

BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

STERILIZED SEED ARCH-ENEMY TO BOLL WEEVILS

(By T. M. Fairbairn, Assistant General Manager of Cia Del Tlahualilo.)

So serious is the damage done cotton by the pink boll worm in the Laguna District of Mexico that one of the largest British-American cotton growing companies in the world, the Tlahualilo Company, headed by James Brown Potter, New York multimillionaire, is confronted with the possibility of having the cotton grown on the 250,000 acre estate refused by English Cotton Mills.

A report has just reached this office from T. M. Fairbairn, general manager of the Tlahualilo Company, who has laid the entire situation before Dr. W. B. Hunter, member of the Federal Horticultural Board, in charge of plant-insect investigation, and control work in the South, which states that British mill workers will strike before they will continue to work. Laguna pink boll worm damaged cotton, because of the weakened fibre, which breaks readily in passing through the cleaning apparatus. The pink boll worm, as has been repeatedly stated in this paper, damages the fibre of cotton and makes it so weak that it is practically unfit for spinning purposes, and would have to enter the market trade as dogtail cotton, which nobody wants to buy, except at lowest prices. If the pink boll worm becomes established in Texas, and the South, it would mean the end of profitable cotton production.

Not only does the cotton fibre become weak but its length of staple also is shortened by the ravages of the insect. Whereas, in former years the cotton grown on the Tlahualilo Estate averaged more than one inch in length, it now averages less than one inch since the advent of the pink boll worm. Furthermore, the amount of cotton grown on an acre has been decreased so greatly that the company has had to increase its acreage every year to produce its full quota of cotton contracted for.

Damage Growing in Intensity. Damage to Mexican cotton is growing every year. A careful review of Mr. Fairbairn's report in full appended to this article will show the Texas cotton grower what is in store for him if he allows the pink boll worm to become established in his fields, as it now is in Mexico. The time for action has come when it is every farmer's business to help protect himself and his fellowman against such a serious insect pest. Compared with the boll weevil, the pink boll worm is a much more harmful insect. It works inside the cotton seed and can not be reached with insecticides. The only way to keep it out is to starve it to death by depriving it of its only suitable food, cotton. While the United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Federal Horticultural Board, is doing all in its power to prevent further spreads of the pink-boll worm in the South, there is no guarantee that the insect will not become established unless the most rigid laws are enforced to the letter.

Mr. Fairbairn's report specifically shows that his Company's cotton crops of 1911 and 1912 averaged 100 per cent of more than one inch staple on the Tlahualilo Plantation. The crop of 1913 was not classed but that of 1914 averaged 91 per cent of more than one inch staple, while the 1915 crop went 100 per cent. Crops of 1916, 1917 and 1918 were not classed. In 1919, the crop made only 76 per cent more than an inch staple and 24 per cent less than one inch. The entire crop yield of 1920 staple less than one inch. A surprising showing, and all of it charged direct to the pink boll worm's work. The crop of 1921, comprising 6700 bales showed 92 per cent less than an inch staple, and only 8 per cent over an inch.

Before the coming of the pink boll worm, the Tlahualilo Plantation averaged 93 per cent staple of more than an inch in length, and since only 28 per cent. What this represents in dollars and cents can only be conjectured. The loss is huge in spite of the fact that greater care in planting

cultivation and harvesting has been taken since the pink boll worm's introduction into Mexico. It would be well for Texas cotton growers to heed this lesson, and do all in their power to prevent the introduction and spread of the pink boll worm in this State.

Full Report Is Startling. The full text of Mr. Fairbairn's report for last year and the preceding eleven crops shows the following: "The pink boll worm has not only reduced the cotton production per acre but the damage to the staple is not less serious. Before the advent of pink boll worms 93 per cent over one inch. Since the advent of pink boll worms 28 per cent over one inch. Greater care has been taken in the selection of seed for planting since the advent of the pink boll worm than before."

Class Crops 1910 to 1921, Inclusive. Before pink boll worm 43 per cent middling and above.

Since pink boll worm 49 per cent middling and above.

NOTE—Crops 1920 and 1921 largely ginned on new gins with modern cleaners, which helped the class.

Besides the loss in length of staple, we have not been able to produce as strong a fibre since pink boll worm damage reached its maximum.

The staple is now so weak, broadly speaking, it will not stand passing through two cleaners, without serious damage to the fibre.

It is also next to impossible to get bales running in even length of staple as was formerly possible.

An average lock of cotton has nine seed. Average locks per boll four and 5-10. Total average seed per boll 40 and 5-10.

The fibre from damaged seed is shorter and weaker than that produced in the same boll by seed that escapes pink boll worm damage.

Therefore, one boll or even one lock, will produce cotton of different lengths of staple.

If three samples are pulled from one bale of cotton, they may all be different as to length and strength of staple. We only pull a sample from one side of the bale. Should a buyer pull a sample from the other side, he is apt to get different results. Besides this, the percentage of stain has greatly increased and more notes and naps, the former from small pieces of damaged seed getting between the gin saws, the latter by the weak fibre twisting in the cleaners.

It would be interesting to estimate the total in dollars per bale by crops, staple and class loss. It will be very high.

I understand some of the larger mills prefer to import American cotton rather than try and work the present Laguna product, as their spinners will strike before they will work the Laguna staple.

Committee's Report to Hon. George B. Tesrel, Commissioner of Agriculture, Hon. George B. Terrell, Commissioner of Agriculture, Austin Texas.

Dear Sir:—Following your invitation to go to Mexico to witness your demonstration of sterilizing cotton seed as a method of killing the pink boll worm, Mr. Lea Beaty and myself proceeded to Mexico, leaving Austin on February 7, 1922, via San Antonio and Eagle Pass. We went via Torreon and arrived at Tlahualilo, Durango, Mexico, on the morning of February 9. We were met at the station by Mr. G. J. Schol, who with Mr. A. C. Johnson took charge of us. Mr. Scholl announced that his machine was working fine and after a short rest and view of the city, we had lunch and immediately proceeded to the oil mill where the machine was installed, and proceeded to make two tests—one at 138 degrees and one at 140 degrees.

The 138 degree test showed out of 100 worms, one live one and 99 dead. The 140 degree test showed 100 dead out of 100 worms. You understand we used just a few over 200 double seed to find 100 worms. We only counted the worms that we were sure were alive when put through the machine. The 140 degree test was so close to the danger line—that is, 138 degrees, where we found a few live worms out of 100, we decided to try 145 degrees. The next day, Saturday,

(Continued on Page 4)

OLD SCOUT KILLS INDIAN MEDICINE MAN BY LUCKY SHOT AT 1,000 YARDS

BATTLE OF ADOBE WALLS, IN PANHANDLE SECTION, IN WHICH LONE WOLF LED INDIANS, RECALLS INTERESTING REMINISCENCES BY BRADY OLD-TIMER.

In a recent issue of the Dallas News there was published an interesting account by C. M. Sarchet of the Battle of Adobe Walls, which occurred in what is now part of Oklahoma, but which at the time of the battle in 1874, was part of the Texas Panhandle, and just a few miles beyond the west line of Indian Territory. The story brought to mind many interesting recollections of the early days among the Indians, upon the part of J. H. White, one of Brady's leading citizens of the present day. Mr. White knew Lone Wolf well, and had had many interesting conversations with the Indian chieftain. Also he recalls a slightly different version than that related in the account, of the killing of the Indian's Medicine Man by a lucky shot from an old Scout at a distance of 1200 yards.

Mr. White's acquaintance with the Indians dates back to 1880, at which time, and for a period of about two decades, he spent most of his time in Indian Territory looking after cattle which were being pastured in that country. Mr. White states the Indians were very superstitious and that they believed their Medicine Men bore charmed lives and would never die. He recalls that once Lone Wolf spoke of one of the Medicine men, pointing to his teeth and indicating by gestures, pantomime and the few English words at his command, that the medicine man was very old and would live always.

The story of the shot by the old scout, Billy Dixon, which killed the medicine man over a thousand yards distant, is that the medicine man had proclaimed to the Indians that the white men and their guns were powerless to harm him or them; To prove his assertion, he advanced towards the white men's camp. It happened that just at this time, the famous old buffalo guns were just being brought into use, and Dixon, more to try out one of the guns than for any other reason, pointed it over the rise in front of the party and fired. At the shot, the medicine man fell dead—the unaimed bullet had found its mark in the Indian. Quite naturally the Indians lost confidence after this occurrence, and despite their overwhelming numbers, were put to route.

Mr. White tells, among other things, that at one time the Indians desired to have some fresh buffalo meat for one of their dances or ceremonies, and, having secured permission from the U. S. government to kill a buffalo, Lone Wolf rode forth on a big, splendid gray horse, and eventually overtook a buffalo, which he killed and brought back in triumph. When Mr. White approached Lone Wolf with a proposition to swap for the big gray, Lone Wolf side-stepped the proposition, demurring lest Mr. White's horse develop traits which might make him an undesirable possession.

The following is the story of the Battle of Adobe Walls, as written by Mr. Sarchet, and published in the Dallas News: The Battle of Adobe Walls, where a small party of scouts stood off an overwhelming army of Indians under Lone Wolf, has ever been one of the outstanding marks in Oklahoma history, although truthfully the battle occurred a few miles west of the old Oklahoma territory line in the Texas Panhandle country. And it was during this battle that one of the old-time plainmen, Billy Dixon, fired the shot that has gone down in history because it killed an Indian medicine man at 1,200 yards.

This now famous battle occurred on June 25, 1874, but it was all recently recalled when the towns of extreme Western Oklahoma joined with those of the Northern Panhandle to hold a good road meeting at Adobe Walls, the immediate purpose being an organization that will put across the building of a bridge over the Canadian River at that point. The meeting was all the more important because the widow of Billy Dixon was present and talked to the good road people who had assembled.

The Adobe Walls was really one of the last fights staged by the rebellious Kiowa, Comanche and Cheyenne Indians. The real leader in the fight

inclosing them with a proper fence, and that a monument be erected there to commemorate the battle. Immediately arrangements started towards making good on Goble's offer.

Mrs. Billy Dixon told the crowd that when the grounds are fenced and the permanency of the park made certain she will have the remains of her husband brought from Texline, where they are now buried, to the park. He died in Cimarron county, the extreme western county of Oklahoma, in 1913. On the battleground also are the graves of the Shaddler brothers and Billy Tyler, who were killed by the Indians during the battle.

Means Another Highway. The building of the bridge across the South Canadian at Adobe Walls means the opening of another important highway across that section of the Panhandle and Northern Oklahoma, according to Dick Quinn of Guymon, another of the genuine old-timers of the "No Man's Land" portion of Northern Texas towns, the State authorities have granted a highway running from Clarendon via Pampa, Adobe Walls and Spearman, where it connects with the D-C-D trail; then into Guymon.

The plan, by which the highway is to be built, included the bridge, makes it a Government project, taking advantage of the Government's fifty-fifty offer and also of the 25 per cent offered by the State of Texas. This leaves but 25 per cent to be raised by the counties and communities through which the highway will pass. Every town along the line from Clarendon to Guymon will have a committee at work raising the funds. Until the bridge is constructed, a "straw" crossing is to be put in at the river, with a man employed there all the time to help tourists across the dangerous spots.

Dick Quinn says that delegates were present at the Adobe Walls road meeting from Spearman, Pampa, White Deer, Panhandle, Plemens, Miami, Amarillo, Shamrock, Perryton and Guymon.

GOATS SHORN OF FLEECE DIE DURING FREEZE AT SONORA

Sonora, Texas, March 5.—Sutton county was a heavy loser in the past storm which raged for several days. Many goats were frozen to death, the storm raging immediately after shearing. About 600 goats were reported frozen to death, the largest loss being 300 goats. Sleep and cattle stood the weather much better than the goats, and very few sheep and cattle were reported lost.

Death of Mrs. G. A. Wright. The death of Mrs. G. A. Wright, pioneer and well-beloved citizen of McCulloch county, occurred Saturday morning at 11:00 o'clock at the residence of her son, Spence Wright, in Fort Worth, where she had been making her home for several years past. At the time of death, Mrs. Wright was aged about 73 years. For some three or four years past, Mrs. Wright had been in bad health, and during her long illness she was given every care and loving attention that her children could command.

The body, accompanied by the children, arrived in Brady on Sunday morning's train, and was carried to the Marion cemetery, where, in the presence of a great concourse of mourning and saddened friends, it was tenderly laid to rest beside that of her husband, whose death occurred a few years ago.

Mrs. Wright, or "Aunt Annie" Wright, as she was lovingly called had lived for many years with her husband in the Marion community, the family being one of the early settlers here. A life-long member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, she was a noble Christian woman, and in her spotless life, she left a rich heritage for her children, as well as a shining example for all who knew and loved her.

Surviving are four boys, Oscar of Coleman, and Spence, George and Norris of Fort Worth; and one daughter, Mrs. E. B. Bray, of Waldrip. To them is extended the sincere sympathy of all.

Read it in The Standard.

"OVER THE HILL" WM. FOX FEATURE AT LYRIC 13-14TH

In announcing the presenting of William Fox's famous play, "Over the Hill," a picturization adapted from the famous poems by Will Carleton, which is to be shown at the Lyric theatre Monday and Tuesday, March 13 and 14th, Julius Levy offers Brady theatre-goers one of the greatest film attractions of the age. A picture that has established a world's record for runs—one year in New York City at \$2 per seat; six months in Chicago; six months in London; six months in Rio de Janeiro, and many other long records in the leading cities of the United States and the world.

The securing of this great film is a feat few towns the size of Brady can boast, and it was made possible only through the booking of a series of super-attractions, included among which are "Queen of Sheba," "Way Down East," "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "The Old Nest," "The Sheik," and various others.

In order to assure the financial end of the picture being met, Mr. Levy will show the great film on two nights. Reserved seats may be had in advance, so as to assure good seats to those who purchase tickets.

Monday and Tuesday nights will be made feature nights at the Lyric in future, and all who appreciate pictures of real merit may look forward to special offerings at the Lyric upon these nights.

LIBRARY FUND BENEFIT TEA AT MRS. G. V. GANSEL'S NEXT THURS.

The committee in charge of the Brady Public library has arranged for a Benefit Tea to be given next Thursday afternoon and evening at the residence of Mrs. G. V. Gansel on the north side, proceeds to go to the library fund. This entertainment has been planned in lieu of the "42" benefit announced, but which it has been found impossible to conveniently hold.

The general public is extended a cordial invitation to attend this tea, the hours of holding having been set beginning at 2:30 p. m. and continuing on through the evening so as to give everyone an opportunity to attend. A musical program will be had, and will add to the pleasure of the occasion.

BRADY MAN HELD UNDER \$1,000 BOND ON CHARGE OF BOOTLEGGING ROOTCH

W. M. Levitt was taken in charge last Friday by local officers on a charge of bootlegging "white mule." The charge resulting from statements made by a couple of transient typewriter repair men, who were found intoxicated, and who alleged they had secured their liquor through Levitt. In the preliminary examination held Saturday before N. G. Lyle, Sr., local Justice of the Peace, Levitt was held to await the action of the grand jury, bond being set in the sum of \$1,000, which was readily furnished, and the accused was given his release, pending the grand jury action.

Levitt has been in Brady the past year or so, being employed as cook in one of the local restaurants, and more recently in one of the local hotels.

MILES NATIONAL BANK DESTROYED BY FIRE—WAS CLOSED FEBRUARY 1ST

Ballinger, Texas, March 6.—Miles National Bank building, eighteen miles west of here, was destroyed by fire early this morning, causing a loss of \$50,000. The bank closed its doors on February 1 and was in the hands of Bank Examiner Lamb. While the debris had not been cleared away, it is believed that the vault containing securities is intact. Origin of the fire is unknown.

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



**THE BRADY STANDARD**

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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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, Mar. 7, 1922.

**HONEST INJURY.**

Somebody must have let down the gap in the barb wire fence between Amarillo and the North Pole last week, as McCulloch county experienced a terrible draft from that direction.

**THE NEW WATER RATES.**

The Standard last Friday published announcement by the Board of Water consumers, which, we believe, was a great concession to popular demand. It is true that the rates were not lowered; but the granting of water in double and more than double the amount heretofore allowed, for the same money, is, in effect, virtually the lowering of the rate.

As the new rates now stand, every consumer receives advantage, except the one whose monthly water consumption runs less than it did during the month of February. February having been the shortest month, and one of the coldest months, it is certain that the consumer who uses less water during succeeding months, than in February, will be an exception, and that these exceptions will be comparatively few.

In order that all may fully understand the new rates, The Standard gives the following examples:

The old rate was as follows:  
1st 1,000 gallons .....\$1.75  
2nd 1,000 gallons .....\$1.50  
3rd 1,000 gallons .....\$1.25  
4th 1,000 gallons .....\$1.00  
Each Add'l 1,000 gallons ..... 30c  
Thus, a consumer using 1,000 per month, would heretofore pay \$1.75; for 2,000 gallons, he would pay \$3.25; for 3,000 gallons, \$4.50; for 4,000 gallons, \$5.50; for 5,000 gallons, \$5.80, and each additional 1,000 gallons up to 50,000 gallons at 30c per 1,000 gallons.

Under the new schedule of rates, the consumer must pay at least as much as he did for water used during the month of February. Thus, if his water bill on March 1st was \$1.75 for having used 1,000 gallons or less, he will continue to pay \$1.75; but he will be allowed to use 2,000 gallons of water for the \$1.75, instead of only 1,000 gallons as heretofore. If his bill last month totaled \$3.25 (2,000 gallons consumption) he will continue to pay at the rate of \$3.25, but will be allowed to use 4,000 gallons for \$3.25. If his bill totaled \$4.50 (3,000 gallons) he will continue to pay \$4.50, but will be allowed to use water as follows:

1st 1,000 gallons at \$1.75.....\$1.75  
2nd 1,000 gallons at \$1.25..... 1.25  
Next 5,000 gallons at 30c per M. 1.50

Total, 7,000 gallons at .....\$4.50  
Additional consumption may be figured as above.

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**The HORSE AND A DOG**

By **FRANCIS LYNDE**  
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**CHAPTER XIX.**

**Angels, Desert and Urban.**  
Our stop-over in Angels, Friend Beasley's and mine, was of the shortest. Our business with Father William Dubbin was the merest travesty upon a trial at law, and was speedily concluded.

Since there would be no passenger train until afternoon, Beasley and I resumed our places in the freight's caboose, and in due time were set down in Brewster, the breezy little metropolis of Timanyoni Park.

Here my captor—and friend—appeared to be very much at home. He took me to the best hotel, where he was greeted with affectionate camaraderie by a clerk who wore a diamond big enough to serve for a locomotive headlight, shook hands with, and introduced me to, a number of gentlemen in the lobby, and presently gave me orders to go up to our rooms and "take a wash," preparatory to meeting a certain friend of his at luncheon; the meeting contingent upon his being able to "round up" the friend in time for the feast.

It still wanted a half-hour of the appointed luncheon time when I descended to the lobby. A little before one o'clock Beasley came in with a middle-aged man who looked as if he might have been the retired manager of a Wild West show; not long-haired, or anything like that, but with the cool eye and bronzed, weather-beaten face of one who lived under house roofs only when circumstances forced him to. A moment later I was shaking hands with Mr. William Starbuck, mine owner, ranchman, a director in the Brewster National bank, president of the Brewster Commercial club and the prime mover in a lot of other civic activities too numerous to mention.

I may pass lightly over the events of the three days following; days in which Mr. William Starbuck, who seemed to be known to all the old-timers in Brewster as "Bully," and to the younger generation as "Uncle Billy," labored untiringly in my behalf; procured me the necessary working credit at the Brewster National, helped me in the telegraphic ordering of new machinery, helped Beasley to rustle up a small army of mechanics to go ahead of us to the Cinnabar, and last, but not least, made my peace with the railroad company in the matter of the stolen and smashed inspection car; this being a thing which he was easily able to do because he was the brother-in-law, once removed, of the railroad company's vice president and general manager.

On our last day in Brewster, and as a parting favor, I asked Starbuck how I should proceed in regard to quashing the indictment against Bullerton, and when I did so, he gave me a shrewd look out of the cool gray eyes, with a gentle uplifting of the shaggy brows. "If you are determined to let Bullerton go, all you have to do is to do nothing. If you don't appear in Copah to prosecute him and his would-be mine jumpers, the case against them will be dismissed, as a matter of course. But really, you know, you ought to make an example of them."

"In the circumstances, I can't," I returned, so we let it go at that; and an hour later Beasley and I were on our way back to Atropia and Cinnabar mountain.

**CHAPTER XX.**  
Cousin Percy Wires.  
It was on the evening of the fourth day's absence that Beasley and I left the train at Atropia and took the mountain trail in reverse for a return to the high bench on Old Cinnabar, Beasley riding a borrowed horse, and I the unico pony, which Daddy Hiram had sent down to the station by one of the newly imported workmen.

Just as we were leaving the railroad station Buddy Fuller, the operator, ran out to hand me a telegram. Since it was too dark to see to read it, and I supposed, naturally, that it was nothing more important than a bid from some machinery firm anxious to supply needs, I thought it might

wait, stuck it into my pocket—and promptly forgot it.  
Our talk, as we rode together up the new familiar trail, was chiefly of business; the business of reopening the mine; and it was not until we were nearing our destination that the ex-marshall said:

"Still stickin' in your craw that you ain't a-goin' to pop the whip at Charley Bullerton?"

"It is," I answered.

"Well, now, why not?"  
"Principally because I have promised somebody that I wouldn't prosecute."

"Not Hi Twombly; he'd never set you to do anything like that."

"No; not Daddy Hiram."

He didn't press the matter any further and we rode on in silence. As

**CHAPTER XXI.**—With the aid of Beasley, Bullerton interests captivated the mine, and the future of the Old Cinnabar seems assured.

**CHAPTER XXII.**—Realizing his debt to Hiram, and to Beasley, for the recovery of his property, Bullerton assures the girl he will not prosecute Bullerton, but she does not appear particularly grateful. Finally the true situation, apparent to any one less deeply in love and possibly less dense, dawns on Stan, and he realizes that he has found the Girl, the Horse and the Dog, and part of THE story.



we approached the neighborhood of the mine, evidences of the fortuitous activities began to manifest themselves.

Daddy Hiram met us at the door of his newly repaired cabin across the dump head and insisted upon taking care of the horses. Bessley and I washed up at the outdoor, bench-and-basin lavatory; and when we went in, Jennie had supper ready for us.

She didn't sit at table with us— from which I argued that she and her father had already eaten—and I thought she purposely avoided me; avoided meeting my eye, at least, I didn't wonder at it. Her position, as I had it figured out, was rather awkwardly anomalous. By this time, I had fully convinced myself that she was in love with Bullerton, and was probably engaged to be married to him; and that it was only her native honesty that had driven her to take sides against him in the struggle for the Cinnabar, prompting her to do the one thing which had knocked his nefarious scheme on the head—namely, the recording of my deed.

Knowing nothing but hard work, Daddy Hiram was running the deep-well pumps himself, or rather, taking the night shift on them; and about ten o'clock, just as I had made up my mind to go to bed and let the repairing activities take care of themselves, I saw Jennie going over to the boiler shed with a pot of freshly made coffee for her father. Here was my chance, I



"Let's Have It Out, Jennie," I said, thought; so I waited and cornered her as she came back.

"Let's have it out, Jennie," I said; which, I confess, was a sort of brutal way to begin on the woman I loved, and yet the only way if I was to go on remembering that she belonged to another man. "We can at least be good friends, can't we?"

"No," she returned, with a queer little twist of her pretty lips and a flash of the blue eyes, "I'm afraid we can't even be that—or those—any more, Mr. Broughton."

It was awkward for both of us, standing there before the open cabin door, and I pointed to the bench where Daddy Hiram was wont to smoke his evening pipe in good weather.

"Won't you sit down until we can sort of flail it out?" I begged.

"It's no use, whatever," she objected; nevertheless, she did sit down and let me sit beside her.

"I know just how distressed you must be," I began, "and perhaps I can lift a bit of the load from your shoulders. There will be no legal steps taken against your—against Charles Bullerton."

"Thank you," she said; just as short as that.

"And that isn't all," I went on. "After we get into the ore and have some real money to show for it, I'm going to make over a share in the Cinnabar to your father and put him in a position to do the right thing by you when you marry. And he'll do it; you know he'll do it!"

"How kind!" she murmured, looking straight out in front of her.

"It isn't kindness; it's bare justice. Between you, you two have saved my legacy for me."

"I wish, now, it hadn't been saved!" she exclaimed, as vindictively as you please.

"Truly, I thought, the ways of women are past finding out; or at least the way of a maid with a man is."

"Can't I say anything at all without putting my foot into it?" I asked in despair. "You break a man's back with a load of obligation one day, and to him lightly out of your young life the next! I haven't done anything to earn your—to earn the back of your

head, Jennie; or if I have, I don't know what it is."

"You have committed the unpardonable sin," she accused coolly. "I don't wonder that Miss Randle took your ring off."

"I wasn't going to let the talk shift to Lisette; not if I knew it, and could help it."

"What is the unpardonable sin?" I asked.

each would never stop and my foot mind crept back along the line, searching handily for the point at which all this fiery indignation toward me had begun; back and still back to that moment of our deliverance—Daddy's and mine—at the shaft-house door, with this dear girl unfastening her arms from her father's neck, and with me saying, "I'm not hurt, either. Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say, Mrs. Bullerton?"

"Jennie!" I gasped; "do you mean that you're not going to marry Charles Bullerton—that you never meant to?"

"Of course, I'm not!" she retorted, with a savage little out-thrust of the adorable chin. "But you thought so small of me that you simply took it for granted!"

I wagged my head in deepest humility.

"I'm as dust under your pretty feet, Jennie; please don't trample me too hard, Bullerton—that is—er—we had a scrap the next morning after you went away, you know, and I . . . well, he rather got the worst of it. And when I had him down and was trying to make him tell us where you were—even your father thought you'd gone off with him—he said you'd planned to go with him to get married, but that you had failed to show up at Atropia in time for the train."

"He told a lie, because that is the way he is made and he couldn't help it," she said simply, still as cool as a cucumber. "He said we were going to Angels to get married, and I—I didn't say we weren't; I just let him talk and didn't say anything at all."

"Won't you tell me a bit more?" I begged.

"You don't deserve it the least little bit, but I will. It began with the deed; your deed to the mine. One day, when you were over at the shaft-house, and had left your coat here in the cabin, I saw him take the deed from your pocket when he didn't know I was looking. He read it and put it back quickly when he heard me stirring in the other room. I knew, it hadn't been recorded; you and Daddy had both spoken of that. I felt sure he'd take it again, and perhaps destroy it. At first, I thought I'd tell you or Daddy, or both of you. But I knew that would mean trouble."

"We were never very far from the fighting edge in those days," I admitted. "Bullerton had shown me the gun he always carried under his arm, and had told me what to expect in case I were foolish enough to lose my temper."

"I know," she nodded. "He killed a man once; it was when I was a little girl and we were living in Cripple Creek. He was acquitted on the plea of self-defense. So I didn't dare say anything to you or to Daddy. What I did was to steal your deed myself, when I had a chance. Daddy has some blank forms just like it, and I sat up one night in my room and made a copy. It wasn't a very good copy—your grandfather's handwriting was awfully hard to imitate. Besides, I didn't have any notarial seal. But I thought it might do for—something to be stolen. Then I hid the real deed and put the copy back in the envelope in your pocket."

"And Bullerton finally stole it, just as you thought he would," I put in.

"He did. You are dreadfully careless with your things; you are always leaving your coat around, just where you happen to take it off. I knew then that the next thing to be done was to get your deed recorded quickly. He—he was urging me every day to run away with him, and I was afraid to tell him how much I despised him; afraid he'd take it out on you and Daddy. So I just let him go on and talk and believe what he pleased. Of course, he wanted to ride with me the morning we went away, but after we got down the road a piece, I made an excuse to go on ahead by another trail."

"That much of what he told your father and me—when we were having the scrap—was true. He said you went on ahead."

"I didn't go to Atropia, as he expected me to," she continued calmly. "I took the old Haversack trail across the mountain to Greaser siding. I knew that the Copah train would stop there on the side-track. When I got as far as the Haversack I thought I heard somebody following me. I was scared and didn't know what to do. I was afraid my copying of the deed had been discovered and that the original would be taken away from me, so I hurried to hide the real deed. The old Haversack tunnel seemed to be a good place, but while I was in there Barney began to bark, and I looked out and saw that the noise I had heard had been made by a stray cow from one of the foothill ranches. So I remounted and rode on to catch the train to Copah. At Greaser siding I tried to make Barney lead the pony home, and Barney tried his best to do it. But Whikle wanted to graze, and I had to go off and leave them when the train came. That's all, I think;

except that I had to wait two days, as my cousin's in Copah before I could get the deed back from the recorder's office. They were awfully slow about it."

"It isn't quite all," I amended. "You haven't told me how you happened to come back with Bessley and his posse."

"That was just a coincidence. I reached Atropia on the early morning train and met Mr. Bessley and his men just as they were starting up the mountain. Cousin Buddy Fuller had told me how he had telegraphed to Angels for Mr. Bessley, and I was scared to death, of course, because I knew what it meant. I borrowed the Haggerty's horse and came along with them."

"I guess it's a part of a man's equipment to be dense and sort of stupid—in his dealings with women, I mean. Stupid, so slowly that I thought the

such silence as the chattering and hammering of the carpenters and steam-fitters permitted. Then I said: "And when you got here, the first thing I did was to call you 'Mrs. Bullerton'. I don't blame you for not being able to forgive me, Jennie, girl; honestly, I don't."

"It was worse than a crime," she averred solemnly; "it was a blunder. What made you do it?"

"Partly because I was a jealous fool; but mostly because I was sore and sorry and disappointed. I thought Bullerton had beaten me to it."

"No," she said quite soberly; "it was Miss Randle who beat you to it."

I gasped. There were tremendous possibilities in that cool answer of hers; prodigious possibilities.

"But say!" I burst out; "didn't I tell you that Lisette had pushed me overboard long ago?"

"I know. She was sensible enough to see that you and she couldn't live on nothing that year. But now that you are rich, or are going to be . . . I'm sure you are not going to be less generous than she was. What if she did take your ring off in a moment of discouragement, and knowing that you couldn't buy her hats? You can be very sure she put it on again as soon as your back was turned."

There we were; no sooner over one hurdle before another and a higher one must jump up. I groaned and thrust my hands into my pockets. A paper rustled and I drew it out. It was the telegram Buddy Fuller had handed me, still unread. I opened it half absently, holding it down so that the glow of the nearest flare fell upon the writing. Then I gave a little yelp, swallowed hard two or three times and nearly choked doing it, and read the thing again. After all of which I said, as calmly as I could:

"But, in spite of all that I had told you about Lisette, you asked me once to kiss you."

"Is—is it quite nice of you to remind me of it?" she inquired reproachfully.

"It wouldn't be—in ordinary circumstances; it would be beastly. But, listen, Jennie; haven't you been mad clear through, sometimes, in reading a story, to have a coincidence rung in on you when you knew perfectly well that the thing couldn't possibly have happened so pat in the nick of time?"

"I suppose I have; yes."

"Well, don't ever let it disturb you again. Because the real thing is a lot more wonderful and unbelievable, you know. Listen to this: it's a wire from my cousin, Percy; the one who sent me out into the wide, wide world to look for a girl, a horse and a dog, and who is the only human being outside of Colorado who knows where I am likely to be reached by telegraph. He is in Boston, and this is what he says: 'Recalled home when we reached Honolulu, out-bound. Lisette and I were married today. Congratulate us.'"

For a minute there was a breathless sort of pause, and I broke it.

"Jennie, dear, was it just common honesty and good faith that made you take all these chances, with the deed, and with Bullerton?"

"Yes, I'm commonly honest," said the small voice at my shoulder.

"Bullerton is a shrewd, smart fellow," I went on. "I'll venture to say that he never made such a homebreak as I did the morning you came back. You must think something of him or you wouldn't have asked me not to prosecute him for trying to murder your father and me."

She looked down at her pretty feet, which were crossed.

"I think—a little something—of myself," she said, with small breath-catching between the words. "I owed myself that much, don't you think? If I didn't deceive him outright, I'm afraid I did let him deceive himself. So that made me responsible, in a way, and I couldn't let you send him to jail, could I?"

"But what about me? Are you going to send me to a worse place than any jail—for that is what the whole wide world is going to be to me without you, Jennie, dear."

Her answer was just like her: She turned and put up her face to me and said, "Kiss me again, Stannie." And though all the carpenters on the job were looking on, as I suppose they were, by this time, I took her in my arms.

It was a short spasm; it sort of had to be in the public circumstances. When it was over, I folded Percy's telegram, took out my pencil, and with the dear girl looking on, printed my reply on what was left of the message blank. This is what I said:

"The same to you. Have found the G., the H. and the D., and Miss Jennie Twombly and I are to be married as soon as we can find a minister. Incidentally, I have learned how to work. Hope it will be a comfort to you, to Grandfather Jasper—if he is where he can hear of it—and to all concerned."

"STANNIE"  
[THE END.]

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

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

Hook Files, Stand Files, Check Files at The Brady Standard.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 3c.

# SPECIAL SALE AT LOW PRICES

## Opening Thursday, March 9th

CONTINUING UP TO AND

## Including Saturday, March 18th

This is not a Special Sale to claim we are GIVING OUR GOODS AWAY. All we ask is for you to come and see our prices, and see the class of merchandise; we will assure you that you won't find the same class of merchandise anywhere at as low prices as we are making. We are not putting out a lot of so-called "junk," nor goods we could not sell at a regular price, but are making SPECIAL BARGAINS. Most everything we are advertising is merchandise we have received in the last two weeks.

### JUST ARRIVED—A FULL LINE OF PALM OLIVE TOILET ARTICLES.

- 50c Palm Olive Cream for . . . . . 42c
- 50c Palm Olive Vanishing Cream for . . . . . 42c
- 50c special size Palm Olive Shampoo for . . . . . 42c
- Palm Olive Shaving Soap, tube . . . . . 35c
- Palm Olive Talcum for . . . . . 20c
- \$1.25 Palm Olive Toilet Water for . . . . . 90c
- 50c Palm Olive Face Powder for . . . . . 42c
- Palm Olive Soap, 3 bars for . . . . . 25c
- Assortment Palm Olive Soap, per bar . . . . . 5c
- Almond Cocoa Palm Olive Soap, per bar . . . . . 5c
- 25c Mavis Talcum for . . . . . 20c
- 50c Mavis Face Powder for . . . . . 42c
- Lazelles Talcum for . . . . . 17c
- Nadine Face Powder for . . . . . 42c
- 40c Oil Cloth, white or fancy, per yard . . . . . 32c
- 32-in. Gaze Marvel Tissue Gingham; we have all the different plaids and checks. Some sell for 75c; Our Special, per yard . . . . . 58c
- 36-in. New Patterns of Percal, per yard . . . . . 20c
- Special in 27-in. Gingham, per yard . . . . . 22c
- Special in 27-in. Gingham, per yard . . . . . 12 1/2c
- Solid Colors in Chambray, per yard . . . . . 17 1/2c
- Blue Bell Shirting, per yard . . . . . 20c
- A good, dark Shirting, per yard . . . . . 16c
- 20c White Scrim per yard . . . . . 15c
- 12 1/2c White Scrim per yard . . . . . 9c
- 36-in. Gingham per yard . . . . . 25c
- 36-in. in regular Dress Shirting, per yard . . . . . 28c
- Silkine Crochet Thread for . . . . . 10c
- If you want to prepare for later, or for now, we are putting our \$9.95 Boys' Corduroy Suits, for . . . . . \$4.95
- \$6.00 Boys' Suits for . . . . . \$2.95
- \$8.25 Boys' Suits for . . . . . \$4.95
- \$13.40 Blue Serge Suits for . . . . . \$7.98
- SHIRTS.
- \$1.00 Unkle Sam Work Shirts for . . . . . 88c
- \$1.00 Gigantic Khaki Shirts for . . . . . 88c
- \$1.25 Men's Dress Shirts for . . . . . 88c
- \$1.50 Men's Dress Shirts, with Collar . . . . . \$1.08

- A Special in Ladies Hose, just received in White, Brown and Black, for, a pair . . . . . 10c (Reduced Prices On All)
- We have a nice line of Men's Overalls, medium weight . . . . . 75c
- Good weight, Striped Overall, for . . . . . \$1.19
- Extra Value, Blue Overall for . . . . . \$1.29
- Blue Striped in medium size for . . . . . \$1.09
- Ladies' \$2.00 Outing Gowns, going for . . . . . \$1.13
- Dress Snaps, regular 10c card only . . . . . 5c
- Safety Pins galore, card . . . . . 5c
- No. 2 Lamp Chimney, for . . . . . 10c
- We will have a special display of Ribbon at your price.
- Just Arrived—17-oz. Hoffman House Goblets, set . . . . . 98c
- Frying Pans, at 20c to . . . . . 30c
- Regular 75c Enamel Wash Pan for . . . . . 50c
- All Blankets, 33 1-3% OFF.
- Men's \$1.50 Union Suits, for . . . . . \$1.00
- 25% Off on all Ladies' and Children's Underwear.
- Ladies' Spring closed-seat Union Suits, only . . . . . 50c
- School Tablets, 4c each, or, a dozen for . . . . . 45c
- Men's Linen Collars, for . . . . . 5c
- \$1.50 Caps going for . . . . . 75c
- All Suit Cases and Trunks at 33 1-3% OFF.
- Ladies' Black Petticoats, at . . . . . \$1.35
- GROCERIES.
- 30c White Swan Oatmeal, for . . . . . 25c
- 6 bars Walke Cream White Soap, for . . . . . 25c
- Large box Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with Picture Book . . . . . 15c
- Large box Comet Matches, only . . . . . 5c
- Irish Potatoes, per pound . . . . . 3c
- 5-lbs. No. 1 Peaberry Coffee for . . . . . \$1.00
- No. 3 Wapco Sweet Potatoes for . . . . . 15c
- 35c No. 2 can Delmonte Cherries, for . . . . . 25c
- 14-lbs. best White Rose Rice for . . . . . \$1.00
- 4 pkgs. Ivory Starch for . . . . . 30c
- \$1.25 size Log Cabin Syrup for . . . . . \$1.13
- 15c White Swan Cocoanut, only . . . . . 10c
- 3-lb. bucket Maxwell House Coffee . . . . . \$1.18
- 35c Calumet Baking Powder for . . . . . 25c
- 14-lbs. Sugar for . . . . . \$1.00
- 25-lbs. Sugar for . . . . . \$1.65

### MILLINERY

We have just received a beautiful up-to-date line of Spring Hats for Women, Misses and Children. We ask you to come and see our Hats before buying. NEW HATS ARRIVING DAILY.

# A. R. HOOPER

"Everything From a Pin to a Locomotive"

\*\*\*\*\*  
PERSONAL MENTION  
\*\*\*\*\*  
J. S. Wall returned today from a business trip to San Angelo.  
O. M. Sparks was a business visitor in Brady from Eden Saturday.  
Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Kirk went to Menard Sunday to spend the day with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A.

H. Conner.  
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Elliot returned this morning from Eastland, where they attended the wedding of their daughter, Miss Minna, to Mr. C. J. Greer, of Eastland, which took place at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Claud Baker on Sunday evening.  
Mrs. Clyde Pemberton arrived Sunday morning from Fort Worth and

will be a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Galloway, and friends, for a few weeks.  
Mrs. R. B. Hughes of Temple and Miss Nettie Campbell of Dallas are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Campbell here.  
Coin Mailing Cards. The Brady Standard.



# COMING LYRIC THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday  
March 13th and 14th

William Fox Presents

## "OVER THE HILL"

The wonder picture of all times. Tells a story as old as life itself, and as new as the present moment. A picture that will live forever. A soul stirring story of human hearts. Don't miss this one.

Prices 50c <sup>WAR TAX</sup> 5c Total 55c

Reserved Seats 75c <sup>INCLUDING</sup> WAR TAX

**Special Notice!** This picture will be run complete each night and is 11 reels.

**Show Starts Promptly 7:45**

Reserved Seats on Sale at Trigg Drug Co. Get your seats early while you have a chance to get good seats.

Don't Forget the Dates, Mar. 13-14

Direct from a year's run in New York

William Fox  
presents

The wonder  
play of the  
century

# OVER The HILL

From the poems of  
Will Carleton

Scenario by  
Paul H. Sloane

Directed by  
Harry Millarde



### STERILIZED SEED ARCH-ENEMY TO BOLL WEEVILS

(Continued from Page 1)

We made four tests at 145 degrees and found no live worms at all. The signers hereto doing the actual work in one of these 145 degree tests as in previous tests. We used 200 double seed to find 100 worms that showed to have been alive when placed in the machine.

We recommend that the seed be heated to 145 degrees and immediately cooled.

Now, in conclusion, we give our hearty approval of the work of this machine, and further state that we know it does its work effectually. We recommend it to all farmers, seed growers and dealers.

We do not want to close without speaking a word for your very efficient assistants, namely: Mr. G. J. Scholl, Mr. A. C. Johnson, and Mr. F. F. Bibby. These gentlemen are on the job all the time.

We also want to thank Mr. F. M. Fairbairn, Mr. Henry Potter, Mr. W. F. Carpenter, Mr. H. W. Fick, and Messrs. Loftin, Kennedy, Caruthers, Rubie, Balderman, and Dr. Leeds for their many courtesies and assistance while in Tlahualilo.

LEA BEATY,

For the Pure Cotton-Seed Dealers, Lockhart, Texas.

W. D. FARRIS,

For the Texas Farm Bureau Federation.

In making public the report, Commissioner Terrell issued the following statement:

Cotton Growers of Texas.

"The law requires the Department of Agriculture to administer the pink boll worm act. In performing this disagreeable duty, I have tried to use practical common sense, and adopt such methods as would stop the further spread of the pink boll worm, and finally eradicate this cotton pest, and which would be the least burdensome to the cotton growers. Any restrictions, however, are burdensome, but it is better to bear the burden for a while than to turn this pest loose without any effort to eradicate it, as

it has proven very destructive to the cotton in Mexico.

"The methods of non-cotton zones and regulated zones have been adopted. In the non-cotton zones the growing of cotton is prohibited by law. Compensation will be allowed for actual loss. In the regulated zones cotton is grown under regulations prescribed by the Department of Agriculture. These regulations require that seed planted must be from non-infested areas or sterilized before planting and that cotton grown in these zones must be ginned and the seed crushed or sterilized in the zone, and neither cotton nor seed can be shipped out of such zone without a permit.

"Pink boll worms are usually carried in cotton seed, and sterilization of the seed kills the worm as shown by the accompanying report of Lea Beaty and W. D. Farris, commissioned by the Governor of Texas to go to Mexico, and witness the process of sterilizing cotton seed, as approved by this department.

"As a practical farmer and cotton grower, I declined to recommend this plan, as a complete success until I sent the sterilizing machine to Mexico and had it thoroughly tested. I find that it does kill all the worms in the seed, and that the germination of the seed is not hurt in the heating process, and I give the plan my full endorsement, and commend the report for your consideration."

#### Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Drugs that refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Instantly relieves Itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

#### Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors here and at Fort Worth for their kindness during the illness and death of our dear mother, Mrs. G. A. Wright and also for the beautiful flowers.

MR. AND MRS. B. S. WRIGHT,  
MR. AND MRS. N. N. WRIGHT,  
MR. AND MRS. O. H. WRIGHT,  
MR. AND MRS. G. A. WRIGHT,  
MR. AND MRS. E. B. BRAY,  
and Children.

Get a metal waste basket and eliminate that fire risk. The Brady Standard.

### CLASSIFIED ADS

The Standard's Classy-Ft-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion. Where advertiser has no monthly account with us, cash must accompany order. Count the words in your ad, and remit accordingly.

#### LOST

LOST—Mouse-colored greyhound. Reward for return to L. G. ROHDE, Brady.

#### WANTED

WANTED—Dry Bones delivered to Union Warehouse, Brady. Pay \$8.00 per ton. A. SUGGS.

WANTED—Box for Upright Piano. J. F. SCHAEGER, Brady.

#### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Buick Six, in A1 mechanical condition. Priced right, for cash. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE—Maxwell touring car, or will trade for Fordson or team. See J. LEE WOFFORD, at Lee Morgan's shop.

FOR SALE—First year Kasch Cotton Seed, absolutely pure, \$1.50 per bushel. J. T. H. MILLER, Brady.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock Eggs. Yard run, \$1.00 per setting; No. 1 Pen, \$2.00 per setting. See OSCAR TURNER, Rt. 1, Brady.

FOR SALE—70-acre farm, mostly in cultivation; or will trade for mules, horses, cattle, good automobile, or good residential property in Brady. Located 7 1/2 miles northwest of Brady. V. L. BRADLEY, 8 miles northwest of Brady.

#### FOR TRADE

FOR TRADE—Two coming year-old mules for cattle; will pay difference, if any. G. M. HARROD, Waldrip Route, 8 miles northwest Brady.

#### FOR LEASE

FOR LEASE.

640 acres to lease for one year for grazing purposes. This land is on public road near Pear Valley and is fenced separately. Formerly leased by W. D. Priest. For full particulars, write M. A. TYLER, Russell Building, San Antonio, Texas.

#### LOCAL BRIEFS.

T. B. Cobb was here from Doole Monday, but refused to state for publication whether or not he made the trip to Brady unaccompanied.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Harrell were among the business visitors in Brady Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Harrell were for quite a number of years residents of the Pear Valley community, but disposed of their place there last year, and since Christmas have made their home at Melvin.

W. E. Benson has advised us that while our thermometer registered around 8 to 10 degrees above zero during the recent cold spell, his thermometer showed 6 above zero. The difference is easily accounted for, however, inasmuch as Mr. Benson lives some five or six miles nearer the North Pole than we do.

Henry Bradley was here from Fife Saturday, and stated he never realized just all he had to be thankful for until this prolonged drouth came on. Mr. Bradley and his brother had about 45 head of cattle in a pasture, and for which they have been burning pear. The flat where the pear grows is too far distant from the river to enable watering the cattle at the Colorado, and so when the water supply in the creek ran low, there were anxious times for the brothers. Just at this time, however, a spring broke out in a draw leading into the creek, which has been flowing water sufficient to fill a number of holes and appears to be gaining on the stock. Encouraged by this evidence of an underground water supply, Mr. Bradley went into another pasture a quarter of a mile beyond, and after digging

## Stylish New Spring Hats

Everyone who visits our Millinery department is impressed with the individuality and charm of all our hats. There's worlds of style, the charm of bright colors—so pleasing to the eye—and, best of all, our hats are moderately priced.

**These hats leave no doubt as to the popular modes of Spring, for they were personally selected from among the pick of the market.**

You are always welcome here—and, whether you want a hat for any and every occasion, or a Pattern hat of most distinctive appeal, you are sure to find just the model you want here.

**Mrs. W. M. Bauhof**  
At R. WILENSKY'S WEST SIDE SQUARE

down about four feet, he used a drop sugar and found water at a depth of twelve feet. Digging out the well to this depth, he uncovered another supply of water, sufficient for the needs of the cattle he had in this pasture, and which are in pretty fair shape. Mr. Bradley's experience has practically been duplicated by number of citizens in various parts of the county. For instance, water is being found at a comparatively shallow depth on the White ranch near White-land.

We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry. A. F. GRANT, Jeweler, West Side Square.

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

Read it in The Standard.

#### SAN ANTONIO-BRADY BUS LINE

Via Fredericksburg and Mason. Cars leave San Antonio at 6 a. m. from Union Bus Station; arrive in Brady at 4 p. m.

Fare—\$9.00.  
Round Trip—\$16.00.  
Leave Brady, from Queen Hotel at 9 a. m.; arrive at San Antonio Union Bus Station at 6 p. m.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Bowels because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 3c.

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

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