

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 18 No. 21

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 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

G. W. WHITLEY IS DEAD

Mr. G. W. Whitley, a pioneer East Texan, died last Friday, Sept. 17, near Elkhart. He was going to his home from Elkhart about 3:30 in the afternoon in his wagon, accompanied by a negro tenant, and fell dead suddenly. He was buried at the old Whitley family burial ground about 12 miles northwest from Grapeland in this county on Saturday following his death, a large concourse of his old friends and neighbors attending the burial. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Walter Neel in very fitting and appropriate remarks.

Until some twelve or fifteen years ago, Mr. Whitley and his family lived at his old home near the place of his burial, when they moved to Elkhart to be near better schools and churches for his children, and they have lived there ever since. He was a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in this section of the state, and was one of those old-time, ruggedly honest characters for which this section has been so much noted. He was a most excellent man in all respects and East Texas has never boasted of a better citizen. He was in his seventy-eighth year and had resided here all his life. Mr. Whitley was a farmer and a very successful one and always progressive in his methods, owning a large farm and working a large number of tenants, to whom he was uniformly kind and always took a deep interest in their welfare. He will be greatly missed by them as well as the

public at large, being ever found on the side of right and taking a great interest in the general up-building of his community and country. He served through the civil war and was a gallant soldier. He was married three times, having no children by his first wife, three by the second and two by the third, all of whom are left to mourn his death. Until the last two or three years he was a very healthy and strong man, having had very little sickness all his life, but since the time named his health has perceptibly failed and his former strength and vigor declined as the years wore away. The death of a good man is always to be regretted, but when he lives to a good old age, having nearly rounded out his four-score years, death at any time is no surprise. "The days of our years are three score and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." (Psalms 90-10) In this their saddest bereavement we join the family's host of friends in deepest sympathy.

A Friend

Misses Ethel and Letha Matney and Marvin have returned home from Madisonville, where they have been visiting relatives for some time.

Mrs. Bell Owens and son, John R., came in from Groveton Sunday. After spending a day or two here, John R. left for Henderson to accept a position with the News.

ALL THE NEWS FROM WANETA

Sept. 27.—We have been having some real pretty weather the past few days and the farmers have been rather busy picking cotton and gathering corn. Some are about through gathering, while others lack a great deal.

The all day singing at New Hope was well attended Sunday. Prof. Willie Campbell of Salmon was with us, and lots more visitors too numerous to mention. We were glad to have you visitors with us and invite you back again.

Misses Carnie and Eva Murchison of Grapeland were in our midst last Saturday.

Our school will begin next Monday. Prof. McRee is the principal and Miss Carnie Murchison of Grapeland assistant. Mr. McRee taught here last year and gained many friends and is known to be a fine teacher. We anticipate having a fine school this term.

Mr. C. A. Barnes and family visited relatives near Alto from Saturday till Sunday.

Mrs. Bettie Elkins and daughter, who have been visiting relatives here for some time, left Saturday for their home in Kansas.

Little Roy Harrington has been suffering very much from a centipede bite since last Thursday, but is getting along fine at this writing.

Mr. Bruce Johnston and mother will leave for near Huntsville Tuesday where Bruce intends to teach this winter.

Mr. Charlie Killgo's baby is very sick at this writing.

Bonnie.

AUTOMOBILE TURNED OVER

A. B. Spence, J. W. Jones, Geo. Calhoun, M. D. Murchison and C. P. Daniel had a narrow escape from death Sunday morning when Mr. Spence's car turned over just as they were turning a sharp curve on the Crockett road near town. They were going at a pretty lively gait, and in turning the curve the weight of the car on the outside wheels caused the front and rear tires to blow-out. The car did not turn completely over, but lay on its side. Mr. Spence and Mr. Jones, who were on the front seat, were caught as the car overturned, and the car had to be lifted up so they could get out. Mr. Spence was not hurt, except a few minor bruises, but Mr. Jones sustained a broken collar bone. He was immediately carried to his home, and is now getting along nicely. The other occupants of the car were unhurt. The car was damaged to the extent of a broken windshield and bent fenders.

UNION SCHOOL

The Union school will open Monday, October 11. We ask that the patrons and pupils meet at the school building on Friday, October 8, at 1 o'clock.

Turstees.

SEED OATS To Arrive this Week

Car of extra bright Texas Red Rust Proof Seed Oats.

See us for prices.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON SEED OATS

We handle the Grand Saline No. 1 fine Salt, in the white sacks. Any size package you want.

"Verabest" and "Silver Lake" Flour Fresh car due this week. Quality considered, you will find our flour the cheapest.

We handle the "PEERLESS BRAND" Pure White Cooking Oil. Better buy now, as cotton seed oil is going higher every day.

Remember we give you a handsome PICTURE FREE with each ten dollars you spend with us and SAVE YOU MONEY all the year.

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

SUITS

SUITS

Have you looked at KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES yet? To buy clothes that look trim and shapely, after months of service, you must get

ALL WOOL CLOTH

Our suits are all 100 per cent wool, proved by laboratory test, and hand tailored and cold water shrunk by London process. They are the best money can buy and your size is here.

Boys' Suits from \$2.50 to \$10.00

All colors and sizes

Shoes for the entire family.

Dry goods that are sure to please.

We meet any competition in Groceries. Let us put up the next bill you have to buy.

WE BUY COTTON

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

CUPID BUSY SUNDAY

Sunday was a busy day for Cupid in Grapeland and two couples were united in wedlock at the home of Esq. John A. Davis, who performed the ceremonies.

J. L. Powell and Miss Vinnie Smith, who live north of town, and Arch Parker and Miss Ira

Lee Collins of the New Prospect community, were the contracting parties.

The Messenger joins their many friends in congratulations and best wishes for a happy life.

George Scarbrough of Palestine spent Saturday and Sunday here visiting his sons, Bob and Grady, and meet quite a number of his old friends.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS By C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the Staunton artillery is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar by General Jackson.

CHAPTER II—Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor, with whom he rides to a house beyond Hot Springs.

CHAPTER III—In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Norven and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to bed while the two other men talk. Wyatt becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped.

CHAPTER IV.

Into the Enemies' Hands.

The major lay dead, with my blood-stained revolver—evidently the weapon which had struck the blow—lying beside him. Dawn would reveal the deed, and I would be discovered alone in the house. Only my wakefulness, my desire to investigate, had interferred with the complete success of this hideous plan. Taylor had prepared himself for this emergency, had deliberately taken the weapon for that very purpose. Where had the fellow gone? And what had become of the negro?

I stood there, lamp in one hand and revolver in the other, staring down at the dead face of this man who had once been my father's friend. Out of the mist floated the face of the girl, the girl who had waved to me in the road. The vision brought back to me coolness and determination. I felt through the pockets of the dead man and found a knife, keys and a roll of bills untouched, but not a scrap of paper. On the floor, partially concealed by one arm, was a large envelope, unaddressed, roughly torn open. It was some document, then, the murderer sought, and he had fled with it in his possession.

Intent now on my one purpose of discovery, my mind active and alert, I began a rapid search of the house. The front door was fastened and barred, proving Taylor had not left that way. There was but one other room on that floor, a kitchen in considerable disorder, as though the servant had made no effort to complete his work; but its outer door stood unlatched. Sam must have gone with the mountaineer in his hasty flight—must be equally guilty. This was the only conclusion possible, and the knowledge that I was left there alone rendered my own position precarious. Harwood had surely never ventured into this doubtful region without having soldiers within call, no doubt in the village, who, if he failed to appear when expected, would search for him. Before they came, and made discovery of the dead body, I must be safely beyond reach. If found there, no defense, no asseveration of innocence, would ever save me from condemnation. Their vengeance would be swift and merciless.

Thinking now only of my own escape unobserved, I felt my way into the night with my bundle. This would be Federal territory; or if not, already, my night's ride would bring me well within their lines before dawn. I slipped instantly out of the soiled suit of gray and donned the immaculate blue, buckling the belt about my waist, and securely hooking the saber. Then I scooped out a hole in the soft dirt and buried the old uniform, tearing my pass into shreds, scattering the fragments broadcast.

It was so lonely and still all about that I felt a return of confidence, a renewed courage. The house behind me, and the stable before, were mere outlines, scarcely discernible through the gloom. Once safely in the saddle, I circled the gloom of the house silently, and followed the roadway to the gate.

Not a light gleamed in any direction and I could recall no other house near by. While it remained in view I could not remove my eyes from the mansion I had just left, or forget the dead body lying there in the dark. The shying of my horse at the gate caused me to note the black something lying against the post. At first I deemed it a mere shadow, but the animal would not respond even to the spur, and I dismounted better to ascertain the cause of his fright. The negro lay there, dead as his master, a knife thrust in his heart. Then it was Taylor alone who had done the foul deed.

There was nothing I could do but flee swiftly through the night. My own position was now far too desperate to permit of my giving any alarm, or seeking to trace the murderer. To fall into Union hands would be my death

warrant, irrespective of Harwood's fate, and my duty lay in carrying out the orders of "Old Jack." To allow myself to be captured would spoil everything.

I rode toward Hot Springs as rapidly as I dared, watchful of every deepening shadow, until I came to the first straggling houses. These were dark and silent, and not so much as a dog barked as I walked my horse cautiously forward toward the main street. I saw but one dim light streaming through an uncurtained window of what looked like a law office, and passed close enough to learn that a group of men within were playing cards. It was highly probable these belonged to the major's escort. I passed the place unobserved and rode on into the night, feeling I had escaped from immediate danger. At what I took to be the tavern corner I discovered the road leading to the left and turned in that direction, assured that it would lead directly into the heart of Green Briar. The road ran through thick woods, the darkness intense, and as the way was silent and seemed deserted I gave the animal the spur.

I must have loped along thus for ten minutes, all thought of pursuit already dismissed, and my mind occupied with plans for the future, when the woods suddenly ended in a bare ridge, the ribbon of road revealing itself under the soft glow of the stars. I know not why I heard no sound of warning, but at the instant, a half dozen shadows loomed up blocking the path. I barely had time to rein in my horse before we were intermingled, the surprise evidently mutual, although one of the newcomers was swift enough to seize my animal's bit, and hold him plunging in fright. I clung to the stirrups, aware of the flash of a weapon in my face, and an oath uttered in a gruff voice.

"In God's name! where did you come from? Here, Snow, see what this fellow looks like."

The speaker had a wide-brimmed hat, drawn low over his face, and a cape concealed his uniform. But



I Picked It Up Wonderingly. It Was My Own.

Snow wore the cap of the Federal cavalry, and I knew I had fallen into Yankee hands.

"I have no objection to telling you my name and rank," I said coldly, "but lower that gun first; I am in uniform."

The rather contemptuous tone of voice employed had greater effect on the fellow than the evidence of his eyes. His arm fell to his side, although he still retained a grasp on my bridle.

"So I see," but with no cordiality in the words. "But that is hardly convincing. Federal officers are rare birds who ride these roads alone. Who are you, sir, and why are you here?"

"Perhaps I may be privileged to ask first by what authority you halt and question me?"

He laughed, and waved the weapon he still held toward the others of his party.

"Our force alone is sufficient authority I should suppose. However, I will set your mind at rest—I am Captain Fox, in command of a detachment of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry."

"Oh, yes," I responded more pleasantly, "of General Ramsay's command. You know Major Harwood, no doubt?"

"We are of his escort," both suspicion and command lost before my cool assurance. "You are in the service, sir?"

"Third United States cavalry; on recruiting detail. I was to meet Harwood at Hot Springs, but was told he had gone to Green Briar."

"By whom?"

"A scout I met by chance; he gave the name Taylor."

The captain swore grimly, glancing across my horse into the face of the trooper opposite.

"Well, this stumps me!" his voice grown suddenly harder. "It doesn't sound straight, for we left him safely in Hot Springs an hour before sundown, and he had no purpose at that time except to wait there for Taylor. Do you carry any papers?"

I drew the official envelope from my pocket, and held it out to him calmly. He opened the flap.

"A little light, Snow—yes, a match will do."

The flame lit up their faces—the officer a thin-faced man with mustache and imperial, his teeth oddly prominent; the trooper older in years, but smooth-shaven, with deep-set eyes and square chin. Their uniforms were dusty and well worn. The others, clustered behind, remained mere shadows. The captain took in the nature of the document at a glance, and I marked a change in his expression before the match went out.

"Oh, I see—you are Lieutenant Raymond. Got to us earlier than you expected. Find many recruits north?"

"No," I answered, taken completely by surprise, but managing to control my voice. "That was why I thought I might accomplish more in this section. Those counties have been combed over." I hesitated an instant, and yet it was best for me to learn what I could. "I was not aware, captain, that my projected visit had been announced."

He laughed, and the second match went out, leaving us again in darkness.

"Nor was it, officially; merely a friendly letter from an officer on Heitzelman's staff to our major asking for you a friendly reception. Camp gossip brought the news to me. You knew Harwood?"

"No; only General Ramsay advised me to confer with him, because of his intimate knowledge of this section. He belonged, I believe, in Green Briar?"

"Yes, we were at his place yesterday; south of Lewisburg. What sort of a looking man was this fellow Taylor?"

I described him minutely, hoping for some recognition, but the captain did not appear to recall any such character.

"We have only been in this region a few months," he said, in explanation, "and I don't remember any such chap. He is none of Ramsay's scouts. What do you say, Snow?"

"Only man like that I've heard of, sir, is old Ned Cowan, and it ain't likely he's left the mountains to go into 'Old Jack's' camp."

Fox laughed, as though the idea amused him.

"Hardly. Cowan is too well known to take the risk. Either side would hang the hound on sight. Well, let's ride along into Hot Springs. You'll come with us, lieutenant?"

There was no excuse left me, no reason that I could urge for riding on alone westward. Indeed, before I could clearly collect my thoughts, I was in the midst of the horsemen, slowly moving east once more over the dark road. Riding as rapidly as the darkness made possible, we clattered into the deserted street at Hot Springs, and Fox cursed vigorously the negligent guard. The sergeant knew little of where Major Harwood had gone, as he had given no orders, and not even intimated the probable time of his return. When last seen he was riding out the south road accompanied only by his servant.

Fox swore again, and ordered the men into saddle, and we swung out at a sharp trot along the dirt pike. I rode next him, but the captain was in such rage I kept silent, knowing well the tragic discovery soon to be revealed. The gray dawn began to steal about us, making objects near at hand visible, and revealing the tired faces of the cavalymen. There was sufficient light to enable us to perceive the gloomy house in the oak grove, and the motionless form lying beside the gate. Fox drew up his horse with a jerk, and leaned forward staring.

"My God, men!" he exclaimed, choking. "That's Harwood's nigger. Turn the body over, Green—ah! the poor devil was knifed. Here, a half dozen of you, unsling carbines and follow me—there's been dirty work done. Sergeant, don't let your men destroy those hoofprints in the road. Live! now, lads!"

I advanced with them up the driveway, fearful that if I held back it might later be commented upon. The front door refused admittance, but we entered from the rear. Everything within was exactly as I had left it, and in the parlor, still dark because of closed blinds, lay the lifeless body of Harwood. Fox fell upon his knees beside the motionless form, ordering

the windows thrown open, his hands touching the lifeless flesh.

"Dead for hours," he exclaimed in a tone of horror, turning his gaze upon me. "Struck from behind—see, Raymond. What in God's name can this mean?"

He began searching the pockets. "Not robbery—for here is money, and a watch. But the papers are gone, every scrap of them." He looked about at the men. "The major had his papers with him, did he not, Chambers?"

"Yes, sir," and the young, boyish soldier addressed straightened up. "I was with him when he put on citizen's clothes and he slipped a big buff packet into his pocket."

Fox's bewildered glance met mine.

"Do you know what that packet contained, captain?" I questioned.

"I do not know. Harwood expected to meet Taylor here at Hot Springs, but I think there were others to be here also. The major kept his own counsel, but something I overheard caused me to believe his engagement with Taylor was of a more private nature. Chambers was his clerk, perhaps he knows."

The lad shook his head, his eyes on the dead man.

"I'm certain those papers were not meant for him, sir," he answered



"Not Robbery, for Here is Money and a Watch."

slowly. "They were to be given to a scout named Dailey. It was some other business that brought the major here all alone—but he never told me."

There was nothing further to be discovered, and Fox realized the necessity of haste. His orders were prompt. Four men were detailed to bury the body, and then rejoin the column as soon as possible. The others were marched back to the gate, and remounted.

It was an hour later when we came suddenly to the fork, the south branch leading over a long clay hill, the west along a rocky ridge. Fox sprang to the ground and followed the faint prints of the horse we were pursuing for a hundred yards on foot. Some cattle had passed southward, but there was a defect in the shoe of the animal Taylor rode clearly revealed in the clay. The captain came back, a grim smile on his lips.

"The cuss was no Johnny Reb," he said shortly. "That was what I was afraid of, but now I know what to do. We'll save our horses, men, for this is going to be a long ride—that murdering devil is headed for the Green Briar. This is the lower Lewisburg road." He swung up into saddle. "Green, take three men ahead with you, and keep half a mile in advance. Watch out carefully, for there may be graybacks along here. Going with us, lieutenant?"

"About the best thing I can do," I replied readily, "my orders were for Green Briar and Fayette."

"All right, then, but they had small respect for your life when they sent you in there. From all I hear it is like a menagerie of wild animals broken loose—good fighting anywhere. Only trouble will be there is so much at home there will be no need for the boys to enlist. However, that's your affair, not mine." His eyes surveyed his men keenly. "Loosen carbines! Forward march! Trot!"

Silently, save for the jingle of accouterments and the thud of horses' feet, we rode westward, sunlight flecking the dusty uniforms. The pike dipped down into a hollow and, climbing the hill beyond, appeared the figures of the four scouts. Far away was the haze of the mountains.

CHAPTER V.

The Night Attack.

The incidents of that ride do not remain with me in any special clearness of detail. We rode steadily, keeping well together, conscious that in all probability we were watched by hostile eyes, peering out from behind rock and thicket. We foraged through de-

serted shacks, finding poor reward, yet managed to subsist, although with hunger unsatisfied. The men grumbled and Fox swore, as, long before night came, he comprehended the fact that we were on a fool's errand; that his little squad was being lured deeper and deeper into a hostile country, but no opportunity to turn aside presented itself. The night overtook us in the midst of a mountain solitude. The scouts had discovered a spring at the bottom of a rocky hollow, and there Fox reluctantly ordered camp to be made, the horses finding scant pasturage beyond. The grumbling and cursing soon ceased, however, and those not on duty slept fitfully. I made the round of the sentries with Fox, slipping and stumbling over the rough way, through the darkness.

"This weird place gets on the nerves," he said, as if half ashamed of the confession. "Do you know, Raymond, I have felt for the last hour as if we were riding into some trap." He glanced nervously behind him. "I don't believe there has ever been a Federal detachment down as far as this before. We're in old Ned Cowan's country."

"Confederate?" I asked, interested at once by the name.

"Heaven knows! To the best of my belief the fellow doesn't give a whoop for either side. He's just a natural born devil and this war gave him a chance to get the hell out of his system. Still, I guess, he calls himself a Reb."

"And his followers?"

"Mountain men mostly, together with a bunch of deserters and conscripts from both sides. Nobody knows how big a band he has, but it would take an army to run them out of these mountains. We had orders to do it—but piffle! Ramsay came down as far as Fayette Court House with a regiment of infantry, and a cavalry guard, and sent out a flag of truce asking the old devil to come in and talk with him. He actually did come; rode right up to headquarters, with a dozen of his ragged followers, heard what Ramsay had to say, and then simply told the general to go to hell, and rode off again."

"Were you there? Did you see the men?"

"No, but the sergeant did; he was detailed at that time as headquarters' orderly."

"Yes," I said, determined on my course. "I was talking with Hayden during the noon halt. He described Cowan to me, and I believe he is the same man I encountered at Hot Springs, Captain Fox—the fellow Taylor we are in pursuit of."

The captain stared into the black night, silent for several minutes.

"I've been suspecting the same thing for the last three hours," he admitted at last slowly, "and that he hoped we would follow him. The fellow hasn't ridden fast, and has purposely left a plain trail. More than that he was expected along this road and there were relays of horses waiting. He only changed once, but he was met by another party near that ruined mill. Ever since then I have felt that we were being watched by unseen eyes. Did you observe the curl of smoke to our right just before dark—how it rose and fell in rings?"

"I saw the smoke, yes—a thin spiral, but supposed it to be from the chimney of some mountain shack."

"Well, it was not. That was an outside fire, and the smoke was smothered and then thrown up by blankets. That is their way of signaling. I tell you, lieutenant, this murder of Harwood is more than an army matter. It was either the culmination of a feud—done for personal revenge—or else the major had papers in his possession bearing on the situation here that could only be gained over his dead body. The man who killed him was old Ned Cowan."

"But Harwood must have known him," I protested.

"Of course he did; they were neighbors before the war and met there by appointment. For all I know the major may have had some confidential communication from the war department. God knows what it was. All I am sure about is that I would give a good deal to be out of this fix right now and twenty miles to the north of here."

We sat there for half an hour discussing the matter and endeavoring to convince ourselves the danger was less than we imagined. There was nothing to be done but wait for daylight. Finally Fox crept forth again to make another round of the pickets, to assure himself they were alert, and before he returned I had fallen asleep.

The chill of the night awoke me, cold and shivering. The wind had arisen and swept down the funnel in which I lay with an icy breath against which my single blanket afforded no protection. The man who had been lying next me was gone, and so there must have been a change of guard while I slept. I could distinguish, dimly outlined against the sky, the overhanging rock-wall which inclosed our camp, and the deeper shade of a cleft a yard or two to my left, where the dead trunk of a tree stood like

a gaunt, ugly sentinel.

As I lay staring the figure of a man slipped out from behind its protection and, dropping on hands and knees, crept forward across the open space. Another and another followed, mere ghostlike shadows, scarcely appearing real. For the instant I doubted my eyesight, imagined I dreamed. Then, before I could raise voice in alarm, a rifle spat viciously, the red flame of its discharge cleaving the night. A fusillade followed and in the flare I caught grotesque glimpses of men leaping forward, and there was a confused yelling of voices, a din of noise.

I was upon my knees, revolver in hand, but in the melee below could not distinguish friend from foe—alike they were a blur of figures, one instant visible, the next obscured. Yet there could be no doubt as to the final ending of the struggle. Taken by surprise, outnumbered, the little squad of troopers would be crushed, annihilated. Nor was there reason why I should sacrifice myself in their defense—a valueless sacrifice. My choice was instantly made, as there flashed to my mind what my fate would be if I ever fell into Cowan's hands attired in Federal uniform.

On hands and knees I crept to the cleft in the rock wall and began to clamber up over the irregular rocks. The shouts and yells, the cries for mercy, the sound of blows, grew fainter and finally ceased altogether. Leaning back and looking down I could perceive nothing in the black void. A voice shouted an order, but it sounded far off and indistinct. I was in a narrow gully, the incline less steep than amid the rocks below, and could perceive the lighter canopy of the sky not far above me.

As I crept out into the open space someone touched a match to a pile of dry limbs in the cove below, and the red flames leaped high, revealing the scene. I caught a glimpse of it—staring down as though I clung at the mouth of hell, seeing moving black figures, and the dark, motionless shadows of dead men. The one glimpse was enough, the fearful tragedy of it smiting me like a blow, and I turned and ran, stumbling over the rough ground, my only thought that of escape.

There were stars in the sky, their dim light sufficient to yield some faint guidance. My course led me close beside the edge of the ridge. Here the ground fell away to the banks of a shallow stream and some instinct of woodcraft led me to wade down with its current for a considerable distance, until the icy water drove me to the bank once more. I knew I had covered several miles and was beyond pursuit and safe from discovery. I remained there until dawn, the first gray light giving assurance that my flight had been to the north along the foothills. From the ridge top a wide vista lay revealed of rough, seemingly uninhabited country, growing more distinct as the light strengthened. There was no house visible, no sign of any road; all about extended a rude mountain solitude, but to the northwest there was a perceptible break in the chain of hills, as though a pass led down into the concealed valley beyond. With this for guidance I plunged forward, eager to get out of that drear wilderness.

It was considerably after the noon hour before I came upon a dismal shack of logs in the midst of a small clearing. The light streaming in through the open door revealed that it was unoccupied. Yet someone had been there, and not so very long ago, for there were scraps of food on one of the overturned boxes. Unappetizing as these appeared, I sat down and ate heartily, then got to my feet and, closing the door securely behind me, plowed through the tangle of weeds back to the road.

Just before sundown I emerged from the narrow gap and looked down into the broad valley of the Green Briar. It was a scene to linger in the memory, and at my first glance I knew where I was, recognizing the familiar objects outspread before me. Lewisburg lay beyond a spur of hills, invisible from my position, although distant spirals of smoke indicated its presence. A few log huts appeared along the curving road, the one nearest me in ruins, while a gaunt chimney beside a broad stream unbridged was all that remained of a former mill. Beyond this, in midst of a grove of noble trees, a large house, painted white, was the only conspicuous feature in the landscape. I recognized it at once as the residence of Major Harwood.

My gaze rested upon it, as memory of the man, and his fate, surged freshly back into mind. The place had been spared destruction; it remained unchanged—but from that distance it had the appearance of desertion. This condition was no particular surprise, for Harwood's daughter, scarcely more than a girl to my remembrance, would doubtless be with friends, either in Lewisburg or Charleston; and that the mansion, thus deserted, still remained undestroyed was, after all, not so strange, for the major's standing

throughout that section would protect his property.

I moved on down the steep descent, losing sight of the house as the road twisted about the hill, although mem-



And Began to Clamber Up Over the Irregular Rocks.

ory of it did not desert my mind. Some odd inclination seemed to impel me to turn aside and study the situation there more closely. Possibly some key to the mystery of Harwood's murder—some connection between him and old Ned Cowan—might be revealed in a search of the deserted home. Fox had said that his party halted at the house on their march east toward Hot Springs. Some scrap of paper might have been left behind in the hurry of departure, which would yield me a clue. If not this, then there might be other papers stored there relating to military affairs in this section of value to the Confederacy. Harwood was the undoubted leader of the Union sympathizers throughout the entire region; he would have lists of names, and memoranda of meetings, containing information which would help me greatly in my quest. An exploration could not be a matter of any great danger, and might yield me the very knowledge I sought.

The great house loomed before me black and silent. If I had ever questioned its desertion its appearance lulled every such suspicion. Nor had it escaped unscathed from the desolation of war. At a distance, gazing from the side of the mountain, I could perceive no change. But now, close at hand, even the intense darkness could not hide the scars left by vandals. The front steps were broken, the door above was tightly closed, yet both the windows to the right were smashed in, sash and all, leaving a wide opening. I crept forward, and endeavored to peer through, but the darkness within was opaque. I was wet through, chilled to the bone, my uniform clinging to me like soaked paper. At least the inside promised shelter from the storm, a chance for a fire, and possibly fragments of food. And I had nothing to fear but darkness.

My revolver was under the flap of my cavalry jacket, dry and ready for use. I brought it forward, within easy grip, and stepped over the sill. My feet touched carpet, littered with broken glass, and I felt about cautiously. My recollection of the interior of the house was vague and indistinct, but I knew a wide hallway led straight through from front door to back, bisected only by a broad stairway leading to the upper story. I groped along the inside wall, found the door at last, standing wide open, and emerged into the hall. The way was clearer here, and there came into my mind the recollection of a bracket lamp, on the wall at the foot of the stairs. My remembrance of the position of the lamp was extremely vague, yet my fingers found it at last, and lifted it from the bracket. The globe contained oil, and, in another moment, the light revealed my immediate surroundings.

The total desertion of the place was evident; the destruction which had been wrought was plainly the work of cowardly vandals, who had broken in after the Harwoods left. Convinced of this truth, I proceeded fearlessly to explore, seeking merely the warmth of a fire and food. The library, a large room, the walls lined with bookcases, afforded no encouragement, but I stopped in amazement at the door of the dining room—the light of my lamp revealing a table at which someone had lately eaten, apparently alone. There was a single plate, a cup and saucer, a half loaf of bread, with a slice cut, part of a ham bone, with considerable meat remaining untouched, and a small china teapot. For an instant the unexpected sight of these articles fascinated me, and then my eyes caught a dull glow in the fireplace at the opposite end of

the room—the red gleam of a live ember.

The shock of this discovery was so sudden as to give me a strange, haunted feeling. The house had seemed so completely deserted, so desolate, wrapped in silence and darkness, that the very conception that someone else was hiding there came upon me like a blow. Who could the person be? Well, I would find out. Thus far the advantage was mine, for I knew of another presence, while the fellow, whoever he might prove to be, in all probability possessed no knowledge of my entrance.

My heart beat fast, but from excitement, not fear. With cocked revolver in one hand, the lamp in the other, I silently opened door after door, peering into vacant apartments, half thinking every shadow to be a skulking figure. The search revealed nothing; not even further evidence of any presence in the house. The kitchen fire was cold, the cooking utensils clean, and in their proper places.

Satisfied already that the mysterious invader had departed, yet sternly determined now to explore the whole house, and have done with the business, I mounted the back stairway, a strip of rag carpet rendering my steps silent, and, with head above the landing, flashed my light cautiously along the upper hall. There were doors on either side, the most of them open, but the third to the left was closed. There was no transom over it, but the door was far enough away from the radius of my lamp so as to reveal a faint glow of light at the floor line. I set the lamp down on the landing, and crept noiselessly forward to assure myself; it was true, a light was burning within the closed door.

(To be Continued)

ROCK HILL NEWS ITEMS

Sept. 27.—Mr. R. M. Brooks, who went to Houston several weeks ago for a surgical operation, has returned home and is getting along well.

Mr. John Monk Warren went to Percilla Sunday.

Messrs Joe and John Hudson were in our community Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Cook visited in the Lone Star settlement Sunday.

Our literary program Saturday night was short. We cannot boast of this meeting, owing to the fact that illness and other things prohibited the attendance of some who were on the program. However, we did our very best. The program consisted of several recitations, readings, songs, questions, etc., and a debate: "Resolved that one should take a general college course before entering upon a business career." The result was declared for the affirmative. We had with us several visitors from other communities.

We have purchased a lot of patent desks with which to equip our school building. The Youth is exceedingly glad for he thinks he knows the real advantage of such equipment.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Streetman, a baby girl.

A revival meeting will begin at this place Sunday night. We do not know how long it will continue, but we hope to have good interest manifested.

There is no serious illness in our immediate vicinity at present, however, Guy Willis has been unwell and there may be others.

The Youth once heard of moonlight rain-bows; and, in so much as "seeing is believing," he now believes; for he saw one very plainly Friday night. It is a grand inspiration to know that God's holy covenant may be brought afresh upon the minds of His people even at midnight by means of the rainbow.

Rock Hill Youth.

COMMUNITY CO-OPERATION

A merchant in one of our smaller towns made the statement to me not long ago that the reason he refused to carry standard brands of clothing and shoes was that this class of goods costs both the retailer and the customer more than the unadvertised sort—because of the money spent by manufacturers in advertising.

To prove this condition he exhibited a suit, of the non-standard variety, containing his private brand, with this argument.

"This suit was made by one of the best known manufacturers of standard clothes in this country. It retails under the established trademark for \$25.00, the same price I ask for it. I buy these clothes without the makers' name in them, for \$15.00 per suit, whereas if I demanded the makers' name I must pay \$18.50. In other words I must either lose \$3.50 profit on each sale, which amount goes into a fund to pay for the makers' advertising, or else raise the price to the consumer."

Investigations on my part developed the fact that the manufacturers in question refuse to place their name and trademark on a suit until it has been carefully inspected and found to come up to standard in every way. Suits containing faulty material or workmanship are called "seconds" and sold unbranded at reduced prices. The makers have invested too much money in the good will of their name to permit its association with faulty or under-standard products.

This incident is illustrative of existing manufacturing and merchandising methods, and conditions, that are of vital importance to you, and every other consumer.

There are two distinct classes of merchandise on the market: Standard goods of known quality, backed by reputable makers, and goods of unknown or doubtful quality and origin. It should not be a difficult matter to judge which class offers you greatest advantage.

"S-O-M-E Doughnut!"

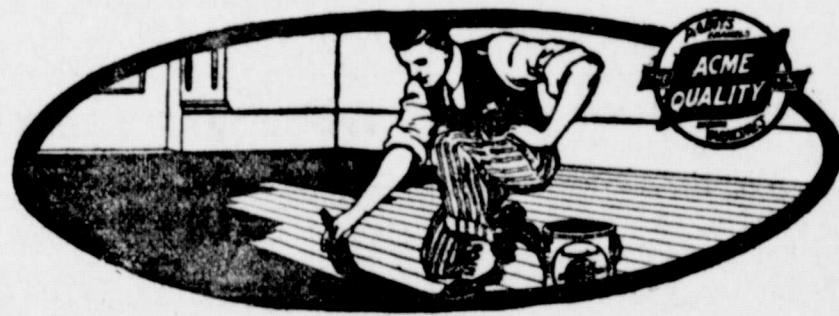
"Any time you want real goodies use Calumet Baking Powder! My mother uses it—she's tried all others—she's learned her lesson—now she sticks to Calumet.

"Unequaled for making tender, wholesome, light bakings. Wonderful leavening and raising qualities—uniform results. Mother says Calumet is the most economical to buy—most economical to use. Try it at once. Received Highest Awards

New Cook Book Free—See Slip in Pound Can

CALUMET BAKING POWDER
NOT MADE BY THE TRUST
CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO.
CHICAGO

Cheap and big can Baking Powders don't save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.



Floors Like New

Marred and worn floors are hard to clean and hard to keep clean. Half an hour's work with the paint brush changes your old shabby floors into new floors that are easy to keep clean and hard to wear out.

ACME QUALITY
FLOOR PAINT (GRANITE)

is the best floor paint to use. It is made especially to be walked upon, is ready for use, easy to put on—you can do it yourself—and dries quickly. A quart will cover about 75 square feet, two coats.

Ask for a copy of our "Home Decorating" booklet. It tells you all about the use of paints, enamels, stains and finishes in the home.

George E. Darsey.

Read the Ads.

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—2 x-c 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. 30, 1915

The old fashion man who use to wear home-made jeans clothes now has a son who has at least three tailor made suits and wears pink socks.

Press dispatches say that all arrangements for the billion-dollar loan to the allies have been completed. Some say it will bankrupt the United States, others say it will make business boom. We are not going to worry over it. It will not wear any holes in our pocket.

If this issue of the Record meets with your approval lend us your aid and influence and we venture the assertion that before the dawning of many moons you will have the newsiest little paper west of Little Rock or north of GrapeLand. What say you, Messenger?—Elkhart Record.

Go to it—you have our consent.

Many people last fall placed the blame of low priced cotton on the democratic administration. How about it now? Cotton is selling for a good price, thirty million dollars have been placed at the disposal of the south to move the crop, you can warehouse your cotton and borrow money on it at six per cent interest—all of the above are facts and we still have the democratic administration. The reason of last fall's calamity is it caught us unprepared. The sudden breaking of such a stupendous war paralyzed business everywhere.

The Elkhart Record reached us last week quite improved in appearance, full of local items and carried a considerable amount of advertising. At the head was the name of W. D. Small as editor. Mr. Small will be remembered by many GrapeLand people, for at one time he was connected with the Messenger. He is a brilliant writer and will give the people of Elkhart a splendid paper if they in turn will give him a good patronage. We wish the Record success.

Will GrapeLand have a community fair this fall, as suggested by the Messenger a few weeks ago? If so, there is no time to delay. It will take time and hard work to get it up. Mr. Tyler

'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

has a very good letter in this issue, urging the fair and relating some of the good things that will come therefrom. Antrimite spoke of it last week and gave it his hearty endorsement. Quite a number of citizens have spoken to us favorably of the matter, and now the matter rests with the business men of the town. Let's make the start this year, on a small scale, and it will grow from year to year until we can have one of the best little fairs in the state.

East Texas is going to have more than one money crop. Cotton is a good one and will stay with us, but in addition to it Nature has supplied us with a soil that is admirably adapted to peas and peanuts which are forging to the front as ready money crops, and what is the strange beauty about it is the fact that the latter two enrich the soil for all other crops. Great will be East Texas when the possibilities of its soil will be understood, and worked accordingly. — Rusk County News.

The Oakwood Oracle thinks the present fair price of cotton is a calamity, and among other things says: "High price cotton will starve the people to death again next year. After the present crop of grain has been consumed, Kansas corn and feed stuff will be in demand at high prices." We do not agree with our esteemed contemporary. We do not believe that the farmers of this country are foolish enough to abandon a diversified crop and plant every fence corner in cotton. The tragical experience this country went through last fall taught the people a lesson—and don't you forget it. The experience will be avoided in the future. Farmers know that a short crop of cotton brings more money than a large crop, and they know that if they produce their living at home the short-crop cotton money is "velvet."

NOTICE OF MEETING

There will be a called meeting of the Woodmen Circle at the hall Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. All members are urged to attend, as there is important business to transact.

PREACHING AT MIDWAY

The Messenger is requested to announce that Evangelist J. W. Chism will preach at Midway, beginning Friday night, October 1, and continuing through Sunday, and possibly through the week. A cordial invitation is extended the public to attend any or all of these services.

OAK GROVE SCHOOL

The Oak Grove, or Woodland Hall school, will open next Monday, October 4, and all patrons are requested to enter their children the first day. Prof. Harry Brewton of Crockett is the principal of this school, and will be assisted by Miss Audrey Campbell of Salmon. C. E. Brooks, one of the trustees, informs us that they have money enough to run their term six months.

RALLY DAY SUNDAY

Sunday will be observed as rally day by the Christian Sunday school. A special program has been arranged to begin promptly at 10 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit the Sunday school.



COPYRIGHT 1915, THE ROYAL TAILORS, CHICAGO-NEW YORK

Ultra Style Service for Young Men

Do you want the REAL ENGLISH TYPE of sack suit, Young Sir? With the slender, shapely shoulders? The high, snug, soldierly waist line? The soft, supple lapels, gracefully rolled instead of creased down--suggesting in the whole coat front an easy personality? If you want this style, which is the VERY LATEST for young men, come in today and see the wonder book of fall styles and fashions on display at our store. We can give you any style of suit you want and EVERY GARMENT IS GUARANTEED TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY. You will make no mistake in letting us order you a ROYAL TAILORED SUIT for the Royal Tailors specialize on young men's clothes. And remember: Royal Tailoring is a money saver for you, too. It means the latest made to measure suit at \$16 \$17 \$20 \$25 \$30 \$35 It Costs Nothing to Look. Will You be Our Guest this Week?

Another Feature in our Men's Wear Department is Our Line of



"The same price the world over."

We are showing in stock a big line of serges and novelty patterns and can give you that "I'm all here" look and feeling at \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$17.

We have received our shipment of Men's Pants, Overcoats, Mackinaws, Rain Coats and Slickers. "Marvelous" is the only word that describes the wonderful values we are giving.

Our stock of Boys' Suits, Boys' Pants, Boys' Raincoats, Boys' Slickers and anything boys need is without a parallel in the county. Bring your boys here. They receive the same treatment as grown-ups.

You can always find the newest shirts, neckwear, hosiery, collars, ties, belts, suspenders, supporters, etc., at this store. We have all kinds of shoes for all kinds of people.

George E. Darsey

YOU ARE INVITED!



Sure, you are invited to see the new items now on display at our store. We have bought our stock from the largest and strongest manufacturers and wholesale houses of the East and bought very heavily, expecting our cotton crop to give us what it promised, but it has failed to make the crop we expected, hence we are overloaded in every department and now give you a very cordial invitation to

See the many New Values we are going to offer you

<p>STAPLES In our staple department we have the very best to offer you that money can buy—Cotton Flannel; bleached and brown Domestic, bleached and brown sheeting Outing, all colors and solids, too; Cheviots, Cotton Checks, Apron Gingham, and Hickory Stripes, blue and brown.</p>	<p>QUALITY GINGHAMS Yes, when we say quality gingham we mean the highest. None better—little as good. See them and be convinced. WOOL GOODS In wool goods we can show you Granite Cloth, Serges, Popular Cloth, Ottoman Cloth, Plaids and Checks that are so good, in fact, any item</p>	<p>for this season we are offering them for your inspection. DRESS AND TABLE LINENS We especially call your attention to our dress linens, and also to our table linen, and too, see the pretty linen napkins while here—very pretty indeed.</p>	<p>SILKS Yes, silks in all the new colors, stripes and plaids the best colors, and they are pretty, too, and they are so strong this season. Don't fail to see them. LADIES COATS We are showing the prettiest line of ladies coats ever placed on display in Grapeland and we</p>	<p>especially ask you to see them before making your selections. LADIES SKIRTS All the new styles and good patterns in our skirts. They are the seasons best, and at prices. All the colors are good—see them. SHOES FOR EVERYBODY We fit you best, and fit your feet for comfort. All</p>	<p>the styles of leathers for this season—we are showing them. More shoes for ladies to arrive in the next few days. WE ARE GOING TO OFFER for the next few days a pretty little pen knife with every pair of ladies and Misses shoes sold at our counter. See this little knife at our shoe counter. Ask us about this item.</p>
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Men's Clothing
We are showing the I. & Bing Clothing for young men and men who stay young. See the many patterns shown and the extra good values offered by us.

Tailor Made Clothes
Now, about your tailor made suit for this fall. We have on display one of the strongest tailor made lines that the East has to offer, and we will save you a few dollars on your next suit if you will give us that pleasure.

**No Fit--No Pay
A Good Fit--Small Pay
SO SEE US AND BE CONVINCED**

We have many items that we have not mentioned for lack of space and ask you to call and see the many new new things offered at prices that will please you.

*I. & Bing
CINCINNATI*

Free! Free! Free!
Every boy wants one—every boy should have one and the best of it all is every boy can have one FREE.
The Boy Proof Watch
Guaranteed for one year given away with every boys' suit. Ask us about it, boys, for we want you to have one. See them on display in our show window. Free with every suit from \$3.50 up.

Madam Grace Corsets
Have your next corset a certified style.
Your aim is of course to keep step with the fashion developments of the season.
Your corset must be absolutely correct in every detail of bust, height, skirt length, waist if you are to wear your dresses to the best advantage. The next time you are in the store just ask to be shown our certified correct styles in Madam Grace Corsets.



Kennedy Bros.

THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY
Grapeland, Texas

Misses Kathleen and Angeline Allee of Crockett were the week end guests of Miss Lura Mae Owens.
John R. Owens leaves Sunday for Henderson, where he has accepted a position with the Rusk County News. We hate to lose John R., for he is an able printer and a christian gentleman.—Trinity County Star, Groveton.

Trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at Darsey's.
County Attorney Ben Dent was up from Crockett Saturday.
John Tyer of Dodge spent a few days here last week greeting his friends. He had just returned from Austin, where he had been to place his boy in school.

LOCAL NEWS
Plenty of 8 oz. duck at Darsey's.
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ellis of Crockett were here Sunday.
Darsey's line of dry goods and dress goods is always up to the minute.
"The Red Mist" is going to prove a popular story. Are you reading it? Begun last week.
Geo. E. Darsey Jr. has gone to Georgetown to resume his studies in Southwestern University.
Second hand wagons for sale. We can save you money if you need a good second hand wagon. Geo. E. Darsey.
W. L. Smith makes it very easy for some one to get a pearl handle pocket knife free. Read his ad and see if you can get it.
Dr. McCarty returned home Wednesday morning from west Texas and New Mexico, where he has been for quite awhile for his health. He is much improved.
Utility gingham, outings, cotton flannels, cotton checks and stripes, feather tick, domestics and pepperel sheeting at Darsey's all the time.
A little over 1,300 bales of cotton had been shipped from Grapeland up to Saturday night. This is twice the amount that had been shipped the same date last year.

Hats cleaned and re-blocked, made to look new. New bands put on inside and outside. adv. M. L. Clewis.
Good times are returning, and if every man in this community begins now to lay up a store for the next hard times period we will live in plenty while others do the yelping.
G. R. Murchison left Tuesday for Nacogdoches to be present when the case of Mrs. R. H. Murchison vs. State is called for trial Thursday. Mrs. Murchison is charged by indictment with the murder of her husband.
C. H. Beazley, formerly of Reynard but now of Crockett, and one of the Messenger's substantial friends, was here last Friday for a few hours. He was in company with John R. Sheridan, who was visiting the gins in this section of the county.
John R. Sheridan of Crockett, who travels over the county getting cotton data for the U. S. government, was here Saturday, and stated that it was his opinion the cotton crop of Houston county would be ginned by October 15. That indicates the crop will be exceedingly short.
Seth Wright Yarbrough has returned home from Frisco, where he had a position with a railway company, and will remain here until he gains strength sufficiently for him to discharge his duties. Just awhile before going there, he was operated on for appendicitis and had not completely recovered.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!
On the next regular meeting night, October 9th, the Woodmen of the World will give a smoker and Dutch lunch to its members only. The William goat will be much in evidence and all members of this and nearby lodges are given a special invitation to be present. Leave your cares and worries at home and come out and enjoy yourselves.
A. E. Owens, Clerk.
Do not fail to read "The Red Mist." It is one of the best stories ever written.
"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. Old clothes renovated and made new. Charges most reasonable. Adv.
Uncle Sam to Dr. Dumba: Mr. Lansing's got your numba. You have made most serious blunda, So you have no cause to wonda When you say, pack up your plunda, Chase yourself, and go to thunda! —Mineola Monitor.
Speak a good word for the schools, and the churches, and the business and professional men, and the industries, and your neighbors, and friends, and the people generally. Speak a good word for the whole community, and keep on speaking until others get the habit and begin speaking with you. It is a good thing for the town, and in time others will be speaking well of you.

Have You Seen Our Little Line of

Pearl Handle Pocket Knives

We are Going to Give one of these \$1.00 Knives
to the person bringing to our store between now and 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon
The Heaviest Ear of Dry Corn
Remember if you should be the only one bringing in an ear of corn you get the prize just the same

"THE PEOPLES' DRUG STORE"
WADE L. SMITH

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

PARAGRAPHS

Pertaining to Community Prosperity — Clipped from FARM AND RANCH

Gossip is the pastime of little souls and should have no place in your home or thought.

He who always fears failure always feels it. It's just as easy to feel that you are going to succeed as it is that you're going to fail.

We need more sheep in the Southwest. No animal can graze more economically than sheep. These animals can utilize close pastures and rough land to a great advantage. Almost every farm could support a few sheep and the extra feed would scarcely be missed. The money derived from a few sheep would go a long way in keeping up the expenses of the farm home. Get a few pure-bred sheep and begin sheep raising.

Size of crops and profits upon labor and investments next year depend very largely on the amount and kind of fall plowing done during the next few months. If diversified farming is to be continued as it should be the land should be prepared early. Regardless of when cotton is to be sold it should be picked as soon as possible so the land may be turned this fall. This is far more important than most people believe.

TEXAS WOMAN'S FAIR,
Houston, Oct. 11-16. Excursions VIA I&GN.

Two Popular Excursions for Special Days. Season tickets on sale daily. See Ticket Agent, I&GN Ry.

We had a strange and startling dream the other night. In our imagination we saw every fellow walking up and squaring his subscription account and paying a dollar in advance, and forthwith we were arranging to take up a large slice of that billion dollar loan, when an insect started to fox trot on our nasal protuberance and brought us gently back to the sweeter realities of life. Just why is a dream, anyway?

RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

Reynard, Sept. 27. — Farm work was somewhat of a variety last week. Some were pulling corn, some pulling goobers, some pulling cotton from the bolls and some pulling it to the gin, so it was a pulling week. Cotton is about all open and by November 1st, all will be out if weather conditions are favorable. Of course, everybody is wearing a smile.

Spence Bros have ginned about 165 bales. Owing to the price of seed a great deal of cotton is being hauled to town in the seed.

J. R. Sheridan, gin census taker, was in our midst last week.

We are sorry to lose Grady Stevens, who goes to Jacksonville to enter school. A Jacksonville young man, a Mr. McKenny, came to take his place on the farm.

Cotton picking, syrup making and potato digging is about the only farm work ahead of us. The late cotton is an absolute failure. We doubt if there has been five pounds to the acre made since the first of August. The perplexing question before us now is the meat supply; not enough hogs to go half way round. The mast is scattering.

Pastures are simply fine and most of the stock will enter the winter fat unless we have too much rain.

There was a good crowd at Sunday school. While our school is union, we are going to observe Baptist go to Sunday school day next Sunday and are going to try to carry out the most important parts of the program.

Our school commenced last Monday with nineteen pupils enrolled. We are glad to see our children take to their books with so much earnestness. The last hour Friday evening was spent in organizing a literary society and we hope to see our boys and girls trained so they will not be afraid to speak in public. All who know our teacher, Miss Pearl Ady, know that she is a wide awake instructor. We will have a nine months' term and expect the pupils to get up and move out.

There is a few of every kind of an insect imaginable down this way, but had rather have them than a freeze just now.

Zack.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Ney Sheridan and children of Crockett were Grapeland visitors Sunday.

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

E-X-T-R-A-!

Low Prices

We are the People Who Put the Price Down in Grapeland

18 lbs. white granulated sugar.....	1.00	10 bars soap for.....	25c	No. 2 lamp chimneys for.....	5c
Swifts Jewel compound per lb.....	8 ¹ / ₂ c	3 bars best toilet soap for.....	10c	No. 2 lamp burners for.....	5c
12 boxes matches for.....	25c	3 1-2 cans Good Luck Baking powder.....	25c	6 No. 2 lamp wicks for.....	5c
3 plugs Brown mule tobacco.....	25c	7 packages soda.....	25c	10 qt milk bucket for.....	10c
5 gallons oil for.....	60c	7 lbs good roasted coffee.....	1.00	Good enamel dipper for.....	10c
Garrett snuff per bottle.....	20c	8 lbs. extra good green coffee for....	1.00	10 qt. enameled water bucket.....	25c
Best grade cooking oil per gallon.....	60c	Don't fail to see our 5, 10, 15 and 25 Cent Bargain Counter		Enameled coffee pot for.....	25c
Good high patent flour per sack.....	1.45				
1.00 bucket coffee for.....	60c				

We Want Your Chickens and Eggs

Remember we sell you goods at "live and let live" prices the year 'round. Come to see us and HELP US KEEP THE PRICE DOWN.

Extra Low Prices on all Furniture Hardware and Leather Goods

KEELAND BROS. The Price Is The Thing!

FIRST LYCEUM ATTRACTION

Booth Lowery is the first attraction of the Lyceum course, and will appear at the school auditorium Wednesday night, October 13th.

Mr. Lowery is a lecturer of noted ability and his services on the Lyceum platform have always been in demand. He is of pleasing personality, a fluent talker and has a message that appeals to all people. A press notice says that "he combines in full proportions the orator, the poet, the wit and the impersonator, and, though disclaiming the honor, he is a good deal of a statesman."

The committee in charge of the course will in the next few days begin the sale of season tickets for the five attractions. The season tickets will be sold at a discount, so be prepared when they call on you to buy what tickets you need.

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

John Scarbrough, constable at Percilla, returned last Friday from a trip to Kaufman county, where he had been after a negro wanted here for jumping a fine. He brought the negro back and placed him in jail at Crockett.

CREDITABLE CATALOGUE

The Grapeland Messenger has completed the printing of a most creditable catalogue for the Grapeland public schools. The catalogue contains photo reproductions of the president and other members of the board of education, the school faculty, school building and some Grape-

land street scenes. The calendar for the term and the course of study are outlined. It is a most creditable catalogue, from the standpoint of the printer as well as of the school. — Crockett Courier.

Claude Leaverton left for Galveston Monday to take up his studies in the state medical college for the term.

The Backbone of Our Country



The farmer is the man we all want to see prosper. He is the original producer of everything we use today.

We Want Good Farmers

For our customers. It matters not how large or how small your account may be, we are looking for it.

Farmers & Merchants State Bank
A GUARANTY FUND BANK

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's A Man Will Tell You
 that

Coca-Cola

has the call

The standby of the thirsty—
 the delight of the hot and tired—
 the treat for the multitude.

Delicious and Refreshing

Demand the genuine by full name—
 nicknames encourage substitution.

Whenever
 you see an
 Arrow, think
 of Coca-Cola

THE COCA-COLA CO.
 ATLANTA, GA.



RENEW To-Day!

WHAT'S THE USE TO PUT IT OFF?

**LETTER FROM
 MR. H. A. TYER**

Gardner, Ill., Sept. 19.
 Editor Messenger:

I notice there is quite an agitation in Texas and dear old Houston County for good roads. Let us hope the good work will continue and at no distant day may we see good roads all thru the state, especially in Houston county. Now, I do not wish to be called selfish for wishing or hoping that Houston county may have good roads, but as I was born and raised there I am sure no one will think me selfish for making the statement. I often think of Longfellow's poem, "The Old Oakken Bucket," which starts out with—

"How dear to my heart
 Are the scenes of my
 childhood,
 When fond recollections
 Present them to view."

I often think of the days I have spent in and around Grapeland with many, many "fond recollections" and every time I know of Grapeland "striking out after something" it makes me feel glad to think of the town and people as my home and friends.

The Summer Normal that was held there was quite an ad for Grapeland and a credit to her people, and let us hope it will be repeated.

I notice in the Messenger that the corn and produce crop is good around Grapeland, which goes to show and prove that if the farmers only lose sight of "all cotton" they can and will succeed. I know enough of the conditions and soil in that community to know that no one need to be tied down to king cotton. Then again, let us hope that never again will the farmers around dear old Grapeland have to look to Kansas for their corn, to St. Louis for their meat and New Orleans for their syrup, for Texas is big enough, has enough varieties of soil and climate to produce anything to eat, wear, drink or chew, for as one fellow bounded Texas he said:

"Texas is bounded on the east by the alligator swamps and huckle berry thickets of Louisiana, on the north by the oil wells and tomahaws of Oklahoma, on the west and south west by the hot tamales and chilli con carne of Mexico and New Mexico, and if it were not for the Gulf of Mexico Texas would reach to the South Pole." Texas is the only state in the union that could live all alone, without help from any outside source. While I do not live in Texas, I am proud of the fact that I am a native born Texan, and never deny that fact. People who have not been north have no idea how quickly a Northerner can pick a Southerner out just by their talk. I often meet people for the first time and after five or ten minutes talk they will ask which one of the southern states I am from, and I always answer "Texas and proud of it."

I noticed the editorial in last week's Messenger, that it would be a good idea to have a fair at Grapeland for two or three days. Now, let me tell you good people of Grapeland and community: You can not appreciate what that would mean to you until you try it out. It will mean a bigger and better Grapeland; it will mean a more prosperous community; it will mean advancement all along the line. My advice is, hold the fair, hold the fair, by any and all means hold the fair. Of course it can not be gotten up in a few weeks and

**COULD SCARCELY
 WALK ABOUT**

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-62

be made a howling success, but start this fall and next year start earlier and make it an annual affair. By all means hold the fair. Let the farmers bring in specimens of corn, potatoes, cabbage, peanuts, onions and everything in that line and lastly, a sample of cotton; also bring the finest pigs, yearlings, horses, sheep, goats, ducks, chickens, etc., and if every one would do that it is surprising how much good—real good—products of the farm can be gotten together. Let the ladies bring samples of their fancy work, canned goods, cooking, etc.; exchange ideas, recipes, method of doing work and a thousand and one good ideas will be advanced both for the home and farm.

They have these little fairs all over the country and it is worth while and if Grapeland will make the start it will not be long until others will take up doing the same thing. So by way of starting, let Grapeland hold a fair.

Success to the Messenger and its many readers.

H. A. Tyer.

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.

Send in your subscription at once. Especially do we solicit the subscription of those who are receiving sample copies.

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

Read the Messenger every week if you want the news of Houston county.

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

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

To the Public:

I have several pairs of
Large Size Pants going **AT COST!**
Come and see them

My stock of shoes is complete and all kinds of
dry goods. We can save you money on your bill.

Come to see us and let us
fill your bill.

High patent flour, per sack.....\$1.40
Fancy patent flour, per sack.....\$1.60

Can save you money on your
Buggy Harness

REMEMBER QUALITY IS THE THING

T. S. KENT

We Are Prepared

To take care of all your wants
in most all lines.

It will be to your interest to see
us before you buy your bill, as
we can save you money.

By all means give us a trial.

Traylor Bros.

Keep the Price Down



When Little Willie Gets the Tummy Ache!

The youngsters just will eat green apples or
puckery persimmons or too much jelly cake. Old-
fashioned belliake is acute indigestion. Give the sufferer
a good big dose of castor oil and apply a hot water
bottle to the spot of greatest pain.

You ought to have one of our guaranteed
hot water bottles in your home—for neuralgia, tooth-
ache and rheumatism, too.

We carry the highest quality of rubber
goods to be had.

Our castor oil in bulk or capsule is as slick
and active as greased lightning.

D. N. LEAVERTON

GRAPELAND'S LEADING DRUGGIST

OUR HONOR ROLL

"Come on in—the water's fine."
Mote Walton, S. W. Yarbrough,
T. S. Goodnight, Grapeland.
R. F. Hodge, Elmo Keen, Chess
Davis, Route 1.
R. E. Martin, Miss Annie Bur-
den, Route 2.
J. O. Brown, Geo. Chaffin, Lee
Finch, Dudley Ellis, John F.
Martin, Mrs. S. J. Martin, Route
3.
W. W. Sullivan, W. B. Moore,
Percilla.
Alton Baker, Elkhart, Route
2.
Henry Newman, Augusta.
Tom Luce, Crockett, Route 1
Mrs. J. F. Fulton sends the
paper to her son, Frank Shipper,
at Seward, Ill.

Cheap Paint

There are 1000 "cheap" paints
and a dozen really cheap ones.
That double word "cheap" is
the cause of wasting more money
than good paint costs, two or
three times over.
Cheap paint is good paint;
there is no other; no other is
cheap.
The two words sound alike but
their meanings are opposite.
"Cheap" costs double. Cheap is
Devoe.

Kennedy Bros. sell it.

SPEAKING SATURDAY

Hon. Stanley J. Clark will
speak in Grapeland next Satur-
day afternoon at 2 o'clock. A
place somewhere on the street
will be arranged so as to give
everybody a chance to hear him.
Mr. Clark will speak on social-
ism, and he is said to be a very
brilliant man and an entertain-
ing speaker.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the ladies of
Grapeland and vicinity, who at-
tended on fall opening of Millin-
ery and Ladies' Ready to Wear.
This was the most successful
opening in this store's history,
and we assure you that you can
always depend upon the very
latest styles and the most reason-
able prices all through the sea-
son. That this opening was at-
tended by ladies from other
places, evidences this store's
standard in the eyes of the entire
country. Geo. E. Darsey.

Mrs. H. A. Tyer and son, Leon,
left Saturday evening for Elk-
hart, Texas, called there by the
serious illness of her mother,
Mrs. Ferguson, who passed away
that evening. Mrs. Ferguson
spent more than a year here at
the home of her daughter, re-
turning to Texas about a year
ago. She was a pleasant lady to
meet, and made many friends
here, who will regret to hear of
her death, and who extend sym-
pathy to Mrs. Tyer and family.
—Gardner (Ill.) Chronicle.

The following ladies of Crockett
were visitors to Grapeland
last Wednesday and Thursday:
Mrs. Jim Smith and children,
Mrs. Scott, Miss Mary Hill, Mrs.
C. L. Edmiston, Mrs. Geo. Crook,
Mrs. John Ellis, Miss Mary Ellis,
Miss Sarah Mac Cook, Miss
Josephine Edmiston.

John Willis and others were
here Monday to haul out the new
desks for the Rock Hill school
house.

Mrs. R. L. Pridgen and child-
ren returned Sunday morning
from Elkhart where they had
been visiting relatives and
friends.

Geo. E. Darsey's 1915 Cash Register Check Contest

October 1st, we will begin our 1915 Cash Register
Check contest which will be open and free to all people.
It will be conducted under the following rules. The trade
territory of Grapeland will be divided into six (6) districts:
DISTRICT NO. 1.—Will include all people getting their
mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 1.
DISTRICT NO. 2.—Will include all people getting their
mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 2.
DISTRICT NO. 3.—Will include all people getting their
mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 3.
DISTRICT NO. 4.—Will include all people getting their
mail on Grapeland R. F. D. No. 4.
DISTRICT NO. 5.—Will include all people getting their
mail at Grapeland and not on either of the above R. F. D.
points.
DISTRICT NO. 6.—Will include Latexo, Augusta, Per-
cilla, Salmon, Elkhart and all territory not included in
either of the above districts.

The Premiums

The Premiums that we are going to give are the most
valuable that we have ever given and are as follows:
To the man or boy in each district that gets us the
largest amount of our Cash Register Checks during the
contest we will give a Gold Hunting Case Watch. This
means that we will give six watches. One to each district.
To the lady or girl in each district getting us the largest
amount of our Cash Register Checks during this contest
we will give a Gold Bracelet and Watch. This means that
we will give six Gold Bracelet Watches. One to each
district.

Rules Governing this Contest

All contestants will be recorded in the district in which
they belong, and will contest only with people in their
own district, but will be allowed to solicit help from any
person or friend from any district, or any person can help
any friend regardless of what district he or they may be
long.

Cash Register Checks once voted cannot be withdrawn
or re-voted.

Customers are requested to always call for your Cash
Register Checks when settling with the clerk for your
bill as all Cash Register Checks not called for or taken
will be destroyed, as the clerks will not be allowed to save
up or solicit Cash Register Checks for any person.

No Employee will Enter this Contest

No employee or the member of any employe's family
will not enter this contest.

How Darsey's Cash Register Checks Count

For every purchase at our store for cash, produce or
Darsey's checks we will give a Cash Register Check
showing the amount of your purchase, and what your
Cash Register Check shows your purchase to be, that
check will count for that amount of votes. 1c for 1 vote,
a 5c check will count 5, a 50c check will count 50, a dollar
check will count 100 and so on up to what ever amount
that your purchase may be.

What Cash Register Checks Count

All Cash Register Checks issued by us during this con-
test will count and all Cash Register Checks showing
signs of the amount being raised, altered or changed will
be thrown out and not counted. No checks issued before
October 1, 1915, will be counted.

Specials

Special votes and premiums will be given from time to
time during this contest and we want to know the name,
Post office address and district of each contestant so that
we may notify you of any thing special that we may have
offer at any time.

The Grapeland Messenger Free

To all contestants not taking the Grapeland Messenger
we will send it free to them during this contest.

Contestant's Application

Geo. E. Darsey,
Grapeland, Texas.
Please enter Mr., Mrs. or Miss (state which)

.....
as a contestant in district No.
Post office....., R. F. D.
Do you take the Messenger.....

Special Prices for this Week and Next Week

10 lb. box Brown Mule tobacco	\$3.10	Best grade cooking oil per gallon.....	65c
for.....		100 lb. sacks salt for.....	50c
Best flour per sack.....	1.50	5 bottles Garret snuff.....	90c
Good high patent flour per sack.....	1.40	Best lemons per dozen.....	15c
Good second grade flour per sack....	1.30	100 lb. sacks best cane sugar.....	5.50
Best compound still.....	3.90	Best wheat brand per sack...	1.25
Best green coffee 8 lbs. for.....	1.00	Best seed oats every sack tagged...	55c

Geo. E. Darsey