

BUY YOUR NEW SPRING HAT AT MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

ENGINE PILOT'S QUICK THINKING AVERTS WRECK

Brownwood, April 28.—A tragedy was averted at 10 o'clock Tuesday night by Engineer Ed Freeman of northbound passenger train No. 5, who reversed his engine when he felt the track sinking as he reached the Clear creek bridge south of Brownwood. The headlight of the engine was out of order and not burning. Engineer Freeman therefore ran very slowly through the flooded area, carefully feeling his way through the darkness. On a high embankment, with deep water on each side and Clear creek half a mile wide roaring just in front, the passenger train started across the long trestle. Just as it did so the engineer felt the track sink. He instantly applied the brakes and reversed his engine, backing to a point of safety and shaking up the passengers considerably. It was found on investigation by the wrecking crew today that a long stretch of track had been washed out and a bad wreck was averted by the engineer's presence of mind.

W. H. CORNELIUS NARROWLY ESCAPES FATAL ACCIDENT EARLY MONDAY MORNING

W. H. Cornelius, veteran employe of the City of Brady and who has charge of the street work, had a narrow escape from fatal injury early yesterday morning. Mr. Cornelius and his fellow employes were engaged in hauling rock to fill in the washed out gutters on Blackburn street. The city's dump wagon was being used for the hauling, and just as they were about ready to release a load of rock, the iron lever operating the dump slipped and flew violently back, striking Mr. Cornelius alongside the right eye. Mr. Cornelius was carried to his home and medical aid summoned. The terrible blow caused a great swelling of the eye and the right side of the face, and the pain was most agonizing. Nevertheless, the attending physicians state that, fortunately, the eye does not appear injured, and express belief that Mr. Cornelius will soon be entirely recovered from the experience. For the present, however, he is confined to his bed.

While the deplorable accident was quite serious as it was, yet Mr. Cornelius can count himself fortunate at that, as the blow, had it struck him on the temple, would most certainly have been fatal.

VOCA AND MASON MAIL ROUTES REQUIRE HARDI- HOOD ON DRIVERS' PART

To negotiate the Mason and Voca mail routes at present requires considerable hardihood and steadiness of nerves on the part of the mail drivers. The Mason mail came through Saturday for the first time, although Jap Embry, the carrier declares the trip so hazardous that he feels each one must be his last. The culvert near the edge of the city limits on the Mason road was left by the flood in such a precarious condition that the road is impassable, and the route by way of Judge Adkins' place must be used. Then there are numerous other places along the road, where, if the wheels left the track by so much as six inches, a catastrophe would result.

Chas. Longley has been bringing in the mail from the Fredonia and Voca sections, although he has to use a block and tackle to swing it across the broken span of the Voca bridge, and himself crawl over the broken girder, with a peccan tree to help him along over the chasm.

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.

Tanlac corrects stomach disorders, strengthens the nerves and restores health through its effect on the appetite and nutrition of the body. Trigg Drug Co.

FLOOD DAMAGE AT SAN SABA RUNS INTO THOUSANDS —NEW HIGH WATER MARK

All former high water marks are blotted out along the San Saba river and desolation, wreck and ruin are painted on the face of the valley. As the New goes to press the people have not started to rally from the shock. At two o'clock Wednesday the water is receding slowly and telephone reports bring the news that another big rise is on the way from the Brady and Menard sections.

Three big rains have fallen this week. The first Monday afternoon, again Monday night and then the veritable cloudburst Tuesday night. The Tuesday night storm struck San Saba about 10 o'clock and for two hours the rain fell in torrents. This was accompanied by a strong north wind, which at some times reached the proportions of a cyclone.

The full impact of the flood was not realized in San Saba until about 4 o'clock Wednesday morning, when the people of the town were aroused and called to help the people from the valley district to safety. Most of the people north of the railroad had come out early, but a few felt secure and some were sleeping soundly as the mad waters crept around the house and up over the floors. In Lindley addition the water stood on most of the houses half way between the floor and the roof, many of them being submerged to the roof completely. The light plant was put out of commission about 4:30 and the town found itself in total darkness.

Fortunately no lives were lost, but the stock and farm damage is incalculable. There has been no trains from Lometa or from Eden today. At Harkeyville the report comes that the water is near four feet above the flood of 1899. Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock the railroad dump at Harkeyville gave way.

No one will attempt yet to estimate the damage. The fuel oil tanks at the light plant and at the Childress mill were washed away and it will take several thousand dollars to replace the damage to these two plants alone. All along the valley the houses are showing only to roofs, lots of stock has been drowned and thousands of dollars worth of feed has been swept away. Fences are down and the new crops are a complete loss. Henry Schultz and family on Wallace creek spent the night in trees.

In San Saba town more than 200 people are homeless. — San Saba News.

The Mystery Solved.

The romantic young man had made friends with the hotel detective early in his stay at the hotel, and he watched him most of the time, waiting to see something happen.

He was just crossing the lobby on his way to breakfast one morning when a woman entered the door, and he saw the detective prick up his ears and follow after her.

The romantic young man turned in his steps and followed, too. The woman was of middle age, well dressed, respectable looking, and in the moment that she crossed unconscious of her followers, all sorts of thoughts flashed through the youth's head. Perhaps she was a famous burglar! Perhaps she was some sort of secret agent! Perhaps—

As she started to step into the elevator the detective touched her shoulder. She wheeled about sharply.

"Sir?" she demanded.

The detective opened his coat to show her his badge and the romantic young man waited breathlessly. "I beg your pardon, madam," said the detective, "but it's against the rules to have a dog in your rooms." The woman started, and there, peering out from beneath her fur coat was the pink nose of a tiny poodle.

COAL!

Macy & Co. still handles best grade of Coal. If your bin is running low, let us replenish it for the balance of the winter's needs. Phone 295.

Tanlac is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks. Trigg Drug Co.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

There's a stranger—Do you know him?
Waiting for your son, to show him
Things perhaps he shouldn't see;
There's a stranger who may be
Just as clean and good and true,
Just as fond of him as you,
But are you content to stay
Just his father, day by day,
Trusting to some stranger's whim
To be guide and friend to him?

There's a stranger always near
Whispering stories in his ear,
Maybe sharing in his play,
Maybe leading him astray,
Maybe to your own disgrace,
Slipping slyly in your place;
It is possible that he
May a friendly tutor be,
But can you be sure at night
He will teach him what is right?

You are busy through the day
And you have no time to play,
But the strangers, good or bad,
Seem to find each little lad,
Seem to have the time to spend,
Posing as a youngster's friend;
Always there is one or more
Waiting just outside your door
For your boy to come and play,
When you bid him go away.

Can you trust your son to him,
To some stranger's passing whim?
Are you sure that he will fare
As he would if you were there?
He is your boy. Will a stranger
Be so quick to fly from danger?
Will he learn what's good to do
As he would were he with you?
Can you look him in the face
While some stranger fills your place?

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

OVER EIGHT INCH- ES RAIN IN WEEK OFFICIAL GAUGE

Over eight inches of rain fell in Brady in the course of a week's time, according to the official gauge report at the Commercial National bank. The total up to Thursday night of last week was 6.85 inches, while up to date another 1 1/2 inches of precipitation has been recorded, making the official total 8.35 inches.

From unofficial sources, the reports are of a total of nearly 12 inches in a 7-day period, or a fraction less than an average of two inches per day.

The following is the record in addition to that published last Friday:
April 2850
May 165
May 235
Total 1.50

Last night (Monday) about 8:30 o'clock a sharp shower with considerable hail and quite an electrical display was had in Brady. A 5-inch rain and considerable hail is also reported from the Lohn community. A 3-inch rain was reported at Calf Creek. The water fell so fast at Lohn that the water reached the porch of the Lohn State bank. However, no damage was done.

Last Thursday and again today the weather fared up wonderfully, the days being warm, sunny and apparently promising a cessation of the wet spell. Last Thursday's promises were not fulfilled, however, as the rain clouds dissipated all hopes of fair weather for the time being.

According to reports published in the various weekly papers last Friday, the rain was general all through this section.

The San Saba News reported around five inches of rain. The Concho County Herald at Paint Rock reported a total of about 9 inches of rain had since March 25th, when the drought was first broken.

The San Saba News reports flood damage running into thousands of dollars, with no loss of life, but with a heavy loss of live stock, feed, fences, new crops, and with more than 200 people homeless. According to the news, a new high water mark for the San Saba was set here.

J. H. TAYLOR RE- SIGNS AS PASTOR BAPTIST CHURCH

After serving the Brady Baptist church as pastor over a period of five years, the Rev. J. H. Taylor Sunday morning tendered his resignation, effective June 1st. In announcing the resignation as local pastor, Rev. Taylor stated that he contemplated work in North Texas and North Mississippi.

During his years of service here, Bro. Taylor has won a warm place in the hearts of both members of the church and the citizenship in general, and both he and his good wife are deservedly popular and highly thought of by all. Their removal from our midst will bring regret, but nevertheless all will join in extending good wishes for them wherever Fate may lead them. As an earnest Christian worker, Bro. Taylor has accomplished much for the church and for the community as well. Prominent in Masonic circles, Bro. Taylor has by his counsel and his attendance lent strength and has added to the prestige of this order. On Easter Sunday he was honored by being called to Greenville to preach the Easter sermon at the services held by the Knights Templar of that city.

Bro. Taylor, with his usual forethought, has planned to make his resignation here effective just at the time when the seminaries and colleges will make available something like 260 newly-ordained ministers, who are qualified to immediately enter upon duties in the pastorage. This, therefore, should enable the local church to secure the services of some minister who will be well qualified to carry on the work so well begun by Bro. Taylor.

Rev. Taylor was for twenty years a minister in North Texas, during which time he worked in seven counties. Quite naturally, his contemplated return to that part of the state will be more or less getting back home for him, and he anticipates great pleasure in renewing old-time acquaintances, even though he regrets to give up the many pleasant friendships and acquaintance formed here.

RAINS PAST WEEK VARY— DELUGES IN SOME PLACES AND EVEN RAINS OTHERS

Just to illustrate how even the most general rains, and even deluges may vary, making it difficult to report them accurately, or in any manner other than a general way, there are the rains of last week, for instance. Most everyone would have thought that the three days of almost constant precipitation, with intervals when it appeared that the flood-gates of heaven had opened, had deluged this entire section of Texas. Yet in some quarters the rains appear to have fallen slowly, without violence and without washing, and to have been sufficient to thoroughly moisten the earth—but nothing more.

This appears to have been the case along a strip of country extending from eight miles northwest of Brady on through Cow Gap, Pear Valley and Doole communities and on into Concho county. V. L. Bradley reports the nicest kind of rains on his place, eight miles northwest of town, and B. D. Dilliard gives a like report at his place in the Cow Gap community. J. M. Pate reports fine rains on his farms in the Doole community, while in some sections of the Eden country and around Pasche, it was not until Wednesday that sufficient rain was had to meet the needs. At the same time, neighboring sections were being flooded and the creeks converted into raging streams.

As reported last week, a water spout fell four miles south of Brady. This appears to have followed a narrow strip, extending southwest and traversing the Frisco right-of-way in the vicinity of the Mason road crossing, continuing on up into the Victor Wolf and Campbell Gavit farms. The rain is estimated to have totaled around 8 to 10 inches, and so fast did the water fall that it could not escape underneath the Frisco trestle, with the result that drift marks show the water to have come to within two feet of going over the high dump. Victor Wolf had 21 acres of farm land washed down to the hard earth, although the land was comparatively level. A tractor plow, weighing around 1500 lbs., and which was left on high ground, and with no draw of any consequence near at hand, was turned completely upside down by the flood waters. Chas. Roberts, who is farming part of the Campbell Gavit place just beyond, reported a planter had been floated a distance of about half a mile, and lashed but ten feet of winding up in Campbell Gavit's tank. All this precipitation was followed by a 1 1/2-inch rain Sunday night.

Carroll Gray estimates 12 to 14 inches as having fallen out his way, cleaning out all the fences, and the water in Nine mile draw getting up to his house. Incidentally, it washed away the corner of his horse lot, and everything that lay in its path.

PAINT ROCK BOY IS KILLED BY BROTHER— DIDN'T KNOW GUN LOADED

Paint Rock, April 29.—The body of the 10-year-old son of G. B. Allison, farmer, will be buried today, following his accidental shooting Thursday by an older brother. The boys were handling a shotgun which was not known to have been loaded, when the weapon was discharged, the lead entering the younger boy's right shoulder. He died soon after.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE US For New and Second-Hand Tires—Also Vulcanizing GUARANTY TIRE SHOP.

J. M. Pollock, the old reliable Saddle-Maker, is with J. F. Schaege again, and we are making the same famous saddles and harness as of yore. As materials and labor have declined in price, we are prepared to make reasonable figures on all our goods. Come and figure with us.

Phone 295 for anything you may need in the line of feed. We will be glad to serve you. MACY & CO.

CONTRACT LET FOR REBUILDING CLUB LAKE DAM

The contract for the rebuilding of the Shropshire Lake club dam, which was broken on Monday night of last week, was Saturday let to Carroll Gray, who will begin the reconstruction work at once. Mr. Gray was in Brady yesterday arranging for and assembling his grading outfit, and stated he would lose no time in getting the work under way.

The Shropshire Lake committee, composed of Messrs. Howard Ogden, E. Simpson and W. M. Murphy, is in charge of the reconstruction. The committee, at its own request, is being assisted by a committee composed of Messrs. A. H. Broad, J. E. Shropshire and W. N. White. This joint committee has planned not only to provide 100 feet more spillway, but contemplates also raising the dam 1 1/2 ft. The spillway on the left end of the dam will carry the main overflow, while in cases of exceptionally high water, the right end of the dam will also provide a spillway.

LOCAL COFFEE DEMONSTRATION ESTABLISHES STATE RECORD FOR COFFEE SALES

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Jordan were in Brady Friday and Saturday to conduct a demonstration and special sale of the well-known "State House" brand of coffee at the Moffatt Bros. & Jones store. The coffee is a special blend, originated by the Austin-Taylor Co. of Austin, is put up in attractively labeled cans, and sells upon its merits. If this statement may be doubted, then the results of the demonstration speak for themselves.

Mr. Jordan and Bailey Jones, the latter member of the firm of Moffatt Bros. & Jones, vouch for the fact that nearly 400 pounds of this coffee was sold in Brady during the two days demonstration. This establishes a new state record. Rockdale, Texas, for a long time held the championship with a total of 91 sales of four pounds of coffee each. It remained for Brady to top the record with a total of 98 sales of four pounds coffee each. The demonstration has been put on all over Texas, in towns as large as Marlin, but none have anywhere near approached the above record.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that the demonstration and sale was advertised exclusively in The Brady Standard, which speaks volumes for the effectiveness of Brady Standard advertising.

CALLOWAY TO RUN AGAINST BLANTON FOR CONGRESS SEVENTEENTH DISTRICT

Comanche, Texas, April 29.—Oscar Calloway of this city Friday announced his candidacy for Congress from the Seventeenth District. Thomas L. Blanton is representative from that district, and is seeking re-election.

COTTON SEED FOR PLANTING.

We have just received a car of Cotton Seed for planting. Farmers needing planting seed should let us know their requirements, so we can order another car at once, if necessary. BRADY COTTON OIL CO. COTTON SEED FOR

Macy & Co. can supply your needs for all kinds of field seed. See us before you buy.

IF YOU NEED ASPIRIN YOU NEED A LAXATIVE LAX-PIRIN

The new laxative aspirin, contains 5 grains of the purest aspirin known, combined with a gentle, but effective laxative. 12 Tablets, 25c.

For Sale by All Druggists. In Brady by Shropshire's Drug Store.

Macy & Co.

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

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

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

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

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

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

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, May 2, 1922.

HONEST INJUN.

With all this billions of dollars worth of rain in McCulloch county, we are momentarily expecting a radio advising us that wet weather springs have broken out in China.

THE HAPPIEST MAN.

Recently a search has been made for "the happiest man," with varying degrees of success. A Georgia newspaper claims to have found the happiest man and a Texas newspaper enters its choice as follows:

"A Georgia paper claims to have found the happiest man in the world. The man lives in North Carolina. He has six fiddles, ten children, thirteen hounds, a deaf and dumb wife and a moonshine still that has never been spotted by enforcement officers. No doubt the Georgian is a happy man, but we believe we know a genius homo who is getting more joy out of life than the Georgian. Our hero is a negro, about six feet high. He preaches in the summer time and shoots craps in the winter. He can wear an overcoat in August without discomfort, and a seersucker in January without feeling cold. Anybody's shoes will fit him and all of his neighbors raise chickens. He wields a razor so savagely that every negro in the community is afraid to kick one of his dogs or smile at one of his wives."

We have no candidate to enter, nor one who is even eligible to compete with the formidable aspirants described.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

THE OLD SOUTH WAS A LAND OF ROMANCE.

It was just before the Civil War that the South reached its period of greatest prosperity. The glorious 50's! Men and women who can remember those days are never tired of telling of the happy times—times which grow brighter and brighter with the telling, until, looking back across the bridge of seventy years it seems that the whole South was a great garden of contentment.

Those were the days! Great plantations lined the river banks; the great houses with their white columns re-echoed to light steps and lighter laughter, and from the quarters of the slaves there came, at night, the sound of voices singing to the tinkle of guitars and banjos.

Cotton was the staple crop, in those days and, in the fall, when the "cotton picking" was over, there were great celebrations by the masters and slaves alike. The steamboats tied up at the plantation landings, and the cotton was piled upon the decks; negroes lined the levees and landings, singing and dancing in a sort of harvest festival, and the "white folks" packed their valises and carpet bags and boarded the steamboats along with the cotton, to go to the nearest city for entertainment.

It was the old South of romance—the South that but a few years later became the field of operations of great armies—the South that vanished with the war.

"Hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil," is an attractive motto, but it is hardly suited to use by a police chief.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE BRADY STANDARD
Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas

- To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$2.00 per year
- SIX MONTHS \$1.00
- THREE MONTHS ... 65c
- Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 25c per month.
- To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.50 per year
- SIX MONTHS \$1.25
- THREE MONTHS ... 75c
- Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy.

THE BEAM IN THE MALE EYE.

Flapper flapdoodle is proper enough from the proper source, but that source isn't the trousered male. He kicked because women encased themselves in corsets. Now he is horrified because they are beginning to go without them. He criticised because they wore their skirts too long. Now he thinks they wear them too short. These things are none of his concern. Neither are rolled stockings, bobbed hair, summer furs, one-piece bathing suits, georgette waists and lipsticks. So long as he continues to suffer the sartorial indignities that custom and convention have wished upon him man must either remain dumb on the subject of women's dress or confess to a total lack of a sense of humor. Imagine a man who submits to that abomination, the hard-boiled collar, with the torture of collar buttons fore and aft trying to reform women's dress. The man who can explain satisfactorily why he should wear the harness known as a vest in order to have pockets enough for a watch, a fountain pen, a match box, three crumpled cigars, a half chewed toothpick, two rubber bands, a memorandum book and a lucky bean, will be doing more than anyone else can do. Along with the hard-boiled collar goes that prize joke on mankind known by the cleft as evening cloths, by the occasional sufferer as a dress suit and by the vulgar scoffer, as soup and fish. The silk tie and the derby lid likewise need elucidation. Let the male dress reformer look to the beam in his own eye.—Omaha World-Herald.

SPEED LIMIT IN 1826.

In a letter dated 1826 and recently brought to light, the school board of Lancaster, O., refused to permit the use of the school house for a debate as to whether railroads were practical. The letter reads—

"You are welcome to the school house to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telephones are impossibilities and rank infidelity; there is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour, He would have clearly foretold thru His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to Hell."

Is it possible that some of our letters of the present day will seem like the foregoing if they happen to be read in the year 2026?

TRUE USEFULNESS ALWAYS WINS.

In the end justice triumphs, and the worker is paid for his work. Charlie Chaplin's salary is bigger than the pay roll at Yale or Harvard.—Kansas Industrialist.

SERIOUS MISTAKE.

The young fellow who kissed his sweetheart right under the nose of her chaperon made a mistake. He should have kissed her right under her own nose.—Elizabethtown News.

At Tyler, Texas, Bud Walters lived to be 77 years of age and was run down and killed by an automobile. An auto traveling 20 miles an hour is going nearly 30 feet a second. Or, in five seconds, 150 feet. A motorist, keeping these figures in mind, will be more tolerant to pedestrians. Dodging death is a trifle confusing when death approaches at a speed of 30 feet a second. The best and most reliable brakes are in the motorist's brain and his hands on the wheel.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When the police commissioner announces that New York is the safest city in the country, he carefully neglects to mention for just what class of people it is safe.—New York Tribune.

The significant victory won by the republicans in Maine is nothing to the significant victory the democrats will win the first time they have an election in Georgia.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

Russia's bolshevist delegates to Genoa are going to demand a twenty-year moratorium on Russia's debts. In return, why not have a twenty-year moratorium on the bolshevists?—New York Evening Post.

Reciprocity with Canada seems to mean an allowance for returned bottles.—Wall Street Journal.

It is well to remember that the only girl who leaps from strangers' automobiles are those who climb in.—Manchester Herald.

The little countries have an uneasy feeling that if Europe is left to help herself she will take a second helping.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Observing the British claim to the discovery of Wrangell Island, an ignorant subscriber writes in to ask if they have rediscovered Ireland.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

If conditions continue as they are the public will have to go to jail in order to get away from the criminals.—New York Tribune.

Our notion of a philosopher is a man who can pluck a sprig of mint, sniff it, smile in serene retrospection and go to his work with a smile on his countenance and a song in his heart.—Houston Post.

What Do You Want?

—USE THE—
CLASSY-FI-AD
COLUMN
—OF—

The Brady Standard

Rates—1 1/2 cents per word each time ad is run.

Cash With Order—Count your words and send cash with order. Send stamps if you wish.

—Use The Blank Below:—

The Brady Standard, Brady, Texas.

Insert the following ad..... times. Enclosed find \$..... in payment.

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Your Name

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Carl Lohn was a Brady visitor Saturday and reported washing rains in the Lohn section the early part of last week.

S. W. Simpson was in from the Rochelle community Saturday, and reported not having been slighted by the big rains down his way.

A. C. Erkle, who has been very seriously ill at the local sanitarium the past several weeks, was reported showing quite a bit of improvement Monday and today. His many friends hope soon to see him able to be about once more.

Roy Willoughby, who has a fine herd of registered Herefords, reports that he has stopped feeding and the cattle are making their way all right on the range. He has had a loss of only three head this winter and spring. This is one of the best bred herds in West Texas.—Paint Rock Herald.

A. Berquist today reported that the young tornado which blew from the southeast on Tuesday night of last week, drove hail clear through the window screen on his house in South Brady. The screens however, served to break the force of the blow sufficiently to keep the window lights from being broken out.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pfluger, accompanied by their little granddaughter, went down to Brady Tuesday for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Priddy and family, and to attend a birthday party. We failed to learn whose birthday was being honored. They went on the train, as that is the only way to go now.—Eden Echo.

E. W. Turner was in Brady Saturday enroute to Rising Star for a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Lee White. He reported something like 9 or 10 inches of rain the past week out his way. He had a tank which was just about filled by the rain the first of April, and so he had the dam thrown up two feet higher. The gully-washing rains, however, burst the dam.

A local stockman says the irony of fate is seen in the fact that a number of herds of cattle which were almost starved for food and water during the long drought were in danger of drowning during this week's rain and flood. But the stockmen, no doubt, prefer the flood rather than the drought, and none of them are making any serious complaint just now.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Frank, the 6-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Lem Paschall of San Saba, who underwent an operation at the local sanitarium on Monday of last week, is reported improving nicely, and it is thought he will have recovered sufficiently to be returned home the early part of next week. Mr. Paschall returned to San Saba last Saturday, while Mrs. Paschall remained here to attend the little lad.

Charlie Tom arrived here last week from Stanton for a brief visit with his sister, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, and incidentally to see his old-time friend, A. C. Erkle, who has been under treatment at the sanitarium the past month or more. Mr. Tom is one of the early settlers in McCulloch, but heard the call to go West something like twenty-five years ago. His visit here offered the first opportunity for many of his old friends to see him in the intervening quarter of a century, and he was kept busy greeting friends of the early days. He returned home Sunday.

Word comes to The Standard from Mrs. P. R. Campbell at Lampasas that Rev. Campbell is visiting his parents in California, having been called there by their illness. His father is at the hospital, and is reported gradually growing worse. His mother, however, is improving now and is getting able to visit at the hospital each day. Bro. Campbell made a host of friends in Brady while conducting the revival at the Christian church prior to the calling of the Rev. G. T. Reaves as pastor, and he would be glad to hear from any of his friends who might care to write him. He will be in California for at least a couple more weeks, and his address is 2633 Vicksburg St., Sawtelle, Calif.

F. M. Hopkins and his son-in-law, Gus Ziriox, came up from Voca Monday and arrived here just before the big rain came. They were enroute to the Sheen ranch near Eldorado, where Mr. Hopkins' son, Louis, is in a serious condition as the result of a shooting affray that occurred on Tuesday of last week, between Louis and Mr. Sheen. Account of the mud Mr. Hopkins was unable to get farther than Live Oak where he put up with his cousin, J. A. Shirley. He phoned a San Angelo doctor who had the case in hand and was told that there was threatened blood poison. The wound is in the arm and extends for about the entire length of the arm. From some cause, Mr. Hopkins was not informed of the affair till Sunday.—Eden Echo.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Classy-Fi-Ad space in The Brady Standard.

FOR SALE—Several good Jersey cows. See J. F. SCHAEG, Brady.

FOR SALE—50 English White Leghorn Hens, from my breeding pens. LEEMORGAN, Brady.

WANTED

WANTED—A "good" Pitcher and Catcher for special ball game at Nine School House Sunday, 2:00 p. m.

THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

ADVERTISING RATE FOR CARDS:
One Inch Card, one time a week, per month\$1.00

* PROFESSIONAL CARDS. * BUSINESS CARDS. *

J. E. BROWN
LAWYER
Office Over Brady National Bank
BRADY, TEXAS

Dr. Henry N. Tipton
DENTIST
Office in Syndicate Building
Upstairs Over Moffatt Bros. & Jones
Office Phone No. 399; Res. No. 295

Dr. MINNIE HARMON PIRTLE
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Our Practice Embraces Osteopathy, Chiropractic and Swedish Massage.
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DR. WM. C. JONES
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Office: Front Suite Rooms Over New Brady National Bank Building
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Storm Country

Polly

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the Silent City, a squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcus MacKenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their determined enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between MacKenzie and a stranger, in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. The stranger sympathizes with the squatters, and earns Polly's gratitude.

CHAPTER II.—Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that they are not rich, as she supposed, but practically living on the bounty of Robert Percival, Evelyn's cousin.

CHAPTER III.—Polly learns from Evelyn that the sympathetic stranger is Robert Percival. Evelyn charges Polly with a message to Bennett, telling him she can give him no more money, and urges him to be patient. She already bitterly regrets her infatuation with and marriage to the innocent farmer.

CHAPTER IV.—Polly conveys her message, and Oscar makes threats. He insists Evelyn meet him that night. Polly has her father and Larry Bishop, a squatter who has suffered from the enmity of MacKenzie, take an oath to do him no injury.

Robert brushed off his clothes slowly. The farmer still lay on the ground. "Get up," ordered Percival scornfully, touching the prostrate man with the toe of his boot. "Get up and make off if you don't want me to lick you again."

Oscar rolled over and crawled slowly to his hands and knees.

CHAPTER V.—Evelyn unsuccessfully tries to get money from her mother with which to buy off Bennett and induce him to leave the country, giving her her freedom. She is really enamored of Marcus MacKenzie. At the arranged meeting that night Bennett threatens Evelyn with exposure unless she procures money for him.

CHAPTER VI.—Polly meets Robert Percival, and they are mutually attracted. Polly's feeling being something like adoration.

CHAPTER VII.—Overhearing a conversation between Polly and Robert Percival, Bennett, really caring nothing for Evelyn and facing himself in love with Polly, waylays the girl when she leaves Percival and abuses and threatens her. Percival returns and threatens the farmer. He asks Polly in what way he can aid her and she begs him to help the squatters. Percival is rich and influential, though lacking the power of MacKenzie, but agrees to do his best. MacKenzie visits the Hopkins shack with an offer to the squatters, through Hopkins, to leave the vicinity, offering them a trifling sum of money. The offer is refused and MacKenzie threatens to burn their hide-out dwellings and leave them homeless.

CHAPTER VIII.—Polly visits Percival in the Robertson home in an effort to enlist his aid, and he is on the point of declaring his love for her, when the girl, in a panic, flees. MacKenzie asks Evelyn to be his wife. The girl agrees to marry him after he has bought the Bennett farm and got rid of the squatters. Robert falls in an effort to secure the aid of Mrs. Robertson and Evelyn in a project to help the Silent City people.

CHAPTER IX.—Knowing Bennett's infatuation for Polly, Evelyn tries to induce the girl to promise to marry him, he having agreed to release Evelyn to secure Polly. In love with Percival, though scarcely realizing it, the girl refuses. Meeting Robert next day, he tells her he loves her, and she acknowledges a similar feeling for him. MacKenzie lays a trap for Hopkins and the latter is arrested.

CHAPTER X.—Polly goes to the Robertson home to see Percival and aid in freeing her father. MacKenzie jeers at her. He is also deaf to Robert's pleadings, and the latter, though assuring Polly of all the help he can give her, feels himself powerless.

CHAPTER XI.

Over a week had passed since Hopkins had stood before his peers to be judged of a crime the law would not overlook. His lawyer, a good one and well paid by Robert Percival, had fought strenuously for a new trial; but after much deliberation on the part of the judge, the motion had been denied; and this was the last day of Jeremiah's stay in the county jail.

It was soon after luncheon time that a high-powered motorcar was carrying Evelyn Robertson and Marcus MacKenzie to the Bennett farmhouse. The purchasing of the farm had been settled, as far as Marcus was concerned, although Eve's pleading and Oscar's stubbornness had made him offer more for the place than it was really worth.

When the farmer walked up to the automobile, as it stopped before his door, Oscar paid no attention to Evelyn, sitting beside MacKenzie, save to give her an awkward bow.

"You've spoken to this squatter girl about what you want, Bennett?" asked Marcus, going to the point at once.

"Yes, sure I have," growled Oscar. "I told you that 'other day'; but Polly seems to be always holding off for something. If she toes the mark, then I'll sell my farm and take her West. I won't have that brat of a Jerry, though, but I suppose Polly'll make a row when I tell her that."

"You won't be worried with the boy, Bennett. I'm going to have the Children's society take him. Hopkins will serve a long term, and if you marry Polly, the rest of the cunts will scatter

after a while. I'll be glad to be rid of the whole Hopkins tribe. But that girl is like a burr; she sticks tighter, the more you pull!"

"That's the bargain, Mr. MacKenzie, I sell the farm at the price we talked if I get Polly Hopkins. If I don't get her, then I won't sell. I can make a good living here for me and my mother, and I don't intend to leave this country without Pollyop."

The thought of his staying around Ithaca filled Evelyn with dread. She knew something of the tenacity with which he clung to any notion that might take possession of him. How could she have ever submitted to his caresses? And the words, "Until death do us part," rang in her ears, filling her with nauseating disgust.

"I wish he were dead this minute," she thought passionately.

She was waiting for Oscar to continue, but he evidently did not intend to; so, settling back as if anxious to start, she said coldly:

"I'll go to her then, as soon as I can."

"When—today, ma'am?" asked Oscar eagerly.

If she had to approach Polly Hopkins about this disagreeable matter, the sooner the better, Evelyn thought. "Yes," she consented languidly. "I might go now, I suppose."

"But you won't find her home till night, Eve," Marcus informed her. "She's gone to see her father before he goes to Auburn. I tried to put the quietus on that, but Bob cut up so I told the sheriff to let her in."

"Then I'll telephone you later, Mr. Bennett," said Evelyn, lifting her chin haughtily as if he were really beneath her consideration. "Good afternoon!"

The hours passed slowly by! It seemed an eternity to Oscar while he waited the call from Evelyn. When he heard her voice over the telephone, he answered gruffly.

"Now, don't be nasty, Oscar," ordered Evelyn imperiously. "I'm doing the best I can. I'm in a booth talking, and if you'll meet me at seven, we'll go together to Polly Hopkins. Does that suit you all right?"

"You don't suit me very well," Oscar grumbled into the receiver. "I'd like to give you the licking of your life, my lady."

Evelyn's laugh came ringing across the wire.

"Don't put yourself out, my dear man," she taunted. "Now, don't start bullying me over the phone, Oscar, for I won't stand it. Hold your temper if you can possibly do so. For once do as I tell you! Will you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," Bennett rapped out. "Where'll I meet you?"

"Well, let me see. At seven on the boulevard, near the lane."

"All right!" and Oscar slammed up the receiver without waiting to hear any more, and proceeded about his farm tasks. Thoughts of anger toward Eve, now so overbearing and contemptuous, were soon crowded out, however, by anticipation of the time when Polly would belong to him—be his to love or abuse at his own sweet will, for Oscar had little doubt that the squatter girl would eventually yield to his will.

Pollyop, meanwhile, quite unconscious of Oscar's vicious intentions, was already utterly overwhelmed with misery.

After the meager supper was over that night, she sat crouched near the wood-box, her arm around Billy Hopkins' stringy neck. Granny Hope was in bed and Wee Jerry, having cried himself to sleep, was in Jeremiah's room, rolled up in a blanket.

For the first time in her life Polly had seen her father weep. How impudently she had kissed away his tears! How she had hung to his neck! When they had been forced to leave him, Jerry had shrieked his misery all the way through the streets of Ithaca.

To make the matter worse, it began to rain, to thunder and lighten. And now, a forlorn, lonely little creature, she sat listening to the tempest outside with no company but the billy goat.

How listless and hopeless she felt! Only when the thunder rolled over the lake, and the lightning flashed across the sky, did she lift her head. When she was happy, Polly loved the storms, but now, with Daddy in Auburn, how could she bear the thrashing rain and the moan of the willow trees as they swung to and fro over the shanty roof?

She found herself wishing fearfully that the storm would sweep off to the south and down behind the hills. Over and over in her mind went the thought that perhaps she could have helped Daddy if she had done what Evelyn wanted her to. Why hadn't she consented to marry Oscar two weeks ago? She knew why, and, blushing, blamed herself. She could not keep the image

of Robert Percival from passing on her.

All of a sudden a frightful flash of lightning made dim the flicker from the small candle, and was followed instantly by a thunderous roar that shook the very earth. Mingled with it came a woman's scream. Polly struggled to her feet. Some one was in trouble! Some squatter-woman was calling her. She dashed toward the door just as it flung wide open, and Evelyn Robertson rushed in.

"Polly Hopkins," she cried, grasping the squatter girl's arm, "Pollyop, something struck Oscar, and he's dead in the road!"

Frantically she drew the dazed Polly over the threshold. The darkness was dense, and the torrents of rain pelleted their faces. Another zigzag streak of fire ran across the sky, making a vivid picture as it blazed Cornell university into plain view. In the white light of it, Polly saw a man lying face down in the path leading to the shanty. He made no effort to get up as the two girls bent over him.

"Mebbe he ain't dead," muttered Polly, shuddering. "Let's lug him in the hut."

Between them they dragged the heavy, inert body into the shanty and shut the door. Oscar looked dead when they turned him over. His face was livid, and his eyes tightly shut.

"The thunder hit him, huh?" questioned Polly, awestruck.

Shudder after shudder ran over Evelyn.

"I don't know," she moaned. "Yes, I suppose so. Oh, it was dreadful!"

She began to cry, wringing her hands desperately.

"Don't do that," begged Pollyop, with a shiver. "Come on an' help me get 'im up on my bunk."

Weak from the shock, Evelyn was of little service in lifting Oscar. But the bed was low, and finally after much tugging, he was rolled lifelessly over on his back, stretched to his full length on the rickety cot.

Standing side by side, the girls looked anxiously down upon him.

"I guess mebbe he's dead, ain't he?" queried Polly woefully.

Shaking off her superstitious terror, Evelyn touched the prostrate man. Perhaps he was dead; and out of somewhere a thought shot into her mind that if he were, her troubles were over.

"I don't know," she whispered. "But he looks so!"

Polly shoved Evelyn aside and slipped her arm under Bennett's head. She seemed to have lost all aversion to him. She realized then only that a human being was suffering, perhaps dead. At her tender touch the man's eyes flew open; and, panic-stricken, Polly withdrew her arm and was back beside the other girl before she spoke.

"He's got life in him, Miss Eve," she chattered between her teeth. "Look at his eyes! God, ain't it awful!"

Quietly Oscar lay gazing at the girls as they stared at him. Polly was the first to go to him.

"Feel awful sick, eh, Oscar?" she asked in a low tone.

The man did not answer even by movement of his lids.

"He can't talk," she went on, looking around at Evelyn. "He ought to have a doctor. Can't you go up to the boulevard an' get Doc Bacon?"

A fresh burst of tears so choked Evelyn Robertson that for a space she could not answer.

"No, I can't go out in this awful storm again," she finally replied. "Of course, I can't," she repeated, swallowing. "I'm afraid, I won't go! I won't take a step. If any one goes—"

"Then stay by him," interjected Polly, dully, "an' I'll go!"

Ashamed to declare that she was afraid to be left alone with Oscar, Evelyn watched Pollyop as she went out and softly closed the door behind her.

Polly Hopkins lingered several moments to accustom her eyes to the night's blackness. Beyond to the east Lake Cayuga rushed on toward Ithaca as if its intentions were to swallow the little town in one huge mouthful. Pollyop crouched over mechanically words which fell hourly from Granny Hope.

"Ask an' it shall be given thee," she whispered. "Then if that's so, let me see some one to help Oscar!"

Through the chatter of the elements she heard the sound of footsteps off in the dark road. An answer to her prayer was about to step out of the night gloom. She hoped it was Larry Bishop or Lye Braeger. Opening her lips, she gave the weird, crying, squatter-call of the Storm country; and a voice that clutched at her heart answered her.

Then, by the next flash of jagged lightning, she saw Robert Percival coming toward her.

"Is that you, Polly?" he called.

"What's the matter?"

"Yes," she faltered timidly. "I got some one sick in the shanty."

Of all the people she had expected to see, he was the last. As she waited for him to approach, Pollyop's active mind grasped the fact that now Robert would know what his cousin had done. She saw no way to keep him in ignorance of Evelyn's relation to Oscar, and she was too excited to think of an excuse to keep him outside.

"Pollyop," commenced Robert. "I had to see you if only for a few minutes. Wait a second before you go in."

Confused and agitated, the girl did not stir a step until he was bending over her. One arm went around her shoulders, one tender hand pressed her head against his breast.

"Daddy's gone!" she choked almost inaudibly. "They've took him to Auburn, huh?"

"Yes, dear child," answered Robert, his own throat full with emotion.

"But what I came to tell you is this, dear. I've already set things moving to bring him back. I couldn't sleep tonight until I saw you."

A long shudder ran the length of Polly's body; her legs grew so weak she would have fallen but for the strong arms holding her up.

"I want him awful bad," came up in a breath to the pale young man.

"And I say, Polly dear, that he's coming home," repeated Robert, "and every day I want you to expect him. Will you trust me, darling?"

He had asked her that question once, but that was before Old Mare had railroaded Daddy Hopkins to Auburn.

"Will you, Pollyop?" urged Robert passionately, lifting her face and laying his warm lips on hers.

With swift-moving breaths she flung both arms around his neck.

"I'll trust you every day an' all day!" She hesitated and turned her head. A sound in the hut had frightened her. She knew Robert had heard it, too, for he reached out his hand to open the door.

"We'll go in," said he, taking her arm and gathering both of her hands into his.

By a sudden movement, Polly pushed him backward.

"I'd rather you'd make off," she told him, unsteadily. "Mebbe I can find a squatter."

"No, my dear," returned Robert. "When you need help, and I'm here, you can't call any one else."

While he was speaking, he had disengaged his hands and had lifted the latch.

Trembling from head to foot, Pollyop followed him into the hut.

When Robert caught sight of his pale cousin, he stopped short.

"You're not ill, Eve, dear?" he cried, going to her quickly. "Polly said some one was sick here."

He glanced around the shanty. A throb of happiness made his pulses beat faster. "The Greatest Mother in the World" still held her place on the wall. While he was contemplating the wonder of the picture, his thoughts went back to the day he had given it to his Littlest Mother in the World. Billy-goat Hopkins mousing in the wood-box brought his thoughts back, but not soon enough to catch the meaning glance that Evelyn shot at the squatter girl, who was gazing steadily at her. With a fling of contempt Miss Robertson walked to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"No, I'm not the least sick, Bob, but—just now—," she hesitated, then continued hurriedly: "There's a little boy here; and I often bring him food and candy. When I go to bed, she whirled around and flung her hand toward the cot, "this man was so terribly sick that I told Polly Hopkins she ought to get a doctor. Naturally, I consented to stay until some one else came, but I never expected—"

The explanation brought a groan from Pollyop.

Slowly Robert drew his gaze from Oscar's pallid countenance and turned to her. He looked so shocked and hurt that she impulsively moved toward him.

"How'd he come here?" Robert exclaimed, going to the bedside. "Why, it's Bennett! What's he doing here?"

So passionate were his tones, so full of that demanding quality that Evelyn, fearing Pollyop would tell the truth, again caught hold of him.

"He's in love with Polly Hopkins, Bob," she offered, trying to speak calmly, "and really it's none of our business. Is it? But I do think he ought to have a doctor."

Robert staggered back, flashing a glance at the squatter girl which seemed to burn her through and through.

"Are you married to him?" he demanded of her.

Her pale lips framed the single word, "No."

"Then how in God's name came he here in your—"

Two strides brought him so close that Polly felt his hot breath against her cold face. She cried out in anguish and started to speak; but Evelyn broke in upon her in frantic haste.

"Now listen to me, Bob," she insisted. "You are very unkind! What



In the White Light of it Polly Saw a Man Lying Face Down in the Path Leading to the Shanty.

happened here is none of your business nor mine! Every squatter woman has a man, and you can't expect Polly Hopkins to be an exception. All you can do is to get a doctor."

Robert passed his hand over his face. He looked dazedly from Pollyop so silent and pale, to the man so horribly still on the cot.

"All right," he replied gruffly. "Come on! This is no place—" He flung a glance at Polly Hopkins that struck her like a blow from a whip.

"What's the matter?"

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"Of all the people she had expected to see, he was the last. As she waited for him to approach, Pollyop's active mind grasped the fact that now Robert would know what his cousin had done. She saw no way to keep him in ignorance of Evelyn's relation to Oscar, and she was too excited to think of an excuse to keep him outside."

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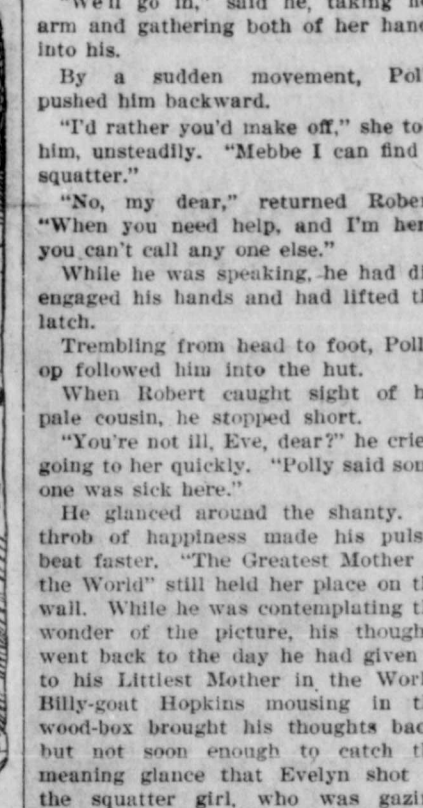
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"All Right," He Replied Gruffly.

and finished, "no place for a decent girl."

Stupefied by the flood of disasters that had overwhelmed her, Polly watched Robert Percival lead his cousin from the hut. After the first wild impulse to tell him the truth, she had made no further effort to clear herself.

Evelyn Robertson was going to hold her to the word she had made two years ago! Being innately honest herself, Pollyop could see no way to lighten her own dejection or to still Robert's fierce anger. Her little world was tumbling to pieces around her. No longer could she think of him as her own, though but a few short minutes before he had comforted her with kisses and promises. He had demanded that she should trust him, yet at the very first trial of his faith, he had flung away and left her alone.

Blinded by tears, she felt her way to the cot. Bennett lay in the same position, his wide-open eyes holding an expression of horror.

"She's got a lily liver all right, Oscar," Polly hissed through her teeth. "Did you hear all what she said?"

Such is the power of habit over a nature like the squatter girl's that Robert faded from her mind, and Oscar Bennett, suffering and dying, absorbed her whole attention.

"Can't you hear anything, Oscar?" she questioned. "Listen, mebbe you'll get well. If you do, take your old mammy an' get out quick. Eve ain't worth one of your toe nails. You've been a mean duffer, Oscar, but you're too d—n good for her. God, but she were a wicked woman, wasn't she, huh?"

Not a move of the heavy head on the pillow gave evidence that she had been heard.

She was still standing by Bennett's side when, without knocking, Robert opened the door and came in, followed by the doctor. Polly recognized the stranger instantly as the medical man who lived a short distance down the boulevard. In anxious inquiry she glanced at Percival.

Observing that she had been weeping, his anger flared again. It never occurred to him that his own cruelty had drawn the tears from her eyes. There was the huge farmer stretched out on the bed; and the squatter girl crying beside him! She was mourning over the stricken man! Robert frowned; and hopelessly, in silence, Polly moved aside to give the doctor the space she had occupied.

After a hasty examination of the patient, Doctor Bacon turned to Polly Hopkins.

"Something struck him," he said shortly. "You've been quarreling with him, eh, girl? What did you hit him with?"

Accusation rang against her not only in the speaker's tones but in Robert's inarticulate cry.

"Why did you strike him, Polly Hopkins?" he demanded hoarsely. "Did you? Speak! Did you?"

That he should believe such things of her crushed her completely. Her head fell forward, but not until Robert spoke again harshly did she answer.

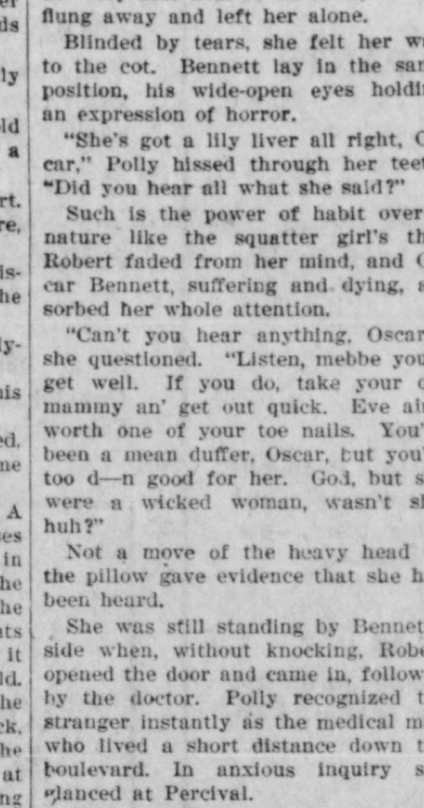
"Nope," she breathed. Her tongue felt as if it were covered with ashes. "Nope, I didn't hit him!"

That was all she said. She looked up at him pleadingly through her thick lashes. Perhaps he did not really believe her guilty. Yes, he did! He was still fixing upon her that accusatory gaze.

"He'd better be moved out of this hole," observed the doctor, looking around, "but it's an awful night." He considered a moment and then added: "I'll telephone to Ithaca for an ambulance."

Sternly he directed a look of disgust at Polly. He hated attending the squatters anyway, and never would have consented to enter the Silent City if Robert Percival had not come for him.

Aghast at the horror of the emer-



"All Right," He Replied Gruffly.

gency, Pollyop seemed not to notice the physician's contempt.

"Is he going to die, mister?" she queried plaintively.

"I don't know," he replied in gruff indecision, as he prepared a draught.

When everything within human power had been done for Oscar Bennett, Robert allowed the doctor to pass out of the hut before him. Then, like a shot, he turned back to Polly's side. His eyes blazed with jealousy; and quickly it crossed her mind that he was going to strike her. Oh! How she wished he would and then take back all the cruel words he had hurled at her!

"When you said you loved me, you lied," he gritted savagely. "You knew all the time you had him. You let me kiss you! You said love was the greatest thing in the world!—Oh, God! How I wish I could hate you!"

Polly could not speak, neither could she move. Imprisoned tragically in the depths of her eyes. If he had been less violent, she would have implored him to trust her.

Percival really hoped she would resent his accusations. Stormy denials would have been sweet music to his ears. He would have welcomed even a torrent of abuse from her. Anything was less maddening than this sinister silence that seemed to put the stamp of truth upon his cousin's explanation of Bennett's presence.

"Why don't you speak?" he rasped.

When she showed no signs of answering, he turned to go. The door was swinging in his hand, but he did not pass out. It was as though the agony scorching him fused all his emotions; and in a flash he realized that he loved her just the same! No matter what she had done, he loved her, and no woman in the world could or would take her place.

He whirled around and with one sweep gathered her into his arms. Un-

mindful of the man on the bed, he showered kisses upon her hair, her eyes and lastly seared her lips by his passionate caresses.

"Trust me!" she gasped. "Please trust me!"

A contemptuous laugh fell from him. "Trust you?" he grated. "That I will not! I'll never trust you again. But you're mine just the same. Do you hear? You belong to me. But after this I'll watch every step you take and—"

He almost crushed her into unconsciousness, and she hung in his arms a fragile, beaten thing, too tired to cry out, too weak to plead.

Then, all of a sudden, Robert loosened his hold upon her, strode to the door and, without a backward glance, opened it and was gone.

For a long time after he had left the hut, prone upon the rough shanty boards, she strained her eyes at the door, as if a ghost had just passed through it.

Granny Hope's voice called her name; and she came limping out of her room on her stick.

"I heard a lot of folks talkin', Pollyop," she said, "an' I got awful pains tonight. It's the storm, I guess."

Almost exhausted, Pollyop forced herself to stand up.

"You hadn't ought to be out of bed, Granny," she remonstrated. "Yep, I guess it's the rain what makes you ache."

Then Mrs. Hope noticed Bennett. His eyes gazed at her a moment and then moved back to Polly.

The old woman hobbled to the cot, and Polly came to her side silently.

"He's awful sick, I guess, ain't he?" observed Mrs. Hope, looking up into the girl's face.

"Yep!" The affirmative was but a breath.

"Goin' to die, huh?" whispered the other.

A deep sob rose to the girl's lips, brought almost to utterance by her intense suffering.

"Mebbe!" was all she could say. "Poor man," the woman muttered, wrinking up her face. "Lyn's awful hard thing for some folks."

(Continued Next Week)

HE

In the gloaming, oh, my darling, When the lights are dim and low, That your face is powder painted How am I, sweetheart, to know? Twice this month I've had to bundle, Every coat that I possess To the cleaner's—won't you darling Love me more and powder less?

SHE

In the gloaming, oh, my darling, When the lights are dim and low, That your cheeks are sharp with whiskers You can bet your boots I know! If I powder, I must do it Or else suffer great distress; Buy a razor, won't you darling? Lather more—I'll powder less!

The natural, refreshing sleep of a healthy body is enjoyed by those who take Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

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.

PLANTING.

We have just received a car of Cotton Seed for planting. Farmers needing planting seed should let us know their requirements, so we can order another car at once, if necessary. BRADY COTTON OIL CO.

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THE GREATEST COMMERCIAL SENSATION OF THE AGE

The Most Sensational and Remarkable

BARGAIN EVENT

STOP!
LOOK!
LISTEN!

READ!
WATCH!
WAIT!

NOTICE

This Store will be Closed on Tuesday and Wednesday to arrange and mark down stock to advertised prices.

Rain or Shine COME EARLY

and hold your place in front of the store until the doors open, Thursday, May 4th.

THIS DETERMINED FURIOUS DRIVE STARTS THURSDAY, May 4th, and Continues Through May 13th

TO THE BUYING PUBLIC:

You doubtless have heard the quotation, "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he live in a forest, the world will make a beaten path to his door." We are not engaged in writing books, preaching sermons or making mouse traps, but judging from the beaten path which thousands have made to our door and which has caused a good many of out-of-town people to describe this as the busiest store in this part of Texas, we do believe that we are doing things in our line just a little better than our neighbors.

Bargains Galore for Everybody

Read! Just Stop and Read the Wonderful News. Here are the Bargains.

Prices are Less than 50c on the Dollar.

FIRST FIFTY LADIES

To Enter Our Store Opening Day Will Obtain a

\$1.00 Bungalow Apron for 25c

A Few of the Many Thousand Bargains Taken at Random. Space Prohibits Mentioning More than Described. Come Convince Yourself

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| <p>BOYS' SUITS Made in fancy mixtures, Blue Serge, Cashmers or Worsted materials. Sale price— \$1.90</p> <p>BOYS' KNEE PANTS One lot Boys' Knee Pants, in all shades and sizes. Sale price— 89c</p> <p>DOMESTIC A high grade of Bleached or Unbleached Domestic of a better quality than the ordinary cheap material. Sale price— 10c</p> <p>SHEETING The well-known brand 10-4 Pepperell Sheeting; this brand does not need any introduction. Sale price, per yard, 48c; 9-4 per yard— 45c</p> <p>GINGHAM In checks, stripes or plaids in all the wanted shades of the season; Sale price, per yard— 9c</p> <p>GINGHAM A fine grade Dress Gingham, exceptionally pretty patterns, in all the wanted shades. Sale price— 12c</p> <p>GINGHAM Dress Gingham of a very high quality material, in all the newest and latest designs. Sale price— 15c</p> <p>PERCALES A large assortment of designs, as well as plain colors. Sale price— 10c</p> <p>PERCALES A 36-inch Percale of a very good grade in all the wanted shades. Sale price— 15c</p> <p>OVERALLS Men's Overalls, of a good quality blue denim, well made and full cut. Sale price— 98c</p> | <p>MEN'S UNIONS Made of good quality material, in athletic style. Sale price— 59c</p> <p>MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS With or without collars, in a large assortment of patterns of a good quality Madras. Sale price— 98c</p> <p>BOYS' SHIRTS In all sizes and designs. Sale price— 79c</p> <p>BOYS' UNIONS One lot of Boys' Unions of all kinds. Sale price— 25c</p> <div data-bbox="1053 1493 1138 1661" style="text-align: center;"> </div> <p>LADIES' HOSE Of exceptional grade of lisle thread in assorted colors. Sale price— 19c</p> <p>LADIES' HOSE Made of pure silk thread with a reinforced heel and toe, in brown, black or white. Sale price— 68c</p> <p>CHILDREN'S HOSE A good grade of ribbed hose for children that will stand a lot of rough wear. Sale price— 9c</p> <p>ORGANDIES A 46-inch extra fine high-grade imported Swiss Organdies; in all colors. Sale price— 98c</p> | <p>MEN'S PANTS Made of all-wool Blue Serge material. Sale price— \$3.48</p> <p>MEN'S HOSE Made of good grade lisle thread; in assorted colors. Sale price— 15c</p> <p>LADIES' HOSE Made of a good grade cotton lisle; in all colors and sizes. Sale price— 9c</p> <p>LADIES' UNIONS Of a very good grade material in large as well as small sizes. Sale price— 48c</p> <div data-bbox="725 1611 1474 1919" style="text-align: center; border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> <p>SPECIAL! SPECIAL!</p> <p>500 yards of Silks, Taffetas, Georgettes, Crepe de Chines and Messalines in all the colors of the rainbow, Sale Price \$1.49</p> </div> <p>LADIES' GOWNS Made of high-grade Batiste, Crepe or Nainsook. Sale price— \$1.48</p> <p>LADIES' WAISTS One lot of Ladies' Waists in Batiste and Voile, in a good grade of washable material. Sale price— 98c</p> <p>LADIES' UNDERSKIRTS In white only; this is of an exceptionally good grade of material, values up to \$5.00. Sale price— 98c</p> <p>TEDDIES For Ladies and Misses; in pink or white, in a good grade Batiste. Sale price— 98c</p> | <p>LADIES' DRESSES A house dress for Ladies; of an exceptionally good grade of Gingham; in all the newest shades and styles. Sale price— \$1.48</p> <p>LADIES' SKIRTS One lot of Ladies' and Misses' skirts in assorted materials and colors as well as styles. Sale price— \$1.48</p> <p>CHILDREN'S DRESSES Made of good grade Gingham in all the wanted patterns and styles. Sale price— 98c</p> <p>MEN'S AND BOYS' CAPS A selection of Men's and Boys' Caps in all the latest and best shades and styles. Sale price— 98c</p> <p>MEN'S HATS One lot of Men's Hats, made of high-grade material; in all the wanted styles. Sale price— \$1.48</p> <p>MEN'S PANTS Made of high-grade red duck, well-tailored with reinforced stitching. Sale price— \$1.48</p> <p>MEN'S HOSE Made of good quality cotton lisle, in black, blue, brown or tan. Sale price— 9c</p> <p>GLOVES Men's Cotton Gloves, well made of a good grade canvas. Sale price— 25c</p> <p>MEN'S SUITS One lot of Men's and Young Men's Suits in blue or fancy mixtures, of a good grade of material Sale price— \$7.50</p> <p>MEN'S SUITS Men's and Young Men's Suits in fancy or conservative styles in a big selection of patterns. Sale price— \$12.50</p> |
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THE WILENSKY DRY GOODS STORE

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