringly home to the heart. He had suspected nothing in time to raise even an arm in self-defense. Then, dazed, frightened by her terrible deed, forgetful even of the knife in her terror, she had dashed it to the floor and fled into the darkness, leaving the rear door open behind her.

That was the story; that must be the story. My mind pictured the scene in all its horror. Yet what could account for such an act? What cause could transform this woman, this smiling-faced girl, into a murderer? Her leaving that weapon behind would seem to proclaim that the deed was done in haste, on the spur of the moment; that it had not been in any way premeditated and planned. Otherwise she would have guarded against such danger of discovery. Why, that carelessness alone might ruin every hope of escape, might bring her to the electric chair—it was damning evidence.

I dare not remain there in the presence of this grisly spectacle. To be found would fasten the hideous crime upon me, while such a story I must tell would never be believed. I did not know even who she really was, or where she might be. I cared nothing for Alva's death; horrible as it was, I was conscious of no regret. I must not be mixed up in the affair. The only thing for me to do was to disappear, and leave the police to make their own discovery. And the knife? the weapon which had done the deed? What should I do with that?

I did not hesitate long. I would protect her from discovery if I could at least until I was myself convinced of her guilt. There was no longer the slightest doubt in my mind but what this was her act. Everything pointed straight toward her. Yet there might be a reason, a worthy cause, and, in any case, she had done a service to the country. The woman was better off with this conspiracy dead; nor would I denounce the girl who had taken his life. I hid the knife in a pocket of my coat, hastened down the side street toward the nearest car line, my only desire being to escape that neighborhood as swiftly as possible.

By a quarter of three I was safely in my room at the hotel, for the first time feeling a sense of real security. Yet it was not to sleep. I did not even undress, except to remove my wet outer-garments before flinging myself on the bed. My brain wouldn't rest, and I lay there staring up at the ceiling, while my mind reviewed over and over again every incident of the night, and planned for the morning. How would the murder of Alva affect the plot I had started to overcome? Would it continue under some other leadership? Who? And the money? what would become of that? What readjustment of plans would Harris consider necessary? Once I knew his conception of the situation, I could better regulate my own action. Meanwhile the only safe course was to remain still, and profess ignorance. Then I had the engagement at 247 Le Compte street—that might reveal something of importance to help me solve the problem.

I got up, removed the dagger from my pocket, and examined it in the electric light. It was a toy weapon, yet sufficiently dangerous, for all that, and I looked at it with a sense of horror. How could a woman have ever thrust even that keen blade with one blow through the heart? Yet the evidence was before me. Those dark stains were blood—human blood—dried now, but unmistakable in their proof of crime. I washed the steel leaving the blade bright and polished; then wrapped it carefully, and hid it away at the very bottom of my bag, locking the latter against possible inspection by a curious maid. I felt relieved once I had the weapon out of sight.

The morning papers contained a reference to the tragedy—the body of the dead man had not been found in time. There would be noise enough when it was, no doubt, for Alva must have been widely known and ranked

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

PERSONAL MENTION

Vernon Jordan returned Monday from Fort Logan, Colo., where he had spent the past couple months in the Reserve Officers Training corps. J. F. Schaeg left last week for a visit with Mrs. Schaeg, daughter and grand-daughter at Austin. He will also visit his mother at San Antonio before returning to Brady. Mrs. S. J. Howard and little daughter were visitors here from San Saba Sunday. Her sister, Mrs. W. D.

Jordan, and little daughter, June, returned to San Saba with her for a visit. Mrs. Ferris Woodward and baby left Sunday for Dallas to visit her aunt, and with the expectation of making her home there. Mr. Woodward will join his family in Dallas as soon as he completes some contracts here. Messrs. Oscar Westbrook and Hardin Jones left last Saturday on a three weeks' vacation trip, during which they plan to visit Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York City, Atlantic

City, Washington, D. C., and other points. Miss Pansy McCollum, who had been a guest of her sister, Mrs. N. A. Cleveland, returned last week to her home at Gatesville. W. D. Jordan left last week on his second trip to New York in charge of a car of poultry. Wilson expects to be gone a couple weeks and will endeavor to see all the sights missed by him on his first trip.

Mrs. C. A. Gavit, daughter, Miss Eulalia, and sister, Miss Mozelle Glenn, returned Friday from Maudlin on the Gulf coast, where they had a very enjoyable visit with Mrs. Maggie McCann and other friends.

Dee Bell left Saturday night for Fort Worth, where he will attend a Dodge service schools. For the convenience and accommodation of Texas Dodge dealers and their employes, the factory is now holding these schools in various of the large cities of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Krueger and children returned Sunday from a week's stay at Galveston, where they report a most enjoyable time. Going they drove to Fredericksburg, Austin, Bastrop, LaGrange and down to the Gulf, and returning they made the trip via Waco, where they visited relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Zimmerman spent Saturday and Sunday as guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Zimmerman, of the Dodge community, before returning to their home at Galveston, where Arthur is a member of the Santa Fe's engineering department. He had been at Coleman and Ballinger for the purpose of getting valuations on the company's properties there. As indicating how thoroughly Arthur understands this work, it may be said that his appraisal of the Santa Fe's property in McCulloch county differed only \$200 from the government's valuation.

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 dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Save time, worry, money—phone your grocery orders to W. W. JORDAN & CO. And get in on our July shipment. Phone 295. 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

as of some importance. Even if his identity was never established, if no suspicion was aroused as to his position, and secret work in this country, yet the very mystery of the case would create a sensation. But perhaps he had papers on his person of value. I regretted not having searched his pockets. Then the conviction came that possibly here might be the true solution of the murder—a desire to secure some documents the man carried.

I went down to Costigan's place on foot, not being entirely certain of the exact location. It was an ordinary corner saloon, with a stairway leading to rooms above. In the morning hours the barroom was nearly deserted, but the man at the bar, looking me over cautiously, said that "Mr. Parker" had already gone out, and had left no word as to when he would return. I was rather glad, yet I left a telephone number, with a request that I be called whenever he came back. I waited impatiently for the call in my room, but none came. It dawned upon me that in all probability Harris was frantically endeavoring to find the whereabouts of Alva, as yet having no suspicion of his death. I telephoned Costigan's, but "Mr. Parker" had not returned.

I sent out for a noon edition, eagerly scanning its columns, but finding nothing. Surely the deserted car, with its grim burden, must have been discovered before this. The police must have suppressed the news to enable them to work in secret; they might have found some evidence in the dead man's pockets, or in the dark recesses of the car, by which they still hoped to capture the assassin.

I remember eating in a basement restaurant, where I was totally unknown, and then departing for the rendezvous on Le Compte street. I approached the number given with serious misgivings. If the police were actually on the trail, some knowledge of this place might be in their possession, and I could not be too cautious.

There was no outward sign of any surveillance as I turned into the block; indeed except for a grocery truck before one of the houses, and an organ-grinder at the farther corner, the street was entirely deserted. Mustering my courage, and with a feeling of deep excitement, I advanced up the steps of the house numbered 247, and, finding refuge in the outer vestibule, rang the bell. I heard no distant tinkle, but within a moment or two the door opened a crack, held in

those people yere, I tell yer."

The door slapped shut in my face, and I heard a bolt shot into place—the interview was ended.

I stared a moment at the blank door in bewilderment; then turned away, and slowly retraced my steps to the street. So the young woman had deliberately lied to me; had merely been amusing herself at my expense; had sent me on this wild goose chase so that she might laugh over my simplicity. But was this true? If so, how was I to account for the strange coincidence that both she and Harris had named the same number, and street? It could not have occurred merely through chance. Something must have happened in the meanwhile to overthrow all her plans, and to cause this rabid housekeeper to even deny her very existence. And I held the key of explanation—the murder of Alva.

Beyond all doubt here was both cause and effect. The girl had intended to either see me herself, or by proxy in the form of this mysterious Miss Conrad. But what had since occurred had compelled a sudden change in plans, a necessity for concealing her escape. There was no way in which she could notify me, but she might very easily have telephoned to her landlady. And, if the place was what I suspected it to be, she might have every confidence that her secret would be guarded.

I glanced up at the front of the house, searching the windows, but without results. The curtains were closely drawn to keep out the sun, and the place appeared forlorn and deserted. At the delicatessen shop on the corner I gained a gleam of light, but merely enough to strengthen my former judgment. The keeper, a flaxen-haired Swede, was loquacious enough, but had only been in business there a few weeks.

"247 Le Compte, you say. Yes, she takes roomers; some are men, and some are women. They come in here and buy, but I never ask the names; it was all cash, so why should I care? Sometimes I hear them call names—sure; but never Conrad. The woman what keeps the house? Wait and I tell you; it is on the books; ah! you read as she wrote it for me—Mrs. Augusta Waldron; maybe a widow? What you think? Bah, she never like anything I have to sell. I care nothing for trade with her—a cat this Mrs. Augusta Waldron."

I left him with the familiar sound of the name ringing in my ears—the whole thing was travelling in a circle, and the circle was growing continually more compact. Blindly, I was stumbling up against it here and there most unexpectedly. Augusta Waldron, beyond doubt, was Ivan Waldron's wife. No wonder her house was designated the meeting place for those people.

Continued Next Tuesday.

MOTHER SA SHE O' R SON

"I certainly am what Tanlac did for me, just what he needed,"

1302 Charles St. "Herbert nee... to build him up, for he had been in arundown condition and suffered with his kidneys for a long time. He complained a great deal of pains in his back and slept so little he would get up in the morning feeling miserable. It worried me a great deal to see him drooping and losing ground every day.

"I never saw such a change in anybody as one bottle of Tanlac has made in him. He seemed to get new life and energy with every dose. A good ruddy color has come into his cheeks, and he sleeps well at night and feels fresh and bright every morning. He doesn't complain any more of his kidneys bothering him or of that old pain in his back. I can see that he has been benefited in every way and I am just so grateful that I can hardly express myself. I feel it would be a positive wrong if I did not let parents especially mothers, know about this grand medicine."

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.

SPECIAL SALE.

Of Toilet Articles and Stationery at our store on July 29th and 30th. You can't afford to miss these bargain offers—come and see the specials we offer. TRIGG DRUG CO., Brady.

Good Deeds.

The memory of good deeds will ever stay, A lamp to light us on the darkened way, A music to the ear on the clamoring street, A cooling well amid the noonday heat, A scent of green boughs blown thru narrow walls, A feel of rest when quiet evening falls.

—Edwin Markham.

She Was Late.

A Boston girl tells of a friend from another town, who, during a recent visit to the Hub, spoke often and enthusiastically of her love for music. One afternoon the Boston girl had ranged for the music lover to attend a concert. As there was an errand

The concert had, however, been under way for some time when the music lover appeared.

"Have I missed much?" she whispered as she slid into the seat alongside the Boston girl. "What are they playing now?"

"The Fifth Sympony," was the response. "Gracious me! Am I so late as that?" asked the music lover.

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

SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL MEETING BEING CONDUCTED AT DODGE—70 ACCESSIONS

Dan Zimmerman was in from the Dodge community Monday and reported the meeting at Dodge as having been highly successful. Up to Monday some seventy accessions to the church had been had. The Rev. S. C. Dunn of the Brady Methodist church has been in charge of the meeting, and his sermons have aroused the greatest of interest, as well as a strong revival spirit. The meeting is announced to close tonight.

Something New

Just Received a Line of

Children's Party Goods

Including Invitations, Place Cards, Birthday Cards, Lunch Sets. You'll find these goods most attractive and just the thing for that next birthday party or celebration.

It's Always a Pleasure to Show You—Whether You Buy or Not.

The Brady Standard

PHONE 163

OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS

BRADY, TEXAS



"Well, What is It?" She Snapped.

that position by a chain, and the face of a middle-aged woman peered out at me.

"Well, what is it?" she snapped, in no encouraging tone.

"I should like to see Miss Conrad," I began apologetically. "I have an appointment with her."

"Not here yer ain't, young man, for there ain't nobody by that name in this house."

"Are you sure? This is 247, is it not? That was the number given me. She was to be here at two o'clock."

"This yere is 247 all right. I ain't denyin' that," the voice more acid than ever, "but there ain't no Miss Conrad yere; so that's all there is about it."

"But there must be."

"Must be nuthin'! I guess I know, I've been yere seventeen years, an' ther never was nobody of that name ever in this house. Besides, I'm house-cleanin' and can't stand yer talkin' all day."

"Do you know a man named Krantz?" I flung at her desperately, in a last effort to arouse some response. "Adolph Krantz."

"No. I don't; ther ain't none of

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