

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 18 No. 46

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN. 13, 1916

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## New Year Resolutions

at the  
**BARGAN STORE**

Here goes for Low Prices, High Quality and a Better Life.

We will carry a full line of Dry Goods, Shoes, Notions and Groceries, and in connection with this we will run a FEED STORE.

**Car of Chops, Bran and Oats  
Have Arrived**

**Car of Alfalfa Hay Just Arrived**

**We will Appreciate Your Trade**

**Chickens and Eggs Bought**

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

**W. R. WHERRY**

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

## BROOKS' STORE BURGLARIZED

When J. J. Brooks came down Tuesday morning to open his store, he discovered that it had been entered sometime during the night. Upon investigation, he found missing a pair of shoes, some underwear, overalls, candy and several pocket knives, in all amounting to about \$15.00. Entrance was effected through a rear window by breaking out a pane.

The burglar left his old shoes in the store, wearing the pair he appropriated from the stock. It is thought the deed was committed by some hobo passing thru.

## PICTURE SHOW CHANGES HANDS

Frank Leaverton has assumed control of the picture show, although Mr. Haring will be in charge for the next month or two. A new and better engine has been installed to furnish power, also a new picture machine. The film service has been improved, and after this week will run three nights a week, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, giving a five reel program each night.

## BUILDING VERY ACTIVE IN 1915

The year 1915 was "a year of building activity in Grapeland and the surrounding country. The local contractors and carpenters have had about all they could do during the entire year.

In the business section, the handsome brick block occupied by a drug store, the postoffice and barber shop was erected. In the residence section, six new dwellings were built, including the two handsome residences of Messrs. J. C. and C. W. Kennedy, which are now nearing completion. There have been quite a number of additions made, the most important of which is the annex to the Goodson Hotel, which will be ready for occupancy in a few days. The new year promises to be equally as good in the building line. Some contracts have already been let for re-modeling and building as soon as the workmen can get to them. It is also rumored that the old Grapeland hotel will be torn away and a new, modern hotel erected in its stead.

## GRAPELAND BOY WEDS

Edgar Brooks, a Grapeland boy now living in Livingston, bookkeeper for C. J. Gerlach & Bro., was married last Wednesday to Mrs. S. Bergman of that city. Edgar's many friends here will join the Messenger in extending congratulations and best wishes.

## MAIZE HEADS

I have a car load of maize heads to arrive this week. They are the best and cheapest feed stuff you can buy. Good for all kinds of stock and is excellent chicken feed. See me at once if you want any.  
J. W. Howard.

## DUE TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK

ANOTHER CAR OF

**Verabest and Silver Lake Flour**

Also plenty of TEXAS RED RUST PROOF SEED OATS, CHOPS, SHORTS, BRAN and MEAL

**Onion Sets**

We now have a supply of Red and Yellow Bermuda Onion Sets. Get yours while they last.

**Fresh Light Bread**

We are handling fresh light bread and can supply your wants at any time.

We are receiving new goods every day and in a short time we will have one of the most complete stocks of fancy and staple groceries in the South.

Bring us your produce and give us a trial on your next bill and get the closest prices, quickest service, freshest and highest quality goods in town.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

## THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

HARRY LONG, Manager

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

## BUSINESS PROPERTY CHANGES HANDS

Through a deal involving several thousand dollars, which was consummated the early part of the week, T. H. Leaverton purchased from J. J. Brooks, his brick building on the east side

and eleven business lots. Some time in the early summer Mr. Leaverton will move his lumber yard to these lots and will use the building as an office and also put in a line of builders' hardware, doors, windows, etc., in connection with his lumber stock.

# NOTICE!

**Big Reduction**

**SALE**

Having sold my brick as a place of business, and having a large stock of merchandise that must be sold in order to raise money, it will pay you when in town to come and see what I have, as it

**Must Sell!**

I have some winter goods on hand, such as Skirt Goods, Sweaters and Underwear, both for men and ladies. Price them!

**J. J. Brooks**

## Work Time! Plow Time! Play Time is Past

and everybody is rushing to get his land in readiness for this year's crop.

You will find our stock of trim plow parts complete. Plenty of breaking plows, Georgia stocks, Texas stocks. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

**COLLARS** to fit any horse or mule.

Come to us for what you need in Dry Goods, Groceries, light Hardware and all farm supplies.

**McLean & Riall**

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

FREE DELIVERY

BOTH PHONES

## BANKS ELECT OFFICERS

The Guaranty State Bank held a meeting last week and re-elected all the old officers, C. W. Kennedy, president, J. R. Pennington, vice-president and U. M. Brock, cashier. They report a good business for the year 1915, and the prospects for this year indicate even a better business.

The Farmers & Merchants Bank held their meeting Tuesday of this week and re-elected all officers, Geo. E. Darsey, president, T. S. Kent, vice-president

and W. D. Granberry, cashier. All the old directors were re-elected except P. L. Fulgham, who was succeeded by J. H. Beazley.

At this meeting a ten per cent dividend was declared, payable to all stockholders, and ten per cent passed to the surplus fund, which brings their surplus up to \$12,000. This now gives them a working capital of \$27,000. In view of the tight money matters of the past year, this is a creditable showing and indicates that the bank has had a good business.



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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At Troyon's, a Paris inn, the youth Marcel Troyon, afterwards to be known as Michael Lanyard, is caught stealing by Burke, an expert thief, who takes the boy with him to America and makes of him a finished crackman.

CHAPTER II—After stealing the Omber jewels and the Huysman war plans in London Lanyard returns to Troyon's for the first time in many years because he thinks Roddy, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. On arrival he finds Roddy already installed as a guest.

CHAPTER III.

A Point of Interrogation.

For some time Lanyard strained to catch something of the conversation that seemed to prove so interesting to Roddy, but without success, thanks to the hum of voices that filled the room. In time, however, the gathering began to thin out, until at length there remained only this party of three, Lanyard enjoying a most delectable salad and Roddy puffing a cigar (with such evidence of enjoyment that Lanyard suspected him of the sin of smuggling) and slowly emptying another bottle of Bass.

Under these conditions the talk between De Morbihan and the American became public property.

The first remark overheard by Lanyard came from the elderly American, following a pause and a consultation of his watch.

"Quarter to eleven," he announced cheerfully. "That is," he amended, "if mademoiselle isn't bored."

The girl's reply, something which was accompanied by a pretty inclination of her head toward the Frenchman, was lost in the other's accents. He had a strong and sonorous voice, in strange contrast with his ravaged appearance and distressing cough.

"Don't let that hurry you," he advised cheerfully. "Lucia's accustomed to keeping late hours with me; and whoever heard of a young and pretty woman being bored on the third day of her first visit to Paris?"

He pronounced the name with the soft "e" of the Italian tongue, as though it were spelled "Luchia."

"To be sure," laughed the Frenchman; "one suspects it will be long before mademoiselle loses interest in the Rue de la Paix."

"You may well, when such beautiful things come from it," said the girl. "See what we found there today."

She slipped a ring from her hand and passed it to De Morbihan.

There followed silence for an instant, then an exclamation from the Frenchman:

"But it is superb! Accept, mademoiselle, my compliments. It is worthy even of you."

She flushed prettily as she nodded smiling acknowledgment.

"Ah, you Americans!" De Morbihan sighed. "You fill us with envy—you have the souls of poets and the wealth of princes!"

"But we must come to Paris to find beautiful things for our womenfolk!"

"Take care, though, lest you go too far, M. Bannan."

"How so—too far?"

"You might attract the attention of the Lone Wolf. They say he's on the prowl once more."

The American laughed a trace contemptuously. Lanyard's fingers tightened on his knife and fork; otherwise he made no sign. A sidelong glance into a mirror at his elbow showed Roddy still absorbed in the Daily Mail.

The girl bent forward with a look of eager interest.

"The Lone Wolf? Who is that?"

"You don't know him in America, mademoiselle?"

"No-o."

"The Lone Wolf, my dear Lucia," the valetudinarian explained in dry and humorous accents, "is the sobriquet fastened by some imaginative French reporter upon a celebrated criminal who seems to have made himself something of a pest over here these last few years. Nobody knows anything definite about him, apparently, but he operates in a most individual way and keeps the police busy trying to guess where he'll strike next."

The girl breathed an incredulous exclamation.

"But I assure you!" De Morbihan protested. "The rogue has had a wonderfully successful career, thanks to his dispensing with confederates and

confining his depredations to jewels and similar valuables—portable and easy to convert into cash. Yet," he added, nodding sagely, "one is not afraid to predict that his race is almost run."

"You don't tell me!" the older man exclaimed. "Have they picked up the scent—at last?"

"The man is known," De Morbihan affirmed.

By now the conversation had caught the interest of several loitering waiters, who were listening open-mouthed; and even Roddy seemed a bit startled, and for once forgot to make business with his newspaper, but his wondering stare was exclusively for De Morbihan.

Lanyard put down knife and fork, swallowed a final mouthful of Haut Brion, and lighted a cigarette with the hand of a man who knew not the meaning of nerves.

"Garcon!" he called quietly, and ordered coffee and cigars, with a liqueur to follow.

"Known!" the American exclaimed. "They've caught him, eh?"

"I didn't say that," De Morbihan laughed; "but the mystery is no more—in certain quarters."

"Who is he, then?"

"That—monsieur will pardon me—I'm not yet free to state. Indeed, I may be indiscreet in saying as much as I do. Yet, among friends—"

His shrug suggested that, as far as he was concerned, waiters were not human and the other guests of the establishment non-existent.

"But," the American protested, "perhaps you can tell us how they got on his track?"

"It was not difficult," said De Morbihan; "indeed, quite simple. This tone of depreciation is becoming, for it was my part to suggest the solution to my friend, the chief of the surete. He had been annoyed and distressed, and was even talking of resigning because of his inability to cope with this gentleman, the Lone Wolf. And since he is my friend, I, too, was distressed on his behalf, and badgered my poor wits until they chanced upon the idea which led us to the light."

"You won't tell us?" the girl protested, with a little moue of disappointment as the Frenchman paused provokingly.

"Perhaps I should not. And yet—why not? As I say, it was elementary reasoning—a mere matter of logical deduction and elimination. One made up one's mind the Lone Wolf must be a certain type of man; the rest was simply sifting France for the man to fit the theory and then watching him until he gave himself away."

"You're not going to stop there?" the American demanded in an agitated tone.

"No? I must continue? Very well; I confess to some little pride. It was a feat. He is cunning, that one!"

De Morbihan paused and shifted sidewise in his chair, grinning like a mischievous child.

By this maneuver, thanks to the arrangement of mirrors lining the walls, he commanded an indirect view of Lanyard, a fact of which the latter was not unaware, though his expression remained unchanged as he sat—

with a corner of his eye reserved for Roddy—speculating whether De Morbihan were telling the truth or only boasting for his own glorification.

"Do go on—please!" the girl begged prettily.

"I can deny you nothing, mademoiselle. Well, then! From what little was known of this mysterious creature, one readily inferred he must be a bachelor, with no close friends. That is clear, I trust?"

"Too deep for me, my friend," the elderly man confessed.

"Impenetrable reticence," the count expounded—and enjoying himself hugely—"isn't possible in the human relations. Sooner or later one is doomed to share one's secrets, however reluctantly, even unconsciously, with a wife, a mistress, a child, or with some trusted friend. And a secret between two is—a prolific breeder of platitudes! Granted this line of reasoning, the Lone Wolf is of necessity not only unmarried, but practically friendless. Other attributes of his will obviously comprise youth, courage, imagination, a rather high order of intelligence, and a social position—let us say, rather, an ostensible business—enabling him to travel at

will hither and yon without exciting comment. So far, good!

"My friend, the chief of the surete, forthwith commissioned his agents to seek such a one, and by this means several fine fish were emmeshed in the net of suspicion, carefully scrutinized, and one by one let go—all except one, the veritable man. Him they sedulously watched, shadowing him across Europe and back again. He was in Berlin at the time of the famous Rheinhardt robbery, though he compassed that coup without detection; he was in Vienna when the British embassy there was looted, but escaped by a clever ruse and managed to dispose of his plunder before the agents of the surete could lay hands on him; recently he has been in London, and there he made love to and ran away with the diamonds of a certain lady of some eminence. You have heard of Mme. Omber, eh?"

Now by Roddy's expression it was plain that, if Mme. Omber's name wasn't strange in his hearing, at least he found this news about her most surprising. He was staring openly, with a slackened jaw and stupefaction in his blank, blue eyes.

Lanyard gently pinched the small end of a cigar, dipped it into his demitasse, and lighted it with not so much as a suspicion of tremor. His brain, however, was working rapidly in the effort to determine whether De Morbihan meant this for a warning or was simply narrating an amusing yarn founded on advance information and amplified by an ingenious imagination. For by now the news of the Omber affair must have thrilled many a continental telegraph wire.

"Mme. Omber—of course!" the American agreed thoughtfully. "Everyone has heard of her wonderful diamonds. The real marvel is that the Lone Wolf neglected so shining a mark as long as he did."

"But truly so, monsieur!"

"And they caught him at it, eh?"

"Not precisely; but he left a clue—and London as well—with such haste as would seem to indicate he knew his cunning hand had for once slipped."

"Then they'll nab him soon?"

"Ah, monsieur, one must say no more!" De Morbihan protested. "Rest assured that the chief of the surete has laid his plans—his web is spun, and so artfully that I think our unsociable outlaw will soon be making



Rose in Response to This Greeting.

friends in the prison of the Sante. But now we must adjourn. One is sorry. It has been so very pleasant."

A waiter conjured the bill from some recess of his waistcoat and served it on a clean plate to the American. Another ran bawling for the cloakroom attendant. Roddy glued his gaze afresh to the Daily Mail. The party rose.

Lanyard noticed that the American signed the bill instead of settling it with cash, indicating that he resided at Troyon's as well as dined there. And the adventurer found time to reflect that it was odd for such a one to seek that particular establishment in preference to the palatial modern hostilities of the Rive Droite—before De Morbihan, ostensibly for the first time spying Lanyard, plunged across the room with both hands outstretched and a cry of joyous surprise not really justified by their rather slight acquaintanceship.

"Ah! Ah!" he clamored vivaciously. "It is M. Lanyard, who knows all about paintings! But this is delightful—a grand pleasure! You must know my friends. But come!"

And seizing Lanyard's hands, when that one somewhat reluctantly rose in response to this surprisingly overexuberant greeting, he dragged him willy-nilly from behind his table.

"And you are American, too. Certainly you must know one another. Mlle. Bannan—with your permission—my friend, M. Lanyard. And M. Ban-

non—an old, dear friend, with whom you will share a passion for the beauties of art."

The hand of the American, when Lanyard clasped it, was cold, as cold as ice; and as their eyes met that abominable cough laid hold of the man, as it were by the nape of his neck, and shook him viciously. Before it had finished with him his sensitively colored face was purple and he was gasping, breathless—and infuriated.

"M. Bannan," De Morbihan explained disconnectedly—"It is most distressing—I tell him he should not stop in Paris at this season."

"It is nothing!" the American interposed brusquely between paroxysms. "But our winter climate, monsieur—it is not fit for those in the prime of health—"

"It is I who am unfit!" Bannan snapped, pressing a handkerchief to his lips—"unfit to live!" he amended venomously.

Lanyard murmured a conventional expression of sympathy. Through it all he was conscious of the regard of the girl. Her soft, brown eyes met his candidly, with a look cool in its composure, straightforward in its inquiry, neither bold nor mock-demure. And if they were the first to fall, it was with an effect of curiosity sated, without trace of discomfiture. And somehow the adventurer felt himself measured, classified, filed away.

Between amusement and pique he continued to stare, while the elderly American recovered his breath and De Morbihan jabbered on with unflinching vivacity; and he thought that this closer scrutiny discovered in her face contours suggesting maturity of thought beyond her apparent years—which were somewhat less than the sum of his own—and with this the suggestion of an elusive, provoking quality of wistful languor, a hint of patient melancholy.

"We are off for a glimpse of Montmartre," De Morbihan was explaining—"M. Bannan and I. He has not seen Paris in twenty years, he tells me. Well, it will be amusing to show him what changes have taken place in all that time. One regrets mademoiselle is too fatigued to accompany us. But you, my friend—now if you would consent to make our third, it would be most amiable of you."

"I'm sorry," Lanyard excused himself; "but, as you see, I am only just in from the railroad, a long and tiresome journey. You are very good, but I—"

"Good?" De Morbihan exclaimed with violence. "I? On the contrary, I am a very selfish man; I seek but to afford myself the pleasure of your company. You lead such a busy life, my friend, romping about Europe, here one day, God knows where the next, that one must make one's best of your spare moments. You will join us, surely?"

"Really I cannot tonight. Another time, perhaps, if you will excuse me."

"But it is always the way!" De Morbihan explained to his friends with a vast show of mock indignation. "Another time, perhaps—his invariable response! I tell you, not two men in all Paris have any real acquaintance with this gentleman whom all Paris knows! His reserve is proverbial—as distant as Lanyard, we say on the boulevards!"

And turning again to the adventurer, meeting his cold stare with the De Morbihan grin of quenchless effrontery:

"As you will, my friend!" he granted. "But should you change your mind—well, you'll have no trouble finding us. Ask any place along the conventional route. We see far too little of each other, monsieur—and I am most anxious to have a little chat with you."

"It will be an honor," Lanyard returned formally.

In his heart he was pondering several most excruciating methods of murdering the man. What did he mean? How much did he know? If he knew anything, he must mean ill, for assuredly he could not be ignorant of Roddy's business or that every other word he uttered was riveting suspicion of identity with the Lone Wolf or that Roddy was listening with all his ears and staring into the bargain!

Decidedly something must be done to silence this animal, De Morbihan, should it turn out he really did know something!

It was only after profound reflection over his liqueur—while Roddy devoured his Daily Mail and washed it down with a third bottle of Bass—that Lanyard summoned the maitre d'hotel and asked for a room.

It would never do to fix the doubts of the detective by going elsewhere that night. But, fortunately, Lanyard knew that warren which was Troyon's as no one else knew it; Roddy would find it hard to detain him should events seem to advise an early departure.

CHAPTER IV.

A Stratagem.

When the maitre d'hotel had shown him all over the establishment—innocently enough, en route, furnishing

him with a complete list of his other guests and their rooms, memoranda readily registered by a retentive memory—Lanyard chose the bedchamber next that occupied by Roddy, in the second story.

The consideration influencing this selection was, of course, that so situated he would be in a position not only to keep an eye on the man from Scotland Yard, but also to determine whether or not Roddy were disposed to keep an eye on him.

In those days Lanyard's faith in himself was a beautiful thing. He could not have enjoyed the immunity ascribed to the Lone Wolf so long as he had without gaining a power of sturdy self-confidence in addition to a certain degree of temperate contempt for the spies of the law and all their ways.

Reviewing the scene in the restaurant, Lanyard felt measurably warranted in assuming not only that Roddy was interested in De Morbihan, but that the Frenchman was well aware of that interest. And he resented sincerely his inability to feel as confident that the count, with his gossip about the Lone Wolf, had been merely seeking to divert Roddy's interest to putatively larger game. It was just possible that De Morbihan's identification of Lanyard with that mysterious personage, at least by innuendo, had been unintentional. But somehow Lanyard didn't believe it had.

However, one would surely learn something illuminating before very long. The business of a sleuth is to sleuth, and sooner or later Roddy must surely make some move to indicate the quarter wherein his real interest lay.

Just at present, reasoning from noises audible through the bolted door that communicated with the adjoining bedchamber, the business of a sleuth seemed to comprise going to bed.

Lanyard, shaving and dressing, could distinctly hear a tuneless voice contentedly humming "Sally in Our Alley," a rendition punctuated by one heavy thump, and then another, and then by a heartfelt sigh of relief—as Roddy kicked off his boots—and followed by the tapping of a pipe against grate-bars, the complaint of a window being lowered for ventilation, the click of an electric-light switch, and the creaking of bed springs.

Finally, and before Lanyard had finished dressing, the man from Scotland Yard began placidly to snore.

Of course, he might well be bluffing, for Lanyard had taken pains to let Roddy know that they were room neighbors by announcing his selection in loud tones close to the communicating door.

But this was a question which the adventurer meant to have answered before he went out.

It was hard upon twelve o'clock when the mirror on the dressing table assured him that he was at length in the habit and apparel of a gentleman of elegant nocturnal leisure. But if he approved the figure he cut, it was mainly because clothes interested him and he reckoned his own impeccable. Of their tenant he was feeling just then a bit less sure than he had half an hour since; his regard was lowering and mistrustful.

He was, in short, suffering reaction from the high spirits engendered by his cross-channel exploits, his successful getaway, and the unusual circumstances attendant upon his return to this memory-haunted mausoleum of an unhappy childhood. He even shivered a trifle, as if under premonition of misfortune.

With one last look round to make certain there was nothing in his room's calculated disorder to incriminate him were it to be searched in his absence, Lanyard enveloped himself in a long, full-skirted coat, clapped on an opera hat, and went out, noisily locking the door. He might as well have left it wide; but it would do no harm to pretend he didn't know the bedchamber keys at Troyon's were interchangeable—identically the same keys, in fact, that had been in service in the time of Marcel the wretched.

A single half-power electric bulb now modified the gloom of the hallway; its fellow made a light blot on the darkness of the courtyard. Even the windows of the conciergerie were black.

None the less Lanyard tapped them smartly.

"Cordon!" he demanded in a strident voice—"Cordon, s'il vous plait!"

"Eh?" A startled grunt from within the lodge was barely audible. Then the latch clicked loudly at the end of the passageway.

Groping his way in the direction of this last sound, Lanyard found the small side door ajar. He opened it and hesitated a moment, looking out as though questioning the weather; simultaneously his deft fingers wedged the latch back with a thin slip of steel.

It had, in fact, not been raining within an hour, but still the sky was dense with a low, sullen wrack of cloud, and still the sidewalks were inky-wet.

The street was lonely and indifferently lighted, but a swift, searching reconnaissance discovered no spy skulking in the shelter of any of the

nearer shadows.

Stepping out, he slammed the door and strode briskly round the corner, as if making for the cab rank that lines up along the Luxembourg gardens of the Rue de Medicis; his boot-heels made cheerful racket in that quiet hour; he was quite audibly going away from Troyon's.

But instead of holding on to the cab rank, he turned the next corner, and then the next, rounding the block; and presently, reapproaching the entrance to Troyon's, paused in the recess of a dark doorway and, lifting one foot after another, slipped rubber pads over his heels. Thereafter his progress was practically noiseless.

The smaller door yielded to his touch without a murmur. Inside, he closed it gently and stood a moment listening with all his senses—not with his ears alone, but with every nerve and fiber of his being—with imagination to boot. But there was not a sound or movement in all the house that he could detect.

And no shadow could have made less noise than he, slipping cat-footed across the courtyard and up the stairs, avoiding with superdeveloped sensitiveness every lift that might have complained beneath his tread. In a trice he was again in a corridor leading to his bedchamber.

It was quite as gloomy and empty as it had been five minutes ago, yet with a difference, a something in its atmosphere that made him nod briefly in confirmation of that suspicion which had brought him back so stealthily.

For one thing, Roddy had stopped snoring. And Lanyard smiled over the thought that the man from Scotland Yard might profitably have copied that trick of poor Bourke's, of snoring like the Seven Sleepers when most completely awake.

It was, naturally, no surprise to find his bedchamber door unlocked and slightly ajar. Lanyard made sure of his automatic, strode into the room, and shut the door quietly, but by no means soundlessly.

He had left the shades down and the hangings drawn at both windows; and since these had not been disturbed, something nearly approaching complete darkness reigned in the room. But though promptly on entering his fingers had closed upon the wall



He saw not Roddy, but a Woman. switch near the door, he refrained from turning up the lights immediately, with a fancy, of impish inspiration, that it would be amusing to learn what move Roddy would make when the tension became too much even for his trained nerves.

Several seconds passed without the least sound disturbing the stillness.

Lanyard himself grew a little impatient when his sight didn't become accustomed to the darkness because it was too absolute—it pressed against his staring eyeballs like a black fluid, impenetrably opaque, as unbroken as the hush within that room.

Still he waited. Surely Roddy wouldn't be able much longer to endure such suspense.

And, surely enough, the silence was abruptly broken by a strange and moving sound, a hushed cry of alarm that was half a moan and half a sob. Lanyard himself was startled, for that was never Roddy's voice!

There was a noise of muffled and confused footsteps, as though someone had started in panic for the door, then stopped in terror.

Words followed—the strangest he could have imagined—words spoken in a gentle and tremulous voice:

"In pity's name! who are you and what do you want?"

Thunderstruck, Lanyard switched on the lights.

At a distance of some six paces he saw not Roddy but a woman, and not a woman merely, but the girl he had met in the restaurant.

CHAPTER V.

Anticlimax.

The surprise was complete; but it's a question which party thereto was the more affected.

Lanyard stared with the eyes of stupefaction, his jaw slack. To his fancy, this thing passed the compass of simple incredulity—it wasn't merely improbable, it was preposterous; it was anticlimax exaggerated to the proportion of the grotesque.

He had come prepared to surprise and bullyrag the most astute police detective of whom he had any knowledge; he found himself surprised and disconcerted by this!

Confusion no less intense informed the girl's expression; her eyes were fixed to his with a look of blank inquiry; her face, whose coloring had won his admiration two hours since, was now colorless; her lips were just ajar; the fingers of one hand touched her cheek, indenting it.

The other hand caught up before her the long skirts of a pretty robe de chambre, beneath whose edge was visible a hand's breadth of shimmering white silk, with the toe of a silken mule to match the dressing gown. Thus she stood, poised for flight, attired only in a negligee over what, one couldn't help suspecting, was her nightdress—her hair was down, she was unquestionably all ready for her bed.

But Bourke's long and patient training had been wasted if this man proved one to remain long at loss. Rallying his wits quickly, he made a brave show of accepting this amazing accident as a commonplace.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bannon—" he began with a formal bow.

She interrupted with a gasp of wondering recognition. "Mr. Lanyard!"

He inclined his head a second time: "Sorry to disturb you—"

"But I don't understand—"

"Unfortunately," he proceeded smoothly, "I forgot something when I went out and had to come back for it."

"But—but—"

"Yes?"

Suddenly her gaze for the first time broke from his and swept the room with a glance of wild dismay.

"This room," she breathed—"I don't know it—"

"It is mine."

"Yours! But—"

"That is how I happened to—interrupt you."

The girl shrank back a pace—two paces—uttering in low-toned monosyllable of understanding, an "Oh!" abruptly gasped. Simultaneously her face and throat flamed scarlet with the color that flooded them.

"Your room, Mr. Lanyard!"

Her tone was so convincing in its modulation of shame and horror that his heart misgave him. Not that alone, but the girl was very good to look upon.

"I'm sure," he began soothingly, "it doesn't matter. You mistook one door for the—"

"But you don't understand!" She shuddered. "This dreadful habit! And I was hoping I had outgrown it! How can I explain?"

"Believe me, Miss Bannon, you need explain nothing."

"But I must. I wish to. I couldn't bear to have you think— But surely you can make allowances for sleep-walking!"

To this appeal he could at first return nothing more intelligent than a dazed repetition of the term.

So that was how— Why hadn't he thought of it before? Ever since he had turned on the lights he had been subjectively busy trying to invest her presence there with some plausible excuse. But somnambulism had never once entered his mind. And in his stupidity, at pains though he had been to render his words inoffensive in themselves, he had been guilty of constructive incivility.

In his turn Lanyard colored warmly. "I beg your pardon," he muttered.

The girl paid no attention; she was thinking only of herself and the anomalous position into which her infirmity had tricked her. When she did speak her words ran swiftly:

You see— I was so frightened! I found myself suddenly standing up in darkness, just as if I had jumped out of bed in my sleep at some alarm; and then I heard somebody enter the room and shut the door stealthily. Oh, please understand me!"

"But I do, Miss Bannon—quite."

"I am so ashamed—"

"Please don't consider it that way."

"But now that you know—you don't think—"

"My dear Miss Bannon!"

"But it must be so hard to credit! Why, it's more than a year since it last happened. Of course, as a child, it was almost a habit; they had to watch me all the time. Once— But that doesn't matter. I am so sorry!"

"You really mustn't worry," Lanyard insisted. "It's all quite natural—such things do happen—are happening all the time—"

"But I don't want you—"

"I am nobody, Miss Bannon. Besides, I sha'n't mention the matter to a soul. And if ever I am fortunate

enough to meet you again, I shall have forgotten it completely—believe me."

There was convincing sincerity in his tone. The girl looked down, as though abashed.

"You are very good," she murmured, moving toward the door.

"I am very fortunate."

Her glance of surprise was question enough.

"To be able to treasure this much of your confidence," he responded with a tentative smile.

She was near the door; he opened it for her, but cautioned her with a gesture and a whispered word: "Wait. I'll make sure nobody's about."

He stepped noiselessly into the hall and paused an instant, looking keenly right and left, listening.

The girl advanced to the threshold and there halted, hesitant, eying him anxiously.

He nodded reassurance: "All right—coast's clear!"

But she delayed one moment more.

"It's you who are mistaken," she whispered, flushing again beneath his regard, from which admiration could not be absent. "It is I who am fortunate—to have met a—gentleman."

Her diffident smile, together with the candor of her eyes, embarrassed him in such degree that for the moment he was unable to frame a reply.

"Good night," she whispered—"and thank you, thank you!"

Her room was at the far end of the corridor. She gained its threshold in one swift dash, noiseless save for the silken whisper of her garments, turned, flashed him a final look that left him with the thought that novelists did not always exaggerate, that eyes could shine like stars.

Her door closed softly.

Lanyard shook his head, as if to dissipate a swarm of pestering thoughts, and went back into his own bedchamber.

He was quite content with the explanation the girl had given, but as the victim of a methodical and pertinacious habit of mind, spent five busy minutes examining his room and all that it contained with a perseverance that would have done credit to a

Frenchman searching for a mislaid sou.

If pressed, he would have been put to it to name what he sought or thought to find. What he did find was that nothing had been tampered with, and nothing more—not even so much as a dainty, lace-trimmed wisp of sheer linen bearing the lady's monogram and exhaling a faint but individual perfume.

Which, when he came to consider it, seemed hardly playing the game by the book.

As for Roddy, Lanyard wasted several minutes, now and again, listening attentively at the communicating door; but if the detective had stopped snoring, his respiration was clear enough in that quiet hour, a sound of harsh monotony.

True, that proved nothing; but Lanyard, after the fiasco of his first attempt to catch his enemy awake, was no more disposed to be hypercritical; he had his fill of being ingenious and profound. And when presently he again left Troyon's—this time without troubling the rest of the concierge—it was with the reflection that, if Roddy were really playing possum, he was welcome to whatever he could find in the quarters of Michael Lanyard.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pack Gives Tongue.

Lanyard's first destination was that convenient little ground-floor apartment near the Trocadero, at the junction of the Rue Roget and the Avenue de l'Alma; but his way thither was so roundabout that the best part of an hour was required for what might have been less than a twenty-minute taxicab course direct from Troyon's. It was past one when he arrived, afoot, at the corner.

Not that he grudged the time, for in Lanyard's esteem Bourke's epigram had come to have the weight and force of an axiom: "The more trouble you make for yourself, the less the dear public will make for you."

Paradoxically, he hadn't the least intention of attempting to deceive anybody as to his permanent address in Paris, where Michael Lanyard, connoisseur of fine paintings, was a figure too conspicuous to permit of his making a secret of his residence. De Morbihan, moreover, through recognizing him at Troyon's, had rendered it impossible for Lanyard to adopt a nom de guerre there, even had he thought such course advisable.

But he had certain matters to attend to before dawn, affairs demanding privacy; and while by no means sure he was followed, one can seldom be sure of anything, especially in Paris, where nothing is impossible; and it seemed as well to lose a hypothetical spy first as last. And his mind would not be at ease with respect to Roddy, thanks to De Morbihan's gasconade in the hearing of the detective, and also to that hint which the count had dropped concerning a fatal blunder in the course of Lanyard's British campaign.

He fitted key to latch and quietly let himself into his flat by a private entrance from the street, the possession of which, in addition to the usual door opening on the court and under the eye of the concierge, distinguished this from the ordinary Parisian apartment and rendered it doubly suited to the adventurer's uses.

Then he turned on the lights and moved quickly from room to room of the three comprising his quarters, with comprehensive glances reviewing their condition.

But, indeed, he hadn't left the reception hall for the salon without feeling assured that things were in no respect as they ought to be—a hat he had left on the hall-rack had been moved to another peg; a chair had been shifted six inches from its ordained position, and the door of a clothes closet, which he had locked on leaving, now stood an inch ajar.

The state of the salon, which he had furnished as a lounge and study, and of the tiny dining room and the bedchamber adjoining, bore out these testimonies to the fact that alien hands had thoroughly ransacked the apartment, leaving no square inch unscrutinized.

Yet he missed nothing. His rooms were a private gallery of valuable paintings and antique furniture to poison with envy the mind of any collector, and housed into the bargain a small museum of rare books, manuscripts, and minor articles of exquisite workmanship whose individuality, aside from intrinsic worth, rendered them priceless. A burglar of discrimination could have carried away in one coat pocket loot enough to foot the bill for twelve months of profligate living. But nothing had been removed—nothing, at least, that was apparent in the first tour of inspection; which, if sweeping, was in no way superficial. He moved slowly from object to object, checking off items and noting their condition, with the sole result of justifying his first impression—whereas nothing had escaped handling, nothing had been removed.

As a last test he opened his desk—of which the lock proved to have been deftly picked—drew up a chair, and went through its pigeonholes. His scanty correspondence, composed chiefly of letters exchanged with art dealers, had been scrutinized and replaced carelessly, in disorder—and here again he missed nothing; but in the end, removing a small drawer and inserting a hand in the recess, he found and pressed a spring which released a rack of pigeonholes and exposed the secret cabinet which forms an inevitable attribute of such pieces of period furniture.

A shallow box, this secret space contained one thing only, but that one of considerable value, being the leather bill-fold in which the adventurer kept a store of ready money against emergencies.

It was mostly for this, indeed, that he had come to his apartment; his London campaign having demanded an expenditure far beyond his calculations, so that he had landed in Paris with less than one hundred francs in pocket. And Lanyard, for all his pride of spirit, acknowledged one haunting fear, that of finding himself strapped in time of stress.

The fold yielded up its hoard to a sou—Lanyard removed and counted over five notes of one thousand francs and ten of twenty pounds—their sum approximating two thousand dollars.

But if nothing had been taken away, something had been added—the back of one of the Bank of England notes had been used as a blank for a memorandum.

Lanyard spread it out and studied it attentively.

The handwriting had been traced with no discernible attempt at disguise, but was quite strange to him. The pen employed had been one of those needle-pointed nibs so popular in France; the hand was that of an educated Frenchman. The substance of the memorandum translated as follows:

"To the Lone Wolf—The Pack sends greetings and extends its invitation to participate in the benefits of its fraternity. One awaits him always at l'Abbaye Theleme."

A date was added, the date of that same day.

Deliberately, when he had conned this communication, Lanyard produced his cigarette case, twisted the note of twenty pounds into a rude spill, set it afire, lighted his cigarette therefrom, and, rising, conveyed the burning paper to a cold and empty fireplace, where he permitted it to burn to a crisp, black ash.

When this was done his smile broke through his clouding scowl.

"Well, my friend!" he informed the author of that document which now could never prove incriminating—"at all events, I have you to thank for a new sensation. It has long been my ambition to feel warranted in lighting a cigarette with a twenty-pound note, if the whim ever seized me!"

His smile faded slowly; the frown replaced it—something more valuable to him than a hundred dollars had just gone up in smoke.

BUKOWINA LAND OF REFUGE

Exiled Gods and People Sought Its Fastnesses When Crowded Out of Ancient Homes.

The following statement concerning the province of Bukowina, the neighbor of Galicia in the Austro-Hungarian empire, which has been figuring in the war news recently, was prepared by the National Geographical society:

Legend has it that the old gods are in exile in Bukowina. However true this may be in the case of the gods, it is true in the case of the peoples of Bukowina that most of them went there in exile. They are the Ruthenian and Roumanian tribes who were crowded out in the bitter struggles through which Europe came to its present apportionment.

They, like their neighbors, the exiled gods, lead lean existences in the small, mountainous forest land which lies on the outskirts of everything.

Bukowina is an Austrian crownland, with the rank of a duchy, with a few small cities and a population of some 800,000. It presents an unobstructed frontier to the Russians, while it is cut off from the Austro-Hungarian empire by the Carpathian mountains.

Its chief city, Czernowitz, is just across from the Russian frontier. Broken spur ranges from the Carpathians further isolate much of Bukowina from its neighboring Galicia. It is most easy of access to Russia and to Roumania. The first natural difficulties which the Russians met were the interior mountain ranges, covered with forests and tangled with underbrush.

The crownland has an area of 4,031 square miles, and lies almost wholly in the Carpathian belt. Its climate is severe, and its soils, except in the larger valleys, are not very productive. There is little mineral production and no industry besides brewing, distilling and milling.

GENERAL VON BESELER



General von Beseler commanded the German forces that took by storm the great Russian fortress of Novogeorgievsk. He was thanked in person by the kaiser.

Foolish Anger.

There is surely no sense in getting angry at life or getting angry at people. People must go on playing their parts and life must continue to reveal itself in its nature, full of inconsistencies and vexations and trials and disappointments and griefs and wonderful compensations. The best we can do is to meet the tests in the spirit that places us, not among the conquered, but among the conquerors, and that keeps us in a mood where we can enjoy to the full the compensations.—Exchange.

Marriage Laws in Various States.

Marriage between first cousins is prohibited in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming. Step-relatives are not permitted to intermarry except in Florida, Iowa, Kentucky, Minnesota, New York, Tennessee and Wisconsin.

**THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER**

A. H. LUNER, 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—5¢ per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted on an 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, JAN. 13, 1916

How are your resolutions holding out?

Although we've had two weeks' practice, hanged if we can hardly write it 1916.

'Tis said that Belgium is still greatly in need of cash. So are we Kick in with that dollar.

This is Thursday, January 13, nearly half the first month of the new year gone. Can you beat it?

This is leap year, and we know of no set formula for popping the question. Our advice is, just brace up and pop, girlie.

There is a job for every man working for the upbuilding of his community and the pay is sure and certain.

People who often comment on the scantiness of the modern woman's attire, seldom close their eyes as she passes by.

No more than you can eat enough to last you a week, can a business man advertise enough in one week to last a year.

Henry Ford's little peace jaunt is said to have cost \$444,950. But he'll make it back in less than three days at his "tin lizzie" factory.

Our dimpling maidens who prance around with a black splotch sticking on their face should add another dab of mud in honor of leap year.

One reason why there is so much lagrippe and bad colds is because we wear too much fur around our boot tops and not enough around our necks.

If as much attention was paid to good roads as is paid to politics we would have so many good roads that we wouldn't have a place to put them all.

Tom Campbell's entry in the senatorial race did not come as a surprise. It has been expected many days. Mr. Campbell has a strong following in the state, and his announcement is going to complicate matters for some of the other candidates.

The days, weeks and years slip by like water in a running stream. Time's great clock never loses a moment. Relentlessly, surely the moments pass and our eager hands are not able to detain them. We cannot keep back the flying years, but we can and should keep the blessings they bring. Hold fast to the lessons they have taught,

keep the memory of their joys. Enrich every day of life with the garnered wealth of the days behind. The years pass, but they leave their treasures with us if our hands and hearts are open to receive them, so as with one hand we shake farewell to the last year, let us stretch out the other hand to warmly greet and welcome the new year.

**AN ABUSED LAW**

Editor Messenger:

Since seeing in the state papers where a man refused to accept a "suspended sentence," I am struck with the text of our last District Court, "Go thy way and steal again," is my version of the proceeding of said court. Who is responsible I am unable to say whether it be judge, district attorney or jury. However, it's a shame on civilization to convict a young man of cattle theft, burglary, forgery, etc., and then turn him loose and then whisper audibly in his ear, "Son, be more careful next time." Of course, this is not done in plain words, but one who can read between the lines can understand. I want to know who will be the first to come out in advocacy of the present proceedings. Respectfully,  
Observer.

**PROGRAM FOR LOCAL INSTITUTE AND SPELLING BEE.**

To be held Friday and Saturday nights, Jan. 14th and 15th. We request not only those who are placed on program to be present, but everyone who is interested in the cause of education. Our hospitable homes are open and the cause is one that concerns you.

On Friday night we shall have an old fashioned spelling Bee, using the old Blue Back Speller and spell as they did of old. Prizes will be offered to the best spellers and everybody is solicited to take part.

**PROGRAM**

SATURDAY 9 O'CLOCK A. M.  
Welcome address—O. Dennis.  
Response—J. A. Mason.  
Address—J. N. Snell.  
Is Teaching a Profession—J. C. Scarbrough.

Teaching of Moral Ideals in the Public Schools—Misses Adel Mansell and Lola Dennis.

English in the High School Grades—J. E. McRee.

**NOON**

That Boy of Yours—J. N. Snell.  
A Patron's Duty—G. R. Sewell.

Spelling and how I teach it—S. W. Duitch.

What Constitutes Proper Order and should a teacher labor to secure same—H. L. Burton.

Seat work in the primary grades—Mrs. R. J. Dominy and Miss Carnie Murchison.

Athletics in the rural schools—J. D. Sims.

**SATURDAY NIGHT**

The work of pupils out side of school hours—G. E. Parker.

Agriculture and other Industrial Branches in the Rural Schools—W. H. Tomme.

The Home and the School—R. J. Dominy.

Preparing students for teaching—S. D. Webb.

Respectfully,

Miss May Fitchett,  
Mrs. S. D. Webb,  
J. B. Driskell.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidneys, regulates the liver and purifies the bowels. A valuable system tonic. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

**New Goods Pouring In!**

Almost every train is bringing in new goods to our store, and in a few days more we will have the most complete stock of new and up-to-date merchandise as you will find anywhere. We purposely let our stock run as low as possible before Christmas, in order that we might start the new year with new goods, and if you want to be sure of finding what you want, come to DARSEY'S.

**Utility Gingham**

We have received a big case of Utility Gingham in the newest patterns. This shipment came direct from the mills and is absolutely fresh and clean. The best gingham in town for 10c.

**American Calicoes**

We have a complete and up-to-date stock of the highest grade calicoes in America. A big line of colors—When you get calicoes, insist upon "American" or "Simpson." We have a big line of cotton checks and stripes, chevrons, domestics, cotton flannel, drilling, etc.

**New Dress Goods**

For mid-winter and early spring. Our new suitings and dress patterns were shipped January 10th and will be here next

week, right at the time when other people are trying to get rid of their old, left over stock. We have a beautiful line of goods suitable for early wear coming, and ask that you call and see them.

**Shoes Shoes Shoes**

We have received several small shipments of shoes this week and by the latter part of the week will have in stock over 60 dozen men's and women's high class work and dress shoes. Bring us your feet. We will keep them dry for you at the same price you pay for the other kind of shoes.

Our line of men's, women's and children's clothing, underwear, hosiery, hats, shirts, and waists, is very complete. Give us a trial when you want HIGH QUALITY MERCHANDISE COMBINED WITH THE BEST SERVICE POSSIBLE.

**George E. Darsey**

**NEWS FROM SAN PEDRO**

At present we are having some real warm weather but we fear we will have a late spring, for as yet we have not had much cold weather.

Wilson Whitaker, and family were visiting at Jake Cutler's Sunday.

Forman Whitaker attended the show in Grapeland Saturday night.

Tom Morgan spent Sunday at I. N. Whitaker's.

W. A. Kleckley and family were visiting at Lonzie Tyer's Sunday.

J. F. Fulmer was in Grapeland Sunday.

Mr. Frank Terry and wife of Crockett spent Thursday night at W. A. Kleckley's.

Rev. Edge will preach at the Lockout church next Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3:00 p. m. We trust that a good crowd will be present.

Carl Gainey had business in Grapeland Friday. NERO.

**Found a Sure Thing.**

I. B. Wixon, Farmers Mills, N. Y. has used Chamberlain's Tablets for years for disorders of the stomach and liver and says, "Chamberlain's Tablets are the best I have ever used. Obtainable everywhere.

**TRACTION ENGINE FOR E. G. STEVENS**

The big traction engine for the E. G. Stevens farm on Trinity river was unloaded from the cars Wednesday morning and started to its destination. It is a gigantic machine, twenty thousand pounds. It is propelled by a 60-horse motor, and can pull from 12 to 18 plows, doing the work of 30 horses per day. It will take about two days to get it to Mr. Stevens' place on account of having to strengthen the bridges before crossing. It has three speeds, 1 1-2, 2 3-10 and 3 miles per hour. We congratulate Mr. Stevens in the installation of this modern machine.

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

**SUNDAY SCHOOL EXPERT COMING**

Rev. Walter G. Harbin, of Houston, having charge of the field work of Sunday Schools of the Methodist church, will visit Grapeland January 18, and that night at 7 o'clock will appear at the Methodist church. Rev. Harbin's work has attracted wide attention and his visit to Grapeland will be helpful to all Sunday school workers. An invitation is extended the general public to attend this meeting, which will deal with Sunday school problems and the advancement of the work.

**HOGS WANTED**

I will ship hogs in the next thirty days and will buy a few more big hogs. See me for prices. Geo. Calhoun.

**DO YOU WANT TO BE CURED?**

Are you a sufferer of lung trouble? If so, I probably can cure you. Have helped others and can help you. My treatment is simple yet effective. Treatment is free. A reasonable charge for board and nursing is made. I am now located in Grapeland, and would be glad to meet you and talk over your condition. I also treat successfully chronic diseases. By permission I can give you names of people you know whom I have treated and cured.

Call on me.  
G. W. NORTH, Grapeland, Texas

# A CIGAR of QUALITY

Sherlock Homes says: "A man never committed a crime with a cigar in his mouth." Smoke a

## REGIONAL RESERVE

and be above suspicion

An excellent line of cigars in stock at all times

### The Peoples Drug Store

WADE L. SMITH

### LOCAL NEWS

New shipment of men's and boys' hats and caps at Darsey's.

Tax Assessor John Ellis of Crockett was here Monday.

J. W. Jones had business in Crockett Saturday.

Boys, see the big line of jockey caps at Darsey's.

Mrs. R. R. Claridge of Salmon was here Monday shopping.

Mrs. W. T. Pridgen visited in Palestine Saturday.

Chas. Ivey of Palestine visited relatives near here several days this week.

Dr. L. S. Harris, B. F. Dent and J. E. Winfree of Crockett were here Saturday.

Arthur and George Holcomb of Augusta were here Monday and went up to Palestine on the one o'clock train.

We are glad to report that Frank Murchison is recovering from a serious attack of pneumonia.

R. L. Pridgen, A. B. Spence, M. S. Spence, J. J. Brooks and T. H. Leaverton were business visitors to Crockett Monday.

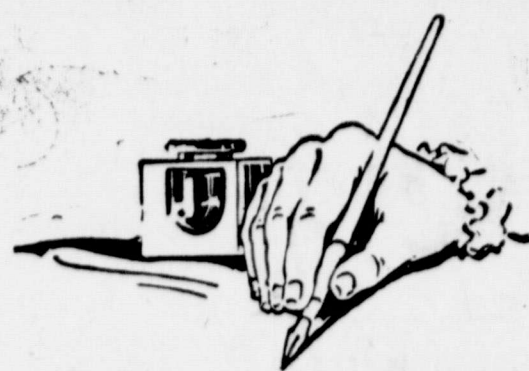
#### FOR SALE

Fresh milch cow with young calf. See or write me for price.  
H. C. Jones,  
Grapeland, Route 1.

#### FOR SALE

1 good young work mule and 50 bushels of corn; cash or time.  
E. P. Bean, Route 1.

John Cunningham returned home Sunday from Henrietta, where he has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Joe Allison.



## When You Write Letters

You ought to have the most suitable stationery you can get, whether you're writing for a job, or accepting a proposal of marriage, or simply sending a long gossip letter to a chum.

## Our Stationery

supply is composed of styles, tints and weights to please a variety of tastes. It makes writing a real pleasure. And our prices—Your Money's Worth!

# D. N. Leaverton

#### BUILDS NEW HOME

Lloyd Anderson, a prosperous farmer living east of town on Route 2, is completing a new modern residence of six rooms. The carpenters and painters are now putting on the finishing touches, and it will be a credit to the community. We congratulate Mr. Anderson upon his progressiveness and wish him continued prosperity.

W. S. Johnston of Houston is quite sick with lagrippe at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M.L. Clewis. Mrs. Johnston came in Sunday night to be with him.

#### Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Most Effectual.

"I have taken a great many bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and every time it has cured me. I have found it most effectual for a hacking cough and for colds. After taking it a cold always disappears," writes J. R. Moore, Lost Valley, Ga. Obtainable everywhere.

#### NOTICE

Mrs. Jennie Dotson is authorized to solicit subscriptions for the Messenger, both new and renewal, and any favors shown her will be appreciated by us. She will appreciate your subscription, and if not convenient to see her, write her Grapeland, Route 1.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the democratic primary:

For District Judge, 3rd Judicial District:  
B H Gardner  
Anderson County

For County Treasurer:  
W M (Willie) Robison

For Tax Collector:  
C W Butler Jr

### PEBBLES FROM ROCK HILL

Jan. 10.—Christmas has passed and the New Year has begun. The farmers are beginning to prepare their land for a new crop. It is a good plan to prepare your land well, for if the land is in good shape when the crop is planted it will be much easier worked and the soil will hold the moisture much better.

Mr. Farmer, do not be led to plant a large crop of cotton because cotton is now selling for a good price. Remember that you promised yourself that you would diversify your crop. Plant plenty of feedstuff and raise stock, grow a nice garden for your wife and family and you will help to make cotton sell for a good price in the future.

Mrs. N. S. Thomas of this community died last Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock. She was taken on Thursday before with malarial fever and it developed into typhoid. Her remains were laid to rest in the Antrim cemetery Friday at 2:30 p. m., services being conducted by Bro. C. A. Campbell. Mrs. Thomas was born in Georgia, Oct. 24, 1873. A few years of her life was spent in Florida, but the last seventeen years of her life was spent in Houston county. She had been a member of the Baptist church since she was fifteen years of age and lived a consistent Christian life. She leaves a husband and ten children and a host of other relatives and friends to mourn her loss, to whom the entire community extends sincere sympathy.

There has been some moving going on lately. Mr. Alford Luce and family will live on the old Dailey place across the creek. Mr. Columbus Weisinger of the Antrim community will live on Mr. Baber's place.

We had a nice singing Sunday. There was no preaching as the preacher was absent. We will have singing next Sunday evening at 3 o'clock.

Our literary society will hold its first meeting next Friday night. The public is cordially invited to attend.

SCRIBBLER.

### IONIAN CLUB A BIG SUCCESS

The Ionian Serenaders, fourth number of the lyceum course, which appeared to a large and appreciative audience in the high school auditorium last Saturday night, was fine from start to finish, and was immensely enjoyed by everyone present. The readings, songs and impersonations were excellent and drew much applause, almost every rendition being "called back." The accordion quartette, one of the last numbers on the program, was a rare treat, as this old-time instrument is seldom heard by an audience. These young ladies are to be commended for their achievements and their ability to entertain.

There will be one more number of the course, announcement of which will be made through these columns.

I will give to every applicant I write for the Woodmen as a premium a nice W. O. W. badge for a short time.

M. E. BEAN.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,  
Lucas County, ss.  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

# IF IT'S NEW!

Yes, if it's new we have it. Plenty of the early season's Middy Blouses just arrived. Call and see them. They are the newest to be had. See them in our show window. Buy them from us for others can't furnish them.

Plenty of new Laces in every width you may want and at prices to please. THEY ARE VALUES that are VALUE.

You will find every department complete and we are always ready to show you the many items that we carry and assure you it is a pleasure to do so.

We thank you for past favors and will be very glad indeed to look after your future wants.

## KENNEDY BROTHERS

THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

**THE NEWS FROM  
NEW PROSPECT**

Jan. 10.—Health of our community is very bad at present; a great deal of sickness, but none fatal so far. Mrs. Arch Parker, Mrs. Z. A. Parker and Mrs. Joe Hudson are all right sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown are the proud parents of a girl baby.

Our literary school is progressing nicely under the management of Prof. Milliken and sister, Miss Ruth. While some of the pupils are absent on account of sickness, there is a good attendance.

Our literary society has been reorganized and is doing nicely. The old officers were retained, Perry Herod, president, Miss Lily Brown, secretary.

There was quite a lot of visiting done yesterday, despite the bad weather. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bridges visited Mrs. Ira Parker; also John Collins and family. Miss Amlus Collins will stay a few days with her sister.

John Hudson will live with Mr. Henry Brown this year.

Mr. Webb, the Antrim teacher, came over to see his wife last Tuesday.

Quite a lot of plowing is being done and everybody is getting ready for a bumper crop, but as far as cotton is concerned there is not much in it at small crops and war prices. Anon.

**OTHER PROSPECT NEWS**

Jan. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Alton Baker were sick last week, but are better now.

We heard a good sermon Sunday, delivered by Rev. Durnell of Antrim. The crowd was not as large as usual on account of sickness.

We are expecting a good program for the next literary society meeting, which will be on Friday night of the 14th, and we would like to have a good crowd present. The subject for discussion will be, "Resolved, That Texas should abolish corporal punishment in the penitentiaries."

Our Sunday school is doing fairly well, only we don't have as large attendance as the community could afford. One great hindrance is that the older people won't come out and take part as they should, and set an example for the younger ones. There can be a great deal of good accomplished by a live Sunday school, so while we are making new resolutions for the new year let's make one to attend Sunday school and see what we can accomplish. We believe that religion is the most essential part of life, and why not work to obtain it, also help others to obtain it?

Preston Morrison of Rock Hill attended church here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Music spent Saturday and Sunday at Daly's and Reynard visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bridges visited Mr. and Mrs. Perry Herod Sunday.

There is still some moving going on. Mr. and Mrs. Lish Walling have moved where Mrs. K. L. Ward lived last year. We think most everybody has got settled and farm work will begin in earnest before long. Let's not forget that diversification is a good thing and go too heavy on cotton this year, for the war is not over yet. A Reader.

**- Reasons for Home-Trading -**

Because you examine your purchases and are assured of satisfaction before investing your money.

Because your home merchant is always ready and willing to make right any error or any defective article purchased of him.

Because when you are sick or for any reason it is necessary for you to ask for credit, you can go the local merchant. Could you ask it of the mail-order house?

Because if a merchant is willing to extend credit to you, you should him the benefit of your cash trade.

Because your home merchant pays local taxes and exerts every effort to build and better your market, thus increasing the value of both city and country property.

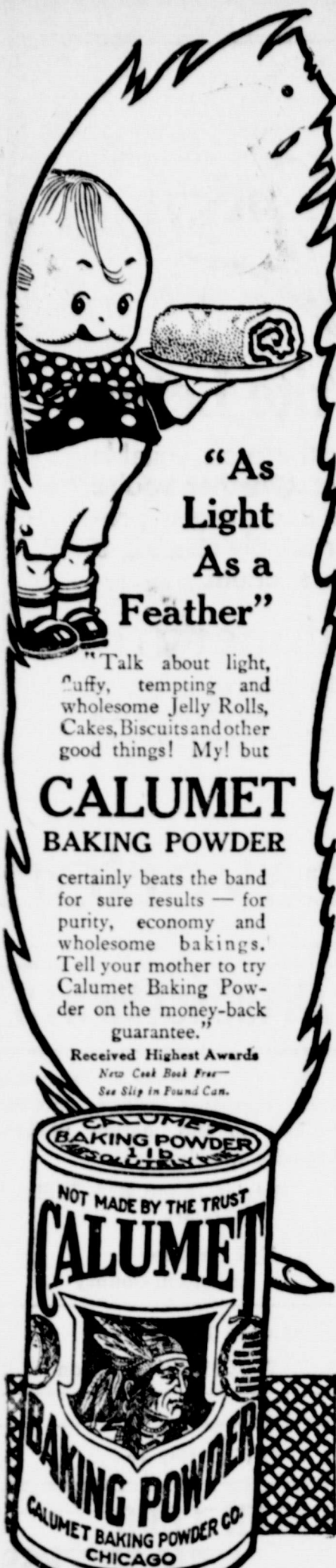
Because the mail-order merchant does not lighten your tax or in any way help the value of your property.

Because the mail order merchant does nothing for the benefit of market or real estate values.

Because the best citizens of a community should patronize home industry. Why not be one of the best citizens?

Because if you will give your home merchant an opportunity to compete by bringing him your order in the quantities you buy out of town, he will demonstrate, quality considered, he will save you money

**If You Want a Better Community  
TRADE AT HOME**



**"As Light As a Feather"**

"Talk about light, fluffy, tempting and wholesome Jelly Rolls, Cakes, Biscuits and other good things! My! but

**CALUMET BAKING POWDER**

certainly beats the band for sure results — for purity, economy and wholesome bakings. Tell your mother to try Calumet Baking Powder on the money-back guarantee.

Received Highest Awards  
New Cook Book Free—  
See Slip in Found Can.



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and Soda.

**FOR TAX COLLECTOR**

The Messenger this week presents the name of C. W. Butler Jr., as a candidate for the office of tax collector of Houston county, subject to the action of the July primary.

Mr. Butler is a Houston county boy, having been born and raised on the farm at Augusta, and is a young man of sterling worth.

At an early age he equipped himself for the battles of life, and for the past several years has been identified with the school interests of the county, teaching in the high schools. At present, he is the principal of the Creek High School, which ranks among the best in the county, and from reports we have heard, has given the very best of satisfaction to the patrons. As to his qualifications for the office he seeks, there can be no question. Several years ago he graduated from the Sam Houston Normal at Huntsville, one of the best educational institutions in the state, and has a reputation for qualifying young men and women for positions of trust and responsibility.

Mr. Butler desires to see you personally and further press his claims for this office when his school duties will permit, and asks that you keep your mind open until he can do so.

**Make Thousands of Dollars, Get Ahead of the Other Fellow, by Picking Scraps of Time From the Waste Basket.**

Abraham Lincoln would split rails all day in the forest and then after his day's work was finished, would walk five miles to borrow a book to study and improve himself. It is said of George Washington, in answer to a question of his mother as to why he studied so late at night, replied that he was working out the destiny of his country.

There are hundreds of young people today who are desirous of gaining a practical education, but for one reason or another they cannot leave home to secure it, so they drag along from one year to the next in the same old rut. There are hundreds of others that are availing themselves of the opportunity offered by the correspondence department of our College, saving their leisure moments and interesting them in an education that will mean thousands of dollars to them in the coming years.

You say that you are not able to take a course, but the person who can least afford it is the one who needs it most and should have it by all means at any sacrifice; it does not cost much. We have them from \$10 up.

Young friend, why not take advantage of this opportunity and gain a business education by using your moments that would otherwise be wasted? Why not spend an hour of the long winter evenings after nightfall qualifying yourself with a knowledge of the famous Byrne simplified shorthand, stenotypewriting, salesmanship and business efficiency, advertising, and telegraphy, for which the business world readily pays cash.

**NEWS ITEMS FROM EPHEBUS**

Jan. 10.—The health of the community is very good and the farmers are all busy preparing their land to begin another crop. Let us hope the merchants are also busy making preparations to assist the farmers and that they will be able to render as-

sistance in such measure that by means of co-operation, we can make 1916 a prosperous year for all.

Mr. Frank Graham entertained with a dance Tuesday.

Monroe Anderson was on the sick list last week.

There was an entertainment at the home of Mr. Lee Graham Saturday night. Mrs. Graham's relatives having come up for a visit, the entertainment was given to them.

Mrs. Grady Parker spent Sunday with her father, Jim Turner.

Ernest Luce of New San Pedro was a visitor at our Sunday School at its last meeting.

Johnnie Graham and family were visiting his brother, Lee Graham, Sunday.

CORRESPONDENT.

**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**

Fill out the following blank and mail to the correspondence department for catalogue and full particulars.

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Correspondence course interested in .....  
Cash or note plan .....

## You Need a Tonic

There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you.

You can't make a mistake in taking

# GARDUI

## The Woman's Tonic

Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

**Has Helped Thousands.**

### PAYING THE PENALTY.

One crop, no matter what it may be, grown successively season after season upon the same land, will "run out" as the farmers express it. Besides, if it is profitable for awhile, the acreage is usually increased until the supply exceeds the demand, when it becomes unprofitable.

The cotton grower has suffered from both these troubles and I was recently told in a black land section where the wild grass has been cut for hay for many years, that the yield is failing, and that there has even been a change in the variety of grass produced namely: From flat to round blade, this change by no means for the better.

For some years alfalfa growing has been highly profitable on the irrigated lands of Western Texas, with the result that the growers are suffering the penalty which sooner or later invariably overtakes the one-crop system, and there is a lot of talk about "cutting out" alfalfa. There is no more reason for this than the talk in 1914 about cutting out cotton. I said to them recently: "If you have been shipping 2,000 cars of alfalfa, feed 1,000 cars to cattle, hogs and poultry in the form of hay and pasture. This, besides improving the physical condition of your drowned out soil, will bring in more money than you have been receiving for the same quantity sold off the land. It will also relieve the strain on the outside market to the extent of the quantity kept at home."

R. R. CLARIDGE.

Irregular bowel movements lead to chronic constipation. Prickly Ash Bitters is a reliable system regulator; cures permanently. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

### WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES

It is a sure sign that something is wrong with your kidneys, you should take

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A POWERFUL KIDNEY REMEDY

It is a kidney tonic and liver stimulant of the highest order. It relieves the strain on the suffering kidneys, puts new life in the torpid liver, helps digestion, eases the aching back and makes you feel well and strong again.

Sold by Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

D N LEAVERTON

### 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

### CASKEY & DENSON BARBERS

Your Business  
will be  
Appreciated

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

**INEEDA LAUNDRY, Houston**  
Laundry basket leaves Wed-  
nesday and returns Saturday

### John Spence Lawyer

Crockett, : : : Texas  
Office Upstairs over Monzingo Mill-  
inery Store

## Take Hall's Chill Tonic EUCALINE

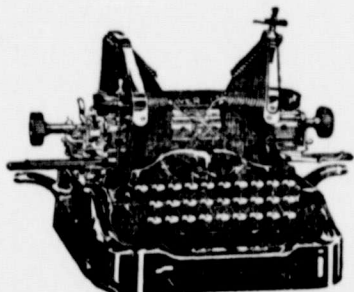
You will not have the best if you fail to get EUCALINE for Malaria, Chills and Fever. It acts on the liver and bowels and relieves the system of the cause, pleasant to take.

FIFTY CENTS by YOUR DRUGGIST

Take Hall's Chill Tonic

## A New Model Typewriter!

The **OLIVER** <sup>No. 9</sup> Buy It Now



### Yes, The Crowning Typewriter Triumph Is Here!

It is just out—and comes years before experts expected it. For makers have striven a life-time to attain this ideal machine. And Oliver has won again, as we scored when gave the world its first visible writing. There is truly no other typewriter on earth like this new Oliver "9." Think of touch so light that the tread of of a kitten will run the keys!

### CAUTION!

The new day advances that come alone on this machine are all controlled by Oliver. Even our own previous models—famous in their day—never had the Optional Duplex Shift.

It puts the whole control of 84 letters and characters in the little fingers of the right and left hands. And it lets you write them all with only 28 keys, the least to operate of any standard typewriter made.

Thus writers of all other machines can immediately run the Oliver Number "9" with more speed and greater ease.

### WARNING!

This brilliant new Oliver comes at the old-time price. It costs no more than lesser makes—now out of date when compared with this discovery.

For while the Oliver's splendid new features are costly—we have equalized the added expense to us by simplifying construction.

Resolve right now to see this great achievement before you spend a dollar for any typewriter. If you are using some other make you will want to see how much more this one does.

If you are using an Oliver, it naturally follows that you want the finest model.

**17 Cents a Day!** Remember this brand new Oliver "9" is the greatest value ever given in a typewriter. It has all our previous special inventions—visible writing, automatic spacer, 6 1-2 ounce touch—plus the Optional Duplex Shift, Selective Color Attachment and all these other new-day features. Yet we have decided to sell it to everyone everywhere on our famous payment plan—17 cents a day! Now every user can easily afford to have the world's crach visible writer, with the famous Printype, that writes like print, included free if desired.

**Today---Write for Full Details** and be among the first to know about this marvel of writing machines. See whs typists, employers, and individuals everywhere are flocking to the Oliver. Just mail a postal at once. No obligation. It's a pleasure for us to tell you about it.

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY**  
OLIVER TYPEWRITER BUILDING, CHICAGO

### ALL THE NEWS FROM WANETA

(Delayed)

Jan. 3rd.—The Christmas holidays are now over. Christmas has been very dull here on account of so much sickness and rainy weather.

We are glad to know that our school will begin again to-day as everyone is anxious to get to work again.

Mr. J. E. McRee returned Saturday morning from Tyler county where he has been spending the Xmas holidays.

Mr. Williams of Oakhurst, Texas, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Ross Fortson of this place, returned home last week.

Mr. Wallace Franks and wife of Corpus Christi spent Xmas with his sister, Mrs. J. E. Edmondson.

Mr. Joe E. Edmondson, who has been at the bedside of his father in Ark., returned home today and reported his father much better.

Miss Carnie Murchison of Grapeland returned to her school today.

We are having a lot of sickness here at present. Mostly LaGrippe and tonsilitis and hope they will all soon be well again.

Mr. Will Wilson made a business trip to Grapeland Saturday.

Mr. Edmondson happened to the misfortune of losing a very fine milch cow last Friday.

Little Roy Harrington is right sick at this writing.

Miss Mamie-Kennedy of near Grapenlad who has been visiting her sister of this place returned home Saturday.

### The Habit of Taking Cold.

With many people taking cold is a habit, but fortunately one that is easily broken. Take a cold sponge bath every morning when you first get out of bed—not ice cold, but a temperature of about 90 degrees F. Also sleep with your window up. Do this and you will seldom take cold. When you do take cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and get rid of it as quickly as possible. Obtainable every-where.

### MRS. J. H. REAGAN DEAD

Palestine, Texas, Jan. 10.—Mrs. John H. Reagan, widow of John H. Reagan, former senator, died at her home at Ft. Houston, two miles from this city, at 12:25 Monday morning. Mrs. Reagan had been ill with lagrippe and pneumonia.

Mrs. Reagan was born in this county on the farm of her father, Col. Taylor. She is survived by three children, Mrs. P. F. Watson, Jeff Davis Reagan of Arizona and Lieutenant Taylor Mills Reagan.

### LETTER FROM MYRTLE LAKE

Jan. 10.—As we are housed safely in our new home we will give a few dots from this place.

Some sickness in this community. Mrs. Callie Weisinger and Arwine Skidmore are on the sick list, and several others. Bad colds and lagrippe seem to be the complaint.

The New Year has brought about a good many changes and it is ahead of us as a blank paper to be filled out and at the end of it may we all look back and see that we have done our best to fill it out as we should have done and may we profit by the mistakes we have made in the past.

We hated to move from New Prospect and leave our many friends and wish to thank them one and all for their kindness to us the two years that we lived among them, but we are not strangers here, as we lived here several years ago.

The farmers are busy clearing and cleaning up their land, getting ready for another crop and it is to be hoped that they wont forget the watchword—"let the Grapeland community raise plenty of feedstuff and everything for the home use and some to spare."

Come on Antrimite and give us a good long letter and tell us about how to raise those potatoes and how to keep them as we are going to try our hand with them this year, and when you make a visit down here call on us.

Wishing the Messenger and force much success, I am,  
BIG JIM.

### FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

### A. E. Owens

NOTARY PUBLIC

Legal Documents

Correctly Drawn

Grapeland, Texas

"Competition Consists of More Than Quotation Marks."

## MASURY

PURE MIXED HOUSE PAINTS

Have been made continuously for 75 years. (Est. 1853)—Has millions of users—the best known — Most Widely distributed—The BEST paint made.

**T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY**

**"JENTLE JABS"**

By Jno. R. Owens

Some men are lucky,  
Some men are wise;  
The latter are those  
Who ADVERTISE.

The man who smiles,  
Is the man worth while;  
But the man with a frown  
Isn't desired by any town.

A woman was kicked on the chin by a mule, causing her to bite off the end of her tongue, and her husband now refuses fabulous sums daily for the mule.

Farmers who are contemplating raising enough at home to feed themselves, should not forget to raise a little surplus for the "occasional" visit of the wife's kin folks.

Bachelor politicians should be very careful in the amount of pressure they use in shaking hands with the old maids, for its Leap Year and they are lying in ambush.

Every man doesn't necessarily have to be a leader in every enterprise for his town. But his co-operation in following the leader is what wins for him individually and as a whole.

The man who thinks his hands are tied so tight by circumstances which prevents him from doing something for his town, has never exerted his strength towards breaking loose and "starting something."

It is said that some of the literature sent out by the suffragists is in advocacy of abolishing marriage as an institution. Huh! Some of them have already done that, and use marriage as the first step in securing a divorce.

The other day a man paid the "boss" a dollar on subscription. That night he dreamed he was a millionaire and woke up giving orders to his chauffeur in a seven passenger Cadillac car, rolling down Broadway in New York. Pass along another dollar please.

With the probability that gasoline will reach 40c per gallon, as is being prophesied, we are of the opinion that there will be a "few" editors of country newspapers in Texas who will invest their \$440 in something besides a "jitney."

A beauty doctor recommends a glass of hot water before breakfast for health and cleanliness. It may be alright to use it internally for health, but for cleanliness, we'd suggest that it be used externally in larger "doses," with plenty of soap and rub well.

Those who entertained a slight idea of changin' 'em during the past few days of Spring-like weather, have no doubt changed their mind since the sudden change in the weather, and will wait for another change to change in, which reminds us, that one change generally brings about another.

Messrs. C. H. Beazley, Will Shivers, C. L. Edmiston, Joe Adams and Oliver Aldrich were here from Crockett Tuesday afternoon.

**LOCAL NEWS FROM CROCKETT**

Jan. 10.—The following statistics have been compiled from the Houston County records for 1915.

Mortgages filed for record, 4,806. (Of this number only 84 are marked satisfied on record.) Among this number, names commencing with "B" lead the list with 474; "S" comes next with 452 names; "H" comes next with 420 names, and "W" with 368. Deeds, releases, deeds of trust, etc., 1,550 instruments were filed. Number of marriage licenses issued from January, 1915, to January 1916, 310. The records of District Clerk Morgan show that during 1915, the District Court granted 65 divorces.

Last Wednesday evening, J.M. Hale, 3 1-2 miles south of Crockett, lost his residence and contents by fire, which is supposed to have originated in a kitchen flue while supper was being prepared. Loss \$2,500 with no insurance.

M. Bromberg, an aged and respected citizen, is seriously ill at his home in south Crockett, suffering with an aggravated case of lagrippe. His family is at his bedside.

Mrs. A. C. Craddock, who has been quite ill for several days, is improving.

**PARAGRAPHS**

Pertaining to Community Prosperity — Clipped from FARM AND RANCH

The men who look ahead and anticipate opportunities are the men who prosper most. Do not wait for opportunity to knock at your door, but meet opportunity before it gets to the other man. This is the way to make good use of opportunity.

Cultivate this greatest thing in the world called love. Thus you will learn to love rightly. First love God. Then love yourself, and your neighbor like yourself. In short, know what it means to love God and what it means to love like He loves.

The little things on the farm this year will likely mean more than ever before. The chickens, eggs, butter, fruits, vegetables, etc., will provide a living on most any farm if attention is given to them. And the living is the most important and the most expensive item in the farmer's account. Why not study how to make a living with little things and leave the larger things for cash income?

At the first of the year is a good time to take an inventory of the implements, feed on hand, teams, farm buildings, livestock, etc., so accounts may be kept this year. This will be a most excellent way to find where profits and losses are so plans may be made to increase the profit. This will also show you implements should be bought and what implements will be necessary.

Mrs. Ed Holcomb of Augusta and Mrs. Mims Buckalew of Percilla were both carried to Palestine Sunday night to be placed in a sanitarium for an operation for appendicitis.

**WHY IT PAYS TO READ THE ADS**

All advertised goods are more or less guaranteed goods. They may not carry an absolute guarantee with the purchase, but both the manufacturer and the retailer knows that if he is offering an article worth advertising it must also be an article that will give satisfaction, thus the advertising of it implies a guarantee.

The advertiser who pays his money for newspaper space in which to tell you of his offerings has offerings worth while. Let no issue of the Messenger escape you without acquainting yourself with the messages from our local business houses. Get the habit of reading every ad in every issue. It's a profitable habit to acquire.

**Bad Habits.**

Those who breakfast at eight o'clock or later, lunch at twelve and have dinner at six are almost certain to be troubled with indigestion. They do not allow time for one meal to digest before taking another. Not less than five hours should elapse between meals. If you are troubled with indigestion correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets, and you may reasonably hope for a quick recovery. These tablets strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Obtainable everywhere.

**OUR HONOR ROLL**

The names of Bryson Caskey, S. W. Duitch, Route 1; B. F. Dent, Geo. Denny, Crockett; Henry Dailey, Route 4, were unintentionally left off the list last week. For this week we report the following:

Roy Brewton, J. B. Lively, B. R. Guice, Prof. C. T. Sims, E. L. Berry, Grapeland; J. H. Kolb, W. H. Kolb, Route 1; H. B. Gentry, David Caskey, Route 2; Ed Bush, Percilla; Dave Warren, Elkhart; W. T. Taylor, C. H. Beazley, Crockett; Frank Duitch, E. M. Dancer, (sent by Mr. Duitch) Elkhart, Route 2; Arthur Laseter, Eldorado. (Sent by Hugh Richards).

A system regulator is a medicine that strengthens and stimulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Prickly Ash Bitters is a superior system regulator. It drives out all unhealthy conditions, promotes activity of body and brain, restores good appetite, sound sleep and cheerful spirits. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

**YOUR OPPORTUNITY**

Young man, young lady! If you are contemplating a course in a business college, it will pay you to see The Messenger, as we have two scholarships in a leading college we will sell at a discount.

**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

**Who Wants to Die?**

**Not You, of Course**

Then it behooves you to keep those feet in better condition. Talk it over with us the next time you are in our store. We have a "life preserver" for you in

**Master Built, Standard and Master Built Special Shoes**

Most people live to a ripe old age in this community and we sell them good shoes. We have many makes--all good ones--and you can take your pick. The cost won't break you.

Quality is the Thing

**T. S. KENT**

**Bank No. 183 OFFICIAL STATEMENT**

Of the Financial Condition of the Farmers & Merchants State Bank At Grapeland, State of Texas,

at the close of business, on the 31st day of Dec., 1916, published in the Messenger, a newspaper printed and published at Grapeland, State of Texas, on the 13th day of Jan., 1916:

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$32,119 88
Loans, real estate	8,100 00
Overdrafts	245 34
Real estate (banking house)	2,983 03
Furniture and fixtures	2,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	\$24,458 87
Due from other Banks and Bankers subject to check	000 00
Cash Items	122 70
Currency	3,991 00
Specie	1,423 00
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	1,051 01
Other resources as follows:	
Collection in Transit	370 15
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$76,864 98</b>

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000 00
Surplus Fund	10,500 00
Undivided Profits net	2,121 67
Individual Deposits, subject to check	45,373 96
Time Certificates of Deposit	8,821 85
Cashier's Checks	47 50
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$76,864 98</b>

State of Texas, }  
County of Houston. } ss

We, George E. Darsey, as President, and W. D. Granberry as Cashier of said Bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.  
GEO. E. DARSEY, President.  
W. D. GRANBERRY, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 11th day of January, A. D., nineteen hundred and sixteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal, on the date last aforesaid.

J. R. RICHARDS, Notary Public.  
Correct—Attest:  
T. S. KENT }  
JOE ADAMS } Directors  
W. G. DARSEY }

**Bank No. 768 Official Statement**

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE

**Guaranty State Bank**

at Grapeland, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of Dec., 1915, published in the Grapeland Messenger, a newspaper printed and published at Grapeland, State of Texas, on the 13th day of Jan., 1916.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$26,665.77
Loans, real estate	2,094.14
Overdrafts	47
State and county warrants	2,130.10
Real estate, (banking house)	3,428.90
Furniture and Fixtures	2,189.40
Due from approved reserve agents, net	\$24,337.29
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check, net	\$1,375.32
Cash Items	127.64
Currency	4,338.00
Specie	3,166.65
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	550.51
Other resources as follows: Assessment for Guaranty Fund	26.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>70,430.19</b>

LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid in	\$15,000.00
Surplus Fund	3,500.00
Undivided profits, net	1,018.29
Individual deposits, subject to check	46,728.94
Time Certificates of Deposits	3,716.41
Cashier's Checks	191.55
Reserve for taxes & int.	275.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>70,430.19</b>

State of Texas, }  
County of Houston. }

We, C. W. Kennedy as president, and U. M. Brock as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

C. W. KENNEDY, President.  
U. M. BROCK, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 10th day of Jan., A. D., nineteen hundred and sixteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

JNO. A. DAVIS, Notary Public, Houston County, Texas.  
Correct—Attest:  
W. H. Holcomb }  
J. R. Pennington } Directors  
M. P. Herod }