

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 18 No. 30

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 23, 1915

\$1.00 PER YEAR

News from the Grapeland Bargain Store



More New Shoes and Dry Goods arrived this week

My sales have increased nearly 100 per cent this year over any other year since I have been in Grapeland and this has been the hardest year the people have ever had. THERE IS A REASON FOR THE INCREASE. Here it is:

On January 5th I changed my method of doing business and started "The Grapeland Bargain Store." When I did this there was a fight started against "old high prices." Since that time we have been offering real bargains to the public and they have been taking advantage of them. Others may offer you special bargains for a few days, but

We Give You Bargains Every Day in the Week and Every Week in the Year

A full line of Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions and Groceries. A special line of Jewelry and Watches. Everything guaranteed.

Come to Grapeland where the High Cost of Living has been reduced

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

W. R. WHERRY

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

Darsey's

CASH REGISTER

Contest

On October 1 Geo. E. Darsey will put on one of his popular CASH REGISTER CHECK CONTESTS to run thru the fall months.

Owing to these contests being open to everybody and the fairness in which they are conducted, makes them very popular, and as the

PREMIUMS TO BE GIVEN AWAY

for Darsey Cash Register Checks are very valuable, will make this contest the most popular of any previous one held.

The territory will be divided into six districts and valuable premiums given to contestants in each district.

It will pay you to see next week's Messenger for particulars, or better still, fill in the application blank below and mail or bring it to Geo. E. Darsey and your name will be enrolled as a contestant.

In making application as a contestant, give name, postoffice and R. F. D. so that you will be placed in the proper district.

CONTESTANTS' APPLICATION

Geo. E. Darsey,
Grapeland, Texas.

Please enter my name as a Contestant in your Cash Register Contest.

Name.....
State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Postoffice

R. F. D. No..... (Please give Route number if on one.)

Do you take the Grapeland Messenger?

(The Messenger will be given FREE to all contestants not already taking it during the life of this Contest.)

Free! Free! Free!

A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE

WITH FRAME

Remember you pay no more for your groceries. See our window for samples. Compare the following prices with others. Give us your bill and GET A PICTURE FREE.

| | | | |
|----------------------------|--------|------------------------------|-----|
| Lard per pound..... | 8 1/2c | Silk soap, same size as | |
| Good green coffee 8 lbs... | 1.00 | Clarette, 8 bars for.... | 25c |
| Good roasted coffee 7 lbs | 1.00 | Pure ribbon cane syrup | |
| Pure cane granulated | | per gallon..... | 60c |
| sugar 17 lbs for..... | 1.00 | No. 1 fine Grand Saline | |
| 5 gallons second grade | | salt, per hundred.... | 55c |
| oil for..... | 60c | Crystal White Soap, 6 bars | 25c |
| Verabest brand of flour | | Fairy Soap, the white float- | |
| highest grade per sk | 1.60 | ing bath soap, 6 bars. | 25c |
| Silver Lake brand of flour | | 12 boxes matches..... | 35c |
| high patent per sack | 1.45 | | |

Plenty of Seed Oats, Bran and Chops

EGGS PER DOZEN - - - 20c

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

New Goods Are

Arriving Every Day

Our stock is now complete. If it is the price you are looking for, we make it, and if it is QUALITY we guarantee the quality.

We are offering you at reduced prices for the next few days—

COOK STOVES

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------|
| A regular \$10.00 stove for only | \$ 8.50 |
| A regular 18.00 stove for only | 14.95 |
| A regular 22.00 stove for only | 17.85 |
| A regular 30.00 stove for only | 23.75 |
| A regular 37.50 stove for only | 27.00 |

All our stoves are guaranteed to us and to you

We also have a close-out price on Crockery and Glassware; also have a few pieces in Enamelware at a bargain. Tubs and Buckets are also on the reduced list. Be sure to see us before purchasing. No trouble to show our goods. Money saved is money made. Come to us for what you need.

WE BUY COTTON

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

We direct your attention this week to the splendid news letter from Crockett. Almost every week we give the principal happenings at the county seat, besides the news of the communities surrounding Grapeland. To you folks who are receiving a sample copy of the paper this week, look over this issue carefully and see if a dollar invested

in a year's subscription will be a dollar well spent.

Prof. J. E. McRae, who will teach the Waneta school again this term, was a pleasant caller at the Messenger office Tuesday. The Waneta school will begin the first Monday in October. Mr. McRae will be assisted by Miss Carnie Murchison of this city.

ROCK HILL NEWS ITEMS

Sept. 20.—Excessive rain renders the gathering of crops a monotonous task. Most of the farmers are using efforts to get their corn into barns for fear it is being damaged by weathering. The "Youth" thinks we should appreciate the fair feed crops and the present prospects for a fair price for cotton.

Some of our people went to preaching at Antrim Sunday morning. We are told that Bro. W. R. Durnell, of that place, was ordained to the full ministry of the Gospel by the Baptist church.

Little Charlie Mack Streetman sustained a serious wound last week when he fell from a wagon which was loaded with cotton. He is improving rapidly at present.

Mr. Luther Warner of Hays Spring was a visitor in our community Sunday.

Grandma Cook is making a prolonged visit at several homes in the community. Many of Grandma's friends over the county will be pleased to know that, even though very aged, she enjoys good health at present.

Newton, Graton and Richard Streetman went to Palestine last Thursday.

Many of our people are anxious about the welfare of Bennie Gray of the Antrim community who is seriously ill.

Mr. George Whitley, a well

known citizen formerly of this place but recently of Elkhart, died suddenly near Elkhart while on his way to his home last Friday. His remains were interred in the Whitley cemetery Saturday afternoon. Many warm friends of Elkhart attended his funeral as well as a large number of our people. The funeral sermon was preached by Bro. Walter Neel of Elkhart. Mr. Whitley was an ex Confederate veteran, and his friends receive the news of his death with sorrow.

Our literary society will meet next Saturday night.

We shall have singing Sunday morning beginning promptly at 10 o'clock. Be with us on either or both of these occasions and the Youth thinks you will enjoy it. Rock Hill Youth.

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Program at the Baptist church for tonight, Thursday, September, 23, at 8 o'clock:

C. L. Haltom, Leader.
Song service conducted by Miss Ray's class.

Special song by Misses Sallie Mae Kent and Lennie D. Haltom and Mrs. Cromwell.

Sketch of Sunday school lessons of last quarter given by Dr. Cromwell.

How to enlist church members in Sunday school and prayer-meeting work—Miss Adele Mansell.

Be sure and come.

Porter Fulton was down from Palestine Sunday visiting friends.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS By C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER I.

On Special Service.

It was already growing dusk when the Staunton Battery of Horse artillery returned wearily to camp after hours of hard field drill, the men ever conscious that no evolution, however trivial, was being overlooked by "Stonewall" Jackson, sitting astride his sorrel on a little eminence to the left, his stern face unrelieved by even the semblance of a smile.

The winter quarters of the Staunton artillery were slightly off the main road and I remained for some time overseeing the care of the horses before approaching the hut where the noncommissioned officers had mess. We were all of us still at the table, discussing the incidents of the drill, when a lieutenant appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"Sergeant Wyatt?" he inquired briefly.

I arose to my feet.

"Here, sir," I answered in some surprise.

"You are requested to report to General Jackson at once; his headquarters for tonight are at Coulter's farm, on the dirt pike. You will ride your own horse."

Five minutes later I was guiding my own horse down the dark road, bending low in the saddle, obsessed with a feeling that this mission, whatever it might turn out to be, promised a change in my fortunes.

It was an ugly path, rutted deep by artillery wheels, and dangerous for the horse. I was an hour reaching the Coulter house, a double log cabin, some fifty feet or more back from the road. It was with some difficulty that I made my way through the obstructing guard to the steps, where an officer took my name at the closed door, disappeared in a sudden blaze of light and I stood there silently in the shadows waiting.

Ten minutes must have elapsed before the door opened again and I heard my name called. It was a rough appearing, commonplace interior. A sturdy fire burned in the fireplace, and three lamps illumined the scene, revealing the presence of five men, among whom I instantly recognized Ewell, Ashby, together with Jackson, and his chief of staff. The fifth occupant of the room sat alone in one corner, his face partially concealed, revealing little other than a fringe of gray whiskers. Jackson, seated behind a table littered with papers and maps, glanced up at the announcement of the orderly, and I came instantly to attention, my hand lifted in salute. The general's stern blue eyes surveyed me intently.

"Sergeant Wyatt, Staunton artillery?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long, may I ask, have you been in the service?"

"Since May, '61, sir."

"Ah! Indeed. And your age?"

"Twenty-four, sir."

He made some remark aside to the aide, who nodded back, and pointed to a map before them.

"You are a younger man in appearance than I had expected to see, sergeant," Jackson said slowly. "Yet I have learned within the last year to have confidence in young men. War is a swift developer of manhood. Your colonel speaks of you in the highest terms and informs me that you are a native of Green Briar county."

"Our home was at Lewisburg, sir."

"Then you are doubtless intimately acquainted with that section?"

"Very well, indeed, general."

Jackson sat motionless and in silence for what seemed a long while, his grave eyes on my face, but his mind evidently elsewhere, one hand unconsciously crumpling a folded paper. Ashby moved his chair, causing it to crunch noisily on the floor, and the commander aroused at the unusual sound.

"By any possibility are you related to Judge Joel Wyatt?" he questioned slowly.

"He was my father, sir. He has been dead two years."

"I regret to hear it. Your mother, unless I am mistaken, was a Farquhar, of North Carolina?"

"Yes, sir—she has returned to her old home."

"The best of southern blood, gentlemen," he said smilingly, glancing toward the others, but with watchful eyes instantly returning to scan me. "Was she driven out of Green Briar by the state of unrest in that section?"

"In a measure—yes," I replied

promptly. "It was hardly safe for her to remain there alone. The county is filled with Union sympathizers, and roamed over by bands of guerrillas, claiming allegiance with both sides, but sparing no one. At present, I understand, Federal troops have been sent there from Charleston and are in control."

"Your information is partially correct; but in order to perfect plans now contemplated I require a still more definite knowledge of existing conditions. I need to know accurately the number and distribution of the

Union forces in Green Briar, and also more complete information regarding those irregulars who are in sympathy with us, as well as the character of their leaders. Judging from the recommendation given you by Colonel Maitland I felt that you were peculiarly adapted to render this service. However, Sergeant Wyatt, I propose stating plainly that this may prove an exceedingly dangerous detail, and if you decide to accept it, it must be done as a volunteer."

He paused questioningly, and I drew a quick breath, realizing suddenly the seriousness of the situation and the importance of my decision.

"I am perfectly ready to go, sir."

Ewell broke in impatiently with his high-pitched voice.

"May I ask if it is generally known in Green Briar that you are enlisted in the Confederate service?"

"To but very few, sir," I answered, turning to look across at my unexpected questioner. "To none I am at all likely to encounter. My mother and



"You Are Requested to Report to General Jackson at Once."

I left the county at the first outbreak. My father's affiliations were with the Union element."

"Most fortunate. Nothing could be better, General Jackson. The sergeant can very safely travel as a Federal officer in search of recruits. The matter of papers can, of course, be easily arranged."

Jackson turned toward his aide.

"What Federal troops are now garrisoning Charleston, Swan?"

"An Ohio brigade, with a regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry. There is also a company of heavy artillery outside the town."

The commander leaned his head on his hand.

"It was not my original plan to send you into the lines of the enemy in a Federal uniform. However, General Ewell's judgment is probably correct. Have you a late army list there, Colonel Swan?"

"Yes, sir, issued the fourteenth."

He turned the pages slowly, leaning forward to the light. "Here is a Lieutenant Raymond, Third U. S. cavalry, reported on recruiting detail. His regiment is stationed at Fairfax Court House."

"He will answer as well as any other. It is scarcely probable the man would be known in that remote section. What is the full name? and where is he from?"

"Charles H.; appointed from Vermont."

"Colonel Swan will arrange the necessary papers and equipment. Orderly, have Major Kline step in here at once. Ah, Kline, have you among your trophies of war a Federal lieutenant's uniform which will probably fit this man?"

"I believe so, sir," and the officer addressed ran his eye appraisingly over my figure. "Any particular regiment?"

"Third United States cavalry. Have it pressed and sent here at once, securely wrapped, together with saber and revolvers. Sergeant, do you desire a better mount?"

"No, sir, my horse is fresh and a good traveler."

"Then that will be all. Kline; except, of course, complete Federal cavalry equipment for the horse."

The officer saluted and disappeared, the door instantly closing behind him, cutting off the hum of voices without. There was a moment of silence.

"You had better retain your present dress until after you leave the valley," counseled Jackson, slowly. "Swan will furnish you with a pass, which should be carefully destroyed after passing our pickets at Covington. It will be of no service to you beyond that point. My best wishes for your success, Sergeant Wyatt."

He stood up, and I felt the firm grasp of his hand. Then Ashby gripped my shoulder.

"Wyatt," he said kindly, "if you ever desire to change your arm of the service, you are the kind of man I want to ride with me."

I smiled in appreciation, but before I could answer, the man who had been sitting silently in the corner arose, and stood erect in the light. The gleam of the lamp instantly revealed his face, still shadowed by the wide hat brim, the firm, bearded chin, the gravely smiling eyes.

"General Ashby," he said with quiet dignity, "Sergeant Wyatt, I am sure, performs this important duty without thought of reward. It is the South that has need of such men in every branch of her service." He came forward, and extended his hand cordially.

"I am General Lee, and am very glad to greet, and wish God speed to the son of Judge Wyatt. If you return in safety, you will report to me in person at Richmond. General Jackson will so arrange with your battery commander."

They were all upon their feet, standing in respectful attention. I murmured something, I scarcely knew what, bowing as I backed toward the door. And this was Lee—Robert E. Lee—this man with the kind, thoughtful face, the gentle voice, the gravely considerate manner. And he had greeted me in words of personal friendship, had spoken to me of my father. I know I straightened to soldierly erectness, every pulse thrilling with a new resolve. A moment I stood there, my eyes on the one face I saw before me, and then went out into the darkness. The orderly closed the door.

CHAPTER II.

An Unwelcome Companion.

It was in the chill of a cold, gray morning that I rode into Strasburg, jogging along at the rear of a squadron of Fifth Virginia cavalymen who chanced to be headed for the same place. These found quarters in the town, but I proceeded a mile or more south on the valley pike, until I reached a single-roomed cabin, heavy wooden shutters barring the windows, the door closed and securely fastened. The place to all appearances was deserted, and had been for a long while. Although situated scarcely a hundred feet back from the valley turnpike, which was never without its travelers, and along which armies marched and countermarched, the surroundings were those of a remote wilderness. I dismounted, and leading my horse, pressed a difficult passage through the bushes. To my surprise the rear door stood slightly ajar, and my eyes perceived the movement of an ill-defined shadow within.

"Hello there!" I called out, yet instinctively drawing a step backward. "Is there any room here for a tired man?"

The tall, angular figure of a mountaineer immediately appeared in the doorway, and a gray, wrinkled face, scraggly bearded, looked forth, the eyes glinting and filled with suspicion.

"Wal, who be ye, an' whut do ye want yere?"

"I am a soldier," I replied, rather shortly, not particularly pleased with either the man's appearance or manner. "Myself and horse are about worn out. I mistook this for a deserted cabin."

"Whar be ye bound? an' whut may ye be up to a-travelin' alone?"

I smiled, endeavoring to retain my temper.

"See, here, friend," I returned shortly. "I have as much reason to ask you such questions as you have me. However, I am willing enough to answer. I am on furlough, and am going home across the mountains to see my folks. Do you know Raleigh county?"

The man, who was now standing upright in the doorway, one hand gripping the barrel of a musket, the early morning light on his withered face, stared unwinkingly into my eyes.

"I rather reckon I do, young man,"

he replied slowly. "Fur I was raised up on the Green Briar. What mout be yer name?"

"Cowan," I answered promptly, my mind instantly alert, and aware I had made a mistake.

"Ho! Ye don't say! One o' ol' Ned Cowan's boys?"

"No. I am a son of Widow Cowan, over on Coal creek."

There was not the faintest glimmer in the cold, blue eyes, no evidence of any recollection in the wrinkled face. His jaws rose and fell on the tobacco which extended his cheek.

"I don't reckon I've been over that way fer nigh on fifteen year," he said at last reflectively. "An' somehow I don't just recall no Widow Cowan—but I know ol' Ned mighty well. He's took to the brush with his whole breed since this fracas started, an' som' cusses burned his house, an' sent the ol' woman after 'em. It's plumb hell in Green Briar. Maybe yer a Cowan, but I'm d—d if ye look like eny o' thet outfit ever I see afore. What part o' the army was ye with?"

"Sixty-fifth Virginia—Covington company, Captain Daniels."

The older man chewed awhile in silence, evidently impressed with the seeming frankness of the reply.

"Wal, ye mout be a Cowan, o' course," he admitted reluctantly. "Enyhow I reckon it don't make no great difference, fer if ye be goin' ter Green Briar we kin ride awhile tergether. Two is better than one these days. Hitch yer hoss out thar in the scrub alongside o' mine, an' then come in yere. We'll eat a bite fust, an' then lie down a spell, fer I've been a-ridin' most o' thet night myself."

His voice was hardly as cordial as his words sounded, but I felt it best to accept the rather surly invitation.

I led my horse down the dim path indicated, until I came to where the other animal—a rangy, ill-groomed sorrel—was securely hidden. I had blindly stepped into a trap, but just what kind I could not as yet determine. I must win the man's confidence, and learn what I could. The fellow, whoever he might prove to be, was evidently in concealment.

Whoever he might prove to be—spy, scout, bushwhacker or deserter—beyond all question he possessed intimate knowledge of the country lying beyond the Alleghenies. He knew the existing conditions there, and was acquainted with the people. Once his confidence could be fully secured, providing his sympathies were with the cause of the South, as was most probable, his information would be of the utmost value. Reticent as he was, suspicious and close-mouthed, a silent, typical mountaineer, he could surely be induced to let fall some scrap of information. And somewhere along the way an opportunity must surely arise whereby I might escape from his company, if such a move became really desirable.

Revolving these thoughts rapidly in my mind, I returned to the hut, carefully bearing the bundle containing the federal uniform tucked under my arm. The gaunt mountaineer, busily engaged in preparing breakfast at the open fireplace, scarcely favored me with a glance of recognition, but began to arrange the scant supply of food on an overturned box.

"Just pitch in, an' help yourself, Cowan," he said, affecting a cordiality of manner not altogether natural. "Thar ain't much of it, but we'll eat whut we've got, an' then rest awhile. If yer a-goin' ter travel along with me it will be done mostly at night till we git down Covington way."

I seated myself without ceremony. "You are in hiding, then?" I asked carelessly, not even glancing up at the expressionless face opposite.

"Wal, not exactly. We've grown pretty skeery back in the hills—nobody thar knows their friends from their enemies these days. Yer ain't been thar lately, I reckon?"

"No; not for over a year."

"Things has changed sum since then. Nobody lives ter hum eny more. It's sure hell in Green Briar these days—somebody is gettin' kilt every day er two. The cusses travel in gangs, murderin' an' burnin' from one end o' the county to the other."

He spoke in an even, drawing voice, with not the slightest show of emotion, as though telling an ordinary bit of news: "D—d if I know which outfit is the wus—the Yanks or the Rebs."

"Which are you with?"

"Who, me?" He paused in his bolting of food, and gave vent to an unpleasant laugh. "I rather reckon it would puzzle the Lord Almighty ter find that out. I don't give a whoop fer neither o' 'em. I'm fer ol' Jem Taylor, an' it keeps me toler'ble busy tendin' ter his affairs, without botherin' 'bout no government."

"Then your name is Taylor?"

"I reckon it has been for 'bout sixty years. Thar's a slew o' Taylors over along Buffalo crick, an' som' o' 'em are Yanks, an' a parcel of 'em are Rebs, but they don't git ol' Jem ter take nary side. At that, I'm gittin' all the fightin' I hanker arter. Naturally, I'm a peaceful critter, if th' cusses let me alone."

"Quieted down some over there late-

ly, hasn't it?"

"Huh! Thar's a regiment o' blue-coats at Lewisburg, an' a few cavalymen ridin' ther pikes. Don't amount ter a hill o' beans as fer as ther boys are concerned. All they got ter do is go further back in the hills, an' be a bit more keeful. I reckon, young man, ye'll find plenty o' deviltry going on in Green Briar, if ye ever git out that away. Wal, thet's all thar is fer us ter eat, an' I'm goin' ter take a snooze."

He closed the door, fastening it securely with a wooden bar, and stretched himself out on the floor. The room was dark, as the only window was tightly boarded up, and using my bundle for a pillow, I lay down also. In a short time his heavy breathing was evidence enough that Taylor slept. Slowly my heavy eyes closed, and I lost consciousness.

The sun was below the mountain ridge, when the heavy hand of the old mountaineer shook me into sudden wakefulness. With nothing left to eat we were not long in preparing for

venture, I endeavoring vainly to get



The Figure of a Mountaineer Appeared in the Doorway.

my silent companion to converse, being rewarded merely by grumbled and evasive answers. Finally I desisted in the attempt, content to follow his lead. Taylor, astride his sorrel, with gun resting grimly across his knees, rode straight through the brush, away from the pike, down the valley of a small stream. In crossing, the horses drank their fill.

"How about the valley road?" I asked as we climbed the opposite bank.

The leader glanced back at me.

"This yere way is nigher, an' a darn sight mor' quiet," he answered gruffly. "Soldiers been marchin' over the pike all day. Mout be all right fer yer, if yer've got a pass—but I ain't got none. We'll hev' good 'nough ridin' in 'bout a mile mor'."

"You are aiming for the cut-off?"

"I be—yer do kno' sumthin' of this yere kintry, I reckon, but yer've got more eddication than eny Cowan I ever hooked up with afore. Yer don't talk none like mountin' folks."

I drew a quick breath, sensing the return of suspicion.

"That's true," I admitted readily. "You see I went to school at Covington; they were going to make a preacher out of me."

Taylor stared into my face, his vague suspicion seemingly gone.

"Well, I'll be d—d—a preacher."

He rode on into the dusk, chuckling, and I followed, smiling to myself, glad that the man's good humor had been so easily restored.

We were fed at a hut back in the foothills, where an old couple, the man lame, were glad enough to exchange their poor food for the late news from the army, in which they had a son. Then we rode steadily to the south. When dawn came we were to the west of Waynesboro, in broken country, and all through those long night hours scarcely a word had been exchanged between us. We camped finally in the bend of a small stream, where high banks concealed us from observation. There was little to eat in our haversacks, but we munched what we had, and Taylor, his eyes on the horses, broke the silence.

"I reckon the critters don't need more'n a couple hours' rest," he said. "They ain't been rid no ways hard, an' I'm fer gittin' through the gap durin' daylight—the road ain't overly good just now."

"Across the mountains? Is there a gap here?"

"Ther road ter Hot Springs is 'bout two miles below yer. I cum over it ten days ago an' I reckon I kin find my way back. It's 'bout forty miles frum thar ter Lewisburg, mostly hills, but a good trail. I know folks at Hot Springs who will take good keer o' us, onct we git thar."

We rested, dozing, but neither sound asleep, for nearly three hours. What-

ever might be in Taylor's mind, the

lonely night had brought to me a new thought relative to my companion. The fellow was evasive, and once he had frankly lied in seeking to explain his presence in the valley, and the reason for his secrecy of movement. By now we were decidedly at cross-purposes, each vigilantly watching the other—Taylor in doubt as to what the bundle contained, which I never permitted out of my grasp, and myself as deeply interested in gaining possession of a packet of papers, a glimpse of which I had caught in an inside pocket of the mountaineer's coat. His mission, whatever it might be, was secret and dangerous. Of this his ceaseless vigilance was proof.

The light of a dying day still clung to the western sky when our wearied horses bore us into the village of Hot Springs. It was like a deserted hamlet, few houses appearing inhabited, and the shop windows boarded up. Taylor, glancing neither to right or left, rode straight down the main street, and turned onto a pike road, leading to the left. A mile beyond, a frame house, painted white, barely visible through the deepening dusk, stood in a grove of oaks. The mountaineer turned up the broad driveway, and dismounted before the closed door. Almost at the same moment the portal opened slightly and a black face peered out.

CHAPTER III.

The Body on the Floor.

Taylor stood at the foot of the steps, pausing in uncertainty. "Is that you, Sam? Is Mister Harwood yere?"

I insensibly straightened in my saddle. Harwood? What Harwood, I wondered—surely not Major Harwood of Lewisburg, my father's old friend! What was it I had heard about him a few months ago? Wasn't it a rumor that he was on General Ramsay's staff? And the daughter—Noreen—whatever had become of her? There was an instant's vision before me of laughing eyes, and wind-blown hair, a galloping horse, and the wave of a challenging hand. She had thus swept by me on the road as I took my mother southward.

"I don't peer fer to recollect no such name, sah," replied the negro, scratching his wool thoughtfully. "I done reckon as how you got the wrong house."

"No, I reckon not," said the other drily. "Git 'long in, an' tell him Jem Taylor is yere."

The door opened wider. "Suah, I know you now, sah. Just step right 'long in, the both of yer. I'll look after them horses. You'll fin' Massa Harwood in the dinin' room, sah."

I followed the mountaineer up the steps, and into the hall, utterly indifferent as to whether my company was desired or not. It was not yet dark, but a lamp burned on a nearby table,

and a cheerful fire glowed at the farther end. But a brighter glow of light streamed from a room beyond, and, determined to miss nothing, I was so close behind Taylor that my quick eyes caught what I believed to be a swift signal of warning to the man within. This, however, was an impression born from my own suspicion, rather than any real movement, for Taylor took but a single step across the threshold, and stopped, leaning on his gun. The single occupant sat upright, before him the remnants of a light repast, his hand toying with a spoon, and his eyes shifting from Taylor's face to my own. He was heavily built and broad of shoulder. The face would have been hard, but for a gleam of good humor in the eyes, and the softening effect of gray hair, and a gray mustache. The man had aged greatly, yet I recognized him

membered. Yet surely there was no gleam of recollection in the eyes that surveyed me—and why should there be? I had been an uninteresting lad of fifteen when we last met. This knowledge gave me courage to meet that searching glance, and to lift my hand in the salute due to an officer of rank.

"Ah!" said Harwood in deep voice, "a soldier from the valley?"

"Yes, sir," respectfully, "the Sixty-fifth Virginia."

"How does it happen you wear artillery-uniform?"

Expecting the question I answered unhesitatingly.

"They'd lost so many gunners, some of us were detailed to help. Recruits are coming in now."

"What was your battery?"

"Stanton Horse artillery, sir."

"Stationed?"

"At Front Royal—that was our winter camp."

He nodded, tapping his spoon against the table, favorably impressed by my prompt replies. His keen eyes sought the face of the silent mountaineer.

"You know this man, Taylor?"

"Wal, I can't exactly say that I dew, major," he said drawlingly, shifting his feet uneasily. "He says he's a Cowan, frum over on Buffalo crick."

"A Cowan!—you mean—"

"No, he don't claim ter be none o' ol' Ned's brood—his mar's a widdler woman. They ain't no kin, I reckon."

Whatever thoughts might have been in Major Harwood's mind were concealed by an impassive face, as he sat there for a moment in silence, gazing at the two of us.

"No doubt you did what you believed to be best, Taylor," he said at last quietly. "We will talk it over later. You are both hungry enough to eat, I suppose? Draw up some chairs and Sam will find something. No objection to remaining here over night, Cowan?"

"I'd be glad to get on, sir, but my horse is about used up. The roads have been hard and we have traveled rapidly."

"Well, there is plenty of room, and you are welcome. This house," he explained, "belongs to a friend of mine, who had to leave the country—too Yankee for his neighbors. I find it rather convenient at times. Ah, Sam, that rasher of bacon looks prime—I'll try some myself."

The three of us talked upon many subjects, although Taylor said little, except when directly addressed, and I noted that few references were made to the war. That Harwood was in the Federal service I had no doubt, although he was not in uniform, and, if this was true, then it must be also a fact that Taylor was a Union spy. The meeting here had not been by chance, although a mystery involved the hidden reason why I, a known Confederate soldier, had been encouraged to accompany the mountaineer to this secret rendezvous. At last the meal ended and the major pushed back his chair and motioned Sam to clear the table.

"You two men are tired out," he said genially, "and you had better turn in and get a good night's sleep. We'll all of us ride on into Green Briar tomorrow. I'll talk with you a minute, Taylor, in the parlor, before you go; but Cowan does not need to wait. Help yourselves to the tobacco. Oh, Sam! show this soldier up to the back bedroom and see he has everything he needs."

It was clearly apparent that Harwood desired a private word with Taylor and so, after deliberately filling my pipe, I rose to my feet, stretching sleepily. The black returned with a small lamp in his hand and led the way up the broad stairs. A moment later I was left alone in a small room at the end of the upper hall with one window, so heavily curtained as probably to render the light invisible from without. The door was securely latched, but there was no lock. Then I was not being held a prisoner.

After some minutes I extinguished the light, and looked out of the window. It was quite a drop, though not necessarily a dangerous one, to the ground. Those dim outlines of buildings were probably the stables, where I would find my horse. With no guards the trick of getting away unobserved would be easy enough, and I knew the road sufficiently well to follow it safely. But I desired to learn first what these two men were actually up to. Such information might prove more important than my investigations in Green Briar. I stole across to the door and opened it noiselessly. There was no one visible in the upper hall, and I leaned over the stair rail gazing down, and listening. A light still burned within the dining room, but there was no sound of voices, or of movement.

The silence continued, and I began to cautiously steal passage down the carpeted stairs, crouching well back against the side wall. Little by little I was able to peer in through the open door—the chairs were vacant; there was no one there. The gleam of the lamp revealed a deserted room, the table still littered with dishes. What

had become then of Harwood and Taylor? Were they sitting beyond in the darkened parlor? I crept to the half-closed door. The room was black and silent, although I could perceive dimly the outlines of furniture.

Something—some vague sense of mystery, of danger, gripped me. I felt a strange choking in the throat, and reached for the revolver at my belt. It was not there; the leather holder was empty. My first sensation was fear, a belief I was the victim of treachery. Then it occurred to my mind that the weapon might have fallen from the open holster as I rested on the bed—a mere accident. At least I would learn the truth of that dark room. I stepped within, circled the overturned chair, and a groping foot encountered something lying on the floor. I bent down and touched it with my hand; it was the body of a man. The whole truth came to me in a flash—there had been a quarrel, a murder, unpremeditated probably, and the assassin had escaped. But which of the two was the victim? An instant I stood there, staring about in the dark, bewildered and uncertain. Then I grasped the lamp from the table in the other room, and returned holding the light in my hands. The form of Major Harwood lay extended on the floor, lifeless, his skull crushed by an ugly blow. Beside him lay a revolver, its butt blood-stained. Beyond doubt this was the weapon which had killed. I picked it up wonderingly—it was my own.

(To be Continued)

MRS. GERARD LEIGH



Mrs. Gerard Leigh, formerly Miss Helen Goudy, prominent in Chicago society, recently gave birth to a son, Captain Leigh, her husband, is at the front with his regiment, the First Life Guards.

HORTICULTURAL NOTE.

"I see Philip is going in for intensive gardening."
"You don't say!"
"Yep. Raising a mustache."

MESSAGE IN AN OLD HOUSE

Dry Job Plastering in California With Vintage of 1857, Says Note in Bottle.

Auburn, Cal.—A message from the days of gold was found by workmen tearing down the old residence of Senator W. B. Lardner in this city. The message, written on part of a leaf from the Congressional Record of 1858 was in a wine bottle, and had been placed between the walls of the house. It read as follows:

"This house was plastered by James McBurney, and it was a damned dry job. Bullock wouldn't give us any whisky. JAMES M'BURNEY."

It was dated May 28, 1859. The bottle contained a label reading as follows: "California Wine from Los Angeles. White Wine. Vintage of 1857. Geo. T. Thatcher & Co., San Francisco."

The reference in the message to Bullock was meant for the contractor who built the house, it is supposed. The house was a fine one in its day, and was well made, the plastering being specially well done, which may be accounted for by the fact that it was so "dry."

MOVING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES TO THE MARKET

Wholesale Distribution of Commodities Often Seems to Take Circuitous Route.

CAUSES OF LOSS AND WASTE

Economic Conditions Do Not Court Market Parasites—Consumers Demand More Elaborate and Efficient Service—Problem Is Difficult One.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Washington, D. C.—The present abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits brings with it the perennial necessity for their rapid, economical distribution and for encouraging a generous and steady consumption. The machinery for moving these food products is complex, and retail grocers are often accused of not following closely the wholesale market quotations; that in times of glutted markets they do not cut prices severely and aid in a rapid movement from producer to consumer. But the responsibility for slow and uneconomic movement into consumptive channels is difficult to trace. The large class of food distributors known as "middlemen" are often accused of levying, arbitrarily, a heavy tribute on all food-stuffs passing from the producer to the consumer. The attention of the public has been frequently directed to increased costs of products rather than service rendered. The new United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin, No. 267, "Methods of Wholesale Distribution of Fruits and Vegetables on Large Markets," does not indict the "middlemen" as a class, although it points out some of the abuses in the trade. As a matter of fact, says the department's specialists, when discussing the present marketing organization, economic laws would not permit the long-continued existence of a marketing agency which was solely a parasite.

Production Increases.

Several important factors have contributed to the establishment of many middlemen as necessary agents in the present system of marketing. Production during the last decade has increased greatly, and improved methods and facilities for handling the increase have been introduced. Keeping pace with increased production has come the demand of consumers for more elaborate and efficient service. Seldom is the fact considered that service can become a very expensive luxury. With the widening of the distance between the city and the sources of its fruit and vegetable supplies there has arisen the necessity for special agencies to meet the changed conditions.

The present distributive machinery, with all its strong points and its weaknesses, has been created of necessity, and it has weathered the storm of much adverse criticism. Every part of the country is now enjoying the perishable products of the most remote districts. Any readjustment of present market practices must be based upon the fact that some agency must continue to perform the functions of the present-day middleman.

The problems involved in handling goods through a large market differ greatly from those of production. Usually one man or one firm cannot handle both production and distribution and succeed at both. The vast volume of business transacted at large market centers makes necessary some special agencies which can devote all their energies to distribution. Especially does the machinery for efficient marketing become necessary when perishable goods are to be handled. Commodities of this sort must be moved rapidly, must be distributed evenly, and from their nature permit of no weakness in distributive machinery, if they are to be sold at a profit.

Causes of Losses and Wastes.

With the perishable nature of a large part of the fruits and vegetables marketed there must be some loss. This often totals higher than the farmer realizes. For instance, according to the department's market specialists, the loss on such commodities as strawberries, peaches and grapes sometimes amounts to 30 or 40 per cent before they reach the hands of the retail trade. Losses due to spoiling may be the result of the shipper's sending overripe or diseased fruit, or failing to give proper attention to packing, to loading, or to bracing the packages in the car. Sometimes the railroad is at fault. Delay in transit,

improper ventilation or refrigeration, or unnecessarily rough handling of cars may contribute to rapid deterioration of the shipment on arrival.

The lack of proper refrigeration facilities at distributing centers is a cause of much loss. When produce moves slowly, there is often much spoilage before complete sales can be made. Rough handling during unloading or carting is another important cause of loss. As a matter of fact, the opportunities for losses due to the spoiling of commodities are so manifold that it is impossible to enter into a complete discussion of them.

It is always well to bear in mind the really serious side of losses and wastes. The spoiling of a dozen cantaloupes, a basket of grapes, or a crate of strawberries represents an absolute loss to the community. No benefit accrues to producer, distributor, or consumer from such a condition. The loss occurring at this point must be borne by both producer and consumer, and in a great many cases the distributor must bear his part of the burden. The department's specialists think in many cases losses and wastes are entirely too heavy a tax on food distribution and that the elimination of unnecessary wastes would do as much toward effecting permanent, substantial economies in marketing and distribution as any readjustment of present marketing methods could do.

Losses Can Be Avoided.

The fact that a large percentage of these losses can be avoided by proper grading, packing, and shipping, together with prompt, efficient handling while the goods are in process of distribution, makes it imperative that this subject be given special consideration by those interested in the efficient marketing of farm crops.

A better understanding by the farmer of the complex marketing machinery would enable him to intelligently choose between the many channels through which his fruits and vegetables might be marketed. The new bulletin aims to make clear to the layman the rather intricate machinery of the market and deals with methods of receiving, inspection, rejections, terminal distribution and sales methods, the broker, auction sales, carlot wholesalers, commission merchants, jobbing sales, public markets, etc.

FOR DRESSES, \$5.00 WEEKLY

Demands of Wisconsin Woman Are Considered in Court at Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Woman and her clothes was the subject of a discussion in the District Court when George Gruenewald, wealthy farmer, was arraigned on the charge of abandoning his wife and children.

Mrs. Gruenewald admitted her husband furnished her with an up-to-date home. "But he will not give me money for clothes," she said. "He doesn't give me more than \$20 a year to dress with." Gruenewald's attorney demanded to know how much was required. The court left the question to Assistant District Attorney Sullivan.

"I should say," said Sullivan, "that she could properly dress on \$3.50 a week."

"That isn't enough," Mrs. Gruenewald asserted. "I need \$5 a week." Gruenewald agreed to pay \$3.50. His wife agreed that the abandonment case be dismissed.

MRS. G. H. MATHIS



Mrs. G. H. Mathis is a wealthy planter of Gadsden, Ala., who is devoting most of her time to educating southern farmers in the matter of diversification of crops. In this she acts as the field agent of the Alabama Bankers' association.



I Followed the Mountaineer Up the Steps and into the Hall.

Instantly, my heart throbbing with the possibility that I also might be re-

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

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—a 1-2c 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, SEPT. 23, 1915

By running today, the Russians may live to run another day.

Dr. Dumba appears to be the diplomat who diplomated himself out of a diplomatic job.

It is nothing but natural that optimism should increase as the price of cotton soars.

America is the land of peace and plenty, Europe the land of butchery, blood and death!

The difference between your own child and your neighbor's is that yours is a cherub and your neighbor's is a brat.

New York is said to have the largest courthouse and the largest church in the world. It needs both.

The people along the border do not have to worry over submarines coming up the Rio Grande.

About the most embarrassing thing we know of is to try to borrow some money from a deaf friend in a crowd.

This hot weather is hanging on too long. Probably the weather man would have us return to the pleasing pastime of swatting the fly.

The boy without a ticket to the circus who wouldn't crawl under the tent if he had a chance is lacking in some of the fundamentals of a normal boy.

A rich woman in California bought a whole townsite in order that she might have rest and quiet. That is one way to get away from the noises of civilization, but it is not apt to become very popular.

A new crop of American millionaires has sprung into existence as a result of orders for European war supplies. Following the usual custom, they will now proceed to outsnob all the rest of the snobs.

If the price of the Messenger advanced at the rate of the other necessities of life, the subscription rate would soon be boosted up around the five dollar mark. But you can continue to get the "old reliable" at the old price. Come along with your subs.

A tablet supposed to have been engraved a thousand years before the book of Genesis was written, has been unearthed and translated. The translator claims that the engraving says that it was Noah and not Eve who plucked the forbidden fruit. That's

about the way it usually turns out when a man tries to blame anything of this sort onto woman.

We are mailing out quite a number of sample copies this week to people who are not subscribers, yet whose names ought to be on our list to receive the paper every week. We ask them to carefully look over the copies they receive, then give us their subscription.

The demand for poultry and eggs this winter may not be as brisk as the howl for guns and ammunition, but nevertheless it will pay you to watch closely the egg production of your fowls. With proper care and feed the number may be increased greatly, in many cases almost doubled. Every egg in winter has a ready sale and a high market value.

A GrapeLand man was here last week, and upon asking him how that town was progressing, he stated that "GrapeLand was the best town in Texas for its size." With men like that no wonder GrapeLand is a live one. —Ratcliff Herald.

That's what it takes to make a good town—boosters all the while, at home and abroad, and those kind always speak a good word for the town when among strangers. We have many more citizens here like the one who visited Ratcliff.

Mr. J. N. Tyer, of the Tyer's store community, was a pleasant caller at this office while in the city Tuesday. Mr. Tyer reports conditions in his community favorable and the people quite optimistic. He and Mrs. Tyer will leave Saturday night to visit their son, H. A. Tyer, at Gardner, Ill.

PRICES STILL DOWN at Darsey's

Why Pay More When You Can Buy for these Prices at DARSEY'S?

| | |
|--|------|
| 18 lbs. Standard granulated sugar..... | 1.00 |
| Best green coffee 8 lbs. for..... | 1.00 |
| Best salt, 100 lb. sack..... | 50c |
| Garrett snuff for..... | 20c |
| Brown Mule tobacco 3 plugs for..... | 25c |
| 10 lb. Brown Mule tobacco for..... | 3.20 |
| Good patent flour per sack..... | 1.40 |
| Best high patent flour per sack..... | 1.50 |
| Good meat per lb..... | 10c |
| Best side meat per lb..... | 12c |
| Swift's Jewel compound, 50 lb. can..... | 3.90 |
| Best lemons per dozen..... | 15c |
| Swifts Premium breakfast bacon sliced to order per lb..... | 28c |
| Swifts Premium breakfast bacon 6 to 8 lb. pieces per lb..... | 25c |

If You Want the Best Price on Your Bill it Will Pay You to go to **DARSEY'S** With Your Eggs and Cash Bring us Your Cash, Eggs, Chickens, Hides and Wax

Geo E Darsey

FALL OPENING

With Styleplus Clothes \$17
A big feature

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th AND ALL NEXT WEEK

Have you ever been to a house warming? We invite you to our season's opening in that friendly and cordial spirit. We want to extend the glad hand to every man, woman, boy and girl who is careful about the kind of clothing they wear. We want to show you what we can do for you in the way of any kind of wearing apparel you need at a price that appeals. Just come in and say "Hekle." You will not be urged to buy unless you want to.

Our store is all refurnished with new things to show you. And our lines--ours because confined exclusively to our store--are actually the first choice clothes of the nation, the ones that men and women everywhere know by name

MEN and BOYS!
we want to call you attention to our line of



Styleplus \$17
Clothes

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the world over."



You will realize in this line the very best in workmanship, superior styles and excess values. **COME IN AND SEE THEM.**

We have other suits for men at \$10, \$12.50 and \$15.00. A big line of boys' suits up to 18 years at \$3.00 to \$7.50.

The man who wants his suit tailored to his individual measure, will find a line of all wool, fabrics priced from \$16 to \$35, with a guarantee for workmanship and fit in the **ROYAL TAILORS LINE.** Come in today and let us give you That Million Dollar Look.

Every garment guaranteed to fit you perfectly.

Millinery, Coats, Suits and Skirts

Our entire line will be on display tomorrow--Friday

Do not Fail to Attend this Opening

Our Dress Goods Dep't.

is resplendent with the new patterns for fall. We are showing all of the new colors in

| | | | |
|----------------------|--------|-----|--------|
| Serges at..... | 35c | 50c | \$1.00 |
| Suitings at..... | 15c | to | \$1.00 |
| Silk Poplins at..... | 50c | 85c | \$1.00 |
| Messalines at..... | \$1.00 | | |

A big line of gingham, calicoes, sheetings, domestics, cotton flannels, outings, ticking etc.

Fall Footwear

IN ALL STYLES

IN ALL LEATHERS

AT ALL PRICES

- Ladies dress shoes
- Men's dress shoes
- School shoes
- Boys and girls Buster Brown shoes
- Work shoes for men, women and children.

COMING: A complete line of Billikens.

LET THE SERVICE FIRST STORE SERVE YOU

It makes no difference how large or how small your bill may be with us your presence at our store any time is appreciated whether you buy or just want to meet friends. We are always glad to show goods and quote prices and can fill your bill complete without your having to run all over town. **WE DELIVER GOODS TO ANY PART OF TOWN**

George E. Darsey

Does Your Poultry Pay

Dr. Hess' Poultry Panacea

Is not only an egg producer but if given regularly will relieve your diseased birds and render the flock strong, vigorous and healthy. We also are the agents for

Dr. LeGear's Poultry and Stock Remedies

MARBLES 50 for 5c

Drinking Cups, Rulers, Compasses, 3,000 School Tablets and General School Supplies.

Buy Your School Supplies from us

"THE PEOPLES' DRUG STORE"

WADE L. SMITH

'CLIFTON' THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Will return to Grapeland and make photographs when there are enough orders to justify. See samples and leave orders at Leaverton's Drug Store.

Palestine, Texas

A big line of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags just arrived at Darsey's.

Darsey's millinery opening, Friday, Sept. 24th.

The seasons latest millinery now on display at Traylor Bros.

Two 5c packages Jitney chewing gum for a nickle at Darsey's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor and baby of Reynard spent Sunday here.

It will pay you to take your chickens, eggs, hides and bees wax to Darsey's. His prices are right.

LOCAL NEWS

4 10c cans Calumet baking powder for 25c at Darsey's.

Fall millinery on display Thursday 23rd. Traylor Bros.

Fresh cheese received every week at Darsey's.

"The Red Mist" begins in this issue.

All kinds of work clothes at Darsey's.

W. E. Kerr spent Sunday at Dodge.

Cabbage, potatoes, and onions at Darsey's.

See our millinery now on display. Traylor Bros.

A car of new wheat flour to arrive Friday at Darsey's.

Miss Willie Browning of Palestine visited relatives and friends here this week.

Why pay more, when you can buy the best fresh lemons for 15c a dozen at Darsey's.

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. Old clothes renovated and made new. Charges most reasonable. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Walling have moved to town and Mr. Walling has accepted a position with Kennedy Bros.

The ladies of Grapeland will find a most complete and up-to-date line of millinery at Darsey's. Opening Friday, Sept. 24th.

S. H. Lively of Dodge was here a few days last week on business and greeting old friends.

Toilet Articles



There's great satisfaction in using toilet goods that come from our store. In them you have the assurance of honest materials and pure chemicals. You couldn't get anything more worth while any where.

Come and See

our display of fine soaps for the complexion and bath—scented waters, perfumes, cold creams, cosmetics, manicure sets, lotions, hair tonics, skin foods, combs, brushes, sponges and the like.

D. N. LEAVERTON

GRAPELAND'S LEADING DRUGGIST

W. R. Wherry was a business visitor to Houston and Galveston Saturday.

Tom Torkelson and family have moved to town and are occupying their new residence in north Grapeland.

Prof. J. L. Jackson writes us to send his paper to Austin, as he is now located there doing work in the State University.

Read "The Red Mist," beginning in this issue. It's an absorbing story that you will enjoy from the very first installment.

Twin boys were born to Mr. and Mrs. John Daniel at Percilla last Thursday, one weighing 11 1/2 pounds and the other 10 pounds.

Mrs. Eugene Kennedy, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Driskell, returned to her home in Elkhart Tuesday.

Mrs. H. S. Robertson of Oakhurst has been visiting her sister, Mrs. B. F. Hill. She was accompanied by her father, J. W. Saxon.

Swifts Premium Breakfast Bacon in small 6 to 8 lb. pieces for 25c a pound, or sliced to order for 30c a pound at Darsey's.

Mrs. C. E. Dockery has returned to her home in Shreveport, La., after spending quite awhile here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Spence.

Best Paint

What is it? Devoe. How Devoe? It's 160 years old; but that isn't how.

It has long been the best; but that isn't how.

It has been developed by use and study, by study and use; that is how; and approved by experience, many years; that's how.

It commends itself by long lasting and small paint-cost; not cheap by the gallon, but cheap by the job and cheap by the year and ten years, cheap by the lifetime.

That's how. Kennedy Bros. sell it.

Hats cleaned and re-blocked, made to look new. New bands put on inside and outside. adv. M. L. Clewis.

NOTICE

All members of the W. O. W. are hereby notified to send or bring their policies to the next regular meeting.

M. E. Bean, C. C.

Mr. Vess Gossett of Lake Charles, La., spent a few days in Grapeland this week visiting relatives and meeting old friends. Mr. Gossett was formerly a citizen of Houston county. He was a member of Green's Brigade, and came over to Crockett to attend the re-union last week.

Parcel post packages may be insured as follows:

Value up to \$ 5.00, fee 3c
Value up to 25.00, fee 5c
Value up to 50.00, fee 10c
Value up to 100.00, fee 25c

You can secure a receipt showing that you mailed a package for a fee of 1c.

Frank Leaverton, P. M.

NO SERVICES SUNDAY

Bro. Matney requests us to announce that there will be no services at the Methodist church Sunday morning and night, as he will begin his revival at Lovelady at that time. He will be assisted by Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Flowers, who held such a good meeting here in June.

OUR HONOR ROLL

The following will accept our thanks for their subscription since last issue:

A. D. Grounds and E. F. Smith, Route 2.

Ed Clark and H. W. Huff, Route 4.

A. R. Baker, Route 3.

J. E. Shoemaker and J. E. McRae, Percilla.

W. R. Campbell, Salmon.

J. F. Lively, Grapeland.

Walter McCarty, Diboll.

H. A. Tyer, Gardner, Ill.

David Caskey sends the paper to Mrs. Nan East at Cooledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pearson and two children, and Miss Lillie and Mr. Homer Pearson motored from Palestine Sunday and spent the day with Maj. J. F. Martin and family.

At KENNEDY BROS.

This Week is the Place for you to Save Money!

| | | | |
|---|------|---|----------------------------------|
| 1 sack of the best flour in Grapeland for..... | 1.60 | 9 bars silk soap for..... | 25c |
| 1 sack of extra high patent flour for..... | 1.50 | 18 bars Woodchuck soap for..... | 25c |
| We are out of high and split patent flour. We have no low grade flour to offer you. | | | |
| 18 lbs. pure cane sugar for..... | 1.00 | 25c bucket good luck baking powder for..... | 18c |
| 4 1 2 to 10 lbs. of coffee for..... | 1.00 | 4 cans 10c Grant lye for..... | 25c |
| 10 lb. bucket lard for..... | 85c | 3 plugs brown mule tobacco for..... | 25c |
| Bulk lard per lb..... | 8c | 3 lbs. brown mule tobacco for..... | 1.00 |
| | | Garrett snuff per bottle..... | 19c |
| | | Dry salt bacon per lb..... | 11 ¹ / ₄ c |

YOUR DRY GOODS BILL

You are going to buy your Dry Goods in the next few days. Won't you allow us the pleasure of showing better values for less money? We have lots of new goods for you to make your selections from, and more arriving on every train. So we want to insist on you paying us a visit and look at the best values for THE LEAST MONEY.

We Want to Buy your Cotton, Bees' Wax, Eggs and Chickens. Highest Prices Paid. Don't Fail to see us

KENNEDY BROS.

THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

LOCAL NEWS FROM CROCKETT

Crockett, Texas, August 20.—The following Crockett young ladies are away at school for session of 1915-16:

Miss Clairette Elliott at Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Misses Mary Byrd and Emily Morris at Baylor College, Belton; Misses Mac Burton, Leona Thomas, Violet Phillips, Jennie Arledge, Gussie Smith and Callie Curry at College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.

Mr. F. H. Terry was accidentally hurt Friday evening of last week, suffering a fracture of the leg between knee and ankle. His condition is not serious.

Mose Dickerson and wife, negroes living one mile north of this city, were seriously hurt one night last week by having a buggy they were driving home in from church, demolished by an automobile. The woman's condition was serious yesterday. Some young men of this city were driving the car, and when the accident happened, immediately rendered such assistance as they could, one of their number going to a nearby phone and summoning a physician.

The annual reunion of Company 1, 4th Texas Cavalry, Green's Brigade, was held in this city Friday and Saturday of last week. The old Vets were most royally entertained by the citizens and given a most hearty welcome. Literary and musical programs, dinings and banquets, Movies and Auto rides were plentiful. Out of 102, the original number of men in the company, only eleven responded to roll call Saturday. This was the first company organized by the late Col. D. A. Nunn.

Marriage license issued for the week ending Saturday night September 18th: Henry Christian and Mrs. Doney Goolsby; George Jackson and Roberta Majors; Lee Dyches and Mrs. Mary Melton; Sam Furch and Arbella Jago; Willie Jones and Callie White; Henderson Whitehead and Miss Ruth Jeffus.

Commissioners Court met in regular session Monday Sept. 13th, Judge E. Winfree presiding, a full court being present. They were in session four days and claims amounting to \$2899.61 were examined, approved and allowed. Among them, the largest were:

R. J. Spence, Court attendance \$72.00; R. J. Spence, board for prisoners \$215.50; R. J. Spence, conveying prisoners to asylum \$127.85; R. J. Spence, guard for jail for August \$45.00; G. H. Robinson, lumber \$91.62; Blake-way and Westerman, building bridge \$84.04; E. F. Smith, building bridge \$273.45; A. F. Daniel, lumber and building bridge \$62.70; R. L. Tolliver, bridge material \$58.02; J. G. Matlock, lumber \$58.11; H. W. Beeson, demonstration work for August \$41.89; C. P. O'Bannon, mdse. \$47.60; G. W. Taylor, work on bridge \$40.00; Eugene Holcomb, one month's road service \$30.00; G. R. Murchison, road service \$30; J. A. Harrelson, road service \$30; J. W. McHenry, road service \$30; Higgs, Williams and Co., compiling Delinquent Tax Records \$966.00.

Reports of county and precinct officers were approved as follows: E. Winfree, Co. Judge; Clyde Story, Justice precinct No. 2; E. M. Callier, Justice precinct No. 1; B. F. Dent, County Atty; C. C. Mortimer, constable precinct No. 1 and H. W. Beeson,

County Agricultural Demonstration Agent.

The County Treasurer was ordered to make transfers of funds now in his hands as follows: \$900.00 from jail building fund to Road District No. 3, and \$750.00 sinking fund of Road District No. 1 to Road District No. 3 to pay interest on bonds.

The official bonds of J. T. Salisbury and J. D. Sallas as public weighers, and that of Arnold Bros., butchers, were approved.

Changes as asked was made in the Grapeland and Salmon road changing from 3rd to 2nd class.

Calvin Brice, living 12 miles east of this city, was shot and almost instantly killed Saturday night, a shot gun being used. Lee Jones, a stepson, is alleged to have done the shooting, and is now being sought by Sheriff Spence and deputies, who went to the scene today when notified of the trouble. Family troubles, extending over a number of years, is the supposed cause. Officers had not returned from the scene late this evening, and full particulars could not be obtained.

L. B. Bayne and Alice Mitchell, two negro women, had a row at a negro church Saturday night, the Mitchell woman being badly carved up with a razor. The Bayne woman was arrested and placed in jail by officers, being released on bond Sunday morning.

The Eastham farm, situated four miles southwest of Weldon, was sold the past week to the state. There are 13,000 acres in the tract, 6000 of which are in cultivation. The consideration named was \$357,500. For many years this plantation was worked with convict labor. Since the abolishment of leasing convicts to private individuals, free labor has been used. Gov. Ferguson, accompanied by the Penitentiary Commission, visited the land last week.

SOME NEW DEFINITIONS

Husband—A convenience used by married women for the purpose of paying their bills.

Wife—A domestic servant who works without pay and who cannot be fired if incompetent.

Marriage—A legalized arrangement whereby a man and woman may battle with each other till death do them part.

Divorce—The marital declaration of independence.

Dollar—The most popular of the American idols.

Automobile—A sensational and thrilling means of suicide.

War—A highly approved method of getting rid of the best manhood of a country and retaining the weak and incompetent.

Put your stomach, liver and blood in healthy condition and you can defy disease. Prickly Ash Bitters in a successful system regulator. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

The Messenger was the only paper in the county last week to carry the full jury list. Read the Messenger if you want the news on time.

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. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

NEW PROSPECT NEWS ITEMS

Sept. 19.—Miss Nannie McKnight is on the sick list this week; also Mr. Jack Baker has three sick children but glad to state all are improving at this time.

Mr. Richard Finch and family visited Mr. Jim Baker last night and today.

Mr. Bob Parker and wife visited Mr. Jim McKnight today.

Mr. Jim Bridges and wife of Elkhart are visiting friends and relatives here today.

We are glad to see the price of cotton advancing as it will help in paying our debts.

James R., wouldn't it be a bad joke on all of us if we could not get any of those peas to eat, as every where one goes it is peas to eat? But I for one am glad that we have them, for I sure like them. They seem to be the main stay of life. We can get sweet potatoes to go with them and that is almost as good as pumpkins.

We understand the patrons of the school will meet at the school-house tomorrow and clean off the school yard and fix the house for the new desks, as we want to have every thing ready by the time the school starts.


We are having lots of rain now which makes it bad on cotton picking and corn gathering, but it is fine on late peas and sweet potatoes. Big Jim.

THE BORROWING HABIT

Are you in the habit of going to your neighbors every week to borrow the local paper? If so, quit it. The following from the Troup Banner covers the situation pretty thoroughly, and we presume every editor has had the same experience as the Banner man:

"The Banner has once in a great while mentioned that it is not a good habit to borrow your neighbor's paper. Of course these statements would be discounted by many readers for the apparently selfish reason on our part that if one can't borrow his neighbor's paper, he will then subscribe and we will be a dollar to the good. However, all jokes aside, if the Banner were to publish the complaints that are made to it almost every week because certain neighbors depend on borrowing to get their news it would cause a sensation. This week one man on Rt. 3 told us that his box was nearer to a neighbor's than to his own house and added that nearly always the neighbor beat him to the box, took out the Banner—and that some times the paper was not returned at all. Within the past year a gentleman who takes the Banner approached us and asked if we could keep a secret. Being assured affirmatively, he tendered us 50 cents to pay for the Banner for a neighbor, saying that the neighbor borrowed the paper so often that he himself never got to read it half the time. We could name a dozen other instances of like nature, but we mention only one more and it's different. Last year we solicited a certain gentleman on a Route to subscribe for the Banner. He said "No, I can borrow John's Banner each week and save that dollar." John (that's not the neighbor's real name though) was in hearing of the man when he made this remark—and when the man departed, John remarked to the solicitor: "Durn his old stingy time, I wish you would get him to take the paper, him and his folks bother us to death about our papers and magazines."

THE ORIGINAL PRODUCER OF WEALTH



Is the farmer. The successful farmer is the one who conserves his resources. Whether large or small we want your account

It's Not what you Make--It's what you Save

That makes you rich. You might plow up a field of golden coins and still die in the poor house if you did not save and protect your harvest. LET US HELP YOU.

Farmers & Merchants State Bank

A GUARANTY FUND BANK



Use Good Paint

A coat of paint—good paint—saves ten times its cost by protecting against weather and decay.

Paint your house, porch and lawn fence with Acme Quality House Paints. They will stand between the wood and the weather and protect and beautify your property better than any other paint.

ACME QUALITY

—our trade mark—on any paint or finish means that it's the best that can possibly be made for the purpose.

We have paints and finishes for all surfaces—houses, barns, roofs, floors, carriages. In fact, if it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, we have an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

We will be glad to show you colors whether you buy or not.

George E. Darsey.

Timely Topics on Interesting Subjects

R. C. Duff

On Cotton as Contraband.

Hon. R. C. Duff, one of the highest authorities on international law in the nation and one of the most capable citizens in the United States, when asked to investigate the exporting of cotton and interpret the laws of nations on this subject for the American plowman, said in part:

"Article 28 of the Declaration of London reads as follows: 'The following may not be declared contraband of war: (1) raw cotton, wool, silk, etc.' Great Britain is not only a signatory of the Declaration of London, but in fact called the conference and insisted upon the inclusion of raw cotton on the list of absolute non-contraband. Under this declaration, which was subscribed to by all the maritime nations, we have a right absolutely to ship cotton, not only to neutral ports of Europe, but to Germany and Austria themselves. Humanity shudders at the thought of the death of the splendid Americans who went down on the Lusitania, but humanity would have more cause for shuddering if it could have presented to it in some similarly striking and dramatic way the woe, sorrow and suffering that will be occasioned to multiplied thousands of men, women and children in the Southern states as a result of cotton being forced down to starvation prices.

The reason why cotton does not command 18 or 20 cents per pound is simply because Great Britain has a naval strangle hold on our shipments and, therefore, on the world supply. England sends her ships of war out into the open seas, captures American cotton, no matter to whom the same may be destined, carries it into British ports, sets up prize courts of her own nomination, which prize courts, of course, are operating in her favor, and which, under such circumstances, after whatever delay they elect to impose, assess the damages of the American shipper at whatever price they see fit and then, after having by such process 'bought' our cotton, she avails herself of the extraordinary high prices existing on the continent of Europe, produced in part by her diversion of our shipments, to resell it at a profit. The American shipper has no recourse except to the government. The acts of Great Britain referred to, according to the well-recognized principle of international law constitute war against the United States.

This grievance is now of many months standing and the South is about to bring to market another great crop of cotton. Under such circumstances one would expect that our government, without prompting, would know perfectly well how to deal with acts on the part of the British government, amounting to warfare against our trade and country.

It is not necessary for us to resort to war against Great Britain in retaliation. A simple, adequate and obvious remedy would be for the president to advise Great Britain that unless she respects the law of nations as regards our foreign commerce, he will call on Congress to adopt a resolution forbidding the exportation of arms and munitions of war to foreign countries.

M. L. CLEWIS, Tailor

CLEANING
 and
PRESSING
 DONE THE SANITARY WAY

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Moderate Prices

TAILOR MADE CLOTHING A SPECIALTY
SEE OUR NEW FALL SAMPLES

A Good Offer

The Grapeland Messenger
 and
 Galveston Semi-Weekly News

Both One Year Each
 (156 copies of the two publications)

For \$1.75

The regular price of the News and the Messenger is \$2.00 per year in advance. By subscribing now through the Messenger you get the two papers for \$1.75—a good farm paper and your favorite local paper.

Bring or send \$1.75 to the office of the Messenger Do it now and get the benefit of the cut price.

Here You Are!

Coca-Cola

Here's a new voice for the thirsty rooster—here's refreshment for the excited fan—here's deliciousness for all—Coca-Cola, the beverage that athletes endorse—that wise business men enjoy—that everyone welcomes for its simple, pure wholesomeness.

Carbonated in bottles—at stands and in grand stands—and at soda fountains everywhere.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
 ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow, think of Coca-Cola.

RENEW To-Day!

WHAT'S THE USE TO PUT IT OFF?

PARAGRAPHS

Pertaining to Community Prosperity—Clipped from FARM AND RANCH

If you want your faults noticed keep noticing the faults of others.

Honesty is the best policy, and always will be, because though a man gets out of life only what is coming to him he does enjoy it for all it is worth.

Every feeder should make it his duty to save all of the hay and fodder produced in late crops. Forage will be needed in the winter when the animals must stand in the stable during cold, damp weather. The farmer that saves plenty of roughage will not be afraid to feed it liberally; the farmer that must buy will hardly be liberal in feeding.

We need some system of credits whereby money may be secured with which to make permanent improvements which are investments. When we have access to credit so we may borrow capital at a rate of interest similar to that paid by other business we will have facilities for larger profits and more comfortable living. Let congress cease sending commissioners and dallying with rural credit and pass a law that will meet our needs. If our congressmen can not do this we will elect those who can.

Fall crops will be of some benefit to the land as well as the other purposes for which crops are grown. Rye, oats, wheat, barley, emmer, etc., may be grown in the fall. These crops use plant foods made available during late summer and early fall. The nitrates taken by the roots of plants might be wasted without a winter crop to use the fertility. The fibrous roots hold the soil particles together and prevent washing or blowing and thus protect the soil. The roots also conduct water into the soil and help retain it for future use.

Acute Indigestion.

"I was annoyed for over a year by attacks of acute indigestion, followed by constipation," writes Mrs. M. J. Gallagher, Geneva, N. Y. "I tried everything that was recommended to me for this complaint but nothing did me much good until about four months ago I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and procured a bottle of them from our druggist. I soon realized that I had gotten the right thing for they helped me at once. Since taking two bottles of them I can eat heartily without any bad effects." Sold by all dealers.

The editor was remembered in a very substantial way last Saturday by Scott Yarbrough, who brought in a lot of fine okra, W. R. Campbell of Salmon for some very nice sweet potatoes, and Ford Newman of Route 3 for a delicious watermelon and also some fine sweet potatoes. If the potatoes brought by these gentlemen are fair samples of the crop that is being produced in this section of the country, there will be enough sweets 'round about to feed the German army several months.

Chamberlain's Liniment.

If you are ever troubled with aches, pains or soreness of the muscles, you will appreciate the good qualities of Chamberlain's Liniment. Many sufferers from rheumatism and sciatica have used it with the best results. It is especially valuable for lumbago and lame back. For sale by all dealers. adv

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!

STABBED IN BACK

Houston, Tex., Sept. 19.—E. P. Lynch, manager of the Braman store at 2620 Odin avenue, narrowly escaped death late Saturday evening while he was defending a small boy from the abuse of three negroes. Two of the negroes held him fast while the other drove a knife into his back in rapid succession. He will recover.

Mr. Lynch was hurried to the offices of Dr. F. M. Bourland and later taken to his home at 1539 Ashland avenue, Houston Heights. The stab wounds did not penetrate deeply and Mr. Lynch's condition at this writing is not considered serious.

(Mr. Lynch formerly lived in Grapeland, and was engaged in the grocery business. He is a son-in-law of S. T. Anthony.)

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"I advised the 'boys' when they enlisted for the Spanish war to take Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with them, and have received many thanks for the advice given," writes J. H. Houghland, Eldon, Iowa. "No person whether traveling or at home should be without this great remedy." For sale by all dealers. adv

Mr. W. A. Shaver returned Sunday morning from Palestine, where he went to carry his oldest daughter to the sanitarium to be operated on for appendicitis. The operation was successful and the young lady is getting along nicely.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"My attention was first called to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as much as twelve years ago. At that time I was seriously ill with summer complaint. One dose of this remedy checked the trouble," writes Mrs. C. W. Florence, Rockfield, Ind. For sale by all dealers. adv

Miss Lela Mae Adams has returned to her home in Palestine after spending a week here visiting relatives.

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. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

WATCH THE DATE!

Our subscribers are requested to watch the date printed on the paper opposite the name and renew their subscriptions promptly. For an example, your name appears like this—

John Doe § 1 15

Means that the subscription expired Sept. 1st, 1915.

RENEW PROMPTLY!

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

VETINARY L. S. HARRIS

Crockett, Texas
 Will visit Grapeland second Saturday in each month. At Bobbitt's Stable

CASKEY & DENSON BARBERS

Your Business will be Appreciated

Shop on main street, the new brick building, next door to the Guaranty State Bank.

INEDA LAUNDRY, Houston
 Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

John Spence Lawyer

Crockett, : : : Texas
 Office Upstairs over Monzingo Millinery Store

A TORPID LIVER KILLS ENERGY

It makes you feel tired, dull and sleepy. The system is filled with bilious impurities which must be driven out before you can feel better. Try

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is the right remedy for liver troubles because it contains the necessary properties for putting that important organ in an active, healthy condition. It purifies the bowels, strengthens the stomach, stimulates the mental faculties and restores vigor and activity of body and brain.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

Prickly Ash Bitters Co.
Proprietors
St. Louis, Mo.

D. N. LEAVERTON

The yield of cotton is proving to be smaller than has been estimated.

Yesterday was regular Baptist day with us. We had present Revs. W. D. Andrews, J. S. McDaniels and James Dicerson, our present pastor; preaching by Bro. Andrews. Rev. McDaniel was chosen as pastor for the coming year, and V. L. Durnell was made clerk. Some good singing by the choir. Among the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. John Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shelton of Rocky Mound; Luther Warner of Hays Spring; Misses Lillie Brown and Erie Bridges of New Prospect and others we failed to remember.

Mr. Jim Parker and Miss Erie Bridges took dinner with Miss May Martin Sunday.

Misses Jewel and Ruby Helm and Eva Brooks visited Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Durnell Sunday.

Wm. Waddell is spending a few days with his brother, G. L. Waddell. He has been quite sick with chills but is getting straight again.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Edens and children were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Durnell Sunday.

Bennie, the little boy of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gray, is very sick at this writing.

People should be very careful about letting the mosquitoes feed on them, and there isn't enough in the cotton crop to be getting the children and ourselves wet in the big dews. Let's look first to our health. It is commonly said that we are only creatures of environments and that is true, but we are also makers of the environments of which we are creatures. Paul said we are "Creatures of Vanity" and our works prove his assertion to be true. Solomon in his wisdom stood amazed at the vanity of the world and yet we strive for those vain things. Let's be reasonable.

Yours as ever,
Antrimite.

The Grapeland school opened with an enrollment of 177 pupils, which was increased by four last Monday. Superintendent Sims is quite optimistic over the start that has been made and feels quite confident that this term is going to eclipse all others.

SPECIALS for this WEEK:

Take a look at the price we are quoting you below and come to the "STORE THAT KEEPS THE PRICE DOWN" today and make your bill.

Groceries

| | |
|---|------|
| 50 lb can Swift's Jewel Lard for..... | 3.85 |
| 8 lbs of very best green coffee for..... | 1.00 |
| 7 lbs of very best roasted coffee for..... | 1.00 |
| 1 sack of good patent flour for..... | 1.40 |
| 1 sack of very best high patent flour for..... | 1.45 |
| 1 sack of highest patent flour for..... | 1.55 |
| 1 sack very best extra high patent flour for..... | 1.60 |
| 8 bars of Lenox or Silk soap for..... | 25c |
| 3 1-2 lbs Good Luck Baking Powder for..... | 25c |
| 3 1-2 cans of lye for..... | 25c |
| 7 boxes best matches for..... | 25c |
| 7 boxes Success soda for..... | 25c |
| Garrett Snuff per bottle..... | 20c |
| 2 bars of good toilet soap for..... | 5c |
| 5 gallons of good oil for..... | 60c |

Dry Goods

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Best 10c quality of Gingham for..... | 7½c |
| Best 10c quality of Cheviots for..... | 7½c |
| Best 6 calico for..... | 4½c |
| Best 10c Outing for..... | 7½c |
| Best 10c mattress tick for..... | 9c |

The above prices on dry goods are on goods that were slightly damaged in the Galveston storm and we picked up some wonderful bargains and it will be to your interest to take a look at them.

Ask for special prices on Shoes, Hats, Men's and Boys' Clothing and Dress goods.

We will buy your eggs, chickens and cotton.

TRAYLOR BROTHERS

KEEP THE PRICE DOWN

LOCAL NEWS FROM ANTRIM

Sept. 20.—That was a good one James R. got off on speckle peas, but they've got one on us that beats it. We planted (and cultivated) about fifteen acres of them and they hardly made as many seed as we planted. However, prospects are good that they are going to make a late crop.

We are ready to do our part toward making the proposed Grapeland fair a reality. You know we claim to be the champion sweet potato grower of this end of Houston county and we are ready at the fair to make final proof of our assertions. Let's have the fair. It will be beneficial to us all and detrimental to none.

James R. is exactly right about people over estimating the corn crop. Not only that, but corn is badly damaged by smut.

LOCAL NEWS FROM UNION

Sept. 20.—We have just had several showers which will greatly benefit the turnips and sweet potatoes.

Mrs. Dave Walling, Mrs. M. C. Walling and Mrs. Jimmie Caskey visited in Elkhart recently.

Mrs. Steve Powers of Elkhart is spending several days here with friends and relatives.

Mr. Homer Hodge and Miss Eva Walling were the guests of Miss Cora Walling Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. W. D. Dubose, Mr. Prewit Dubose and Miss Adela Dutch spent the last day of the Institute in Crockett and report a nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Adkinson visited friends in the Livelyville community last Thursday.

Mrs. Bob Herod has been quite sick but is getting better now. Also Miss Ola Wells has been sick.

Mr. Tucker happened to bad luck last Thursday. While driving his wagon under the scales one of his arms was caught and torn up badly.

Perhaps our school will start about the 11th of October.

We have only one more time for our literary meeting. So we would be glad to have a large crowd present for the last time. We are to have a good program if all will get their parts.

Again we had a splendid time at the singing which was at the home of Mrs. Callie Gaines Saturday night one week ago.

Mr. Chris Chaffin and family have returned from Madell where they visited.

It was with much regret that we saw Mr. Curtis Walling and wife move from here to Grapeland but we have best wishes for them in their new home.

Mr. Henry Guenther, one of

our school boys, left last Thursday one week ago for Baylor where he is to attend school. The evening before he departed his sister entertained a few of his friends in a most charming manner and all greatly enjoyed the occasion.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County—Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon John P. Singleton by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the third judicial district, but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said third judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Houston County, to be holden at the court house thereof in Crockett, on the second Monday in October 1915, the same being the 11th day of October, 1915, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 18th day of August, A. D. 1915, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 5184, wherein Laura Singleton is plaintiff and John P. Singleton is defendant, said petition alleging that plaintiff and defendant were married on or about the — day of January 1911, and lived together as husband and wife until about the 15th day of February 1912, when the defendant abandoned the plaintiff and has failed and refused to live with her since said time, or contribute to her support, he having left her with the intention of permanent abandonment, wherefore plaintiff prays for judgement for divorce, for the restoration of her former name, for costs and general relief. Herein fail not, but have before said court on the said first day

of the next term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness John D. Morgan, Clerk of the District Court of Houston County. Given under my hand and the seal of said court, in the City of Crockett, this the 18th day of August, 1915.

John D. Morgan,
Clerk of the District
Court of Houston County,
Texas.

[SEAL]

Mrs. J. O. Edington is visiting in Tyler this week.

John B. Selkirk of Troup spent Saturday and Sunday here with relatives and friends.

Rev. S. W. Edge and wife have moved to Ft. Worth, where they will reside in the future.

ODD BITS OF NEWS.

Winstead, Conn.—Two months ago Fritz Helmer while working in his garden lost a \$5 bill from his work shirt. Shortly afterward, while eating boiled cabbage, from the garden, the bill was found. In the meantime Helmer had sold hundreds of heads of cabbage.

Anahuac, Texas.—At the time of the gulf storm of the 16th W. F. Mayes was alone at his home on the bank of Trinity river. He occupied a room upstairs. The wind broke out one of the windows and the rain came in. To keep the water from dripping down on the piano in the parlor below he worked until morning mopping up the water. The river in the meantime rose to a depth of five feet in the house and he found the piano floating around the room.

Greenville, S. C.—Authur Warren has put to shame the three wise men who went to sea in a bowl by completing a 20-mile cruise on Tar river in a bathtub. He sent his clothes ahead by express and they were waiting for him when he arrived. Warren says Diogenes and his tub has nothing on him.

AT T. S. KENT'S SPECIALS for SATURDAY!

| | |
|---|---------|
| 50 pairs men's \$1.00 Overalls for..... | 85c |
| 50 pairs boys' overalls, 6 to 15 years for..... | 45c |
| 25 pairs pairs men's large size pants..... | AT COST |
| High patent flour, per sack..... | \$1.40 |
| Fancy patent flour, per sack..... | \$1.60 |

All Groceries at RIGHT PRICES

Our line of Dress Goods, Domestic, Outings, and everything necessary for family use is ready for your inspection and you will be pleased in both QUALITY and PRICE

REMEMBER QUALITY IS THE THING

T. S. KENT