

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER.

ALBERT H. LUKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 7.

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, APR. 12, 1906.

NO. 51

Our Special Easter Sale!

As the spring season approaches we are always reminded of the many house hold necessities we are compelled to buy. As a matter of economy it is your duty to trade where you can buy the cheapest. OUR SPECIAL EASTER SALE affords opportunities to buy high classed merchandise at prices that have never before marked the history of Grapeland. WE HAVE THE GOODS WE ADVERTISE!

Friday and Saturday April 13th and 14th TWO DAYS ONLY	J. G. SHIPPER & SON. "SELLS IT FOR LESS."	Friday and Saturday April 13th and 14th TWO DAYS ONLY
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Clothing

Why wear hand-me-downs when you can have a suit made to your measure for the same money?

We represent the leading tailoring houses of the world. When we take your measure **WE GUARANTEE A FIT** and satisfaction, or you don't have it to pay for!

Men's Pants.

All \$1.00 Work Pants reduced to.....	.90
All 1.25 " " " " " " " " " " " "	\$1.00
All 1.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.25
All 1.75 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.35
All 2.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.75
All 2.25 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.95
All 2.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	2.15
All 3.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "	2.50
All 3.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	3.00
All 4.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "	3.25

Dress Goods.

Our dress goods department was never more complete than now. Consisting of all the latest colors and shades: mohairs, voiles, secilians, linens, wash silks, organdies, india linen, and lawns at prices too numerous to mention, but bear the same reduction as other advertised goods.

BEST CALICOES A YARD FOR 5c	WAUKESHA COTTON STRIPES A YD. FOR 5c
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Millinery

TYLISH MILLINERY AT OWEST PRICES

Our 65c misses trimmed hats for.....	50c
Our 75c " lined " " " " " " " " " "	65c
Our 1.00 ladies trimmed " " " " " " " " " "	90c
Our 1.25 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.15
Our 1.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.35
Our 1.75 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.65
Our 2.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.85
Our 2.25 " " " " " " " " " " " "	2.00
Our 2.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	2.25

Embroidery.

You will miss a great thing if you miss this embroidery sale. Special lots 3 to 4 inches wide regular value 10 cents per yard, special price at..... 5c
Special lot 4 to 6 inches wide, regular value 12 1-2 to 15 cents special price per yard..... 10c

...GROCERIES...

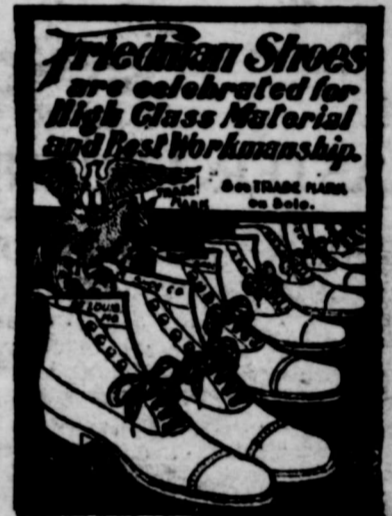
6oz. Garrett snuff per bottle.....	20c
4 lb. Arm & Hammer soda.....	25c
6 " Our Own brand " " " " " " " " " "	25c
4 " Best lump starch.....	25c
10 Bars laundry soap.....	25c
16 " New York granulated sugar.....	1.00
18 " Best Y. C. sugar.....	1.00

We buy what you have to sell and sell what you have to buy.

These prices are for cash only, the day the goods are bought.

Shoes.

Our shoes are as good as the best and better than many. We handle the most dependable brands, the most extensive line the greatest variety of styles to select from.



We Guarantee Every High Priced Shoe we sell to give Satisfaction.

Easter Sale Prices.

\$1.00 Misses shoes for.....	90c
1.25 " " " " " " " " " " " "	\$1.15
1.35 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.25
1.50 Womens Kangaroo calf shoes.....	1.35
1.75 " Vici Kid " " " " " " " " " "	1.50
2.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.75
2.25 " " Blucher style shoe.....	2.00
2.50 " " Dress " " " " " " " " " "	2.25
1.75 Men's Oil grained Creedmores.....	1.50
1.75 " Satin calf solid leather sole.....	1.45
2.00 " Vici Kid Dress shoes.....	1.75
2.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	2.25
3.00 " Men's shoes for.....	2.75

Finck's
Over
Alls

Walk
Over
Shoes

Notions.

6 cedar lead pencils for.....	5c
2 doz. agate buttons " " " " " " " " " "	5c
2 " safety pins " " " " " " " " " "	5c
5 " wire hair pins " " " " " " " " " "	5c
1 Box ball thread 30 balls to box.....	20c
6 Pair good shoe strings for.....	5c
2 Papers needles " " " " " " " " " "	5c
1 Doz. bone collar buttons " " " " " " " " " "	5c

Muslin Underwear.

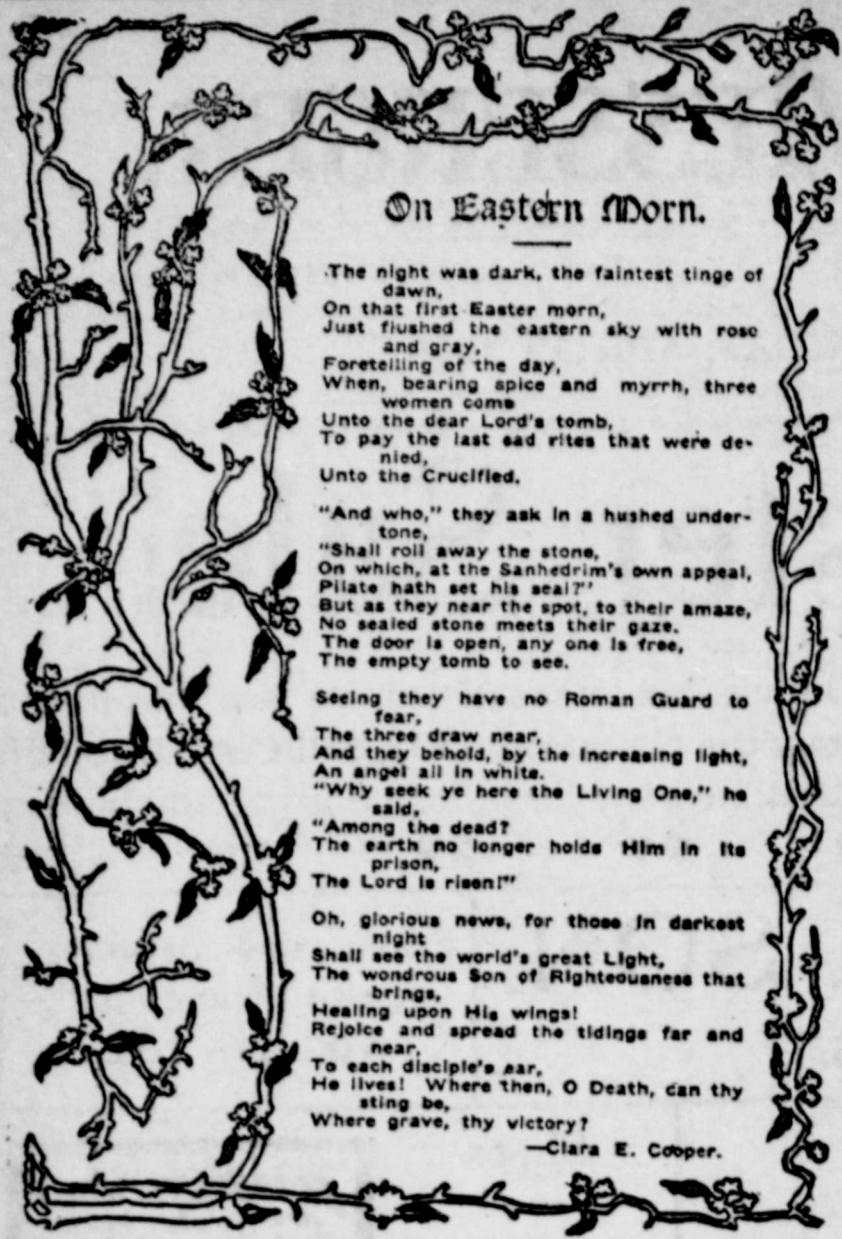
Corset covers 75 50 35 and.....	25c
Underskirts 1.50 1.00 .75 " " " " " " " " " "	50c
Ladies gowns 1.50 1.00 .75 " " " " " " " " " "	50c
Drawers .75 .50 " " " " " " " " " "	35c

Friday and Saturday
April 13-14.

J. G. SHIPPER and SON

"Sells it for Less."

Friday and Saturday
April 13-14.



On Eastern Morn.

The night was dark, the faintest tinge of dawn,
On that first Easter morn,
Just flushed the eastern sky with rose and gray,
Foretelling of the day,
When, bearing spice and myrrh, three women come
Unto the dear Lord's tomb,
To pay the last sad rites that were denied,
Unto the Crucified.

"And who," they ask in a hushed undertone,
"Shall roll away the stone,
On which, at the Sanhedrim's own appeal,
Pilate hath set his seal?"
But as they near the spot, to their amazement,
No sealed stone meets their gaze,
The door is open, any one is free,
The empty tomb to see.

Seeing they have no Roman Guard to fear,
The three draw near,
And they behold, by the increasing light,
An angel all in white,
"Why seek ye here the Living One," he said,
"Among the dead?"
The earth no longer holds Him in its prison,
The Lord is risen!"

Oh, glorious news, for those in darkest night
Shall see the world's great Light,
The wondrous Son of Righteousness that brings,
Healing upon His wings!
Rejoice and spread the tidings far and near,
To each disciple's ear,
He lives! Where then, O Death, can thy sting be,
Where grave, thy victory?

—Clara E. Cooper.

EASTER LEGENDS AND CUSTOMS

ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

Do you know that our English word Easter is a survival of the Saxon name Eastre or Ostara, who was their goddess of spring, or of nature's resurrection after the long death of winter? So dearly was Eastre loved by the old Teutons that when Christianity was first preached to them they refused to give us their "White Lady," or to reduce her to the rank of "demon." So, instead, they gave her name to the great Christian festival.

Eastre was known and loved in different parts of Germany under different names; but in all the places she presided over and cared for all things new and beautiful—the flowers and the birds, harbingers of spring; the hares, typical of the productiveness of the earth. And in the hollow mountain in which she was believed to live she cared for the souls of the unborn babes; here, too, she watched over the agriculture of the land, caring for every plant, which her infant troop watered, each carrying for that purpose a tiny can.

Easter sometimes passed over the land, moving through the air without wings, followed and surrounded by tiny-winged infants, by birds and butterflies and storks. In her hand she carried a wand laden at one end with flowers, while with the other she scattered them over the earth.

Of course, this is an old tale, but

not a fast color, or it will not come off onto the shell. The commonest prints should be used, those that will "fade," and the designs will be reproduced on the egg.

Eggs may be really gilded by going over them with gum or varnish by means of a brush and then laying on gold leaf. These in some countries were reserved for the nobility only; but almost as pretty an effect may be produced by using "gold paint," which may be bought at any drug store.

Boiling eggs in ordinary dye water is a common way of treating them for Easter, but a great improvement on that is to draw a design on the shell with tallow, or any greasy substance, and the dye will not color those parts; so that the design will stand out in white.

Sometimes Easter eggs are buried in a deep dish filled with sand; the kind sold in bird stores is nice for the purpose. This "ostrich nest" is then passed around, and each keeps the egg that he draws out of it.

Another pretty custom is to hide the eggs all over the house, each with a name attached to it, and have the members of the party hunt for those belonging to them.

Great sport is witnessed every Easter in the White House grounds at Washington. Hundreds of boys and girls play games with their eggs, roll-



ing them down hill. Two roll their eggs together, and the one whose egg is unbroken takes the other. This sport is indulged in at Easter by the boys and girls of many lands.

The queer looking eggs in the picture show some other ways of decorating them.

Easter Brings Glad Message.

More than a mere coincidence is the time of the Easter festival. Those who have laid the forms of loved ones in the grave, and those who are approaching the end of their own lives, ask anxiously the question uttered long centuries ago by the patriarch: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Looking on the face of one on whom death has done its work, and noting the fearful havoc it has made, we may be forgiven for our faltering faith. It does not seem possible that the man can live again. Millions have passed out of that dread gate, and not one comes back, or utters a word audible to mortal ears. What reason have we to hope for anything beyond? To the anxious believer comes the assurance of Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life;" and after His words had been put to the proof, His declaration, "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore."

In some parts of Germany the children went to bed early, even as we do at Christmas time, so that the White Hare might come and leave for each one who had been kind and obedient and good and truthful a beautiful colored egg. The hare always came when all was still and every one was sleeping, and in the morning such a hunt as there was for the presents, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places.

Of course the mothers prepared the eggs, wrapping each in a piece of colored print stuff, or calico, as we call it, some pink, some red, or blue or green, and when the eggs were boiled in these cloths all the color was left on the shell. You can do that now, wrapping the eggs up tightly and separately in a piece of bright colored calico, smoothing it and sewing it in place. But be sure that the dye is



LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

The Right Way.

If I could live my whole life over
I'd take the sun to be my guide,
And daily shine on saint and sinner,
And blessings give on every side.

I'd seek no more for selfish pleasures,
But work to help my fellow-men;
Each hour some little uplift giving,
To raise the whole by deed or pen.

Far greater 'tis to give than garner
For selfish ends a goodly store;
Far better help the needy neighbor
Than see thy own grew more and more.

Far better when the night comes dark-
ling
If I can say, "Throughout this day
I have made others brighter, happier,
Because my footsteps passed their
way."

—Townsend Allen.

Tattooed Stilt Walkers.

The first travelers who visited the Marquesas Islands (in the Pacific ocean) found them peopled with a magnificent race of athletes, says the Washington Star. Their clothes lasted until death, for their costume was the skin with which their Creator covered their bodies. These islanders beautifully decorated themselves with tattooing, from the crowns of their heads to the tips of their toes. As they are an enormous race this was no small undertaking. Their chiefs were chosen on account of their size and several of them have measured six feet ten inches in height.

These people are the greatest stilt walkers in the world. This seems strange, for they are big enough without the aid of stilts. On stilts they execute performances which would drive the stilt-walking clown at the New York hippodrome out of his mind with envy. On them they run races, jump, dance, and a great mark of politeness in the islands is for one stilt-walking savage to trip another one up. One should say down, for the tripped person usually comes down with a vengeance.

Games



A fine art sale is a good form of entertainment when your friends come to spend an evening with you. If there is a humorous boy in the party make him auctioneer, and let the fun begin.

The auctioneer may stand on a platform in the center of the room, and proclaim that he has a number of works of art for sale.

"Pictures," he says, "will be put up first. Kindly turn to your catalogues or reference cards, and we will begin at once.

"No. 1. Maid of Orleans. How much am I bid for this wonderful painting?"

He holds up a wrapped parcel. After the bidding is over, the lucky purchaser opens the box to find some molasses candy in it.

- Other pictures are:
2. Ruins of China (pieces of broken china).
 3. Charge of the Light Brigade (gas bill).
 4. The Peacemaker (pair of scissors).
 5. A Drive Through the Wood (a nail driven through a block).
 6. The Horse Fair (oats).
 7. A Portrait of a Lady (photograph).
 8. Spring (a wire spring).

Two Stories of Honesty.

"Honesty is the best policy" under every circumstance.

A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to ask aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing \$50. The uncle refused to help them, and the family suffered with want. The boy informed his mother that he had found the money, but expressed his doubt whether they had a right to use it. The mother confirmed his doubts, and none of the money was used. The wallet was advertised and the owner found. He was a man of wealth, and on the affliction and honesty of the family being made known to him, he presented the \$50 to the sick mother and took the boy into his service, who in time became one of the wealthiest merchants in the place.

An Indian, visiting his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast: "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man

say, it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, Why he gave it you and it is your own now; the good man say, That not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, Never mind, you got it, go buy some more; the good man say, No, no, you must not do so. So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad kept talking all night and trouble me, and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Penny for Your Thoughts



If you would find a great many faults, be on the lookout; but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities be on the look-in.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soothing of disquietude.

One of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth for the sake of apparent good.

The very thing men fear is often brought to pass by the means they use to prevent it.

Whatever you do, do it well. The slighting of a task because it is apparently unimportant leads to habitual neglect, so that men and women degenerate insensibly.

Where "Yankee" Comes From.

"Yankee" is both a Dutch verb and a Dutch noun. The verb means to growl and fight, and the noun means a crying mongrel. These terms the Colonial Dutch applied to the Puritans of Connecticut, whom they despised as much as the New Englanders despised them.

When the colonials marched out with the British regulars to aid in the war upon the French they wore clothes of a very motley assortment, arms of ancient date, and were a painful contrast to the regulars in the lack of training, although in the matter of courage they stood shoulder to shoulder with the bravest. It was at that time that a Dr. Shackburg is supposed to have composed our famous "Yankee Doodle," which was a satire on these badly clothed but courageous troops. The tune of "Yankee Doodle" is claimed by the Dutch, and it is said to be one of their dancing airs. At a recent dance in a Dutch village some one played "Yankee Doodle" and immediately the young men and women began dancing one of their dances. It is probable that the old Dutch settlers played this air when they were making merry in the long winter evenings, and the wit who composed the verses of "Yankee Doodle" had heard the air and considered it an appropriate accompaniment to his sarcastic verses on the colonials, his sarcastic verses on the colonials,

whom the Dutch disliked as much as he.

Things One Beats.

When you spar or strike out at nothing, as a boxer does to bring his muscles into order, you are said "to beat the air;" that is, you hit nothing and your labor is in vain. Should you draw the long bow, or be guilty of very extravagant speech, then you "beat the Dutch." On the other hand, when you have done something that greatly takes the fancy of another, he will tell you, "That beats cock fighting," a reminder of the days when this was a popular pastime. If an enemy threaten attack, in a state of war, you "beat an alarm" on the drum as a danger signal; and if the foe prove too strong you "beat the bush" to drive the game sheltering within it into the open so that they may be easily shot. In music you "beat time" by hand or baton so as to prevent a ragged performance by chorus or band. And when you are played out, or used up and absolutely done, then you are "dead beat."

Trained Cats.

The cat is the latest member of the animal kingdom to receive an education. France is the country where the idea originated, and some of the results have been remarkable. One animal trainer in France says that he has been astonished at the intelligence of the cats, in unexpected ways, too. For instance, he was attempting to make one stand on her hind legs and having done it once readily enough she evidently thought it was sufficient, and did not want to do it again. The trainer then hit the cat and immediately she stood on her hind legs and with her front paw reached up and gave the trainer a long scratch on his hand. Then she got down and ran quickly away.

For the Handy Boy



A pretty watchstand may be made by covering one side of two pieces of cardboard, five inches long and three inches wide, with the material intended for lining. On another piece of material paint some design, and then apply this to one side of a similar-sized piece of board. Cover a fourth board of the same size and shape with material to correspond to that containing the ornamentation. Then glue firmly together, the uncovered sides of each of these pairs so that you may have two boards having each side of a contrasting or harmonizing color. Tack these firmly together at the top so that the lining sides shall be on the inside, and cover the place where the join is made with a bow of narrow ribbon. Screw into the ornamented board a tiny brass hook and the watchstand is complete.

Making a "Safe" for Money

A very common possession among boys who take care to save their spare pennies is a bank, usually a small metallic affair that answers its



How the Safe is put together

purpose very well while one is very young. But when we are older we like to do things in a businesslike way! Well, here is a "safe" that a boy can make, and when it is completed it will not only look like any "grown-up" safe, but will be commodious enough to hold other possessions besides money that a boy may wish to keep "safe."

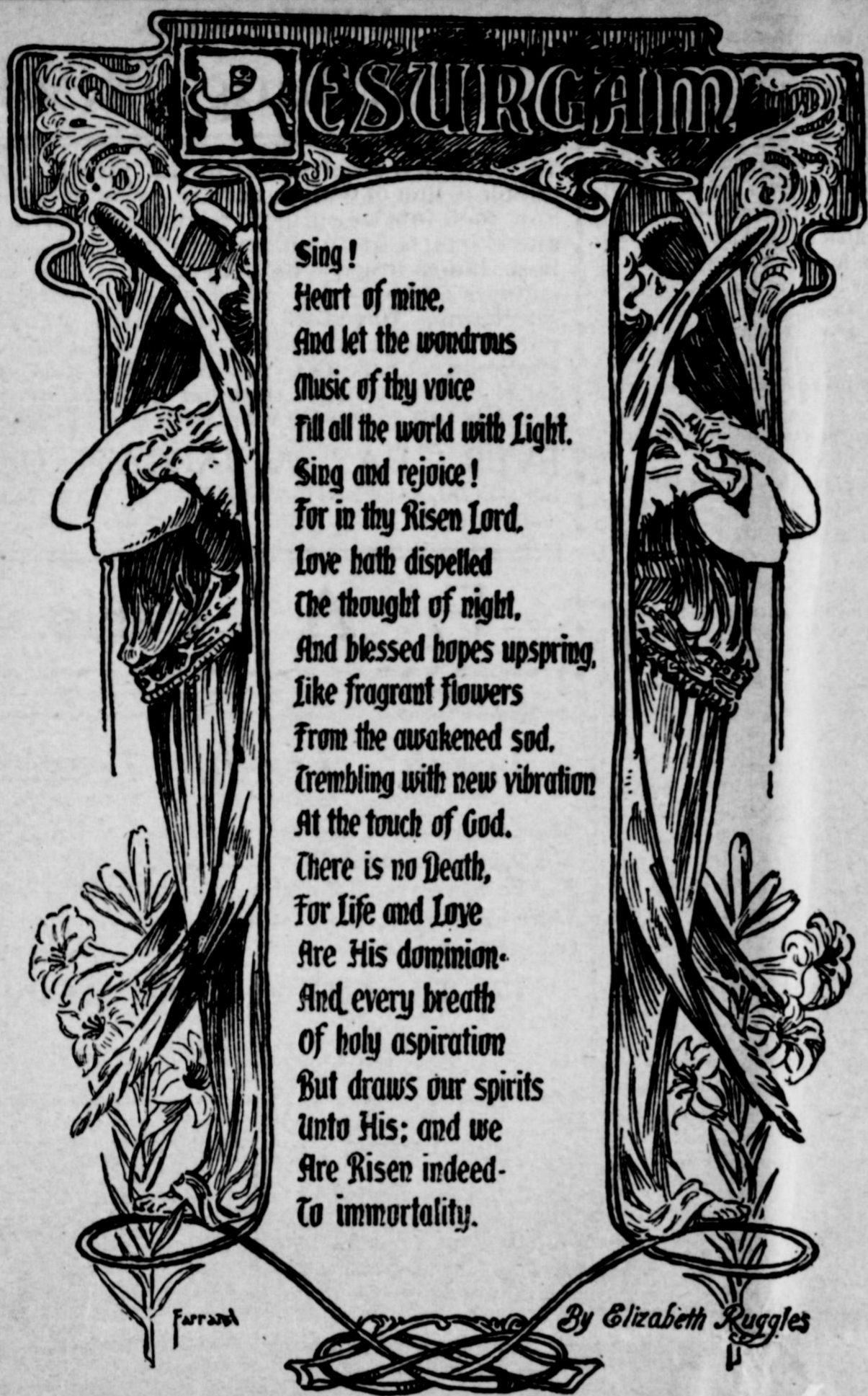
It must be made of wood, of course, but we will make it so thick and so strong that it will be pretty nearly burglar-proof.

One of the illustrations shows how the safe is put together. The top, side and bottom, it will be seen, are composed of three pieces of board each. These boards may be three-quarters of an inch thick. The outside pieces are put together like an ordinary box, which is then lined with the next layer, three-quarters of an inch narrower than the outside, so that the rim of the door may fit into

the depression and be "flush" on the outside with the edges of the outer set of boards. The third set of boards is just as wide as the second set, only the front edges are beveled, as shown in the cuts. Into these beveled edges fits the beveled-edged lining screwed to it. If the boy's center is equal to the task, a lock can be "let in" to the door, but otherwise it will be wiser to use a padlock fitted in the manner shown—a staple passing through a slot in the door. When the carpenter work has been finished and the outside surface made as smooth as possible with sandpaper, paint the whole with two coats of black paint, mixing a little varnish with the last coat. A bit of "striping" about the corners with red paint will help out the effect, and make it look like a real safe. Fit the interior in any way desired, or in the manner shown, which gives two shelves and



two small drawers. A good size for the safe would be a foot square, outside measurement, by nineteen inches in height.—Montreal Herald.



Sing!
Heart of mine,
And let the wondrous
Music of thy voice
Fill all the world with Light.
Sing and rejoice!
For in thy Risen Lord,
Love hath dispelled
The thought of night,
And blessed hopes upspring,
Like fragrant flowers
From the awakened sod,
Trembling with new vibration
At the touch of God.
There is no Death,
For Life and Love
Are His dominion—
And every breath
Of holy aspiration
But draws our spirits
Unto His; and we
Are Risen indeed—
To immortality.

—From the Delineator.

Celebrations of Easter

EASTER as a term to denote the "awakening," or rising of nature in the spring, is, odd as it may appear, older than the Christian religion. Early explorers discovered that the Alaskan Indians celebrated their Easter in their own way, though, of course, without the religious significance that attaches to ours as a Christian festival. The Zulus have an Easter, and since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the Hopi Indians of the Southwest have celebrated the "awakening" of nature in the spring. Indeed, the general celebration of an Easter is as noticeable in one's studies of primitive people, as is the use of the cross among them, and we find that with every people the cross has a significance which is more often religious than otherwise. Among the Indians of the Southwest, for instance, the cross signifies the four directions of the compass, and as their religion is composed of a worship of the elements necessary to the growing of their corn, the cross idea has a place in it.

The Christian Easter, however, as it is celebrated among us to-day may be traced back to the early days of the Christian era. Although there is no data now in existence, the early disciples doubtless observed the anniversary of the resurrection in a way fitting to themselves and the times in which they lived. In any event, on the principle that all ceremonies have their foundation in a mere custom, it was early in the Christian era that Easter became an established holy day in the church, and now in all lands where a knowledge of the life and works of Christ has penetrated it is observed as a day of especial sacredness.

Celebrating, as it does, an event—the event, indeed—upon which the Christian, or rather, orthodox Christian religion has been builded, it is none the less a movable holy day. Concerning this peculiarity of the festival, there has ever been a great diversity of opinion among churchmen. From the earliest times disputes were held over the proper date of Easter. In some localities the actual

anniversary of the date was festally observed, while in other localities the date was determined according to the prescription of the Mosaic Law. A General Council at Nicaea, however, held in 325, ended both this diversity and all controversy arising therefrom by giving authoritative directions to the following effect:

"The festival of Easter is to be celebrated on the Sunday following the first full moon after the beginning of spring."

Therefore, if the moon becomes full upon the day on which spring begins, the Sunday after the next full moon is, of course, indicated by the directions of the Council as Easter day. And if the moon becomes full on a Sunday, the next Sunday, similarly, must be Easter day.

Naturally the most magnificent and imposing celebration of Easter is that which takes place in St. Peter's at Rome.

The ceremony of observation is ushered in by a peculiar feature known as "the silencing of the bells." After the closing of the services in the famous Sistine Chapel on the Thursday evening preceding the dawn of Good Friday, the order is given that until a stated hour on Easter eve, no bell shall sound. While the rule originally was made to apply only to St. Peter's and to the Vatican, the residents of Rome accepted it, and until a very recent date even the bells usually sounded to call people to their meals were silent. To-day in Montreal and in Quebec the custom is in a degree observed, and when the children ask their parents why the bells do not ring, the customary answer is, "The bells have gone to Rome."

On the morning of Easter day the Pope himself officiates at mass in St. Peter's. Seated on the sedia gestatoria, and wrapped in his most magnificent vestments, the Pope is carried from the adjoining palace of the Vatican into the great church. On his head he wears the holy crown typifying the union in him of all temporal and spiritual power. Beside him are borne the flabella, or fans of ostrich feathers, in which are set the eye-like

parts of peacock's feathers, significant of the eternal vigilance of the Church.

After officiating at mass the Pope is borne back through the church to the sound of music, and ascends to the balcony over the great central doorway. From that lofty point he pronounces the papal benediction upon the thousands who with bowed heads or uplifted faces, according to whether they be of the faith or not, crowd the vast church below.

The celebration of Easter at Rome concludes with the illumination of the great dome of St. Peter's, which is crusted with thousands of lights. At dusk one by one they appear until at last they all burn against the purple Italian sky—a gigantic ball of fire.

Easter is the grand festival of the Russian year; so for weeks beforehand every one is busy with the sort of preparations which people in America make before Christmas. A gift, be it only a gaily colored egg, is almost obligatory, though all gifts are known as "eggs." The grand feature of the day is, of course, the church service. In fact, the church festivals are also the national festivals of Russia, and almost every "function" in court or private life begins with a religious service of some sort. About the only exception to this rule are balls and theatrical spectacles. The matn begins at midnight and is followed by the liturgy. The usual service in the middle of the morning is omitted, and most people are in their beds recovering from the open-eyed night. Naturally, the most magnificent celebration is at the cathedral of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, where the presence of the emperor, empress and all the court in full dress and uniforms adds to the magnificence of the service as a spectacle. There the beginning of the service is the passing of the procession of priests through the long suites of rooms in the Palace in their ceremonial search for the dead Christ. On their return from their fruitless search they find the doors closed and fastened, but they open swiftly at the announcement, "Christ is risen!"—The Pilgrim.

Venice Still Has Charm

Time Unable to Rob Ancient City of Its Power to Attract the Visitor to Europe.

(Special Correspondence.)

No other city has been the subject of so many glowing descriptions as Venice. The terms of praise in all the languages of the civilized world have been well-nigh exhausted in describing her charms. She appears more often in the descriptive literature of the nations than any other city, not excepting imperial Rome itself. Nor is she famed in description alone, for her history is writ large in the record of the centuries that have passed since the Middle Ages, and her gifts to mankind, in the advancement of religion, the arts and learning, have been numerous, and amply recorded.

The traveler to-day is drawn to Venice by the image of its beauties, and he lingers a willing subject to its charms, even after the first warm impression on the senses has been dimmed, to feel the subtle stimulant to dreams conveyed by the mellow tradition that makes Venice, of all cities, our modern ideal of what was great in the brave and glorious past.

Were Traders and Fighters.

Here again we feel the spirit that led the Venetian traders and fighting men to the seas of the East, where they conquered islands and cities, leveled on Dalmatian, Greek and Turk, and brought back the gold, the pearls, the silks and spices that came by caravan from the fabulous eastern land of Cathay, to which no white man penetrated until young Marco Polo, a Venetian, traversed the vast, mystic deserts of Asia and visited the realm of the great and hitherto unknown Khan of all the Tartars.

No way was too long for the Venetian of old to travel, if it brought good to his beloved city; no wealth too hard to obtain. Through Venetian hands passed all the goods of the Orient used in Europe. The men of Venice were fighters, because the path of trade must be blazed with the sword. They cleared the Adriatic sea of pirates; they subdued coasts and islands as far as Constantinople and

architectural coloring in the world. Its walls are encrusted with gold mosaics and its art treasures are beyond price.

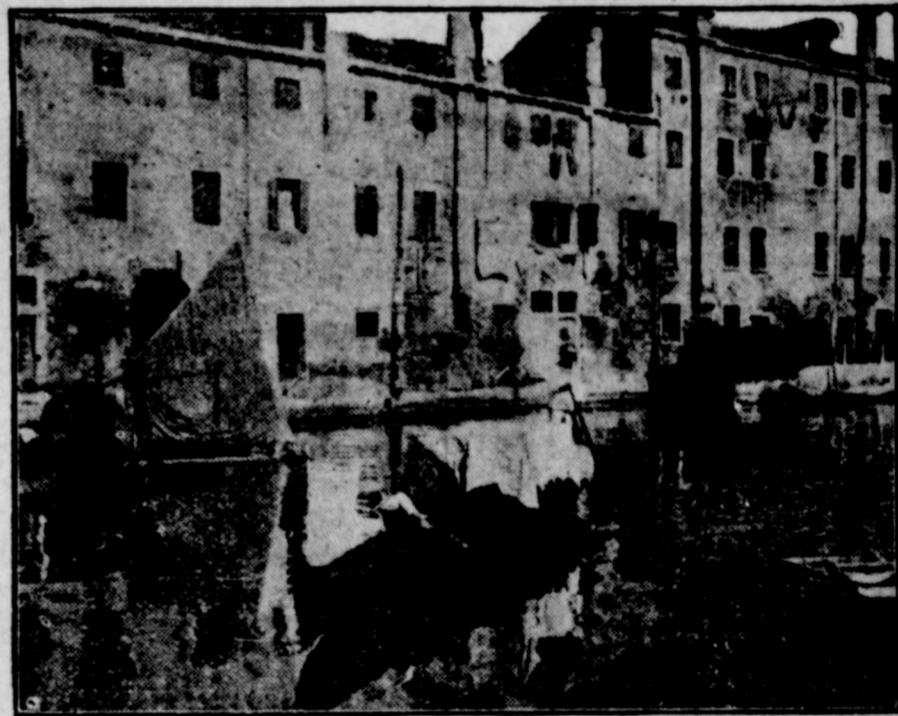
So adaptable are the beauties of Venice to pictorial representation, that no city has been rendered more familiar than "the jewel of the Adriatic." Its canals, of which it has more than 150, its tall, beautifully colored houses, its many churches, its world-famed palace of the Doges, its lagoon—all its features have been rendered familiar to most of us.

A City of Silence.

Yet one thing, and that its chief charm, can never be conveyed by picture or description, and that is the curious sense of silence that one feels upon entering the city of the sea. None of the street noises of other cities exist here. Its waterways are thoroughfares that give no echo and leave no track. No vehicles rattling over stony pavements, no shriek of horn or clang of bell offend the ear in Venice. All is serenely still, and so beautiful is the calm that the native and the stranger alike seem instinctively to speak softly and move quietly for fear of dispelling the charm. The conditions here favor rest, and as the climate is soft and equable, Venice is an ideal place for the mentally or physically tired, and is much frequented by persons wishing to escape from the wear and worries of modern life.

But while quiet and restful, Venice is by no means an idle place. It has large business interests, manufacturing lace, mirrors, gilded frames and many other things. Its fishing business is also considerable.

Although built on many small islands—the number is said to be 117—and having canals for its principal arteries of traffic, Venice is not without streets. To be sure, there are no horses or carriages ever seen in these streets, but they are lined with shops and always well filled with pedestrians. They are at the backs of the houses, like alleys in a modern city.



On a Canal.

levied tribute. They were rich and powerful for more than six centuries, from about 900 to about 1500. The splendor and power of their government, under an elected ruler called the Doge, and in latter times under a dictatorial council, dazzled and awed the weaker peoples about them.

Waning of Venetian Glory.

From refugees, driven before the rude rulers north of the Alps to seek shelter on the marshy islands in the Adriatic lagoon, to the richest and most accomplished people in Europe, was a transformation the Venetians were slow in affecting; and their glory began to wane only when internal strife weakened them so much that they could not resist the onslaughts of their foes by sea and land, including their most powerful rivals, the Genoese. Little by little the great republic of Venice lost its power, until it fell under the sway of first one foreign dictator after another. Austria coveted it, and in the eighteenth century held it in subjection; and Napoleon made it a stepping stone to his goal of ambition, when, in 1797, he entered it, and stabled his horses in the courtyard of the Doge's palace.

The place Venice has occupied in the development of painting and of printing is too well known to need extended mention. The fame of its great artists is imperishable; and the books it produced when the art of printing was young are yet examples to the ambitious who would be good printers. Its place in religion has been second only to that of Rome, and its chief church, St. Mark's, is the richest specimen of Byzantine architecture in Europe, and the finest example of

and are connected where the canals intersect them with bridges, of which there are 378, great and small, in the city. All the houses on the Grand Canal have an exit on a street in the rear; and though one goes to his hotel by gondola, and steps out of it directly into the hotel office, he may go out for a stroll at any time by the back door, and walk dry-shod all over Venice.

War Over Skirts.

A pretty war of skirts is being fought out in a small German town, where a League Against the Trailing Skirt has been formed with the support of the mayor, who has even gone so far as to regulate in an edict the length of the offending garment. It is this last piece of municipal tyranny that has aroused the long-suffering woman of fashion and she has formed a counter Union of the Liberty of Dress. So far the league is in the ascendant, for it has just dined the mayor triumphantly, while the union scorns such methods of bribery.

Career of Prize Beauty.

Miss Emma Newkirk of Santa Monica, whose friends boast that she once won a first prize in a New York beauty show, is now in the Northwest Territory, where she has not only married a rich man, but has been elected director of a school district that covers several hundred square miles of King Edward's dominions.

Removes Ban on Skating.

Skating was tabooed for women in Berlin until the prima donna Herzetta Sontag set the bold example.

SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:
ONE YEAR.....50 CENTS
SIX MONTHS.....25 CENTS
No Subscription Received for less than Six Months

Entered in the Postoffice at
Grapeland, Texas, every Thurs-
day as second class Mail Matter.

Advertising Rates Reasonable,
and made known on application.

THE SEDUCTION FIEND.

The two legged beasts who will win the love and confidence of a pure young girl, and in some evil hour persuade her to "forsake the guide of her youth and abandon the covenant of her God" is as dangerous as a deadly rattlesnake and as damnable as a negro rape fiend. He ought to be outlawed by the human race, and have the same bounty placed upon his scalp as a coyote wolf.

I hate a coon worse than Satan hates holy water, and yet the lowest type of the African race stands higher in my estimation than that imperial imp, with honey-coated words upon his lips, who goes into a happy home where the music of gladness and hope, like the echoes of a forest, are heard always, and leaves the dark print of his cloven feet there, turning each placid stream into a night mare, shattering every golden castle into fragments, and damning the most sacred gift of God.

Hell ought to swallow up that vulture in whose heart seduction is born, before he has the opportunity to blow the deadly fumes into the face of a woman. Life has ills enough at best, without such low-born human-swine running at large, turning the smiles of youth into bitter tears, and casting dark and dreadful shadows across pathways that are sunny.

The cure of God and mankind are upon the thief of purity; the hound of hades, who tramples under his unholy feet, woman's virtue and drives her through the world a despised creature, a dove with a broken wing, a flower faded and unscented. And decent people should shun such a social leper and infernal cannibal of character, and as they would shun a hydrophobia dog.—The Arrow.

We have all felt the delightful sensation that music—especially song—creates, and we have all felt that indescribable, woe-be-gone feeling, and melancholy depression of spirits caused by—but this is a prohibition town so we'll say no more—but the limit was reached when the Editor and the Devil, after diligently seeking for hours the elusive game in the beautiful yet deceptive waters of Tyer's Lake—such luck was never known before and we solemnly covenanted to gether to 'forever' discontinue fishing in this one at least—yet we are getting that electrofied feeling attributable to "the Fisherman's God and this fine weather"

STAY on the farm, boys. Don't get the idea that the city with its brilliant lights and attractive resorts will make you a man. Some of our greatest and best men to-day are those who were raised on the farm and stuck to it. Stay on the farm.

GRAPELAND people will wear a smile several yards in length when that big saw mill gets in operation. It means a big pay roll.



April Showers

have begun to fall and we can already feel the pangs of joyous springtime! Life is sweet when birds are singing, flowers blooming and all nature is adorning herself in a new dress. But then your happiness is not complete unless you drop in and let us serve you one of those luscious

Fountain Drinks

we make at our fountain. Or perhaps you would like some of our fine candy. We always keep a fresh line of the best.

THE BON TON
CREAM PARLOR

THE years come and go like tides. We stand upon the edge of time and the murmuring of the waves gives us as clear an answer to our questioning, "whence?" "whether?" Then their flight leaves us to our helpless immobility. We have divided time and given those divisions names, but we do not know the source nor the destiny of its course. All the multitudinous and activities and efforts of life, all the expressions of time, yield us no clue of a beginning nor any intimation of an end. The flight of time is resistless, nothing can withstand it. The flowers fade, the sun sets and even life itself withers away, and behind the years is darkness. But this, we know—that all we think and all we do is recorded. "All, all is recorded in the Book of Life"—all our efforts and all of errors, all our strivings and all our longings, all the good and all the evil we do is written down to our credit. The ways of life differ and so the paths of thought divine; but this, too, we know—that there is a day of reckoning and account is taken of all we ever accomplish or fail to accomplish, of all that we ever strive for or attain. Nothing can resist time but the good we have done. All passes away but our deeds of kindness, of mercy or of fairness. Time itself is a blank space, absolutely worthless unless we write upon it with our deeds. A new year means new life to those who are ready to begin one by word or act.—Exchange.

MANY a poor, down-trodden, hen-pecked husband longs for the caresses his wife wastes on the poodle dog.

SPRING surely must be here again. Nature is swiftly discarding her winter suit and putting on a delicate tint of green; the streams are waking from their long and peaceful slumber and are softly murmuring as they travel oceanward; flowers are blooming, birds are singing and the whole world is pulsating with new life and activity. We can feel spring time in our bones. As the trees take on their new dresses of green, let us, too, take new life into our souls, get new ideas, new hopes and new ambition. This is nature's resurrection; let us, too, be resurrected, crawl out from our shells and live to make the world better and brighter.

From New Prospect.

April, 9th.—Health of the community not very good. Miss Minnie Clewis who has been seriously ill for some time is said to be improving.

A bad stand of corn is the talk among our farmers. Some have planted cotton, ye scribe for one has planted some, and one good thing is, he won't have to plant over, for it seems that cotton seed are not obtainable.

Rev. W. Cobb failed to fill his regular appointment here last Sunday because of sickness, but Rev. C. A. Campbell took his place by request and preached us a splendid sermon.

Some of our boys went to Trinity river fishing last week; they report a nice time and plenty of fish.

Mrs. Lillie Durnell of Elpaso, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hoffer of this community.

Miss Ex. Brown of Hays Spring, attended church here last Sunday.

It seems that Mr. Ben McQueen has the cat subject on his mind; a few nights past while muttering when asleep some one asked him a question, the reply was: "I saw nineteen kittens in one stump."

The boys have been having fun being chased by the blood hounds of the chain gang camp which is located a few miles east of here, doing good work on our Grapeland road.

Quite a number of new boxes have been placed on our Rural Route lately. We are glad to see the good work encouraged.

Hurrah for the caliboose! It has already been a great help to Grapeland; it even caused the last two issues of the Messenger to come out in double sheets—wasn't that the cause of it Mr. Editor?

If this letter is printed I would like to write on a subject next time, I wrote on paper this time.

Dr. Robertson where art thou? We have not read a letter from you in some time, but we guess you told it all in your last letter.

Why don't every body subscribe for the Messenger? I would not be without it.

Well, bring along good tidings with the good spring weather, Editor, with success to every one, I am,
Big John.

Esau Nelson Is Not Guilty.

CROCKETT, TEX., April 9.—The jury in the Esau Nelson case brought in a verdict of not guilty.

This is the third of these cases to be tried and verdicts rendered of not guilty. The attorneys for the prosecution stated today that the remaining two cases against Almon Crowson and Cressie Crowson will be called for trial on the 18th of this month.

The case of Hugh Connor, charged with the killing of John De Bold near Kennard Mills in 1904, was taken up this morning and the morning was spent in selecting a jury.

The taking of testimony began this afternoon.

Upon an imditement by the grand jury, Constable Cary Spence Tuesday evening went out in the New Prospect community and arrested Charley Parker, for boot legging. Parker was brought to town and failing to make bond was carried to Crockett and lodged in jail.

We want to buy 500 bushels of peas this week and next week; will pay cash or trade; will buy black eye, clay bank, red ripper and speckle peas. Darsey.

EVERY WEEK
Something New!

We have just received one of the prettiest and nobbiest line of white goods in town in all the new 1906 fabrics, suitable for ladies shirtwaists and skirts, ladies white embroidery, belts, white hose, ladies lingerie hats in latest styles, new slippers and oxfords for ladies and misses, new gingham. Our stock is complete in every department with new bright goods selected with the greatest care as to quality, price and pattern. Don't forget that our grocery department is full to overflowing with good groceries.

EVER DAY A BARGAIN DAY,
NO SPECIAL SALES, BUT ALL THE TIME YOUR MONEY GOES A LONG WAYS HERE. x x x x

F. A. Faris.

Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!

There is nothing old and stale in our stock of Drugs. We also carry a full line of Cigars, Candies, Combs, Brushes, Face Powders, Tooth Powders, Toilet Soap, Best Perfumes. When in town call on us. Our Prices are right and will take pleasure in showing you our goods. Yours truly,

B. R. GUICE & SON
WE FILL PRESCRIPTIONS

Attention Comrades.

Camp Crockett No. 141, U. C. V., is hereby called to meet at Lovelady Thursday, April 26th, at 10 a. m. Annual business of the camp will be laid before you, also memorial services will be held. This being national decoration day we will decorate with flowers and love the graves of our comrades buried in the cemetery there. The Daughters of the Confederacy, D. A. Nunn Chapter, are cordially invited to meet with us. There will be an excursion on the railroad to accommodate all who wish to attend, and the good citizens of Lovelady will provide for the comfort of all during the day.

The I. & G. N. Railroad will run two coaches, and transportation at half rates. Train due to leave Grapeland at 6:30 a. m.

N. B. BARBEE,
Commander Camp Crockett, U. C. V.

C. J. HASSELL, Adjutant.

The Election.

Very little interest was manifested in the city election last Tuesday. Only about one half of the votes were polled. The vote was as follows:

FOR ALDERMEN.	
J. N. Parker.....	30
J. J. Brooks.....	28
B. E. Eaves.....	30
FOR MARSHAL.	
M. D. Murchison.....	25
J. D. Harmon.....	5

Mr. Jas. Whitley died at his home in Palestine last Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. The remains were shipped here and interred in the city cemetery Friday afternoon. Deceased is the father of our townsman, attorney G. R. Whitley, and at one time lived here. He was well known and his death is greatly regretted.

Take your speckle, clay bank, red ripper and black eye peas to Geo. E. Darsey; he wants 500 bushels this week and next week. Cash or trade.

DR. W. B. TAYLOR,
PHYSICIAN
and SURGEON.

OFFICE:
B. R. GUICE & SON'S
DRUG STORE.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates

Morris Gin Mfg. Co.,
PALESTINE TEXAS

Dealers in all kinds of machinery and supplies. Repair work of all kinds of machinery done with dispatch and under an absolute guarantee. When in need of anything in our line, let us hear from you.

Morris Gin Mfg. Co.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Wanted to Buy.

500,000 NUT CRACKER TOBACCO TAGS.

I will pay 50c per 100, so bring them in to me as fast as possible.

...F. A. FARIS...

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

I HAVE SECURED THE AGENCY FOR
WM. CAMERON & CO'S
WALL PAPER

It is the finest selection out this year. Cheap grades for all purposes; also fine AMERICAN, ENGLISH and GERMAN PAPERS. Let me show you the W.M. CAMERON & CO. line; also do your painting and paper hanging. DROP ME A CARD OR LEAVE ORDERS AT A. L. Brown, Painter and Paper Hanger, Grapeland, Texas.

McKinney Business College

A chartered Institution of the highest grade. We confer degrees upon our graduates and give them a diploma that will be honored by any institution in America. Notes accepted for tuition. Positions guaranteed. Railroad fare paid from all points. Catalogue free. Your name on 12 cards for 25c in stamps. We teach penmanship by mail. Telegraphy taught by an old operator.
REV. N. R. STONE, President, McKinney, Texas.



WE SELL

SPLENDID PIANOS

ON PAYMENTS OF \$6.00 PER MONTH.

WRITE US FOR PRICES—SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Thos. Goggan & Bros.,

GALVESTON HOUSTON DALLAS AUSTIN
WACO SAN ANTONIO

BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

A Sure Cure

for Rheumatism, Cuts, Sprains, Wounds, Old Sores, Corns, Bunions, Galls, Bruises, Contracted Muscles, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Frosted Feet, Burns, Scalds, etc.

AN ANTISEPTIC that stops Irritation, subdues Inflammation, and drives out Pain.

PENETRATES the Pores, loosens the Fibrous Tissues, promotes a free circulation of the Blood, giving the Muscles natural elasticity.

BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH
ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED

CURED SCIATIC RHEUMATISM

Mrs. B. A. Simpson, 500 Craig St., Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "I have been trying the baths of Hot Springs, Ark., for sciatic rheumatism, but I get more relief from Ballard's Snow Liniment than any medicine or anything I have ever tried. Inclosed find postoffice order for \$1.00. Send me large bottle by Southern Express."

THREE SIZES: 25c, 50c AND \$1.00

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

Ballard Snow Liniment Co.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
CARLETON & PORTER.

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGES

26 Colleges in 15 States: \$300,000.00 Capital; established 17 years. Diploma from D. P. B. C. represents in business what Harvard's and Yale's represent in literary circles. Three months' instruction under our ORIGINAL and COPYRIGHTED methods are equal to six months elsewhere. Catalogue will convince you that D. P. B. C. is THE BEST. Send for it. We also teach by mail successfully or refund money. Write for prices on Home Study.

Address J. F. DRAUGHON, Pres., at either place.

Tyler
Denison
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\$60 SALARY
per month secured or money refunded.

Waco
Austin
Fort Worth

WHITE'S Cream Vermifuge



THE GUARANTEED
**WORM
REMEDY**

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY
Ballard Snow Liniment Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

FOR SALE BY
CARLETON & PORTER.

ROBERT CASKEY,

BARBER.

SHOP AT TOTTIE HOTEL.

HONING RAZORS
A SPECIALTY.

Hot and Cold Baths.

Agent for Martin Steam Laundries
Palestine, TEXAS work guaranteed to be the best.

Honor Roll.

The following is an honor roll of all those who have remembered us since March 1:

NEW SUBSCRIBERS:

Miles Brimberry, Grapeland.
T. C. Hicks, Wagoner, Ind. T. paid by F. Newman.
N. K. Fretz, Pratt, Kan.—paid by A. K. Fretz.
Geo. Springman, Grapeland,
Rev. H. E. Harris, Lovelady,
Mrs. J. D. Wall, Ratcliff—paid by A. N. Edens.
A. K. Fretz, Grapeland.
N. E. Allbright, Crockett,
B. S. Harrison,
I. W. Fitchett, Percilla.
Mrs. J. B. Calvert, Lufkin.

RENEWALS.

J. N. Parker, Grapeland.
W. L. Smith, La. Texo.
Wm. Stowe, Grapeland.
J. A. Hughes, "
Mrs. S. A. Kolb, "
J. H. Kolb, "
S. H. Lively, "
A. W. Pelham, "
A. B. Spence, "
J. L. Kennedy, "
T. J. Dotson, Percilla,
W. S. Rogers, Bigsby, Ala., paid by Wm. Brown.
J. A. Cunningham, Ratcliff, — paid by J. B. Cunningham.

Don't tie a cough or a cold up in your system by taking a remedy that binds the bowels. Take Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. It is different from all other cough syrups. It is better. It opens the bowels—expels all cold from the system, relieves coughs, colds croup whooping cough, etc. An ideal remedy for young and old. Children like it. Sold by Carleton & Porter.

A small boy rushed up to a doctor's office and shouted "Say, I want the doctor to come to our house right away." "Who are you?" asked the doctor. "Gee, don't you know me? Why, we deal with you regular; we had a baby from here last week."—Ex.

Living indoors so much during the winter months creates a sort of a stuffy, want-of-ozone feeling in the blood and system generally. Clean up and get ready for spring. Take a few Early Risers. These famous little pills cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels and give the blood a chance to purify itself. They relieve headache, sallow complexion, etc. Sold by Carleton & Porter.

A subscriber wrote to a Nebraska paper and wanted to know "if alcohol will dissolve sugar?" "It will," was the reply. "It will also dissolve gold and silver, and brick houses, and horses, and happiness, and love, and everything else worth having."—Ex.

How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and is pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. CARLETON & PORTER.

A gentleman was heard this week that he would from a camel as to believe or not. The camel will stand a man is apt to drink seven days without work. If one should judge from habits he might believe that man sprang from a goat. They are the only animals that pester tobacco, wear whiskers and are inclined to butt in.—Exchange.

Appreciates The Messenger.

Galveston, Tex., Apr. 2, 1906.
Mr. Albert Luker,
Grapeland, Texas.

Dear Sir:—Please change my address on your book from 1014 D, to 917 D.

The Messenger is about all the literature I have time to read these days, except my "Doc" books, and certainly appreciate it.
C. C. HILL.

Don't Put off

For tomorrow what you can do today. If you put off buying a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, when that pain comes you won't have any, buy a bottle today. A positive cure for rheumatism, burns, cuts, sprains, contracted muscles, etc. T. S. Graham, Prairie Grove, Ark., writes: "I wish to thank you for the good results I received from Snow Liniment. It positively cured me of rheumatism after other had failed. Sold by Carleton & Porter.

The Toluca (Ill.) Star says a farmer near Bennington's timber put up a mean job on a Toluca hunter. The granger had killed a fox squirrel, skinned him and stuffed his hide with leaves, then climbed up a tree and nailed the dummy to a limb. Soon the hunter came along and spied the squirrel. The hunter shot at the game until all of his ammunition was gone. He then climbed the tree, discovered the deception, and was so blamed hot he burned a hole in his pants sliding down.—Ex.

WHY

Have a torpid liver when Herbine, the only regulator, will help you? There is no reason why you should suffer from dyspepsia, constipation, chills and fever or any liver complaints when Herbine will cure you. F. W. Waite, Westville, Fla., writes: "I was sick for a month with chills and fever, and after taking two bottles of Herbine am well and healthy." Sold by Carleton & Porter.

A young lady in a nearby town not feeling as well as she would like called on a young physician, who had been located in the town for a short time, for consultation.

"Well," said the doctor, after looking at her tongue, feeling her pulse, and asking her numerous questions, "I should advise you—yes, I should advise you—ahem! to get married." "Are you single, doctor?" inquired the fair patient, with a modest smile. "I am my dear young miss," he said, "but it is not customary for a physician to take the physic he prescribes."—Ex.

What good does it do you to eat if your stomach fails to digest the food? None. It does you harm—causes belching, sour stomach, flatulence, etc. When the stomach fails a little and Dyspepsia Cure after you will digest what you eat. makes the stomach healthy. Sold by Carleton & Porter.

Some Facts.

Some is a generous man. Everybody a show. Bennington's first ride was when he took a hack at the cherry tree.

A prize fight is a striking affair and a cashier's business is a paying one.

Lovers are like armies: they have no trouble until the engagement begins.

A milliner is always a trim creature.

A good book is a fine companion. Especially a bank book.—Men and Women.

Frank Taylor and Oran Rials were in the city Sunday from Reynard.

**PRICKLY
ASH
BITTERS**

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

A GOOD SPRING TONIC
AND
SYSTEM RENOVATOR

TRY IT THIS YEAR - PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE

JNO. F. WEEKS G. R. WHITLEY

WEEKS & WHITLEY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Offices:
Palestine, Grapeland,
Texas.

This May Interest You.
No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine.
CARLETON & PORTER.

- Announcements.**
- We are authorized to announce the following candidates, subject to the action of the Democratic Party:
- For District Attorney, Third Judicial of Texas
Tom J. Harris
 - of Anderson County
Porter Newm
 - of Houston Cou
For Representative with
John Miel
Judge
For County Spence
W. Madden
 - Assessor
John H. Ellis
 - Collector
A. L. Goolsby
Oscar C. Goodwin
 - J. W. Brightman
 - For County Clerk
Nat. E. Allbright
C. G. Lansford
J. J. Collier
 - For Sheriff
A. W. Phillips
C. E. Lively
 - For District Clerk
Joe Brown Stanton
 - County Treasurer
D. J. Cater
 - Commissioner Prec't No 1
T. J. Dotson
S. H. Lively

A Card
This is to certify that all drugs are authorized to refund money if Foley's Honey and Balsam cures your cough or it stops the cough, heals ulcers and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures late coughs, and prevents pneumonia and consumption. No opiates. The genuine is a yellow package. Refund money.
Carleton & Porter.

Our Stock is Complete in All departments

.....WITH CLEAN, FRESH, UP-TO-DATE MERCHANDISE.....
 See us for Dry Goods Dress Goods Clothing Hats Shoes and Furnishing Goods



We are agents for the celebrated Scholl Bros. Clothing for Grapeland, and are showing some very handsome spring styles.

We also have a nice line of pants from
\$1.50 up.

See us for bedsteads, bureaus, dressers, book cases, chairs, tables, bed springs, mattresses, matting and window shades	See us for cooking stoves, sewing machines, shotguns, clocks, tinware, crockeryware glassware and cooking utensils.	See us for sugar, coffee, flour, molasses, meal, bacon, lard, salt and a very complete line groceries, seed potatoes, garden seed.	See us for corn and cotton planters, Oliver, John Deere and Kelly plows, Georgia stocks, extra beams, handles, wings, points, etc.	See us for doors, windows, shingles, lime, brick, locks, hinges, or any other kind of building material that you may need.	See us for alfalfa and prairie hay, corn, corn chops, bran, cotton seed meal and hulls, a full line of feed stuff.
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Our stock at this season of the year was never more complete than at present, and we know that it is to your interest to buy where you can get the best values for your money and we have marked everything down to the very lowest prices and we ask you to get our prices before buying as we believe we can sell you when you compare prices and goods with other houses

GEORGE E. DARSEY.

Pure Drugs Fresh Drugs Clean Drugs Stock Complete at B R GUICE and SON'S.

LOCAL NEWS.

Take your peas to Darsey.
 Dr. M. A. Biggers was in the city Monday from Percilla.
 Fine candies and cigars at B. R. Guice & Son.
 J. B. Lively wants your beef hides and bee's wax.
 Best Ribbon Cane Syrup at Howards.
 Miss Bessie Brown returned Sunday from a visit to Elkhart.
 J. B. Lively will pay you cash for beef hides and bee's wax.
 Combs, Brushes, Tooth Powders, Perfumes, and all Toilet Articles at B. R. Guice and Son.
 W. Totty was down from Palestine this week looking after his fruit crop.
 FOR SALE—or trade—75 nice goats. Call on or address, W. T. Pridgen, Grapeland, Tex. R. F. D. No. 3.
 NOTICE—We will work and clean off the Davis graveyard the first day of May as usual; 3 miles east of Grapeland, on the Augusta road. J. E. Hollingsworth, J. J. Brooks, J. F. Garrett, Committee.

Nothing will relieve indigestion that is not a thorough digestant. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, and allows the stomach to rest—recuperate—grow strong again. A few doses of Kodol after meals will restore soon the stomach and digestive organs to a full performance of their functions naturally. Sold by Carleton & Porter.

Sell your peas to Geo. E. Darsey
 Howard has always on hand a full line of Fresh Groceries.
 Shirts and hats in the most elegant fashions See our line. Tims & Sheridan.
 Let us have your grocery trade at Howards.
 Peas, peas, peas. We want peas this week and next week. Will pay cash or trade. GEO. E. DARSEY, Grapeland, Texas.
 Car of chops, corn meal, flour, and bran to arrive this week. Tims & Sheridan.

WANTED—Young men, we have the contract to furnish operators for the new railroad under construction from McKinney to points in New Mexico. Positions guaranteed. Notes accepted for tuition. TELEGRAPH COLLEGE, McKinney, Texas.

NOTICE—For Sale—1 double seat, extension top surry; good as new, at a bargain. Come and see it if you need one, at the blacksmith shop. B. R. & A. B. GUICE.

"Who said peas?" Darsey. He wants 500 bushels this week and next week. Will pay cash or trade just as you want it.

The most rational remedy for Coughs and Colds is Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. It acts on the bowels as a mild Cathartic—expels all cold from the system. Cuts all phlegm out of the throat, relieves coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc. An ideal remedy for children—especially good for adults. Sold by Carleton & Porter.

Public Warning.
 We shall not be responsible if any person takes any but the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds. Imitations are worthless and may contain opiates. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package contains no opiates and is safe and pure. Carleton & Porter.

TELEGRAPHY is the most fascinating study, and the easiest to learn and the best paying profession considering that you can in from 3 to 5 months fill a position at from \$60 to \$85. We have only one scholarship left—cheap! Hurry boys! Girls not excepted—address The Messenger.

If you ever bought a box of Witch Hazel Salve that failed to give satisfaction the chances are it did not have the name "E. C. DeWitt & Co." printed on the wrapper and pressed in the box. The original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve never fails to give satisfaction for burns, sores, boils, tetter cracked hands, etc. For blind bleeding, itching and protruding Piles it affords almost immediate relief. It stops the pain. Sold by Carleton & Porter.

The Messenger has a scholarship for sale cheap in Draughons Practical Business College.

Any one desiring to qualify themselves for a more lucrative position, should communicate with us at once as we only have the one left and it is going to be sold. Don't delay—write to-day.

Law and Collecting Agency

T. B. Satterwhite, Manager
 Will collect all your claims on liberal commission. If I fail to collect it will not cost you anything. CROCKETT, TEXAS.

A FAIR PRICE FOR RELIABLE GOODS.

STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

The Front Street Drug Store, Easter Dyes!

8 COLORS FOR 5 CENTS.

Hobson's Regulator, 2 boxes for25c
 Rural Route Printed Tablets and Envelops

CARLETON & PORTER, DRUGGISTS.

TOILET ARTICLES IN GREAT VARIETY.

PURE DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES.

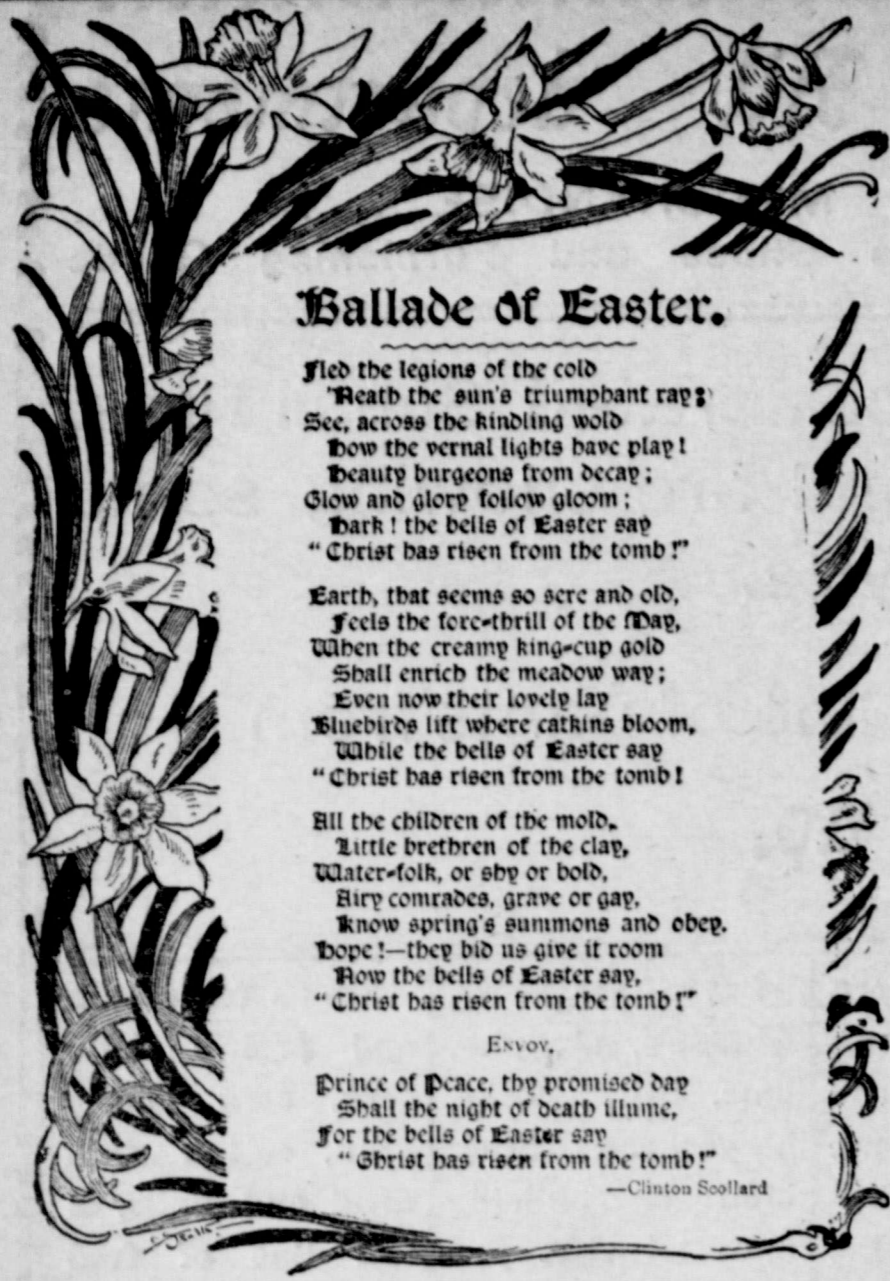
An Insidious Danger.
 A man in Newton county resorted to the meanest trick on record to get his wife to dig up the garden last spring. He went out with a spade and after searching around for a while he went to the house to wash the dirt off a dime and a quarter. He had struck it rich, he said. Back to the garden he went, whistling "Sweet Marie." Directly he came in again, this time showing another quarter and remarked that he could afford to take a nap; that he had made enough for one day, anyhow. When he awoke, his wife had the whole plot dug up, but she had not found a cent. She doesn't know yet that the mine was salted.—Ex.

Three cars of cattle were shipped from here last Saturday night to Navasota by Mr. Howard, a cattle buyer of that place.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger, he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. CARLETON & PORTER.

WANTED—Teams to haul lumber from my mill to Grapeland or Crockett; will pay \$3.50 per 1000; dry lumber. D. J. JONES.

Mr. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did I could not stand straight. I took Foleys Kidney Cure. One dollar bottle and part of the second cured me entirely." Foley's Kidney Cure works wonders where others are total failures. Carleton & Porter.



Ballade of Easter.

Fled the legions of the cold
 "Reath the sun's triumphant ray;
 See, across the kindling world
 How the vernal lights have play!
 Beauty burgeons from decay;
 Glow and glory follow gloom;
 Hark! the bells of Easter say
 "Christ has risen from the tomb!"

Earth, that seems so sore and old,
 Feels the fore-thrill of the Day,
 When the creamy king-cup gold
 Shall enrich the meadow way;
 Even now their lovely lay
 Bluebirds lift where catkins bloom,
 While the bells of Easter say
 "Christ has risen from the tomb!"

All the children of the mold,
 Little brethren of the clay,
 Water-folk, or sky or bold,
 Sirey comrades, grave or gay,
 Know spring's summons and obey,
 Hope!—they bid us give it room
 How the bells of Easter say,
 "Christ has risen from the tomb!"

Envoy,

Prince of Peace, thy promised day
 Shall the night of death illumine,
 For the bells of Easter say
 "Christ has risen from the tomb!"

—Clinton Scottard

Story of the Easter Rabbit.

Once more the Easter Rabbit has arrived to fulfil his annual mission. Only a day his merry reign will last, and then—such is the inexorable decree—he must return to the abode where Santa Claus, fairies, brownies and other mysterious friends of little folk hold goodly company.

With what joyous anticipation eager eyes have watched for his appearance at the confectioners' windows, how many busy little hands have constructed nests of moss and twigs for his reception, or have framed notes of invitation in the most endearing terms to this generous little guest! Ah, indeed, the Easter Rabbit has won the hearts of all, and bids fair to vie even with the venerable Christmas saint in popularity.

And now he is here, and has no doubt, responded most graciously to all requests and has filled the nests and pockets of the child world to overflowing with his gayly colored gifts.

But who is this cheery stranger, at whose modest knock the doors of palace and hut alike are opened with a hearty welcome? We merely know he is of German descent, but his true origin and significance time has hidden from most of us, and to lift the veil we must wander back thousands of years into the very heart of the Fatherland.

It is still winter; lakes and streams are icebound, and the snow seems loath to withdraw its glistening mantle from the bleak and dreary fields. Yet in the heart of the Pagan mother is joy; she has heard to-day the note of a songbird and has seen the willows stretch forth their silver hooded buds; there is no doubt Ostara, the goddess of spring, is on the way. Gladly she hastens home with the good tidings, gathers her children around her and whispers to them:

"The hare of Ostara has been here, little ones. Do you know what that means? We must prepare for the Osterfestival. Father is already in the forest, gathering wood for the fire that shall greet the kind goddess at her arrival."

"But how did the little hare know, mother dear?"

"Ah, my child," said the mother smiling, there was no need of it. My grandsire told me the story of Ostara's hare when I was not older than thou art now. Listen to me, little ones, and I will tell you what he said.

"Long, long years ago, when the earth was still young, a fearful winter visited this land. Ice and snow would not cease, and man and beast perished from cold and hunger. Ah, how grieved the gentle goddess Ostara was when she looked down from on high and beheld the misery of her children! Well she knew that before long her reign would begin, and grass and flowers spring up wherever her foot touched the ground, and the air become fragrant with her breath. But, alas! hope had died within the hearts of the people, and she longed to comfort them. Oh, for a fleet messenger who would spread the news of her coming over the sorrow stricken land, tell the buds to come forth and the birds to build their nests and lift their voices in a chorus of joy, and bid men to mourn no longer, but look upon all

these signs and know that New Life was at hand.

"Thus the goddess sighed, but no one heard—no one but the little hare, who had always been sharp, wonderfully sharp, of hearing. He pricked up his long ears and listened, and then he was off with a bound, and sped through the country as though he had wings on his feet. Soon his message was given to each and all, and when shortly after the goddess held her triumphant entry in the German lands she was welcomed and honored as never before by the grateful people. Yet the happiest of all was the swift footed hare whom fair Ostara appointed her messenger forever and aye."

Ages have passed since this simple story was told, the goddess of spring has been forgotten, but her name still lives in the great Christian festival of this season (Ostara, Ostern, Easter). Easter fires flame on all the hill-tops of Germany, and the hare, or Easter Rabbit, with the first tokens of spring, the eggs and the budding willow branches, are held in high favor as the symbolic heralds of a higher and spiritual revelation.

Welcome, then, thou faithful little messenger! Welcome, also, in this country! Gladden the hearts of the children with thy bright and varied gifts, and to those who long for a wider vision whisper the good tidings of a new and everlasting life, first proclaimed at the empty grave of our Savior.

VARIOUS FLOWERS OF EASTER.

Every Christian Land Has Its Special Emblem of the Day.

Every country has its flowers especially given to Easter, whether spotted white or tinted in opal hues like the wings of Fra Angelico's angels. The entire church calendar may indeed be counted in bloom from the Candlemas lily in February to the Glastonbury thorn on Christmas day.

The Easter flower of two centuries ago for the little English girl was the yellow daffodil, and she bore its golden bloom to the service with a glad devotion. It was the Lent lily, and she watched eagerly for the first green blades to pierce the earth, or remembered a bank where it grew in wild profusion and went to seek it there, full of delight when its yellow bells greeted the sunshine.

The little Dutch maiden carried handfuls of anemone, the first flowers that come after the cold and snow. The Dutch maiden calls it Paas Blumtje because it blooms at Easter. But the Pingster-Bloem, the flower of Whit Sunday, our pink azalea, is even dearer, and parties of young people gather it to adorn the homes.

All over our country the lily is claimed for Easter, and the name is given to one species which we call Easter lily. This pure white blossom is noted in early paintings. The lily of the annunciation was always placed beside the madonna or in the hand of the Angel Gabriel, and the shimmering purity of its satin vesture seems to make it especially suited to speak of that new life that comes from the dark shadows of the grave.—Miss DuBois in the Interior.

Has Studied Easter Customs in All Parts of the World

Miss Helen Mathews Laidlaw of St. Louis has seen Easter day celebrated in more different countries, perhaps, than any person on earth. In eighteen countries she has spent Easter, nineteen if England and Scotland be considered different countries.

To reassure those who may get an incorrect idea in regard to Miss Laidlaw's age it should be stated that she is but 31 years old, for she began her life of travel with her father, a writer and student since he retired from the ministry, before she was 12 years of age, and since then has visited practically every country on the earth.

Her Easter experiences, written at her father's request, to be read before a church organization, furnish a valuable addition to the history of that strange, part pagan, part Christian, part Jewish holiday.

What Easter means to Christians everybody understands, but that the tribes of the earth, many of whom know little of Christianity, and more

gentry of the Roman Catholic services and processions are strangely mixed with other customs.

The great Easter week parade is treated as a circus and the floats representing the epochs in the life of Christ are surrounded by great crowds, that come from all the country round to see the procession and participate in the wine drinking and feasting that follow. The float representing Christ, taken by the Centurion, brings the crowds to their knees all along the route, and there are storms of jeers, hisses and volleys of stones for Judas.

One beautiful feature of the Spanish Easter is the choir of children in the processions. In the procession of 'Our Lady of the Angels' a hundred little girls in white, with white feathers in their beautiful black hair, paraded, singing. They were the 'angels,' although they looked for all the world like our American Indian children.

The next Easter I spent in Mexico City—again among the Spanish—and

singers came forth and wandered in bands from hamlet to hamlet in the valley, singing their famous carols until the mountains and glaciers echoed with the Easter hymns. At each house the singers call the people to the door, and eggs, colored and marked with mottoes, are passed out to them, and wine and cake served, while the people of the house carol with the singers. Everywhere the people wear flowers, covering themselves with them.

Rome, of course, is the center of the Easter celebration, and the ceremonies are more gorgeous even than at Jerusalem—where it was my luck to be last year. I witnessed one celebration at Rome, when the blessed Pope Leo led at mass in St. Peter's. The day opened with a salute of cannon from St. Angelo at 7 o'clock, and immediately the throng moved toward St. Peter's.

It was the most impressive sight in the Christian world. The pope, seated in his sedia gestatoria, in vest-



"TOUCH ME NOT!"

that oppose Christian teachings, celebrate the day is not so well known. The early Celts, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Turks, the early Aryans, celebrated the day, and it received its name from Eostre, goddess of the dawn, the celebration being in honor of the dawning of spring.

The Aryan celebrated by singing, dancing and feasting, while the Semite observed the day with ritual, prayer and fasting, and from these the Jews drew their feast of unleavened bread and the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb, forgetting the origin of the custom in the story of the Passover. The Christians saw a new meaning in the sacrifice when Christ was represented as the Paschal lamb.

This synopsis of the origin of the Easter celebration precedes Miss Laidlaw's story of her own experiences.

"The Easter of 1886," says Miss Laidlaw, "was my first away from home, and I was that year in Seville. Perhaps the Easter customs in the world are so strange a mixture of the barbaric and the Christian as in Spain, and the center of the celebration is Seville. The pomp and pa-

I saw a repetition of most of the Seville pageantry over again. The peddlers sold small effigies of Judas in the streets, and they were hanged everywhere. There was one Judas, twenty feet tall, hanging from a rope in the center of a business street, and I was afraid it was an advertisement.

In Mexico the women do penance—and the men, too. They kneel for hours in the streets or creep on their knees for blocks, scourging themselves. I saw one comely girl, dressed in coarse clothes, with a crown of thorns pressed upon her brow, kneeling in the street, surrounded by a respectful crowd. Two men held her hands as she walked on her knees—strangers to her they were—and I learned later that her father was a wealthy man.

The next Easter was in a glorious land—Austrian Tyrol. We were at Swartzenberg, only a few miles from Lake Constance and above the valley of the Rhine. The Easter ceremonies are entirely religious, and every form of worship known to the church is observed. Later in the day, while the bells rang wildly throughout the beautiful valley the famous Tyrolean

ments blazing with gold and the triple crown upon his brow, was borne into St. Peter's. Great fans of ostrich feathers waved beside him and over him a canopy, richly embroidered in gold. The brilliant assemblage bowed during the stately mass, while the immense choir filled the cathedral with inspiring music. Later the pope was borne in his chair of state to the balcony, and, rising, blessed the immense crowds, gave benediction, and indulgences.

In 1891 I was in Germany, and joined in the quaint games at Hamburg. The gifts of eggs, which the white hare is supposed to have brought during the night, begin early. At dawn the bells, which have been silent during passion week, break forth and ring wildly all day. The peasants say that the bells have gone to Rome during passion week and returned with a message from the pope for Easter. The gayly hued eggs are given everywhere, and none is refused. Every one must wear something new on Easter day for good luck, signifying that the beginning of Easter will mean many new things during the year."

An Easter Lily

"I wish I could go, too!" sighed little Timmy Daggett.

His eyes shone blue and bright from among the hot pillows on which he had tossed for many, many weary weeks, but his face was pale and pinched and the fingers that pinched restlessly on the counterpane were so thin that they looked like claws.

Mrs. Daggett, who was busy washing and dressing Sarah Ann and Patsy, caught her breath when she saw the golden glory around Timmy's head. A tear started to run down her cheek, but she brushed it resolutely away, pulling the comb so energetically through Sarah Ann's hair that the little girl scowled with discomfort.

It was Easter morning and Sarah Ann and Patsy had been given permission to walk over to Fifth avenue to see the beautifully dressed people come out of the churches.

"I'll bring you a beautiful Easter lily, Timmy," Sarah Ann promised. Timmy looked doubtful. "Where are you goin' to get it?" he asked.

"Buy it!" said Sarah Ann, with the conscious pride of a capitalist. "I've got five cents Mrs. Dooly g' me for tendin' her baby. That's enough for just one lily, I guess."

The Easter services were not over when, hand in hand, Sarah Ann and Patsy marched sedately up Fifth avenue. They stopped before the largest church of all, and prepared to wait till the people came out.

Suddenly there came a triumphant burst of music from the great organ in the church, and then a clear soprano voice floated through the open windows. Sarah Ann and her small

who had conquered death for all time to-day. Petty fears as to whether her solo would be considered a failure or not by her listeners had obscured better thoughts.

"And who is Timmy?" she said, placing her hand lightly on Sarah Ann's shoulder.

Sarah Ann looked up, surprised. Then she almost lost her breath. "It's the lily-lady!" she gasped.

"Who is Timmy?" Edith repeated, smiling.

"Please, mam, he's my little brother," said Sarah Ann, recovering herself with an effort. "He's sick. He's been in bed a long time."

"Here is a chance for me to make a little offering to increase the happiness of the world on Easter Day," Edith thought. Aloud she said, "And you think Timmy would like to hear me sing?"

Sarah Ann's eyes shone. "Oh, wouldn't he, just. He likes singin' better'n anything, but he never gets a chance to hear any."

Edith looked at her watch; then she considered a moment. "Will you give me your address, please?" she said. "You may tell Timmy that I shall be around to sing for him this afternoon."

"Oh-h-h!" said Sarah Ann and Patsy, both in one breath. They were too overcome to say another word. They even forgot to say "Thank you." But Edith understood, and did not mind in the least; she knew that politeness need not always follow set rules.

She fumbled for a moment at a bunch of white lilies, pinned to her corsage. When they were unloosen-



"And you think Timmy would like to hear me sing?"

charge listened with bated breath.

"I'm goin' in!" announced Sarah Ann. "We're dressed up enough, I guess," surveying her best calico gown with much complacency and stooping to wipe a speck of mud from Patsy's shoe with her finger.

Noiselessly the great doors swung behind them. A tremor of awe came over even the bold Sarah Ann, as they looked fearfully down the long, dim church. Banks of white lilies gleamed with a pure radiance around the altar.

The soprano soloist was still standing alone in the choir stalls. She was pale and slender and she swayed a little as she sang.

Pretty soon it was all over, and Sarah Ann and Patsy found themselves outside, with the gentle April wind blowing on their flushed, excited faces.

"Was that an angel, Sarah Ann?" whispered Patsy.

"Naw," said Sarah Ann, with decision. "Angels don't come down an' sing—anyways, you can't see 'em, ef they do."

"But she looked like one, anyhow," Patsy persisted.

"She looked just like an Easter lily, I think," said Sarah Ann, "so pale an' white and trembly-like. I wish Timmy could hear her onct."

Edith Arnold walked quietly behind them, heard every word they said. She was feeling just a trifle out of sorts. She had not thought her solo much of a success. She had felt very nervous, and her voice had broken twice in the upper notes. When she heard what these little East Siders thought of her, a flush a shame rose to her cheeks, she knew that she was like neither a lily nor an angel just then.

She had been thinking of her own glorification. She had almost forgotten that she had been singing a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to Him

ed, she gave one to Patsy, one to Sarah Ann. "And this large, lovely one is for poor sick Timmy," she said.

With a parting nod and smile she was gone.

Sarah Ann seized Patsy's willing hand, and they literally raced to the waiting and impatient Timmy in the tenement house on the East Side.

It seemed a long time before the Easter lily, as they agreed to call her, came; but come she did, at last.

I wish Edith Arnold's critics could have heard her that afternoon. With this simple, uncultured, enraptured audience her self-consciousness all vanished. She became as simple and unaffected as they, and so she sang as she had never sung before.

Before she went away Sarah Ann begged for the Easter hymn she had sung in the church that morning. Mrs. Daggett could not speak, when Edith had finished, but her silence was eloquent.

As for Timmy, he held Edith's hand all the time. The day was beginning to wane. Stooping down, Edith saw that he had fallen into a gentle slumber. His lips were parted in a smile of perfect joy.

When Edith at last started for home, subdued and thoughtful, the stars were beginning to tremble faintly in the sky overhead.

"They, too, are singing an Easter hymn of praise to God," said Edith, glad in the knowledge that her little offering had been very acceptable in His sight.

FAITHFUL TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

Railroad Man Maintained Silence Throughout Emergency.

Ralph E. Dudley, who has been custodian of records for the Frisco road for many years, had a lively time yesterday morning with a hoarse voiced alarm clock. Mr. Dudley lives at 4122 McPherson avenue, and is so regular in his habits that all the little boys in that neighborhood set their \$1.50 watches when he passes down the street in the morning and returns in the evening. Practical jokers who live in the same house with Mr. Dudley and have never been able to share his reputation for punctuality recently bought an alarm clock, warranted to keep on disturbing the neighborhood for an unlimited period. This they adjusted to begin sounding its alarm a few minutes after Mr. Dudley's time for leaving the house. Then they placed the clock in his overcoat pocket and awaited developments.

Mr. Dudley left the house at the usual hour, boarded an east bound car, and when the car reached Grand avenue something in his immediate vicinity broke loose. He didn't know what it was, but long experience in the railroad business had taught him to say nothing in an emergency without first seeing the general manager of the system, so he looked unconscious and squeezed closer to the side of the car. From Grand avenue to Twelfth street the racket kept up, but Mr. Dudley was game, and not until he was safe inside his own office did he look for the cause of the disturbance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHIPS RAISED BY NEW METHODS.

System Depends on Use of Calcium Carbide and Electricity.

An ingenious device of raising sunken ships recently devised by a French engineer is described in the Electrical Review. The system depends upon the use of calcium carbide for setting free gas when brought in contact with water. At suitable points in the vessel cases of carbide are placed, which, when brought in contact with water, force out the latter, thus emptying the vessel.

The method may also be used for emptying floats after they have been attached to the ship. The success of the method depends upon obtaining an equal buoyancy at the different parts of the vessel. For this purpose cans of carbide are placed at points which are to be emptied of water. They are fitted with explosive caps, which are set off simultaneously by an electric current. In this way the case is ruptured, water is admitted and the emptying of all compartments begins simultaneously. It is suggested also by the inventor that the method can be used to advantage in operating floating docks. After such a dock has been sunk and has taken in the vessel to be lifted the water is expelled from the ballast chambers by means of the acetylene gas set free from the carbide.

Ask Me No More.

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But, of too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd,
I strove against the stream, and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

—Alfred Tennyson.

One There, All Right.

In a car speeding over a western prairie, according to Everybody's Magazine, one man remarked to another:

"This is the first time I ever traveled over this line without a newly married pair on board. I have been studying the passengers and there is not a bridal couple among them."

Just then the train stopped, and a man who had been seated with a lady and a little girl across the aisle walked to the end of the car. The child leaned forward and in a shrill, penetrating treble asked:

"Mamma, which papa do you like best, this new papa or my other papa?"

Likely Worth Seeing.

True art is always impressive, even to those who have been denied the benefits of an artistic education. For example, a copy of The Winged Victory was placed in the center of the library of the University of Rochester last summer. One of the workmen, a recent importation from Dublin, surveyed the headless and armless statue with some curiosity.

"An' phat may ye call that fellow?" he asked.

"That's the statue of Victory," said the librarian.

"'Victory, is it?' said the man; 'begorra, I'd like to see the other fellow hin.'"

Students at Old Oxford

College Life There Something of a Novelty to American Rhodes Scholars.

(Special Correspondence.)

The first contingent of American Rhodes scholars has now been at Oxford for more than a whole academic year. Already the scholars have had many experiences and gained many impressions that may be of interest to their fellow-countrymen.

Their reception, on the whole, has been a friendly one. Although they found their English cousins less demonstrative in their bonhomie than themselves, and although they thought it queer at first that these cousins on being introduced to a man merely said "How d'you do," with perhaps a distant nod, they soon discovered that this reserve was rather a trick of manner than an indication of unsociability.

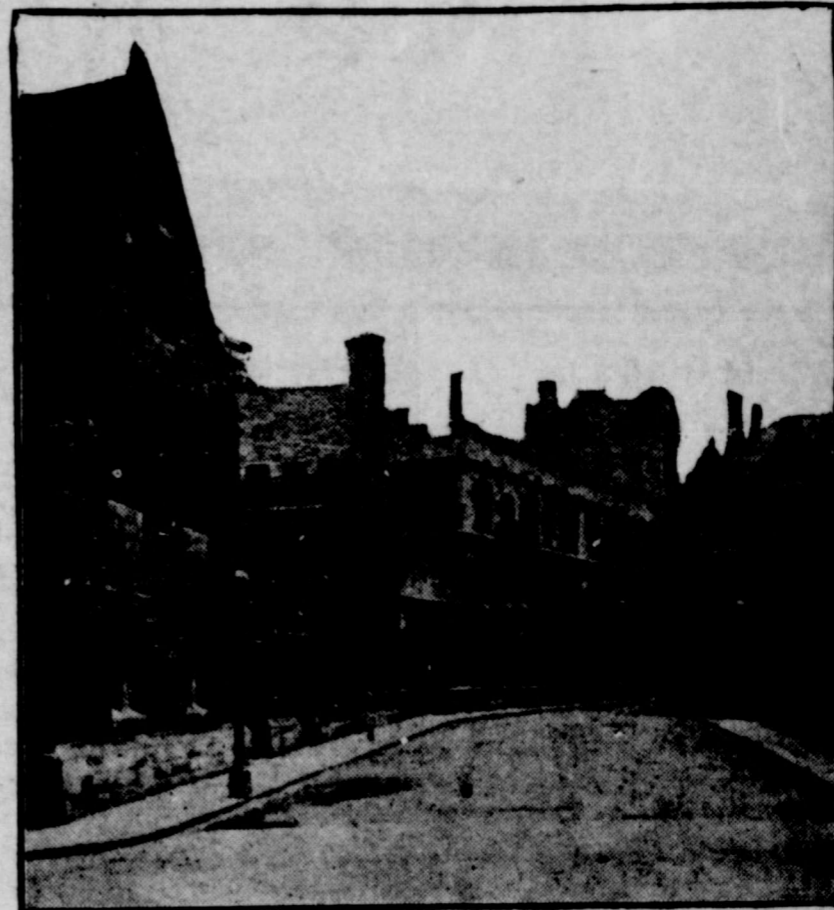
It goes without saying that the life here is a good deal of a novelty to the Americans. In the morning the undergraduate is gently aroused by his "scout" (manservant) in time to "keep a chapel" or a "roller" (roll call) a few minutes before 8 o'clock. He is under the sad necessity of keeping a specified number—varying in different colleges from twenty-four to forty—of either one or the other during the term if he is to receive official credit for having "resided" that term. If he keeps the time-honored practice of "rollers"—instituted, no doubt, to inculcate early rising—he must arrive at a certain room and with a goose-quill pen affix his signature to a piece of paper before a bell ceases ringing. If he has chosen to "keep chapels" instead he must be in chapel before another bell stops ringing, and must remain there throughout a service of about twenty minutes. After "rollers" or chapel there is a wait of nearly an hour before breakfast. "Brekker" is served a la carte, without the carte, in the students' sitting rooms, and to each man alone, unless he happens to be a guest or the host at a breakfast party, as more

possible. Such, in brief, is a typical day at Oxford.

College hospitality at Oxford has no equal anywhere else in the world I feel sure, unless possibly at Cambridge. It begins for the callow "fresher" with the receipt of invitations for breakfast, luncheon, or tea. The upper class men very conscientiously take this way of introducing the new men to their college associates, so that nearly every freshman receives during his first term more invitations than he can accept, most of them coming from men whom he does not know even by sight. During his second term, as he is not usually expected to return these favors of the upper class men, he seeks the society of his fellow-freshmen, whom by this time he has come to know very well. He invites them in little groups to his own hospitable board, and is invited in return. Thus begins that jolly sociability among the students that forms such an attractive feature of college days at Oxford.

Athletics Enjoyed by All.

Nearly every Oxford undergraduate goes in for some kind of sport. For there is such a varied list to choose from that every one can find a sport to his liking; the climate is such as to require a great deal of exercise, and it is considered each man's bounden duty to help maintain the athletic prestige of his college. In the performance of this duty the American Rhodians have certainly not proven laggards. Though the report that they are all athletes is exaggerated, they are nearly all lovers of outdoor sport, and have entered into Oxford athletics with great heartiness and success. This is not the place to enumerate their laurels at length, but I must at least proclaim that they won seven out of nine events in the freshman sports, and that many of their number have gained distinction for themselves in rowing—a sport with



Pembroke College.

often happen than not. At a breakfast party the social time is prolonged after the meal till 10 o'clock, or even later, by talk and smoking. Then everybody is supposed to do his duty by books and lectures until luncheon time—about 1 o'clock.

Afternoon in Open Air.

The afternoon until 4 or 5 o'clock is spent out of doors, whether the sport be rowing, football, hockey, cricket, lacrosse, golf, tennis, polo, hunting, running, riding, cycling, or merely walking. The Oxford undergraduate feels that he cannot exist unless he exercises in the open air in the afternoon. About 4:30 everybody goes somewhere for tea, whether it be to a fellow-student's room at college, a public tea room, or the home of a friend. The little college tea parties usually last till about 6 o'clock, leaving a free hour between that time and dinner. This hour is spent studiously or socially, according to the inclination of each individual. Dinner is served "in hall"—large, chapel-like building—where the appearance of the place itself, the manner of serving, and the queer table customs all seek of the past and its traditions. After dinner coffee is served in the rooms of those who desire it. Then the student is prepared for the evening, which he spends perhaps with his books, playing bridge, at the theater, or perhaps at some other of the many diversions

which they first became acquainted at Oxford.

Examinations.

In the scheme of instruction at Oxford everything depends upon examinations. In those courses of study leading to the degrees of B. A. and M. A.—and these courses are pursued by the vast majority of the students—two examinations are required, called officially the first and second public examinations. These two examinations may be taken either in a pass school (the term school meaning course of study) or an honor school, or one in each. The work in the pass schools is much easier than that in the honor schools, and seems intended for the benefit of those who wish to procure a degree with as little trouble as possible. A pass degree, however, confers little glory upon a student, so that all ambitious aspirants for the D. A. and M. A. take it in one of eight "final honor schools"—literae humaniores, mathematics, natural science, jurisprudence, modern history, theology, Oriental studies, English language, and literature—and according to the knowledge and ability displayed in the final examination they receive first, second, third, or fourth honors. To those who acquit themselves with unusual eclat a "double first" is given, while those deemed unworthy of fourth honors fall utterly without the pale and are denied an honor degree.

LACES
NOVELTIES
EMBROIDERY
SUPPLIES

"We Have Them Going!"

RIBBONS
FLOWERS
and
FOLAGE

Special Millinery Bargain Sale.

Opens April 1, Closes September 1.

THIS WAY TO A MATCHLESS EXPOSITION OF EASTER MILLINERY!

Our store has been thronged! A strong argument in favor of our superior display and the exceptionalness of our values. On every side we have heard exclamations of pleasure at the lovely summery hats. Time and again have we been assured that nothing like this year's exhibit has been seen in Grapeland. If you come you will, like the others, find the display to be a combination of millinery art, novelty and beauty, with commercial common sense and moderate prices. The increase in our business this season has been phenomenal. Everyday a bargain day with us. This means a money saving proposition to you. Don't miss it.

WE SELL THE GOODS
THERE ARE REASONS WHY

Quality
Style
Prices

Are Right

Remember
The - - -

Date April 1 to September 1

Place Up stairs over J G
Shipper and Son's store

MRS. MARY ETTA DARSEY,

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR HIGH CLASS MILLINERY AT LOWEST PRICES.

La Texo News.

At an election for trustees here yesterday L. Merriwether was chosen to fill the place of J. M. Ford for the ensuing term.

Our school is prospering under the present management and it is hoped that it will continue to grow and become one of the best schools in the county.

Mrs. C. Hollingsworth spent a day in town this week visiting her daughter Mrs. Dave Leaverton, who has been on the sick list but is now up again.

Miss Nellie Ewing died last Thursday at 6 P. M. of Appendicitis, and was buried at Wesley Chapel. She was the daughter of Mr. J. M. Ewing of Spences' Mill.

A petition signed by all the citizens of this place has been sent up for a voting box. It is now up to the County Court to see what they can do for us.

We are glad to see you have built a calaboose. Now if we come to town and try to "paint" it red we know we will have a place to board.

The weather has been fine for the last few days, potatoes and corn are looking well and the farmers are beginning to "lick their chops" in anticipation of good times.

Mrs. Julia Leaverton of Grapeland, is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. C. E. Hayes has about wound up his cabbage crop but will soon have strawberries and potatoes.

Dewberries will soon be ripe and then won't we revel in pie. This weather makes us feel like going fishing so we must ask you to excuse this short letter.

REX.

Grapeland's Big Sawmill.

Mr. George Springman, who has recently moved here with his family from Brownston, Ill., is going to erect a large sawmill in Grapeland. For the past several months he has been in this community buying timber and has bought vast tracts in nearly every direction from town. Last Saturday he purchased 400 acres at Salmon, six miles north of here. A big portion of his timber lies in the direction of the Trinity river, west of town. Tram roads will be constructed to transport logs from farthest points to the mill. The exact location of the millsite is not yet known.

Mr. Springman has purchased what is known as the Rowden Sawmill, below Crockett. It has a capacity of 30,000 feet per day with an 80 horse power engine. It was Mr. Springman's intention to put in new machinery throughout, but this mill was offered at a bargain and it is comparatively new. He left Saturday night for Illinois to close out his business there and while in St. Louis will purchase his planer. Immediately upon returning the work of moving his plant to Grapeland will be begun.

This is a grand thing for the Grapeland country, as it means a big monthly pay roll and the turning loose of many dollars through the different channels of trade.

Mr. Springman is a man who does things, and progressive people will put the stamp of approval upon this enterprise.

Miss Iva Dailey of Daly's was in the city Saturday shopping.

Garrison News.

Garrison, Texas, Apr. 8 1906.—Easter is near and the ladies are trying to get up an "Easter program" and we wish them success in their undertaking.

Quite a tragedy occurred near Woden, in this county last week, two men were killed and one seriously wounded, we hope that he will not die, he is a good and quiet citizen.

The S. J. G. Club entertained the public with an ice cream supper Friday night which was quite a success.

Mr. J. D. Ellington has returned from Shelbyville where he has been visiting relative and friends.

"Uncle" Bill Collins, who was stricken with paralysis is slowly improving.

The Baptist ladies are trying to raise money for a new organ which is needed badly, and we hope that they will be able to raise it without any trouble.

Our school will last two or three weeks longer and at the close there will be a good entertainment.

As we have no millinery department the people are forced to neighboring towns to get their hats; a large crowd will go over to Timpson Monday.

Edd Watson spent Saturday and Sunday with parents in Timpson.

Mr. A. B. Simpson went to Nacogdoches Saturday on business.

L. L. & T.

D. W. Grimes returned from Nacogdoches Monday night, where he had been to see his mother. He reported her still very ill.

Photographs!

April 21 will be our last day for taking Photos in Grapeland. This is your chance to have your baby's picture or family group made.

We do all kinds of work and guarantee every picture to be first-class.

Don't wait until the last day as it may rain. Come in now. At least call and see samples.

Cloudy weather is as good as any. Gallery up stairs over Shipper's store.

H A Siddell

Grapeland

There has been considerable moving around among some of our merchants during this week. S. T. Anthony has moved his stock of goods into the building on the corner of main street, which he purchased from M. D. Murchison. J. J. Brooks has moved from the Dr. Woodard building into the Walling brick, which was formerly occupied by S. T. Anthony. J. J. Guice & Son will soon move their stock in the building just at the rear of Messenger office. J. G. Shipper & Son are preparing to move out a large portion of their goods next Friday and Saturday on account of their immense Easter Sale.

They have cut the price way down. Look over their "ad" and see for yourself.

A Call Meeting.

R. B. Edens requests us to call a meeting of the Fruit and Truck Growers for next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Among the important business to be transacted is to elect new officers for the year and a full attendance is desired.

Miss Cleo Murchison celebrated the anniversary of her birth last Friday evening and entertained a large number of her friends at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. B. Farris. Games, contests, music, and refreshments was the program and everyone enjoyed themselves to the limit. May Miss Cleo live to celebrate many more such occasions. She received many nice presents which is evidence of the high esteem in which she is held by her many friends.