

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 17 NO. 28

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## Shoes

## Are

## Arriving.



## AT OUR STORE

Shoes are arriving at our store for father, son, mother and daughter; and at prices to suit every purse, and shoes that will fit every foot, as well as please the eye. We are in a position to fit any foot that is brought to us, for we are carrying most any last that will be found any where, and experienced salesmen to fit your shoes when you are ready to make your purchase. Bring the little ones to town and have their shoes fitted on them so they will get comfort as well as service out of their shoes. It is a pleasure for us to fit the little folks as well as the larger ones.

## Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

## RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

Reynard, Sept. 14.—Cotton picking is in full blast with us, but not with as much enthusiasm as it would be if we had a ready market on a basis of 12 1-2c. No trouble to get hands and we are paying from 30c to 50c per hundred. All kinds of speculation is made in regard to the war. Worms are playing havoc with the cotton, but no one seems to care much and things in general have not picked up much, and confidence has not been restored to any account.

Miss Mollie Moore, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L. Chiles, returned to her home in Crockett Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. West spent the latter part of the week in Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Rials visited in Daly's yesterday.

A couple of would-be young men came into our midst last week and took up their abode, one at P. L. Fulgam's, the other at Geo. W. Allen's. May the boys fill their places nobly in life.

Our teacher, Miss Carnie Murchison, came in yesterday and our school opened today. We are proud of our teacher in advance. She attended our Sunday school and seemed to be free and easy among us.

Some little sickness is beginning to crop out among us. Tom Taylor was sick enough to call a doctor Saturday, but glad to report that he is better.

Tom Kent and family were out of neighborhood visitors yesterday.

The hot sun has done our fall gardens and turnip patches bad, and it is dusty and disagreeable again, but fall is right here and weather conditions will change in a few days or weeks at best.

The many friends of Bacon Hemby were sorry to hear of his misfortune at the Lock and Dam and hope for him a speedy recovery.

We are working, hoping and praying for peace and confidence along all lines, but are not seeking rest until we are ready for it, and then it will come without seeking. Zack.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, 14—Aviator Gill Killed, 1912. England adopts Gregorian calendar, 1752.

Tuesday, 15—Knitting machine patented, 1863.

Wednesday, 16—James Hill, railroad king, born, 1838.

Thursday, 17—Separation of Church and State, 1787. Hungarian parliament riot, 1912.

Friday, 18—Corner stone of national capitol laid, 1793.

Saturday, 19—President Garfield dies, 1881.

Sunday, 20—Massacre, Florida Huguenots, 1565.

Irregular bowel movements breed disease in the body. You should purify and regulate the bowels by using Prickly Ash Bitters. It is mildly cathartic and strengthens the stomach, liver and kidneys. A. S. Porter Special Agent. adv.

## NEW PROSPECT HAPPENINGS

(Delayed)

War and hard times seems to be the subject now-a-days. The war is trouble but the sun always shines after a rain.

The farmers are very busy gathering their crops.

Watermelons about gone, but will soon be sweet 'tater time.

We've had a great deal of sickness in and around here this year. Mrs. Bud Brown has typhoid fever now. We hope to soon report her convalescence.

Aunt Ann Parker has been real sick, but some better at this writing.

Mrs. C. E. Black has been real poorly, but gradually recuperating now.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Herod's baby is some better.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Morgan Salmon.

Mrs. Tom Keene and daughter, Laura Ellen, have returned home from a visit with Mrs. Keene's sister at Ft. Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bridges visited home folks near Palestine Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Ed Musick and Mrs. Peter Bridges visited their mother in the Daly's community one day last week.

The young people enjoyed singing at Mr. Dock Guice's Saturday night.

Bro. Weatherby filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Our Sunday school has about played out. We should keep up our Sunday school. No better place for young and old to go. Polly.

## SOCIETY NOTES

Miss Perlina Spence entertained a few of her friends on last Wednesday evening from 7:30 until 11 o'clock.

The spacious rooms of the Spence home were tastily decorated with pot ferns, and the game of the evening was the ever delightful "42." In the parlor, Miss Hanson rendered several selections of the very latest music. The guests were served with delicious orangeade and cake. When the hour of departure came, Miss Spence was declared to be a most charming hostess. Those present were Missess Darsey Royall, Daisy Williams, Lorraine Hanson, Jessie Mae Jones, Messrs. Dick Murchison, Marvin Gilbert, Arthur Owens, Chas. Jones, Will Selkirk, and Henry Newman of Augusta.

The following guests were present at the Royall home last Friday evening: Misses Perlina Spence, Jessie May Jones, Daisy Williams, Florence Pennington, Messrs. Marvin Gilbert, Homer Jones, Stovall White, Will Selkirk, Dick Murchison, where they were most charmingly entertained until a late hour by Miss Darsey Royall with progressive games. After this, they were invited into the parlor where Miss Royall rendered several beautiful selections on the piano, and best of all, an elegant repast of grape juice and wafers closed the evening's pleasure.

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# The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

## A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

Author of  
"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"  
"THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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### CHAPTER XXII.

The superintendent's house stood on a low bench above the town, looking out over all the valley, but protected by a high hill behind, upon the summit of which was placed a mammoth black water tank.

In its architecture the casa grande was an exact replica of a hot-country hacienda, a flat-roofed, one-storied square of adobe bricks, whitewashed to keep off the sun and presenting on three sides nothing but dense trees planted near for shade. Along the front was a long arcade, the corridor, graced by a series of massive arches which let in the light and air. Inside were low chambers and long passages; and, behind, the patio and garden of orange and fig trees.

Built for a sumptuous dwelling, it became in a moment a fort and, with men on the high hill by the tank, it was practically impregnable to direct assault.

As Hooker stepped out on to the covered porch with his saddle-gun in his hand he became simply one more of a band of excited Americans, all armed and ready to defend the house to the last. Some were pacing back and forth in the corridor, others were hurrying up from the Mexican quarters with a last belated handful of women, but the major portion were out on the open bench, either gazing north and south at the scenes of the distant firing or engaging in a curio-mad scramble for any spent bullet that struck.

The fighting, such as there was, was mostly up the canyon, where a large party of Sonoran miners had rushed in pursuit of the rebels. The firing down the canyon in the direction of Old Fortuna had died away to nothing, and for the moment it seemed as if the futile charge and retreat was the beginning and the end of the battle.

A party of rebels had penetrated clear into the town, but it was apparently more by accident than intention, and they had been quick to beat a retreat. As for the main command of the insurgents, they were reported at Chular, six miles up the railroad, where they had surrounded and taken a small mining camp and captured a train at the summit.

The column to the south—the one which Hooker had encountered—had taken to the high hills west of the town, and, along the skyline of the buttelike summits they could now be seen in scattered bands making their way to the north.

The defenders of Fortuna consisted of a rag-tag garrison of twenty federals and the hot-headed, charging miners. But apparently that was a combination hard to beat, for, while the federals entrenched themselves behind the black tank on the hill and prepared to protect the town, the Sonorans in shouting masses drove everything before them and marched on to attack Chular.

But in this they made a mistake, for the rebel scouts, seeing the great body of defenders pressing on up the narrow canyon, rode back and informed the tricky Bernardo Bravo. He would be a poor general indeed who could not see the opening that was offered and, while the valiant Sonorans pursued the rebel cavalry up the pass, Bernardo Bravo sent the half of his thousand men to cut off their retreat from behind.

Along the broad top of the mountain above they came scampering by tens and twenties, closing in with a vastly superior force upon the now defenseless town. In the depths of the canyon below the miners were still chasing the elusive cavalry, their firing becoming faint as they clambered on toward the summit and the rebel headquarters at Chular.

They had, in fact, been handled like children, and the Americans joined in contemptuous curses of their mistaken bravery as they beheld in what straits it had left them.

Forbidden by the superintendent to participate in the combat, yet having in their care the women of the camp, they were compelled to stand passively aside while rebels by the hundred came charging down the ridges. Only in the last resort, and when all diplomacy and federal defense had failed, would they be allowed to so much as cock a rifle. And yet—well, twenty determined Americans might easily turn back this charge.

Taking advantage of his Mexican citizenship, Hooker was already on the run for the trenches when the superintendent stopped him with a look

"Let the Mexicans fight it out," he said. "They might resent it if you took sides, and that would make it bad for us. Just wait a while—you never can tell what will happen. Perhaps the rurales and federals will stand them off."

"What, that little bunch?" demanded Bud, pointing scornfully at the handful of defenders who were cowering behind their rock piles. "Why half of them pelones don't know what a gun was made for, and the rurales—"

"Well, the rebels are the same," suggested the superintendent pacifically. "Let them fight it out—we need every American we can get, so just forget about being a Mexican."

"All right," agreed Bud, as he yielded reluctantly to reason. "It ain't because I'm a Mexican citizen—I just want to stop that rush."

He walked back to the house, juggling his useless gun and keeping his eye on the distant ridges. And then, in a chorus of defiant yells, the men in the federal trenches began to shoot.

In an airline the distance was something over a mile, but at the first scattering volley the rebels halted and fired a volley in return. With a vicious spang a few stray bullets smashed against the reverberating steel tank, but no one was hurt, and the defenders, drunk with valor, began to shoot and yell like mad.

The bullets of the rebels, fired at random, struck up dust-jets in every direction, and from the lower part of the town came the shouting of the non-combatant Mexicans as they ran here and there for shelter. But by the trenches, and in the rear of the black tank, the great crowd of onlookers persisted, ducking as each successive bullet hit the tank and shouting encouragement as the defenders emptied their rifles and reloaded with clip after clip.

The rifles rattled a continuous volley; spent bullets leaped like locusts across the flat; men ran to and fro, now crouching behind the tank, now stepping boldly into the open; and the defiant shouts of the defenders almost drowned the walls of the women. Except for one thing it was a battle—there was nobody hurt.

For the first half-hour the Americans stayed prudently under cover, busying themselves at the suggestion of a few American women in providing a first-aid hospital on the sheltered porch. Then, as no wounded came to fill it and the rebels delayed their charge, one man after another climbed up to the trenches, ostensibly to bring down the injured.

As soldiers and bystanders reported no one hit, and the bullets flew harmlessly past, their solicitude turned rapidly to disgust and then to scorn. Strange as it may seem, they were disappointed at the results, and their remarks were derogatory as they commented on the bravery of pelones and Mexicans in general.

From a dread of imminent attack, of charging rebels and retreating defenders, and a fight to the death by the house, they came suddenly to a desire for blood and battle, for dead men and the cries of the wounded; and all fear of the insurgents left them.

"Come away, boys," grunted the burly roadmaster, who up to then had led in the work; "we wasted our time on that hospital—there'll be no wounded. Let's take ourselves back to the house and have a quiet smoke."

"Right you are, Ed," agreed the master mechanic, as he turned upon his heel in disgust. "This ain't war—them Mexicans think they're working for a moving-picture show!"

"I bet you I can go up on that ridge," announced Hooker, "and clean out the whole bunch with my six-shooter before you could bat your eye."

But the superintendent was not so sure.

"Never mind, boys," he said. "We're worth a lot of ransom money to those rebels and they won't give up so quick. And look at this now—my miners coming back! Those are the boys that will fight! Wait till Chico and Ramon Mendoza get after them!"

He pointed as he spoke to a straggling band of Sonorans, led by the much-vaunted Mendoza brothers, as they hurried to save the town, and a cheer went up from the trenches as the federals beheld reinforcements. But a change had come over the fire-eating miners, and they brought other rebels in their wake.

As they trudged wearily into town and sought shelter among the houses a great body of men appeared on the

opposite ridge, firing down at them as they retreated. The battle rapidly turned into a long-distance shooting contest, with the rebels on the ridges

and the defenders in the valley, and finally, as the day wore on and a thunderstorm came up, it died out altogether and the rebels turned back to their camp.

Except for one lone federal who had shot himself by accident there was not a single defender hurt, and if the enemy had suffered losses it was only by some such chance. But when the Sonoran patriots, holding up their empty belts, came clamoring for ammunition, the men by the big house took in the real catastrophe of the battle.

Seventeen thousand rounds of the precious thirty-thirties had been delivered to the excited miners and now, except for what few the Americans had saved, there was not a cartridge in camp. Very soberly the superintendent assured the leaders that he had no more; they pointed at the full belts of the American guard and demanded them as their right; and when the Americans refused to yield they flew into a rage and threatened.

All in all, it was a pitiful exhibition of hot-headedness and imbecility, and only the firmness of the superintendent prevented a real spilling of blood. The Mexicans retired in a huff and broke into the cantina, and as the night came on the valley re-echoed to their drunken shoutings.

Such was war as the Sonorans conceived it. When Hooker, standing his guard in the corridor, encountered Gracia Aragon on her evening walk, he could scarcely conceal a grin.

"What are you laughing at, Señor Hooker?" she demanded with asperity. "Is it so pleasant, with a houseful of frightened women and screaming children, that you should make fun of our plight?"

"No, indeed," apologized Bud; "nothing like that. Sure must be bad in there—I stay outside myself. But I reckon it'll soon be over with. The Mexicans here in town have shot off all their ammunition and I reckon the rebels have done the same. Like as not they'll all be gone tomorrow, and then you can go back home."

"Oh, thank you for thinking about me!" she returned with a scornful curl of the lip. "But if all men were as open as you, Mr. Hooker, we women would never need to ask a question. This morning you told me I did not know what I was talking about—now I presume you are thinking what words the Mexicans are!"

"Oh, I know! You need not deny it! You are nothing but a great big—Tejano! Yes, I was going to say 'brute,' but you are a friend of dear Phil's, and so I will hold my tongue. If it wasn't for that, I'd—" She paused, leaving him to guess.

"Oh, I do wish he were here," she breathed, leaning wearily against the white pillar of an arch and gazing down through the long arcade.

"It was so close in there," she continued, "I could not stand it a minute longer. These Indian women, you know—they weep and moan all the time. And the children—I am so sorry for them. I cannot go now, because they need me; but tomorrow—if Phil were here—I would leave and ride for the line."

"Have you seen Del Rey today? No? Then all the better—he must be policing the town. It is only of him I am afraid. These rebels are nothing—I agree with you! No! I am not angry with you at all now! But tomorrow, just at dusk, when all is still as it is at this time, then, if Phil were here I would mount my brave horse and ride out by the western pass."

She ended rather inconclusively, letting her voice trail off wistfully as she waited for him to speak, but something within moved Hooker to hold his peace, and he looked out over the town without commenting on her plans. It was evident to him that she was determined to enlist his sympathy and involve him in her wild plot, and each time the conversation veered in that direction he took refuge in a stubborn silence.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Hooker?" she asked at last, as he gazed into the dusk. "Sometimes I scold you and sometimes I try to please you, but I never know what you think! I did not mean that when I said I could read your thoughts—you are so different from poor, dear Phil!"

"M-m-m," mumbled Bud, shifting his feet, and his face turned a little grim. "Aha!" she cried with ill-concealed

satisfaction, "you do not like me to call him like that, do you? 'Poor, dear Phil,'—like that! But do you know why I do it? It is to punish you for never coming near me—when I signed to you—when I waited for you—long ago! Ah, you were so cruel! I wanted to know you—you were a cowboy, and I thought you were brave enough to defend me—but you always rode right by. Yes, that was it—but Phil was different! He came when I sent for him; he sang songs to me at night; he took my part against Manuel del Rey; and now—"

"Yes!" commented Bud bruskiy, with his mind on "dear Phil's" finish, and she turned to peer into his face.

"So that is it!" she said. "You do not trust me. You think that I am not your friend—that I will serve you as he was served. Is that what you are thinking?"

"Something like that," admitted Hooker, leaning lazily against the mud wall. "Only I reckon I don't think just the way you do."

"Why? How do I think?" she demanded eagerly.

"Well, you think awful fast," answered Hooker slowly. "And you don't always think the same, seems like. I'm kind of quiet myself, and I don't like—well, I wouldn't say that, but you don't always mean what you say."

"Oh!" breathed Gracia, and then, after a pause, she came nearer and leaned against the low wall beside him.

"If I would speak from my heart," she asked, "if I would talk plain, as you Americans do, would you like me better then? Would you talk to me instead of standing silent? Listen, Bud—for that is your name—I want you to be my friend the way you were a friend to Phil. I know what you did for him, and how you bore with his love-madness—and that was my fault, too. But partly it was also your fault, for you made me angry by not coming."

"Yes, I will be honest now—it was you that I wanted to know at first, but you would not come, and now I am promised to Phil. He was brave when you were careful, and my heart went out to him. You know how it is with us Mexicans—we do not love by reason. We love like children—suddenly—from the heart! And now all I wish in life is to run away to Phil. But every time I speak of it you shut your jaws or tell me I am a fool."

"Ump-um," protested Bud, turning stubborn again. "I tell you you don't know what you're talking about. These rebels don't amount to nothing around the town, but on a trail they're awful. They shoot from behind rocks and all that, and a woman ain't no ways safe. You must know what they're like—these old women don't think about nothing else—so what's the use of talking! And besides," he added grimly, "I've had some trouble with your old man and don't want to have any more."

"What trouble have you had?" she demanded promptly, but Hooker would not answer in words. He only shrugged his shoulders and turned away, crumpling his hat in his hand.

"But no!" she cried as she sensed the meaning of his concealment, "you must tell me! I want to know. Was it over your mine? Then you must not blame me, for he never has told me a word!"

"No?" inquired Bud, rousing suddenly at the memory of his wrongs. "Then maybe you will tell me how he got this"—he fetched a worn piece of ore from his pocket—"when my partner gave it to you! It was right there I lost my partner—and he was a good kid, too—and all because of that rock. Here, take a look at it—I took that away from your father!"

"Then he stole it from me!" flashed back Gracia as she gazed at the specimen. "Oh, have you thought all the time that I betrayed Phil? But didn't I tell you—didn't I tell you at the hotel, when you promised to be my friend? Ah, I see that you are a hard man, Mr. Hooker—quick to suspect, slow to forget—and yet I told you before! But listen, and I will tell you again. I remember well when dear Phil showed me this rock—he was so happy because he had found the gold! And just to make it lucky he let me hold it while we were talking through a hole in the wall. Then my father saw me and started to come near—I could not hand it back without betraying Phil—and in the night, when I was asleep, some one took it from under my pillow. That is the truth, and I will ask you to believe me; and if you have other things against me you

must say what they are and see if I cannot explain.

"No!" she ran on, her voice vibrant with the memory of past quarrels, "I



"I'd Fight, Too!" Spoke Up Gracia.

Have nothing to do with my father! He does not love me, but tries to make me marry first one man and then another. But I am an American girl now, at heart—I do not want to sell myself; I want to marry for love! Can you understand that? Yes? No? Then why do you look away? Have you something that you hold against me? Ah, you shake your head—but you will not speak to me? When I was at school in Los Angeles I saw the cowboys in the west show, and they were different—they were not afraid of any danger, but they would talk, too. I have always wanted to know you, but you will not let me—I thought you were brave—like those cowboys."

She paused to make him speak, but Hooker was tongue-tied. There was something about the way she talked that pulled him over, that made him want to do what she said, and yet some secret, hidden voice was always crying: "Beware!" He was convinced now that she had never been a party to treachery; no, nor even wished him ill.

She was very beautiful, too, in the twilight, and when she drew nearer he moved away, for he was afraid she would sway him from his purpose. But now she was waiting for some answer—some word from him, though the question had never been asked. And yet he knew what it was.

She wanted him to steal away with her in the evening and ride for the border—and Phil. That was what she always wanted, no matter what she said, and now she was calling him a coward.

"Sure them bronco-riders are brave," he said in vague defense; "but there's a difference between being brave and foolish. And a man might be brave for himself and yet be afraid for other people."

"How do you mean?" she asked. "Well," he said, "I might be willing to go out and fight a thousand of them insurgents with one hand, and at the same time be afraid to take you along. Or I might—"

"Oh, then you will go, won't you?" she cried, clasping him by the hand. "You will, won't you? I'm not afraid!"

"No," answered Bud, drawing his hand away, "that's just what I won't do! And I'll tell you why. That country up there is full of rebels—the lowest kind there are. It just takes one shot to lay me out or cripple one of our horses. Then I'd have to make a fight for it—but what would happen to you?"

"I'd fight, too!" spoke up Gracia resolutely. "I'm not afraid."

"No," grumbled Bud, "you don't know them rebels. You've been shut up in a house all the time—if you'd been through what I have in the last six months you'd understand what I mean."

"If Phil were here, he'd take me!" countered Gracia, and then Bud lost his head.

"Yes," he burst out, "that's just what's the matter with the crazy fool! That's just why he's up across the line now a hollering for me to save his girl! He's brave, is he? Well, why don't he come down, then, and save you himself? Because he's afraid too! He's afraid of getting shot or going up against Manuel del Rey. By grab, it makes me tired the way you people talk! If he'd done what I told him to in the first place he wouldn't have got into this jack-pot!"

"Oh my!" exclaimed Gracia, aghast. "Why, what is the matter with you? And what did you tell him to do?"

"I told him to mind his own business," answered Hooker bluntly.

"And what did he say?"

"He said he'd try anything—once!"

(Continued on next page)

Bud spat out the phrase vindictively, for his blood was up and his heart was full of bitterness.

"Oh dear!" faltered Gracia. "And so you do not think that Phil is brave?"

"He's brave to start things," sneered Bud, "but not to carry 'em through!" For a moment Gracia huddled up against a pillar, her hand against her face, as if to ward off a blow. Then she lowered it slowly and moved reluctantly away.

"I must go now," she said, and Bud did not offer to stay her, for he saw what his unkindness had done.

"I am sorry!" she added pitifully, but he did not answer. There was nothing that he could say now.

In a moment of resentment, driven to exasperation by her taunts, he had forgotten his pledge to his partner and come between him and his girl. That which he thought wild horses could not draw from him had flashed out in a fit of anger—and the damage was beyond amendment, for what he had said was the truth.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

There are two things, according to the saying, which cannot be recalled—the sped arrow and the spoken word. Whether spoken in anger or in jest, our winged thoughts will not come back to us and, where there is no balm for the wound we have caused, there is nothing to do but let it heal.

Bud Hooker was a man of few words, and slow to speak ill of anyone, but some unfamiliar devil had loosened his tongue and he had told the worst about Phil. Certainly if a man were the bravest of the brave, certainly if he loved his girl more than life itself—he would not be content to hide above the line and pour out his soul on note-paper. But to tell it to the girl—that was an unpardonable sin!

Still, now that the damage was done, there was no use of vain repining, and after cursing himself wholeheartedly Bud turned in for the night. Other days were coming; there were favors he might do; and perhaps, as the yesterdays went by, Gracia would forgive him for his plain speaking. Even tomorrow, if the rebels came back for more, he might square himself in action and prove that he was not a coward. A coward!

It had been a long time since anyone had used that word to him, but after the way he had knifed "dear Phil" he had to admit he was it. But "dear Phil!" It was that which had set him off.

If she knew how many other girls—but Bud put a sudden quietus on that particular line of thought. As long as the world stood and Gracia was in his sight he swore never to speak ill of De Lancey again, and then he went to sleep.

The men who guarded the casa grande slept uneasily on the porch, lying down like dogs on empty sugar-sacks that the women might not lack bedding inside. Even at that they were better off, for the house was close and feverish, with the crying of babies and the babbling of dreamers, and mothers moving to and fro.

It was a hectic night, but Bud slept it out, and at dawn, after the custom of his kind, he arose and stamped on his boots. The moist coolness of the morning brought the odor of wet greasewood and tropic blossoms to his nostrils as he stepped out to speak with the guards, and as he stood there waiting for the full daylight the master mechanic joined him.

He was a full-blooded, round-headed little man with determined views on life, and he began the day, as usual, with his private opinion of Mexicans. They were the same uncomplimentary remarks to which he had given voice on the day before, for the rebels had captured one of his engines and he knew it would come to some harm.

"A fine bunch of hombres, yes," he ended, "and may the devil fly away with them!" They took No. 9 at the summit yesterday and I've been listening ever since. Her pans are all burned out and we've been feeding her bran like a cow to keep her from leaking steam. If some ignorant Mex gets hold of her you'll hear a big noise—that'll be the last of No. 9—her boiler will burst like a wet bag.

"If I was running this road there'd be no more bran—not since what I saw over at Aguascalientes on the Central. One of those bum, renegade engine drivers had burned out No. 743, but the rebels had ditched four of our best and we had to send her out. Day after day the boys had been feeding her bran until she smelled like a distillery. The mash was oozing out of her as Ben Tyrrell pulled up to the station, and a friend of his that had come down from the north took one sniff and swung up into the cab.

"Ben came down at the word he whispered—for they'd two of 'em blown up in the north—and they sent out another man. Hadn't got up the hill when the engine exploded and blew the poor devil to hell! I asked Tyrrell what his friend had told him, but he kept it to himself until he could get his time. It's the fumes, boy—they blow up like brandy—and old No.

9 is sour!

"She'll likely blow up, too. But how can we fix her with these ignorant Mexican mechanics? You should have been over at Aguas the day they fired the Americans.

"No more Americanos," says Madero, 'let 'em all out and hire Mexicans! The national railroads of Mexico must not be in the hands of foreigners.'

"So they fired us all in a day and put a Mexican wood-passer up in the cab of old No. 313. He started to pull a string of empties down the track, threw on the air by mistake, and stopped her on a dead-center. Pulled out the throttle and she wouldn't go, so he gave it up and quit.

"Called in the master mechanic then—a Mexican. He tinkered with her for an hour, right there on the track, until she went dead on their hands. Then they ran down a switch engine and took back the cars and called on the roadmaster—a Mex. He cracked the nut—built a shoo-fly around No. 313 and they left her right there on the main track. Two days later an American hobo came by and set down and laughed at 'em. Then he throws off the brakes, gives No. 313 a boost past the center with a crowbar, and runs her to the roundhouse by gravity. When we left Aguas on a handcar that hobo was running the road.

"Ignorantest hombres in the world—these Mexicans. Shooting a gun or running an engine, it's all the same—they've got nothing above the eyebrows."

"That's right," agreed Bud, who had been craning his neck; "but what's that noise up the track?"

The master mechanic listened, and when his ears, dulled by the clangor of the shops, caught the distant roar he turned and ran for the house.

"Git up, Ed!" he called to the roadmaster, "they're sending a wild car down the canyon—and she may be loaded with dynamite!"

"Dynamite or not," mumbled the grizzled roadmaster, as he roused up from his couch, "there's a derailer I put in up at kilometer seventy the first thing yesterday morning. That'll send her into the ditch!"

Nevertheless he listened intently, cocking his head to guess by the sound when it came to kilometer seventy.

"Now she strikes it!" he announced, as the rumble turned into a roar; but the roar grew louder, there was a crash as the trucks struck a curve, and then a great metal ore-car swung round the point, rode up high as it hit the reverse and, speeding by as if shot from a catapult, swept through the yard; smashed into a freight car, and leaped, car and all, into the creek.

"They've sneaked my derailer!" said the roadmaster, starting on a run for the shops. "Who'll go with me to put in another one? Or we'll loosen a rail on the curve—that'll call for no more than a clawbar and a wrench!"

"I'll go!" volunteered Bud and the man who stood guard, and as startled sleepers roused up on every side and ran toward the scene of the wreck they dashed down the hill together and threw a handcar on the track.

Then, with what tools they could get together, and a spare derailer on the front, they pumped madly up the canyon, holding their breaths at every curve for fear of what they might see. If there was one runaway car there was another, for the rebels were beginning an attack.

Already on the ridges above them they could hear the crack of rifles, and a jet or two of dust made it evident that they were the mark. But with three strong men at the handles they made the handcar jump. The low hills fled behind them. They rounded a point and the open track lay before them, with something—

"Jump!" shouted the roadmaster, and as they tumbled down the bank they heard a crash behind them and their handcar was knocked into kindling wood.

It was a close call for all three men, and there had been but an instant between them and death, a death by the most approved fighting methods of the revolutionists, methods which kept the fighters out of harm's way.

"Now up to the track!" the roadmaster panted, as the destroyer swept on down the line. "Find some tools—we'll take out a rail!"

With frantic eagerness he toiled up the fill and attacked a fish-plate, and Bud and the young guard searched the hillside for tools to help with the work. They fell to with sledge and clawbar, tapping off nuts, jerking out spikes, and heaving to loosen the rail—and then once more that swift-moving something loomed up suddenly on the track.

"Up the hill!" commanded the roadmaster, and as they scrambled into a gulch a wild locomotive, belching smoke and steam like a fire engine, went rushing past them, struck the loose rail, and leaped into the creek bed. A moment later, as it crashed its way down to the water, there was an explosion that shook the hills. They crouched behind the cut bank, and the trees above them bowed suddenly to

the slash of an iron ball.

"Dynamite!" cried the roadmaster, grinning triumphantly as he looked up after the shock; and when the fall of fragments had ceased, and they had fled as if by instinct from the place, they struck hands on their narrow escape. But back at the big house, with everybody giving thanks for their delivery from the powder train, the master mechanic raised a single voice of protest. He knew the sound. He knew that dynamite had not been responsible for the crash that smote the ears of the anxious listeners.

"'Twas not dynamite!" he yelled. "Powder train be damned! It was No. 9! She was sour as a distillery! She blew up, I tell ye—she blew up when she hit the creek!"

And even after a shower of bullets from the ridge had driven them all to cover he still rushed to those who would listen and clamored that it was the bran.

But there was scant time to hold a post-mortem on No. 9, for on the summit of a near-by ridge, and overlooking the black tank, the rebels had thrown up a wall in the night, and from the security of this shelter they were industriously shooting up the town.

The smash of the first wild car had been their signal for attack, and as the explosion threw the defenders into confusion they made a rush to take the tank. Here, as on the day before, was stationed the federal garrison, a scant twenty or thirty men in charge of a boy lieutenant.

Being practically out of ammunition he did not stand on the order of his going, but as his pelones pelted past the superintendent's house the reorganized miners, their belts stuffed with cartridges from their own private stock, came charging up from the town and rallied them in the rear.

Trained by American leaders they were the only real fighting force to be depended upon unless the Americans themselves should take a hand in the game, and that they could not do without the possibility of serious international consequences, a chance they could not take except as a last resort to save the women and children and themselves.

In a solid, shouting mass they swept up the hill together, dropped down behind the defenses, and checked the astounded rebels with a volley. Then there was another long-range battle, with every sign of war but the dead.



Every Sign of War But the Dead.

until at last, as the firing slackened from the lack of cartridges, a white flag showed on the ridge above, and the leaders went out for a parley—one of those parleys so characteristic of Mexican revolutions, and which in reality mean so little, for both sides know that the words uttered are meaningless, and should one of them ever result in a surrender the terms of that surrender would not be regarded, once the victims were in the hands of the victors.

Properly speaking, Del Rey was in command of the town, but neither the federals nor the miners would recognize his authority and the leadership went by default. While they waited to hear the rebel demands the Americans took advantage of the truce to bring up hot food from the hotel, where Don Juan de Dios stood heroically at his post. Let bullets come and go, Don Juan kept his cooks about him, and to those who had doubted his valor his coffee was answer enough.

"Wy, my gracious, Mr. Hooker," he railed, as Bud refreshed himself between trips, "ain't you going to take any up to those women? Don't drink so much coffee now, but give it to the men who fight!"

"Ump-um," grunted Bud with a grin; "they got a skinful of mescal already! What they need is another carload of ammunition to help 'em shoot their first rebel."

"I thought you said they wouldn't fight!" twitted Don Juan. "This is the battle of Fortuna that I was telling you about last week."

"Sure!" answered Bud, "and over there is the dead!"

He pointed to a riot of mescal bottles that marked the scene of the night's potations, and Don Juan gave him up as hopeless.

"A pile of bottles usually represent the casualty list in a Mexican fight," added Bud as Don Juan moved away.

But, just as he would, Bud saw that the situation was serious, for the foolhardy Sonorans had already emptied their cartridge-belts, and their guns were no better than clubs. Unless the rebels had been equally reckless with



"I'm Going to Get Those Papers!"

their ammunition they had the town at their mercy, and the first thing that they would demand would be the refugees in the big house.

Before that could be permitted the Americans would probably take a hand in the fight, for, while the great majority of the women in the house were Mexican, there were a few Americans, and they would be protected regardless of international complications. But Gracia Aragon was not an American, and she could not claim the protection of these countrymen of his.

The possession of the town; the arms of the defenders; food, clothing and horses to ride—none of these would satisfy them. They would demand the rich Spanish landowners to be held for ransom, the women first of all. And of all those women huddled up in the casa grande not one would bring a bigger ransom than Gracia Aragon.

Bud pondered upon the outcome as the emissaries wrangled on the hillside, and then he went back to the corral to make sure that his horse was safe. Copper Bottom, too, might be held for ransom. But, knowing the rebels as he did, Hooker foresaw a different fate, and rather than see him become the mount of some rebel chieftain he had determined, if the town surrendered, to make a dash.

Riding by night and hiding in the hills by day he could get to the border in two days. All he needed was a little jerked beef for the trip and he would be ready for anything.

So he hurried down to the hotel again and was just making a sack of food fast to his saddle when he heard a noise behind him and turned to face Aragon. For two days the once-haughty Don Cipriano had slunk about like a sick cat, but now he was headed for Gracia's big room, and the look in his eyes betrayed his purpose.

"Where you going?" demanded Hooker in English, and at the gruff challenge the Spaniard stopped in his tracks. The old, hunted look came back into his eyes, he seemed to shrink before the stern gaze of the Texan, and, as the memory of his past misdeeds came over him, he turned as if to flee.

But there was a smile, an amused and tolerant smirk, about the American's mouth, and even for that look of understanding the harried hacendado seemed to thank him. He was broken now, thrown down from his pedestal of arrogance and conceit, and as Hooker did not offer to shoot him at sight he turned back to him like a lost dog that seeks but a kind word.

Bud knew that Aragon was entirely at his mercy, that fear had clutched the once arrogant Spaniard by the throat, and it was almost worth the anxiety he felt for this man's daughter to see the father cowed. Aragon crawled closer to Bud as if for the protection he could not get from his own people.

"Ah, señor!" he whined, "your pardon! What?" as he sighted the sack of meat—"you are going, too? Ah, my friend"—his eyes lighted up suddenly at the thought—"let me ride with you!

I will pay you—yes, anything—but if Bernardo Bravo takes me he will hang me! He has sworn it!"

"Well, you got it coming to you!" answered Hooker heartlessly.

"But I will pay you well!" pleaded Aragon. "I will pay you—" He paused as if to consider what would tempt him and then suddenly he raised his head.

"What is it you wish above everything?" he questioned eagerly. "Your title to the mine—no? Bien! Take me to the line—protect me from my enemies—and the papers are yours!" "Have you got them with you?" inquired Hooker with businesslike directness.

"No, but I can get them!" cried Aragon, forgetful of everything but his desire to escape. "I can get them while you saddle my horse!"

"Where?" demanded Hooker craftily.

"From the agente mineral!" answered Aragon. "I have a great deal of influence with him, and—"

"Bastante!" exploded Bud in a voice which made Aragon jump. "Enough! If you can get them, I can! And we shall see, Señor Aragon, whether this pistol of mine will not give me some influence, too!"

"Then you will take them?" faltered Aragon as Hooker started to go. "You will take them and leave me for Bernardo Bravo to—"

"Listen, señor!" exclaimed Hooker, halting and advancing a threatening forefinger. "A man who can hire four men to do his dirty work needs no protection from me. You understand that—no? Then listen again. I am going to get those papers. If I hear a word from you I will send you to join your four men."

He touched his gun as he spoke and strode out into the open, where he beckoned the mineral agent from the crowd. A word in his ear and they went down the hill together, while Don Cipriano watched from above. Then, as they turned into the office, Aragon spat out a curse and went to seek Manuel del Rey.

(To be Continued)

## HE GOT PLENTY



First Actor—Whew! Hamlet must have found food for thought in the dramatic editor's article this morning.

Second Actor—Food! I should say a full meal. He got a roast and all his desserts.

## WAS NOT TAUGHT THE COLOR.

Little Grace, who had recently entered school, brought home some pumpkin seed one day and told her mother that the teacher said that although the seed was white the pumpkin would be yellow.

"And what will the color of the vines be?" her mother asked.

Grace replied that the teacher had not taught her that yet.

"I know, dear, but we have pumpkin vines in our garden and you must know what color they are."

"Oh, of course I do, mother, but we ain't supposed to know anything until we're taught," replied Grace, convincingly.—National Magazine.

## PAPER FINGER BOWLS.

A very practical advance in sanitation has been adopted by the proprietor of several western hotels and railroad eating houses, by the substitution of individual finger bowls of paraffined paper for the glass bowl used in common with other guests. An ornamental band, sustained by uprights, holds a crumpled bowl made impervious by paraffin. This dainty dish may contain the conventional slice of lemon or geranium leaf floating on the water, and when once used the paper bowl is thrown away.

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

Entered in the Postoffice at Grapeland, Texas, every Thursday as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscribers ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—Obituaries and Resolutions of Respect are printed for half price—2-2c per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

OUR PURPOSE—It is the purpose of the Messenger to record accurately, simply and interestingly the moral, intellectual, industrial and political progress of Grapeland and Houston county. To aid us in this every citizen should give us his moral and financial support.

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

1 YEAR-----	\$1.00
6 MONTHS---	.50
3 MONTHS---	.25

THURSDAY, SEP. 17, 1914

The man who raises what he eats at home is not worried much over the present state of affairs. He can get through it with colors flying. It's the all-cotton man who is going to suffer most.

South America is a billion dollar market. It has spent this sum each year in imports. Of this the United States has in the past received but fifteen percent. The European war and the completion of the Panama canal will cause us to get more of this business.

A Kansas paper hands out the following cyclonic wisdom: "Early to bed and early to rise, cut the weeds and swat the flies, mind your own business and tell no lies, don't get gay and deceive your wives, pay your debts, use enterprise, and buy from those who advertise."

Next year we'll plant that good land in corn. We'll raise some peas, peanuts and forage crops. We'll have several big porkers handy and a few extra cattle for sale. We may plant a small patch of cotton—not much. We'll raise food stuff a plenty for man and beast. We'll live at home and go to prospering.

Good schools are of the greatest benefit in building up a community. You can't keep a good thing down. Good schools attract the attention of surrounding communities. They send in new pupils to the school and there is nothing which awakens the interest of the citizens more than to notice that outsiders are noticing them. Let us encourage our schools and results will be sure to follow.



"LITERARY CONVULSIONS"

Being a Series of Dementia Hallucinations Reported Semi-Occasionally for The Messenger by ERNEST C FOSTER

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— RAILROADS —

Have you ever traveled extensively and thus been brought into contact with "smart" railroad employes?

Railroads and their employes are penalties we pay for living in a modern age. If it were not for the railroads, we would have no use for supreme courts, and their employes, there would be more Christian men in the world. But there is no recourse, Wall Street protects the railroads and the railroad protect their men. The companies keep their ticket agents in working condition through the aid of locked doors and windows too small to admit a man's body. They get out to their meals by slipping through cracks and key-holes when no one is around.

A railroad ticket agent can be mean the nicest of anyone on earth, and they keep up their talent by continuous practice.

President Wilson will not enter a speech making campaign this fall, saying that in a crisis like this, his services are needed in Washington. He is willing, as leader of his party, to leave his record with the people, showing that he has confidence in them and that they will give it their hearty endorsement.

It doesn't pay to gossip about one's neighbors. Let us have only kind thoughts and good words for everyone, and be sure to lend a helping hand whenever occasion calls for it. In trying to lighten another's burden, we forget our own, and the kind thoughts we send out come back to us like echoes.

Forget this bloomin' war and let's get busy looking after our own affairs. Things are not half so bad as some people think or would have you believe. 'Tis true just at present we have no market for cotton, but we can get along somehow until the cotton market opens. It will be surprising to know just how little we can get along with when we have to. So let us be cheerful and optimistic, looking to the future for prosperity which is sure to come our way.

Travelers harmless as an auto with a dead engine before trying to beguile information through a ticket window, often leave the depot a raving maniac and a fit subject for padded cells.

The baggageman is another piece of the railroad that isn't worshipped by the public. They are paid about eighty dollars a month by the railroad company and five thousand dollars a year by the amalgamated trunk factories.

The section foreman is that cog in railroad machinery contributed by Ireland as a sort of recompense for her lawyers. These men get their existence from the railroads, their enjoyment from the tobacco trust, and sever their ambitions for the engineer's job when Extra No. 101 comes along unannounced with a through ticket for the Pearly Gates.

The farmer and his family who cultivate a desire for all that is beautiful and comfortable are doing much to dispel worry and trouble. It's worry and trouble that kills. Flowers, lawns, pictures, books, newspapers, easy chairs, hammocks—these all favor longevity and make you happier while you do live and cause your children to be contented with farm life—the most independent and happy on earth.

Business was pretty brisk in Grapeland Saturday. Lots of people were in town and a considerable amount of cash business was transacted. The people seemed to be in good humor and become reconciled to conditions. After all, conditions are not so bad—it's just the mood the people are in. Shake off your blues, keep a stiff upper lip, and things will have a different hue.

If all the European rulers had worked as hard to prevent war as President Wilson has done to keep peace with Mexico, would there not have been an international conference at The Hague, instead of innumerable battlefields covered with dead and dying human beings?—Baltimore Evening Sun.

The American people should be thankful that we have at the head of our government a peace loving President, a statesman without a peer and a patriot in every sense of the word.

What are we going to do with our cotton? We can't eat it.—Grapeland Messenger.

No, but the farmers can plant a crop next year that they can eat. That is the trouble now, the majority of the farmers plant nearly all of their land in cotton, and the first of January you will see them loading their wagons at the town store with chops, bacon and meal and many other things that they could have raised on the farm. No, the farmers can't eat the cotton, but everything that is raised to eat anywhere in the United States can be grown right here in East Texas.—Polk County Enterprise.

We are always wide awake to the new styles in men's clothes. Service is our watchword. adv Clewis, the tailor.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR THE LADIES:

At 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Sept. 26th, we will have at our store

A FREE EXHIBITION ON A LIVING MODEL

of the latest styles in imported and domestic

COAT SUITS

Mme. Bolinius of the Goodtex factory will exhibit all that is new for this fall, and we cordially invite every lady in or near Grapeland to come and get posted on the prevailing styles of the day and review this wonderful collection of imported and domestic suits.

Never before outside of the large cities has a free exhibition of models taken place and we urge you take advantage of this exceptional opportunity. We have gone to considerable expense to secure this demonstration, and trust our friends will show their appreciation by a large attendance. Come prepared to make your selection on the day of exhibit.

We are pleased to announce further that we will have our

OPENING DISPLAY OF FALL MILLINERY

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th AND 25th and extend and extend an invitation to every lady to view this showing of stylish up-to-date headwear

GEO. E. DARSEY

WAREHOUSE LAW IN BRIEF

Austin, Texas, September 11.—The emergency warehouse bill as finally agreed to by the committee and as it will become a law provides for a State system of warehouses to be operated by the commissioner of insurance and banking, to be built by citizens, towns, counties and individuals or associations, and to be leased to the commissioner of insurance and banking on such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon. Also provides that the State in effect becomes a public warehouse man, the object being to enable the State to issue a negotiable and dependable warehouse receipt such as will be accepted in any money market. These warehouse receipts are guaranteed by the state. The managers of such warehouses provided for by cities, towns or counties are to be nominated by such cities, towns or counties, subject to the approval of the commissioner; such managers are placed under a bond of from \$2500 to \$25,000 the amount to be fixed by the commissioner of insurance and banking, the object of the bond is to protect the state and the depositors of cotton. It also provides that the form of the receipt to be prescribed by the commissioner of insurance and banking shall be uniform, and it shall show the marks, numbers, weight and class of each bale. The weight and class is guaranteed to the

FREE TRIP

---TO--- PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION SAN FRANCISCO, 1915

Anyone taking an agency to sell Life Insurance for The Great Republic Life Insurance Company, Los Angeles, California, or The Cherokee Life Insurance Company of Rome Georgia, will be given a free trip to the World's Fair next year at San Francisco. The only condition is, the entire first year premium on the first \$10,000 of 20-Pay Life sold, must be remitted with applications. Take an agency and qualify at once.

Write S. C. Pandolfo, General Agt, San Antonio, Texas

party loaning money on such cotton only. The bill also provides aggrieved parties shall have the right to sue the state for any injury brought about by improper weights or class.

To prevent pneumonia, a cold settled in the lungs should be attended to at once. Put a Herick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster on the chest and take Ballard's Horehound Syrup internally. It's a winning combination Buy the dollar size Horehound Syrup; you get a porous plaster free with each bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

Ross Murchison, Jr., who has been in Lufkin for the past several months, spent a few days here last week visiting his father, and left Sunday for Roscoe, where he has a position in a drug store.

THERE'S SAFETY IN TRADING HERE

Porter Says:—

Prescription filling requires study, effort, integrity, precision, and work--lots of work. PORTER GIVES YOU ALL--then some.

Porter's Drug Store

Prescription Specialists Everything in the Drug Line

## LOCAL NEWS

### Boys' pants at Darsey's.

Ladies' work a specialty.  
adv Clewis, the Tailor.

Ed Moore and Arthur Walton of Crockett spent Sunday here.

George Calhoun is in Corpus Christi this week.

### See the line of boys' hats and caps at Darsey's.

Henry Richards left Tuesday night for Texarkana on business.

Dr. McCarty reports the birth of a girl to Mr. and Mrs. Herod Parker.

### You can get shoes for the whole family at Darsey's.

adv  
Dr. P. H. Stafford has gone to Mineral Wells for a few days' rest and recuperation.

### Men, you will find the snappiest line of pants in town at Darsey's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Leaverton and son left Tuesday for Austin, where Mr. Leaverton will attend the State University.

Ask us to send you a sack of Blue Ribbon Flour and some Sunset Coffee.—McLean & Riall, adv.

### The latest styles in men's hats, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 at Darsey's.

Hood Murchison, who spent a few days here last week visiting his father, returned Monday to his home in Lufkin.

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. All troubles of any kind of wearing apparel carefully treated. Give him a trial. adv

B. T. Masters of Lovelady spent a few days here this week looking after business matters and meeting his friends.

Lee Eaves left last week for Ratcliff where he will again have charge of the Ratcliff school this term.

### FOR SALE

Pair young mules and a good wagon. Terms easy.  
adv. Geo. Chaffin, Route 3.

Mrs. E. M. Carsons of Jacksonville, who has been spending a few days here with relatives, returned home Saturday.

### Milch Cow For Sale or Trade

High grade Jersey, fresh and young. Price \$50, or will exchange for other stock.  
adv. W. T. Pridge, Route 3.

Prof. and Mrs. Wade L. Smith and Miss Esther Davis have gone to Kennard, where Mr. Smith will have charge of the school. He will be assisted by Miss Davis.

G. B. Cutler, a former citizen of this place, but now residing at Alto, sends us a two-dollar bill with instructions to let the "old reliable" roll on another two years. Mr. Cutler states that he is getting along nicely.

### NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

I am now with Mr. A. C. Driskell in the blacksmith shop. I am an experienced iron worker and horse shoer and will appreciate your work. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
adv. John C. Lawrence.

### Dr. Sam Kennedy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Office in Leaverton's Drug Store  
Main Street

## WHAT SHALL WE DO?

In the present crisis we are forced to take notes and have been called to halt by the European war, or the large financiers of our country, until not only has our credit been cut out, but even the rations in thousands of homes. Now, Bro. Farmers, while our medicine is bitter let's take the dose and profit thereby and learn a lesson to hand down to our children for generations to come. The farmer can be and should be, and glad to say have some who are, the most independent of God's creation, but when he becomes a speculator and grows cotton to the exclusion of his own living, even neglecting the bread for his own family, failure and disgust may at any time be his portion. The money coffers of the country are closed tight against us and our leading product goes begging, and while many would and are doing all they can to give relief, and could not fail to mention here the buy-a-bale movement, and Mr. Henry at Washington, and others have done and are doing what they can, but the farmers of the south, for this generation at least, will not be caught napping. They will handle cotton with suspicion. It is no longer King with us. We can do things when we have to. We will live more at home, make fewer and smaller debts, we will have bigger and better pastures, will not depend on Mr. Armour for our meat nor on Kansas for our bread.

Let's not throw the blame on our country or home merchants. They have been caught, too. Where the farmer owes one they owe many, and even at a low price, stand by them and if they are true men they will do what they are able for us. Before it is too late let us save hay and other provender for our stock. Take special care of the milch cow, pigs and chickens as never before, wear our old clothes and pay our debts as soon as we can. Where you are not in debt hold your cotton and beware of new debts and soon the money coffers will be opened wide and Mr. Speculator will be wanting the few bales at a good price. We will be out of our borrowed livery and feeling our independence feeling like we were sure enough men, not beggars, as the Lord has intended. Come one and all, and we invite our merchants, too, around one great family altar, truly repentant and confessing our sins; and the Lord will not only forgive but help in this time of need and we will yet be a free, independent and happy people and a people after His own heart.  
John Smith.

If your food does not digest well, a few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters will set matters right. It sweetens the breath, strengthens the stomach and digestion, creates appetite and cheerfulness.  
A. S. Porter, Special Agt. adv.

Miss Luella Driskell, who lives in the San Pedro community with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cunningham, left Saturday for Waco where she will enter school. She was accompanied by Miss Evelylin Stowe of Waco, who has been visiting relatives here.

Put your stomach, liver, and blood in healthy condition and you can defy disease. Prickly Ash Bitters is a successful system regulator.  
A. S. Porter, Special Agent. adv.

## SCHOOL OPENS

The Grapeland Public School opened Monday morning as per schedule. Besides the members of the school board, a large number of patrons and visitors were present at the opening exercises, which consisted of songs, musical numbers, and quite a number of enthusiastic speeches. More enthusiasm was manifested at this opening than we have observed in the past. Our people realize that a good school is an index to the social and intellectual development of the community and their presence at the opening exercises was a pledge of loyalty to the school and co-operation with the faculty. Let the enthusiasm continue through the year and results at the close will be gratifying.

The total enrollment was 164, divided as follows:

9th and 10th grades, J. L. Jackson teacher, 27.

7th and 8th grades, Miss Addie Hill teacher, 31.

5th and 6th grades, Miss Louise Denny teacher, 38.

3rd and 4th grades, Miss Blanche Kennedy teacher, 33.

1st and 2nd grades, Mrs. B. H. Logan teacher, 35.

## HOGS OR DOGS...WHICH

"We raise dogs," says Prof. W. S. Taylor, of the Department of Agricultural Education, University of Texas, "when we should raise hogs." He then proceeds to give us a few startling figures.

The farmers of the South spend more than \$3,000,000 annually while producing the cotton crop. Texas spends her part of this. Is there any reason why this condition should exist? Last year the estimated population of Texas was 4,208,265, showing an approximate gain of 100,000 over 1912. The cattle census showed 6,056,000 head in the state with a loss of 155,000 from the preceding year. We had 2,493,000 hogs in the state last year which was 51,000 less than the year before. The statistics showed an increase of 41,000 sheep, but sheep are not raised essentially for meat purposes. Texas has almost an unlimited capacity for growing feed and producing meat and dairy products, but with all our possibilities we have only one hog to every 67.3 acres of land; one head of cattle for 27.7 acres; and we import annually more than \$10,000,000 worth of feed stuff to aid in growing a cotton crop, not to mention that we spend yearly more than \$10,000,000 for butter alone. About 69 per cent, or approximately 3,033,000 of our population live on farms. There were slaughtered for meat on farms last year 885,260 hogs, 86,476 cattle, 9,396 sheep, and 28,423 goats, or a total of 1,009,555 animals. This allows one animal for every three people which is not as much meat as the average rural person consumes.

## Don't be Bothered With Coughing.

Stop it with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It spreads a soothing healing coating as it glides down the throat, and tickling, hoarseness, and nervous hacking, are quickly healed. Children love it—tastes good and no opiates. A man in Texas walked 15 miles to a drug store to get a bottle. Best you can buy for croup and bronchial coughs. Try it. D. N. Leaverton. adv.

## MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

If you want to buy or sell a farm or borrow money on it, call on us. We buy Vendors Lien Notes.

## WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS

TIME IS ROBBING  
YOU  
OF  
YOUR  
CHANCE

## PROTECT YOURSELF

With a BANK ACCOUNT. Every man is entitled to a competency. We all earn one. The wise man saves his. START YOUR BANK ACCOUNT NOW. Add to it at each opportunity and you arrest time.



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, TEXAS

## What Is Worth Doing Is Worth Doing at Once

So We Say

## "Start a Bank Account Today"

and then take pride in watching it grow

It is through systematic economizing and saving that vast fortunes have been accumulated, and while we may not accumulate any great fortune, yet we could, by adopting a system of saving a part of our earnings, accumulate sufficient funds to enable us to tide over any ordinary calamity that might befall us. Therefore, we say start a Bank Account with us at your earliest convenience.

The GUARANTY STATE BANK  
GUARANTY FUND BANK

## A Lame Back, Kidney Trouble Causes it.

And it will give you even worse if not checked. Mrs. H. T. Straynge, Gainesville, Ga., was fairly down in her back with kidney trouble and inflamed bladder. She says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills and now my back is stronger than in years, and both kidney and bladder troubles are entirely gone." D. N. Leaverton. adv.

## LAUNDRY IS CASH.

From now on all laundry will be cash on delivery. We regret that circumstances have caused us to make this rule, but we cannot avoid it and ask that our customers please be prepared to pay for their laundry when they come after it.  
adv. Caskey & Denson.

T. H. Leaverton of this place, Frank Chamberlain of Crockett and Dr. W. B. Collins of Lovelady left Wednesday for Austin to attend the conference called by Gov. Colquitt relative to the cotton situation. These gentlemen will represent Houston county, being appointed at a meeting held in Crockett Tuesday.

## Sunday School Rally a Success

The Sunday School Rally at the Christian church Sunday was quite a success, and much interest was manifested. The program was nicely carried out, and each one rendered their part well. Many visitors were present, who had been solicited by the different classes. The class having the most members present and the most visitors was to be decided the banner class. Class No. 4, with Mrs. J. B. Lively as teacher, was declared the banner class, having every member present and twenty visitors; their collection was \$1.88. The total number present, including visitors was 164; total collection \$6.28.

Miss Grace Campbell of Groveton, who is here to teach a class in music and expression, gave a recital at the school auditorium Saturday evening under the auspices of the W. H. M. Society. Her program consisted of readings and musical numbers, which were enjoyed immensely by the audience. Miss Campbell proved herself to be a musician of rare ability and her readings and impersonations were excellent.



**For Better Bread  
Flakier Pastry  
and Lighter Cakes**

**Use GLADIOLA FLOUR**  
Made by a New and Perfect Process

**Get a Sack Free**

Enter our monthly  
baking contest. We  
give a 48-pound  
sack of Gladiola  
Flour every month  
as a prize for good  
cooking.

Ask Us For Full Particulars

Nothing wholesome taken from the  
wheat—nothing harmful added.

**Try It—You'll Like It**

It's Better-Than-Usual goodness will  
surprise you.

**W. R. WHERRY**

Sell and Guarantee it

**Money Back if you are not Wholly Satisfied**

**Are You Going to St. Louis or Chicago**



"The Only Best Way"

Offers Through Daily Pullman Standard Electric-Lighted, Fan  
Cooled, Sleeping Car Service.

**ROUND TRIP SUMMER TOURIST TICKETS ON SALE DAILY**

D. J. PRICE,  
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,  
Houston, Texas.

J. O. EDINGTON,  
Ticket Agent,  
Grapeland, Texas.

**THE DEBATING SOCIETY**

The debating and literary society at New San Pedro had its regular meeting last Saturday night, at which a joint debate between the Enon society and the New San Pedro society entertained a large audience. The New San Pedro boys came off victorious, this being their second victory in as many joint debates between themselves and the Enon society.

The next regular meeting of the New San Pedro society is on the night of September 26th. The subject of that occasion will be handled by local talent, except Prof. R. J. Dominy of Crockett, who is scheduled as one of the debaters. The subject is, Resolved, That Gen. Santa Anna should have been executed by Gen. Sam Houston. A number of recitations are on the program for that meeting, one characteristic negro sermon and the rendition of the dialogue, "Bud Moses' experience with matrimony."

This society was organized early in the year with George Louis Payne as president, and Tom Whitaker, Jr., as secretary, and every two weeks it has met generally to an overflowing house and probably is stronger than ever now.

We cannot too strongly endorse the organization of such societies in every community and their maintenance year in and year out. It means much to the social and intellectual development and progress of any people.

A cordial invitation is extended to everybody to attend the meetings of the new San Pedro society, especially its meeting on the night of the 26th, as it is expected to be one of special features and scope.

To the Farmers and Citizens of  
Houston County.

Persuant to a request from Hon. J. H. Connell, president Texas Division of the Southern Cotton Association, just received I have this day appointed I. A. Daniel and W. P. Conner to organize Houston county along the lines suggested by said Association for the purpose of taking care of the 1914 crop of cotton and preventing its sacrifice. Under the plan of organization the above gentlemen will appoint precinct and school chairmen all over the county to organize their respective districts and hold meetings in said local districts September 18, at 2 p. m. which meetings will send up three or more delegates to the county meeting September 19, at 2 p. m. The state meeting will be held at Dallas September 22.

Full instructions will be issued from Dallas at once and every man is earnestly urged to give this matter his prompt attention. Time is short and we must move rapidly, but let us move surely and plan well. In organization there is strength.

C. M. Ellis,  
County Judge, Houston Co

Mothers who spend the night with a sick baby appreciate the help they get from McGee's Baby Elixir—especially in hot weather. It quiets fever and irritation, soothes the stomach, checks the bowels and helps both mother and child to obtain sleep and rest. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter adv.

Lonzie Tyer returned Saturday from Palestine where he has been for some time having his eyes treated.

**Printing**

of the  
**Quality**  
**Kind**

**LET US KNOW YOUR  
PRINTING WANTS**

**WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A  
SATISFACTORY MANNER  
AND QUICKLY**

**The Messenger**

**THE ENEMY OF  
CHILDHOOD.**

The greatest enemy of childhood is the tape worm and similar parasites. They are the direct cause of the loss of thousands of children who were so weakened by the pernicious action of these pests that they became easy victims of disease. The best protection against worms is to give the children an occasional dose of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only removes worms, but acts as a general tonic in the stomach and bowels.

Price 25c per Bottle.  
Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

**Are You a Woman?**

**Take Cardui**

**The Woman's Tonic**

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

**Caskey and Denson  
Barbers**

*Your Business  
will be  
Appreciated*

Shop in Lively building just  
around the corner off Main st.

Laundry basket leaves Wed-  
nesday and returns Saturday

**ABSTRACTS**

You can not sell your land  
without an Abstract showing  
perfect title. Why not have your  
lands abstracted and your titles  
perfected? We have the

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE  
ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF  
HOUSTON COUNTY

**ADAMS & YOUNG**  
CROCKETT, TEXAS

**Caught a Bad Cold.**

"Last winter my son caught a  
very bad cold and the way he  
coughed was something dreadful,"  
writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncan,  
of Tipton, Iowa. "We thought  
sure he was going into consump-  
tion. We bought just one bottle  
of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy  
and that one bottle stopped his  
cough and cured his cold com-  
pletely." For sale by all dealers.

**I. N. Whitaker**

**WATCHMAKER and  
PHOTOGRAPHER**

You will find me at my office  
in Grapeland every Thursday,  
Friday and Saturday.

I repair watches, clocks, guns  
and sewing machines.

**My Mamma Says -  
It's Safe for  
Children"**

CONTAINS  
NO  
OPIATES



**FOLEY'S  
HONEY  
and TAR**  
For Coughs and Colds

Sold by D N Leaverton

**Don't Hurt Your  
Liver With Calomel**

When your liver becomes torpid and sluggish, you can take calomel and whip it into action, but the calomel will leave your body weaker and sicker than ever. Calomel is a very powerful drug, a form of mercury, and need never be used because there is perfect remedy to take the place of calomel, that has all of calomel's good medicinal effects with none of its dangerous and uncertain follow-ups. Its name is Dodson's Liver Tone. Porter's drug store sells Dodson's Liver Tone with the guarantee that if you don't find that it treats you much better than calomel, they will give you your money back with a smile. Dodson's Liver Tone is a true tonic for the liver, purely vegetable, and with such a pleasant taste that it is no trouble to get children to take it. It is absolutely impossible for it to do anyone any harm. adv.

**Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.**

"I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers. adv.

**Ballard's  
SNOW  
LINIMENT**

Is the Right Remedy for All  
Abrasions of the Flesh.

If the wound is cleansed and the liniment applied promptly the healing process begins at once and the wound heals from the inside outwardly, thus performing a perfect cure that leaves no scar. If the wound heals on the outside too quickly, pus forms under the surface and breaks out into a running sore that is hard to cure and inevitably leaves a bad scar.

Owners of blooded stock prefer this liniment to all others for that reason, and they use it not only on fine animals, but on human flesh, as it does its work quickly and thoroughly.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00.  
James F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

Stephens Eye Salve is a healing  
ointment for Sore Eyes.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER.

**LAST OF THE SEASON**

Popular excursion to Galveston via I. & G. N. Saturday, September 19. Tickets on sale for trains arriving Galveston p. m., Saturday, Sept. 19 and a. m. Sunday, Sept. 20; final limit to leave Galveston Monday, Sept. 21. For rates and particulars, see ticket agent, I. & G. N. Ry. adv.

Herbine is the medicine that cures biliousness, malaria and constipation. The first dose makes you feel better, a few additional doses cures completely. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

# STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS

**Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.**

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit

taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it.

I have now been taking Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it.

I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me."

Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest.

Get a package today.  
Only a quarter.



**Here!**

Drink this  
and be refreshed!

# Coca-Cola

Sip by sip here's pure enjoyment—cool comfort—a satisfied thirst—a contented palate.

Demand the genuine by full name—  
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever  
you see an  
Arrow think  
of Coca-Cola.

## IF IT IS CLEANING AND PRESSING

SEE CLEWIS ABOUT IT

We do all kinds of cleaning, pressing and alteration work. A trial is all we ask. If you are not pleased it cost you nothing. All work guaranteed. Suits called for and delivered. We have on display our new fall samples and they are beauties. Let us show you through the line and quote prices.

**M. L. CLEWIS, The Tailor**

**Patronize The Messenger's Advertisers**

## "OBSERVER" BELIEVES WHIPPING THE CHILD FAILS OF ITS PURPOSE

By "Observer"

Because I know you would pay no attention to it, and because I feel pretty sure your editor would think I was over-stepping my bounds, I am not going to say you must not whip your child—but I am going to discuss this all-important subject with you. It is brought to my mind by an unmerciful "beating" I know a local child to have suffered this week—and because I presume there are many "kids" who have been flogged within the last few days, I am hoping no particular parent will think I am writing for his own benefit, for I am not. The subject of controlling children is as old as the world itself—and as far from solution now as at the beginning. I shall ask, too, that you do not place me as an "old maid" or "bachelor," who, having no children of their own, "know best how to raise them." I have the same problems that confront every father and mother who reads this article. And, being as wholly helpless in the matter as you, I will have re-published an article that was sent to another paper and let you draw your own conclusions, as I have done.

The author of the article in question denounces the practice as barbarous and quotes the story of the parent, who, after whipping his son, asked, "Now, do you know why I whipped you?" "Yes," answered the boy, "because you are bigger than I am."

"Spanking and whipping children," the writer continued, "diminishes whenever children reach the age when they begin to have a mind of their own. Their later offenses are often more disobedient, more deliberate, more serious, and more aggravating than when they were younger, and larger children are more responsible as individuals but parents almost invariably are able to control themselves when their children reach an age over twelve or fourteen years.

"The parent who is preoccupied, tired, or worried is not in a condition to be a judge over a child who has done wrong and when in such condition should not use the birch or even scold too harshly. Often, though to save time or prevent any argument, cowardly blows are struck. Slapping, spanking or whipping children cannot be defended, and it is time the subjects were discussed from pulpit, press and school. Children cannot defend themselves, and those parents, teachers and others with a high standard of conduct should speak and write in strong terms, condemning such punishment."

I hope, now, you will get some benefit from the above. It does not tell us how to get around this ever present obstacle, but it does have a warning against a quick-temper. We might at least give gentle persuasion a good long trial. Perhaps you already have tried persuasion and failed. But has the rod brought any better results? In my own experience it has not, and I do not believe a real punishment has ever remained in the mind of my progenies as long as a sensible, explanatory talk.

Chas. B. Lively of Percilla has the editor's thanks for a mess of nice roasting ears.

**WHEN THE BOWELS DON'T MOVE**

At the regular morning hour you're uncomfortable and the longer this condition exists the worse you feel. A dose of

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

**IS THE REMEDY YOU NEED**

It quickly sets things moving. You feel better at once, and after a copious bowel movement, you experience that thrill and joy of living, that exhilaration of spirits and activity of body and brain that only those can feel whose internal organs are in a state of functional activity and cleanliness. It helps digestion, sweetens the breath and restores vigor of body and brain. Try it. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle  
Prickly Ash Bitters Co., Proprietors, St. Louis, Mo.

**A. S. PORTER, SPECIAL AGENT**

### Free Scholarship in the School of Your Choice.

The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, is positively the only business college in the state which teaches a thorough course of practical, modern bookkeeping and business training. Other schools teach theoretical bookkeeping; some of them call it actual business, but it is not. The commercial room of the Tyler Commercial College is a community of business houses of various kinds, banks, wholesale, commission, real estate, retail, insurance, etc. Each student is engaged in real, active business, learning to do by doing. Every entry made by the student during his entire course is originated by an actual sale or purchase; it may be grain, it may be groceries, dry goods, real estate or stock in a corporation, but the transaction is really performed and every paper required in the transaction, whether check, note draft, receipt, mortgage, deed or what not, is filled out by the student; contracts of partnership are drawn up and agreed upon between the parties forming the partnership; articles of incorporation are drawn up. Thru these practical methods the student learns business as well as bookkeeping; they learn how to meet one another face to face and transact business in a business way, instead of copying theoretical transactions from a text book, as is done in every other commercial school in the state. It takes more teaching force and better teachers to teach our systems and methods; our teachers are not only teachers of bookkeeping, but they must be well informed on business customs. When a student learns to do a thing by actually doing it, he learns it thoroughly, and with our practical, face to face business methods we are able to give the student a thorough course of both bookkeeping and business training in less time than he could possibly get the theory, or so-called practical bookkeeping alone in other schools.

We will give a free scholarship in the school of your choice to anyone finding another school in this state teaching both bookkeeping and business thru practical business transactions as we do. Similar practical methods are used in teaching shorthand, typewriting, telegraphy and business administration and finance. We believe in learning, to do in the school room that which you must do when going into the business world, and it is this policy that has made the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, the largest school of the kind in America.

Write for large catalogue explaining our original methods of teaching and securing positions. adv.

### Democratic Nominees

- For District Attorney, Third Judicial District: J J Bishop of Henderson County
- For County Clerk: A S Moore
- For Sheriff: R J (Bob) Spence
- For Tax Collector: Geo H Denny
- For District Clerk: Jno D Morgan
- For County Attorney: B F Dent
- For County Treasurer: Ney Sheridan
- For County Judge: E Winfree
- For Superintendent of Public Instruction: John Snell
- For Tax Assessor: John H Ellis
- For Representative: J R Hairston
- For Commissioner of Precinct No. 1—Eugene Homba
- For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—G R Murchison
- For Justice of Peace, Prec't. 4: Jno A Davis
- For Constable Prec't. 5: C R (Bully) Taylor
- For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2: Clyde Story
- For Constable Precinct No. 2: J L Scarbrough

### Mother of Eighteen Children.

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the praise of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as a biscuit without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 168 pounds. I can eat anything I want to, and as much as I want and feel better than I have at any time in ten years. I refer to any one in Boone Mill or vicinity and they will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all dealers. adv.

### Despondency.

Is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. For sale by all dealers. adv.

Take Herbine for heartburn, sour belching or constipation, it cleanses and strengthens the liver, stomach and bowels. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

====OUR SPECIALTY IS HIGH GRADE====

# JOB PRINTING

Don't Take it

For Granted

that just because you are in business, everybody is aware of the fact. Your goods may be finest in the market but they will remain on your shelves unless people are told about them.

## ADVERTISE

If you want to move your merchandise. Reach the buyers in their homes through the columns of THIS PAPER, and on EVERY DOLLAR EXPENDED YOU'LL REAP A HANDSOME DIVIDEND. Put your business before the people in an intelligent way. They will respond to your appeal if it is put up to them in an attractive manner. The longer you delay the harder it will be to get your share of the trade when business does open brisk, and it is going to open, so get busy now and start your

Advertising  
Campaign

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MESSENGER  
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