

The Grapeland Messenger.

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NUMBER 39

ALBERT H. LUKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

The Store

Where Little Things Count.

The best reason why we have been able to do big things is because we know the value of little things, take care of trifles. With us there are no unimportant transactions, for it is details that count.

It is important to us, no matter what you pay, that you get the fullest satisfaction for every dollar you spend here. Growth is the object of our business. We expect to attain it only by giving satisfaction.

One purchase with us will cause you to follow the crowd to MISTROT'S!

Mistrot Bros. & Co.

"The House of Quality"
GRAPELAND TEXAS

Dr. Robertson's Philosophy.

Its a poor rule that won't work both ways and a poorer one that won't work at all.

For the first time in several years its up to the republicans to do the explaining.

Some people expend more energy trying to dodge a piece of work than would be required to do it.

All things come to him who waits but the trouble is its nearly always too late. Moral: If you want any thing get up and go after it.

If the result of the recent election has the effect of eliminating Col. Roosevelt from the presidential running two years hence it will have been worth all it cost even to the republican party

None of us are wholly good and very few that are altogether bad. Its the purpose of all law to develop the good and restrain the bad traits in our natures. If it fails in this it fails in everything.—San Jacinto County News.

Stores to Close.

We, the undersigned merchants and business men of Grapeland, agree to close our places of business on Thursday, November the 24th., for the purpose of observing Thanksgiving.

Geo. E. Darsey, Darses's D. G. Store, Farmers & Merchants State Bank, S. E. Howard, Allen & McLain, A. S. Porter, Jewel Taylor, F. A. Faris & Son, W. H. Lively, Smith & Ellis, Kennedy Bros. J. W. Caskey (after 10 o'clock.), W. R. Wherry, D. N. Leaverton, K. C. Alsop, J. N. Parker, Mistrot Bros. & Co., J. J. Brooks, Whitley & Keeland, B. F. Hill P. M., A. B. Guice.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days' treatment to cure, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition.

Sold by all druggists.

J. R. Richards has charge of our coffin department and will wait on you at any time, night or day. Geo. E. Darsey.

W. W. Aiken, editor of the Courier, was stricken with appendicitis last Sunday and was removed to the Hathcock Sanitarium at Palestine Monday night to undergo operation for same. Advice by telephone from there Tuesday announced that he is gaining strength rapidly from the ravages of the first attack which was very severe, and will undergo operation possibly Saturday or Sunday.—Houston County Times.

Tenderness or aching in the small of the back is a serious symptom. The kidneys are suffering. Take Prickly Ash Bitters at once. It is a reliable kidney remedy and a system regulator and will cure the trouble before it develops its dangerous stage. A. S. Porter special agent.

Always in Line With Prices that are Right

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Hardware
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Cooking Stoves
Heating Stoves
Harness, Saddlery
Glassware
Enamelware
Crockery, Stoneware
Groceries
Feed Stuff, etc.

Our stock is complete and we will be glad to show you through, and then you will be convinced that we are entitled to a share of your patronage and can save you money on your purchases.

Whitley & Keeland

"The Price is the Thing."
Telephone No. 34.

Crockett Man Robbed.

L. J. Ballard of Crockett, Texas, is \$1500 loser by his visit to Houston and his participation in the joys of Carnival week.

The "roll" was made up of 12 \$100 bills and 15 \$20 bills, the whole done up in a neat wad, which he carried in his hip pocket.

Just where Ballard lost the roll is not known even by himself, he lost it alright, or rather it was taken from his hip pocket repository by unknown hands, the unknown not only taking the wad but a goodly piece of Ballard's trousers with it by the skillful use of a sharp knife.

In other words the Crockett man was touched by one of the nimble fingered craft, who are generally on hand when a large roll is lying within easy reach.

A report of the theft was made to the local police department by Fisher Arledge, also of Crockett. Arledge passed Ballard on his way to Houston and brought the report along with him.

According to the story Ballard left Houston Friday morning for Crockett. At Conroe, the junction of the International & Great Northern, Ballard walked out into the vestibule of the car.

There were other people in the vestibule with him. The train had not proceeded very far from Conroe when Ballard casually put his hand to hip pocket, noted that the majority of his pocket was missing, and the whole of the \$1500 roll. The pocket had been neatly cut and the money extracted.

That the theft could have occurred in Houston is not regarded as possible for the reason that Ballard, in that case, would have surely noted his loss before he passed Conroe. The local police are of the opinion that the combination Jack the Ripper and the pickpocket got in his work on the vestibule of the train at the junction point.

A unique feature of the case is that Ballard had carried the roll untouched for about three years, a sort of a deposit to be drawn upon only in an emergency.

It is stated that he bought a bill of goods while in Houston, netting \$75, and that he had the goods charged rather than to break into the \$1500. It is further stated that he carried the wad without any extra security. The pocket was not sewed up or fastened in any way.—Houston Chronicle.

WANTED—Everyone in Grapeland and vicinity to read the opening chapters of the new serial by Robert W. Chambers in the November number of COSMOPOLITON MAGAZINE. It is the greatest novel of the year and is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

Many School children suffer from constipation, which is often the cause of seeming stupidity at lessons. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation.

Sold by all druggists.

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FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

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Will find our many departments unusually complete

With new goods, such as Barb Wire, Hog Fencing, Lime, Shingles, Doors, Windows, Nails, Staples, Locks, Hinges, Valley Tin, Rabbit Metal, Lace Leather, Machine Oil, Cylinder Oil, Oils, Paints and Varnishes, Guns, Loaded Shells, Sewing Machines, Needles, Bobbins, Shuttles, Oils and Belts, Grind Stones, Axes, Cross Cut Saws, Builders Hardware and Brick.

Come to Grapeland—and bring your Cotton, where you will find more anxious buyers than at any other place, and where you will get the top price for your Cotton.

Come to Grapeland—and bring your Chickens, Eggs, Turkeys, Hides and Bees Wax, for Grapeland is known as the best market in East Texas for country produce.

Come to Grapeland—and come right to our store and make it your headquarters—the store where you can buy your entire bill complete and for less money than elsewhere—the store that buys what you have to sell and sells what you have to buy—the store that appreciates your trade and are always willing to show goods and compare prices.

George E. Darsey.

Grapeland, Tex.

The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM
By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS & KETNER
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, an eccentric old man, and counselor of the Mormons, who has been spying on him, suddenly confronts Nat and tells him he is expected. Plum insists he has got the wrong man, but Price ignores his protestations and bargains for the ammunition on board the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. He agrees to show Plum the Mormon town, St. James.

CHAPTER II.—Plum sees the frightened face of a young woman in the darkness near Price's cabin. She disappears, leaving an odor of lilacs. It develops that Plum's visit to Beaver Island is to demand settlement from the king, Strang, for the looting of his ship some time previously, by men whom he suspected of being Mormons. Casey, his mate, has been left in charge of the sloop with orders to bombard St. James if the captain does not return within a certain time. Price takes Nat secretly in the darkness to the king's house, and through a window he sees Strang and his seven wives, among whom is the lady of the lilacs, who, Price says, is the seventh wife.

CHAPTER III.—Price's actions lead Plum to believe that he is jealous of Strang. Plum calls at the king's office where a young woman warns him that his life is in danger, and urges him to return to his ship. He refuses.

CHAPTER IV.—Strang receives Plum cordially, professes great indignation when he hears the captain's grievance, and promises to investigate and punish the guilty. Plum again receives warning that his life is in danger. He rescues Neil, who is being publicly whipped. The king orders Arbor Croche, his sheriff, and father of Winsome, the girl who warned Plum of his danger, to pursue the two men and kill them.

CHAPTER V.—Plum and Neil plan to escape on the Typhoon. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Neil's sister. She is not yet married to Strang, but some mysterious influence seems to be forcing her into the union.

CHAPTER VI.—Plum suggests carrying Marion off to the ship at midnight, and sailing away with her. Neil approves of the idea and they plan to include Winsome, with whom Neil is in love, in the enterprise. Plum discovers that the Typhoon is gone. He meets Marion and relieves her anxiety by telling her that Neil has left the island. The thunder of a gun is heard, and Plum declares Casey is bombarding St. James.

CHAPTER VII.—Marion tells him that his ship has been captured by the Mormons, and that the guns are guns of triumph. She pleads with him to leave the island and to prevent her brother from returning. She says nothing can save her from Strang. Plum finds Price raving mad. In a lucid interval he tells Nat that Strang is doomed, that armed men are descending on the island.

CHAPTER VIII.—Con.

His eyes rested on the beacon above the prophet's home, burning like a ball of fire over the black canopy of tree tops. Marion was there! He rose to his feet again and went on, reason and judgment returning to him—telling him that he was about to play against odds; that his work was to be one of strength and generalship and not of madness. As he picked his way more slowly and cautiously down the slope a new hope flashed upon him. Was it possible that the discovery of the approach of the mainlanders had served to save Marion? In the excitement that followed the calling of the Mormons to arms and the preparations for the defense would Strang, the master of the kingdom, the bulwark of his people, waste priceless time in carrying out the purpose for which he had sent for Marion? Hardly did hope burn anew in his breast when there came another thought to quench it. Why had the king sent for Marion on this particular night and at this late hour? Why, unless at the approach of his enemies he had feared that he might lose his beautiful victim, and in his overmastering passion had called her to him even as his people assembled in defense of his kingdom.

There was desperate coolness in Nathaniel's approach now. Whatever had happened he would do what Neil had threatened to do—kill Strang. And whatever had happened he would take Marion away with him if it was only her dead body that he carried in his arms. To do these things he needed strength. He advanced more slowly and drew deeper and deeper drafts of air into his exhausted lungs. At the edge of the grove surrounding the castle he paused to listen. For the first time it occurred to Nathaniel that the prophet might have assembled some of his fighters to the defense of his harem, which he knew would be one of the first places to feel the vengeance of the outraged men of the mainland. But he heard no voices ahead of him. There were no fires to betray the approach of the enemy. Not even the barking of a dog gave warning of his stealthy advance. Soon he could make out a light in the king's house. A few steps more and he saw that the door was open, as it had been on his first visit to the castle. He dodged swiftly from bush to bush, darted under the window through which he had seen Marion, leaped lightly up the broad steps

and sprang into the great room, his pistol cocked in his hand.

The room was empty. He listened, but not a sound came to his ears except the rustling of a curtain in the breeze. The huge lamp over the table was burning dimly. The five doors leading from the room were tightly closed. Nathaniel held his breath, tried to still the tumultuous pounding of his heart as he waited for a sound of life—a step beyond those doors, a woman's voice, a child's cry. But none came. The stillness of desertion hovered about him. He went to one of the five doors. It was not locked. He opened it silently, with the caution of a thief, and there loomed before him a chaos of gloom.

"Hello!" he called gently. "Hello—Hello!"

There was no answer. He struck a match and advanced step by step, holding the yellow bit of flame above his head. It disclosed the narrow walls of a hall and an open door leading into another room. The match sputtered and went out and he lighted another. On a little table just outside the door was a half burned candle and he replaced his match with this. Then he went in.

At a glance he knew that he had entered a woman's room, redolent with the perfume of flowers. On one side was a bed and close beside it a cradle with a child's toys scattered about it. The tumbled coverlets showed that both had been recently used. About the room were thrown articles of wearing apparel; a trunk had been dragged from a closet and was half packed; everywhere was the disorder of hurried flight. For a few moments the depth of his despair held Nathaniel motionless. The castle was deserted—Marion was gone! He ran back into the great room, no longer trying to still the sound of his footsteps, and opened a second door. The same silence greeted him, the same disorder, the same evidence that the wives and children of the Mormon king had fled. He went into a third room—and then a fourth.

For an instant he paused at the threshold of this fourth chamber. A light was burning in the room at the end of the hall. The door was closed with the exception of an inch or two.

"Marion!" he called softly, and listened intently.

He went on when there was no reply, and pushed open the door.

A candle was burning on a stand in front of a mirror. The room was as empty as the others. But there was no disorder here. The bed was unused, the garments in the open closet had not been disarranged. On the floor beside the bed was a pair of shoes and as Nathaniel saw them his heart seemed to leap to his throat and stilled the cry that was on his lips. He took one of them in his hand, his whole being throbbing with excitement. It was Marion's shoe—incrusted with mud and torn as he had seen it in the forest. With her name falling from his lips in a pleading cry he now searched the room and on the stand in front of the mirror he found a lilac colored ribbon, soiled and crumpled. It was Marion's ribbon—the one he had seen last in her hair, and he crushed it to his lips as he ran back into the great room, calling out her name again and again in the torture of helplessness that now possessed him.

Mechanically, rather than with reason, he went to the fifth and last door. His candle had become extinguished in his haste and after he had opened the door he stopped at the threshold of the black hall to light it again. There was a moment's pause as he searched his pockets for a match, a silence in which he listened as he searched, and suddenly as he was about to strike the sulphur tipped splint there came to his ears a sound that held him chained to the spot. It was the sobbing of a woman; or was it a child? In a moment he knew that it was a woman; and then the sobbing ceased.

There was nothing but darkness ahead of him; no ray of light shone under the door; the chamber itself was in utter gloom. As quietly as possible he relighted his candle. A glance assured him that this hall was different from the others; it was deeper, and there were two doors at the end instead of one. Through which of these doors had come the sound of sobbing he had heard?

He approached and listened. Each moment added to his excitement, his fears, his hopes, but at last he opened the door on the left. The room was empty; there was the same disorder as before; the same signs of hurried flight. It was the room on

the right! His heart almost stopped its beating as he placed his hand on the latch, lifted it, and pulled the door in. Kneeling beside the bed he saw a woman. She had turned toward the light and in the dim illumination of the room Nathaniel recognized the beautiful face he had seen at the king's castle the preceding day—the face of the woman who had sent him to find the prophet, who had placed her gentle hand on Marion's head as he had looked through the window. There was no fear in her eyes as she saw Nathaniel. Something more terrible than that shone in their glorious depths as she rose to her feet and stood before him, her face lined with grief, her mouth twitching in agony. She stood with clenched hands, her bosom rising and falling in the passion of the storm within her; and she sobbed even as Nathaniel paused there, unmannied in this sudden presence of a distress greater than his own; sobbed in a choking, tearless way, waiting for him to speak.

"Forgive me," he spoke gently. "I have come—for—Marion." He felt that he had no reason to lie to this woman. His face betrayed his own anguish as he came nearer to her. "I want Marion," he repeated. "My God, won't you tell me?"

She struggled to calm herself as he spoke the girl's name.

"Marion is not here," she said. She crushed his hands against her bosom and a softer look came into her eyes; her voice was low and sweet, as it had been the morning he asked for Strang. As she saw the despair deepening in the man's face a great pity swept over her and she stretched out her arms to him with an aching cry. "Marion is gone—gone—gone," she moaned, "and you must go, too! O, I know you love her—she told me that you loved her, as I love Strang, my king! We have both lost—lost—and you must go—as—I—shall—go!"

She turned away from him with a cry so heart-breaking in its pain that Nathaniel felt himself trembling to the soul. In another instant she had faced him again, fighting back a strange calm into her face.

"I love Marion," she breathed softly. "I would help you—I would help her—if I could." For a moment her pale beautiful face was filled with a light that might have shone from the face of an angel. "Don't you understand? She continued, scarcely above a whisper. "I have been Strang's one great love—his life—until Marion came into his heart. I have lost—you have lost—but mine is the more bitter because Marion loves you, and Strang."

With a cry Nathaniel sprang to her side. The candle fell from his hand, sputtered on the floor, and left them in darkness.

"Marion loves me! You say that Marion loves me?"

The woman's voice came to him in a whisper filled with the sweetness of sympathy.

"She said so tonight—in this room. She told me that she loved you as she never thought that she could love a man in this world. O, my God, is that not a balm for your heart, if it is broken? And Strang—my Strang—has forgotten his love for me!"

Nathaniel reached out his arms. They found the woman and for a time he held her hands in his, while a great silence fell upon them. He could hear the sobbing of her breath and as her fingers tightened about his own his heart seemed bursting with its hatred of this man who called himself a prophet of God; a hatred that burned furiously even as his being throbbed with the wild joys of the words he had just heard.

"Where is Marion?" he pleaded.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "They took her away alone. The others have gone to the temple."

"Do you think she is at the temple?" he inquired insistently.

"No. One of the others came back a little while ago. She said that Marion was not there."

"Where is Strang?"

This time he felt the woman tremble.

"Strang—"

She drew her hands away from him. There was a strange quiver in her voice.

"Yes—where is Strang?"

There came no reply.

"Tell me—where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Is he at the temple?"

"I don't know."

He could hear her stifled breath; he could almost feel her trembling, an arm's reach out there in the darkness. What a woman was this whose heart the Mormon king had broken for a new love!

"Listen," he said gently. "I am going to find Marion. I am going to take her away. Tomorrow you shall have Strang again—if he is alive!"

There was no answer and he moved slowly back to the door. He closed it after him as he entered the hall. Once in the big room he paused for a moment under the hanging lamp to examine his pistol and then went outside. The grove in which the castle stood was absolutely deserted. So far as he could see not even a guard watched over the property of the king.

Nathaniel had become too accustomed to the surprises of Beaver Island to wonder at this. He could see by the lights flaring along the harbor that the castle was in an isolated position and easy of attack. From what Strang's wife had told him and the evidences of panic in the chambers of the harem he believed that the Mormon king had abandoned the castle to its fate and that the approaching conflict would center about the temple.

Was Marion at the temple? If so he realized that she was beyond his reach. But the woman had said that she was not there. Where could she have gone? Why had not Strang taken her with his wives? In a flash Nathaniel thought of Arbor Croche and Obadiah—the two men who always knew what the king was doing. If he could find the sheriff alone—if he could only nurse Obadiah back into sane life again! He thrust his pistol into its holster. There was but one thing for him to do and that was to return to the old counselor. It would be madness for him to go down to St. James. He had lost—Strang had won. But his love for Marion was undying. If he found her Strang's wife it would make no difference to him. It would all be evened up when he killed the king. For Marion loved him—loved him—

He turned his face toward Obadiah's, his heart singing the glad words which the woman had spoken to him back there in the sixth chamber.

And as he was about to take the first step in that long race back to the mad counselor's he heard behind him the approach of quick feet. He crouched behind a clump of bushes and waited. A shadowy form was hurrying through the grove. It passed close to him, mounted the castle steps and in the doorway turned and looked back for an instant in the direction of St. James.

Nathaniel's lips quivered; the pounding of his heart half choked him; a shriek of mad, terrible joy was ready to leap from his lips.

There in the dim glow of the great lamp stood Strang, the Mormon king.

CHAPTER IX.

The Hand of Fate.

Like a panther Nathaniel crouched and watched the man on the steps. His muscles jerked, his hands were clenched; each instant he seemed about to spring. But he held himself back until Strang had passed through the door. Then he slipped along the log wall of the castle, hugging the shadows, fearing that the king might reappear and see him in time to close the door. What an opportunity fate had made for him! His fingers itched to get at Strang's thick bull-like throat. He felt no fear, no hesitation about the outcome of the struggle with this giant prophet of God. He did not plan to shoot, for a shot would destroy the secret of Marion's fate. He would choke the truth from Strang; rob him of life slowly, gasp by gasp, until in the horror of death the king would reveal her hiding place—would tell what he had done with her.

Then he would kill him!

There was the strength of tempered steel in his arms; his body, slender as an athlete's, quivered to hurl itself into action. Up the steps he crept so cautiously that he made no sound. In the intensity of his purpose Nathaniel looked only ahead of him—to the door. He did not see that another figure was stealing through the gloom behind him as cautiously, as quietly as himself. He passed through the door and stood erect. Strang had not seen him. He had not heard him. He was standing with his huge back toward him, facing the hall that led to the sixth chamber—and the woman. Nathaniel drew his pistol. He would not shoot, but Strang might be made to tell the truth with death leveling itself at his heart. He groped behind him, found the door, and slammed it shut. There would be no retreat for the king!

And the man who turned toward him at the slamming of that door, turned slowly, coolly, and gazed into the black muzzle of his pistol looked, indeed, every inch of him a king. The muscles of his face betrayed no surprise, no fear. His splendid nerve was unshaken, his eyes unflinching as they rose above the pistol to the face behind it. For fifteen seconds there was a strange terrible silence as the eyes of the two men met. In that quarter of a minute Nathaniel knew that he had not guessed rightly. Strang was not afraid. He would not tell him where Marion was. The insuperable courage of this man maddened Captain Plum and unconsciously his finger fell upon the trigger of his pistol. He almost shrieked the words that he meant to speak calmly:

"Where is Marion?"

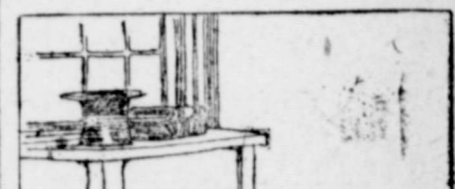
"She is safe, Captain Plum. She is where the friends who are invading us from the mainland will have no chance of finding her."

Strang spoke as quietly as though in his own office beside the temple. Suddenly he raised his voice.

"She is safe, Captain Plum—"

His eyes wavered, and traveled beyond. As accurately as a striking serpent Nathaniel measured that glance. It had gone to the door. He heard a movement, felt a draft of air, and in an instant he whirled about with his pistol pointed to the door. In another instant he had fired and the huge form of Arbor Croche toppled headlong into the room. A roar like that of a beast came from behind him and before he could turn again Strang was upon him. In that moment he felt that all was lost. Under the weight of the Mormon king he was crushed to the floor; his pistol slipped from his grasp; two great hands choked a despairing cry from his throat. He saw the prophet's face over him, distorted with passion, his huge neck bulging, his eyes flaming like angry garnets. He struggled to free his pinned arms, to wrench off the death grip at his throat, but his efforts were like those of a child against a giant. In a last terrible attempt he drew up his knees inch by inch under the weight of his enemy; it was his only chance—his only hope. Even as he felt the fingers about his throat sinking like hot iron into his flesh and the breath slipping from his body he remembered this murderous kneepunch of the rough fighters of the inland seas and with all the life that remained in him he sent it crushing into the abdomen of the Mormon king. It was a moment before he knew that it had been successful, before the film cleared from his eyes and he saw Strang groveling at his feet; another moment and he hurled himself on the prophet. His fist shot out like a hammer against Strang's jaw. Again and again he struck until the great shaggy head fell back limp. Then his fingers

twined themselves like the links of a chain about the purplish throat and he choked until Strang's eyes opened wide and lifeless and his convulsions ceased. He would have held on until there was no doubt of the end, had not the king's wife—the woman whose misery he had shared that night—suddenly flung herself with a piercing cry, between him and the blackened face, clutching at his hands with all her fragile strength.



His Fingers Twined About the Purplish Throat.

"My God, you are killing him—killing him!" she moaned.

Her eyes blazed as she tore at his fingers.

"You are killing him—killing him!" she shrieked. "He has not destroyed Marion! You said you would take her and leave him—for me—" She struck her head against his breast, tearing the flesh of his wrists with her nails. Nathaniel loosened his grip and staggered to his feet.

"For you!" he panted. "If you had only come—a little sooner—" He stumbled to his pistol and picked it up. "I am afraid he is—dead!"

He did not look back.

Arbor Croche barred the door. He had not moved since he had fallen. His head was twisted so that his face was turned to the glow of the lamp and Nathaniel shuddered as he saw where his shot had struck. He had apparently died with that last cry on his lips.

There was no longer a fear of the Mormons in Nathaniel. He believed the king and Arbor Croche dead, and that in the gloom and excitement of the night he could go among the people of St. James undiscovered. A great load was lifted from his soul, for if he had not been in time to save Marion he had at least delivered her after a short bondage. He had now only to save Marion and she would go with him, for she loved him—and Strang was no more.

He hurried through the grove toward the temple. Even before he had come near to it he could see that a great crowd had congregated there. The street which he passed was deserted. No lights shone in the houses. Even the dogs were gone. For the first time he understood what it meant. The whole town had fled to that huge log stronghold for protection. Buildings and trees shut out his view seaward but he could see the flare of great fires mounting into the sky and he knew that those who were not at the temple were guarding the shore.

(To be Continued)

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This is quoted from a letter of M. Stockwell, Hannibal, Mo. "I recently used Foley's Honey and Tar for the first time. To say I am pleased does not half express my feelings. Its beats all the remedies I ever used. I contracted a bad cold and was threatened with pneumonia. The first dose gave me great relief and one bottle completely cured me." Contains no opiates.
D. N. Leaverton.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1911 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1911, that guardian Angel in a hundred thousand homes, is now ready. Not many are now willing to be without it and the Rev. Irl R. Hicks Magazine, Word and Works. The two are only one dollar a year. The Almanac is 35c prepaid. No home or office should fail to send for them, to Word and Works Publishing company, St. Louis, Mo.

For More Than Three Decades.

Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household favorite for coughs, colds, and ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. Contains no opiates.
D. N. Leaverton.

Geo. E. Darsey, R. B. Edens and W. T. Warner attended quarterly conference of the Methodist church Sunday at Lovelady.

Good results always follow the use of Foley's Kidney Pills. They contain just the ingredients necessary to tone, strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, and to cure backache.
D. N. Leaverton.

Will be a Great Gathering.

The following letter from Hon. T. H. Ball of Houston is self explanatory and the prohibitionists of this county should heed the same and be governed thereby, to-wit:—

Hon. J. W. Madden, Crockett, Texas,
Dear Sir & Friend:—

"The state-wide prohibition convention at Fort Worth promises to be a great gathering. All the railroads will give convention rate, one and one fifth fare, good from December 7th to the 9th, convention meeting on the 8th. I hope that you will interest yourself in getting a large representation from your county as possible. All prohibitionists will be entitled, without credentials, to voice and vote in the convention, as it is essentially a mass meeting. However, it is important, either by mass meetings or by personal solicitation, to get an agreement from representatives from your county to go, and this can be done in such a way as may be deemed best.

We are going to present a solid front when the constitutional amendment is submitted next July or August to make Texas dry. Where meetings are had prompt action is necessary, and notice should be sent the papers so as to give full publicity, and thereby add to the attendance.
Thos. H. Ball,
Chairman State-Wide Conference Committee.

It is hoped that every friend of State-Wide Prohibition in Houston County will be present at the mass meeting to be held at Crockett on Saturday, December 3rd, as per call already issued and published.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's Last Order and Farewell Address to His Soldiers.

Augusta, Texas, Nov. 13.—
Editor Messenger:—Believing that every old confederate veteran who served under Gen. Johnson would be glad to have a copy of his last order and farewell address to his soldiers, I herewith hand you a copy of same, which I have carefully preserved as a memento of the times that tried men's souls. Should you deem it worthy of publication I think by doing so you will receive the blessings of all confederates who may chance to read it.

Very respectfully,
W. L. Douglass.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE

General Order No. 22.

Greenboro, N. C.,
May 2, 1865.

In testimony of our official relations I earnestly entreat you to observe faithfully the terms of pacification agreed upon and discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens at your home as well as you have performed the duties of thorough soldiers in the field. By such a course you will best secure the comfort of your families and kindred and restore tranquility to our country. You will return to your homes with the admiration of our people, won by the courage and noble devotion you have displayed in the long war. I shall always remember with pride the loyal support and generous confidence you have given me. I now part with you with

deep regret and bid you farewell with feelings of cordial friendship and with earnest wishes that you may hereafter have all the prosperity and happiness to be found in the world.

J. E. Johnson, General.

Attest:

W. L. Douglass, Co. K., 25th Texas Reg. Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne Div., Army of Tennessee.

Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them.

Sold by all druggists.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Sick Headache Can be Cured when



Is Used.

TRY—IT—TO—DAY!

Why suffer with severe headaches, have fainting spells or be fretful? Your liver needs attention. Try **Herbine** the great liver regulator.

CURES Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chills and Fever and all Liver Complaints.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Sold and Recommended by
A. S. PORTER

Grapeland Messenger

ALBERT H. LUKER, EDITOR.

Entered in the Postoffice at Grapeland, Texas, every Thursday as second class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:

ONE YEAR.....\$1.00
SIX MONTHS.....50 CENTS
THREE MONTHS.....25 CENTS

Advertising Rates are reasonable and made known on application.

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

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—Resolutions of Respect and Obituaries are inserted for half price—(2½¢ per line). Other matter "not news" charged at the regular rate.

THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1910

Men and Money.

"The man with money is a prime factor in any enterprise and we can no more eliminate him by legislative processes or force him by law to make investments than we can regulate the attraction of gravity," said J. E. Whiteselle of Corsicana. "The man with money passes final judgement on all investments and from his decision there is no appeal. He is the court of last resort. The law may prescribe conditions under which investments may be made, but the power to reject them is the inalienable right of every investor and an industry without capital is like an engine without steam. Our law givers should recognize the distinction between legislation and dictation. We can regulate investments, but we cannot dictate to the investor, and when we violate the rule of commerce we are as certain of the penalty as when we violate the laws of nature. Horse sense is as valuable in making laws as it is in running business."

Advertising.

"If there is one business on earth that a quitter should leave severely alone, it is advertising," says John Wanamaker. "To make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick to it like a barnacle on a boat bottom. He should know, before he begins it, that he must spend money—considerable of it. Somebody should tell him also that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditure early in the game. Advertising doesn't jerk; it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, and year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power. It is likened to a team pulling a heavy load. A thousand spasmodic jerky pulls will not budge the load; while one-half the power exerted in steady effort will start it moving. There are three ways to make advertising pay, and these are the only ways. There are no others. First is to keep at it; second is to keep at it; and third is to keep at it."

Good Road Talk.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link and a mud hole or a hill between a farm and town reduces the carrying capacity of the wagon to the level of the bog or grade. Build roads and haul fewer loads and bigger loads.

The farmer gets the same price for a bale of cotton hauled over good roads as he gets for a bale hauled over bad roads. The farmer is the man who profits by good roads and he likewise pays the penalty for bad roads. Build roads and reduce expenses of marketing farm products.

The improvement of public highways adds three times their cost to adjoining property and every argument that applies to the improvement of private property will apply with multiplied force to the improvement of public property, and especially to public highways, as everyone must use the roads. Build roads and increase the value of your property.

Good roads continue to be the leading topic of the hour in Texas. Rarely is there assembled a body of men in convention, either agricultural, commercial or political, but that the question of good roads finds a place on the program. The business man is joining hands with the farmer, the capitalist is co-operating with the industrial interests, the banker and broker, the farmer and the laborer are all working together in the interest of good roads. Get in the procession and build good roads.

A farm with bad roads is worse off than a farm with bad water. It is hard to understand how a farmer otherwise enterprising should be backward in building roads. Travel through some of our rural districts and you will find farmers with blooded stock; land highly cultivated and premises well kept and with public highways that bog up an empty wagon six months in the year. Build good roads and keep up with the procession.

The ravages of the boll weevil in Texas are estimated at millions of dollars annually, but the mud hole has been a more costly foe to the producer than the boll weevil. The Federal government has spent millions of dollars in trying to find a way of eradicating the boll weevil but we do not have to spend money to learn how to eradicate bad roads—build good ones. The Boll weevil in destroying cotton decreases production and consequently increases the price of the remaining products, but bad roads levy their deadly toll against the producer and destroy the value of the remaining products. Bad roads are the worst pest the farmer has to contend with and they are the easiest to get rid of.

J. A. Webb has suspended publication of the Corrigan Index and moved his plant to Trinity, where he has established the Trinity Tribune. Trinity is a live little town and we hope Webb will have a nice business.

Farming conditions have undergone a radical change for the better during the past few years in Texas and the improved methods of agriculture, better conditions of public highways, and the increased price which the products of the farm are bringing have all served to make the farmer monarch of all he surveys. From his own private

Don't BE Deceived

IN quality. Our prices are as low as the same goods can be bought for any where in Houston county. No man will deny the fact. Honesty is the best policy. Our merchandise is selected with the greatest care as to quality and price. We will give you a square deal on every article you buy from us, twelve months in the year. So it will always pay you to make your purchases from us, large or small.

We Are Leaders in Shoes

The Dittman and W. L. Douglas shoes are the best made. \$1.50 to..... \$5.00
Honest made, full vamps, not cut off toes.
Men's and boys' sweaters..... 50c
All-wool sweaters for only..... \$1.50
Overstocked on clothing and will sell you an all-wool suit, \$50 guarantee to contain no cotton, cheap at \$15, going for... \$12
\$10.00 suits for..... \$7.50
These are great bargains you cannot afford to miss. Our space is too small to quote you prices on everything, but come and see, it will do you good. The best flour made in Texas you will find here. Bewley's Best Blue Ribbon is fine as can be made out of wheat. Try a sack. We want your business and will treat you right.

F. A. Faris & Son

throne, he is in position to dictate to all other classes and conditions for it is to him we must look for the food we eat and the clothes we wear. All hail to the Texas farmer.

We feel that we must apologize to the public this week on account of the absence of the letters of our regular correspondents. We presume that in their happy anticipation of a big Thanksgiving turkey such matters as sending in news items were overlooked.

On this beautiful sun kissed Thanksgiving morning we are thankful that the year 1910 will go down in history as a year of plenty, notwithstanding the fact that prospects for large crops was far from encouraging early in the year. The fortunate outcome is good reason for the celebration of the national holiday of Thanksgiving today.

A Free Lecture.

At the Methodist church on Thursday night. A good lecture on a live subject from a big speaker, good music, a beautiful solo by two young ladies. A comfortable house and no collection will be taken. Let's all go and a good time is assured.

Dr. Starling and Dr. E. F. Watson have formed a partnership and will do dental work in Grapeland. Dr. Watson is a graduate of Vanderbilt University and has for a time been practicing dentistry in Clarendon Tex., and is a fine fellow and a rattling good dentist.

Tom Kent Jr. has returned from Tyler where he completed a business course in the Tyler Commercial College.

Miss Ima Davis has returned home from Livingston where she has been visiting relatives.

D. N. Leaverton

Solicits a
Share of

Your Drug Business

Pure Drugs
and a complete line of
Sundries

always on hand. Call on us for anything in our line

PRESCRIPTIONS are our specialty and we fill them accurately any time.

GRAPFLAND, TEXAS

FOR SALE

A Scholarship in the famous Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas,

AT A DISCOUNT

If you contemplate attending a commercial school, now is your opportunity.

Call on or address

The Grapeland Messenger

Grapeland, Texas



THE BEACON SHOE

A SHOE FOR STYLE, COMFORT AND SERVICE

So you see when you buy the BEACON SHOE you get all any and all shoes possess regardless of price.

Remember that BEACON SHOES lead the earth on simple worth. They are made honest all the way through. Each and every part is correctly finished. Each pair is made with the genuine Goodyear welt hand sewed process, which makes them more STYLISH, and MORE SERVICEABLE than any other shoe on the market.

BEACON SHOES are the strongest and most stylish shoes on the market and for this reason we ask you to call and inspect the line before buying.

You owe it to yourself, you owe it to your family, it is your duty to save money by buying BEACON SHOES. You will never know how long they will wear, you will never know how much comfort there is in them, or the kind of leather they are made out of, unless you call and let us show them to you. You can tell the fine grade of leather in them by the touch and see the snappy style there is in them at a glance and then you will be surprised at the good quality they possess for the small sum of \$3.00 and \$3.50 while others are asking you \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 for no better shoes than these.

Call today or tomorrow, or any other day that suits you, and let us show you our line.

Kennedy Brothers

LOCAL NEWS

Notice to Advertisers.

Copy for all display advertisements must be in the office by Tuesday at noon of each week to insure insertion.

Trade with Lively.

Big lot of Dittman shoes just arrived at F. A. Faris & Son's.

For fruits, nuts and candies call at Howard's.

Plenty of shoes at F. A. Faris & Son's.

Pretty line of silk scarfs at Darsey's.

Diamond edge and Bridge axes at F. A. Faris & Son's.

Buy your children's hose from Darsey.

Constable Haltom went to Crockett Tuesday.

Received a shipment of small sizes in boys knee suits today. Darsey.

Best flour in town—FRESH—just unloaded. Whitley & Keeland.

Try a pair of Buck Skin breeches, a new line just in, prices right. W. H. Lively.

For overalls and overall suits for men and boys call at Howard's.

You can fit the boys in knee suits at Darsey's, all prices and sizes from 3 to 17 years. Darsey.

Lively sells it for less. Darsey is showing the best line of sweater coats in town.

Ladies sweaters at F. A. Faris & Son's.

Go to Howard's for your groceries.

Some bargains for YOU in shoes at Howard's.

Try a sack of our Daily Bread flour, none better. Lively sells it.

It will pay you to come and look at our cook stoves. F. A. Faris & Son.

Mrs. C. R. Taylor and little baby left Sunday for Tishamingo, Ok., to visit relatives.

Best line of children's and boys suits in town at F. A. Faris & Son's.

Dr. Bolton and Ed Holcomb of Augusta were doing business in Grapeland Monday.

I. N. and Tom Whitaker spent a few days last week at the San Antonio fair and report a bully time.

We are still giving a piece of handsomely decorated china with every \$3.00 cash purchase. Ask for your tickets. W. H. Lively.

Dr. Starling will be in Grapeland Monday, Nov. 23 to do dental work. Am able now to make Grapeland once a month or as many times as necessary to do my part of the work.

Lively sells good shoes. New goods arriving every day at F. A. Faris & Son's.

Buy the best flour in Texas—Bewley's Best Blue Ribbon. F. A. Faris & Son.

Sausage time, buy your sausage grinder from Whitley & Keeland.

When you buy a Dittman full vamp shoe from F. A. Faris & Son you get the best.

Wilson Whitaker of Route 2, C. E. Brooks of Route 3 and C. E. Dickey of Percilla have remembered the Messenger recently.

New shipment of children's Bear Skin coats in navy and white, best values you have seen for \$2.00. Darsey.

Mr. Jack Ellis and Mrs. Ollie McClinton were married last Sunday at the home of the bride in the Antrim community, Esq. Jno. A. Davis officiating.

The many friends of Cary Spence will be glad to learn that he is now rapidly getting well, and is able to make a trip to town.

Dr. C. L. Cromwell has moved here and opened a dental office over Porter's drug store. We extend him the glad hand and hope he will do well.

If you want the services of a competent, reliable, experienced dentist call on C. L. Moore, D. D. S. Office at Denton hotel. Teeth extracted without pain.

MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

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

WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS

Farmers
&
Merchants
State
Bank

Grapeland, Texas

You should have account with this bank.

Be fair with yourself. Give yourself a chance.

You can then develop greater business ability. You can advance your business interests.

Any business will be benefitted by the service we can render. You should resolve to start an account with this bank to-day.

Ramey-Caldwell.

Monday afternoon at 8:30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's father, W. H. Caldwell, Rev. J. F. Carter, pastor of the Methodist church, pronounced the words that made Mr. Verge Ramey and Miss Ada Caldwell husband and wife, in the presence of a few friends and relatives.

The bride has made this her home for the past two years and has made many friends among the young people of this city.

While the groom has spent the whole of his life in this section and numbers his friends by his acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramey will make this this future home.

The Tribune joins hands with their many friends in wishing them a happy and prosperous married life.—Trinity Tribune.

A Reliable Medicine—Not Narcotic.

Get the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. It is safe and effective. Contains no opiates. Refuse substitutes. D. N. Leaverton.

\$80.00 per month straight salary and expenses, to men with rig, to introduce our Poultry Remedies. Don't answer unless you mean business. Eureka Poultry Food Mfg. Co. (Incorporated,) East St. Louis Ill.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

My business house in Grapeland, Texas. Will take farm land or oxen. What have you to trade? Write me.

O. C. Hickey,
Hillsboro, Texas.
119 W. Walnut street.

Dr. C. L. Cromwell Dentist

Is now located in Grapeland and is prepared to do all kinds of dental work.

Satisfaction
Guaranteed

Office over Porter's Drug Store.

Porter says so

Porter says so

A. S. PORTER

Prescription Druggist.

Porter says so

Porter says so

**BALLARD'S
SNOW
LINIMENT
WILL CURE**

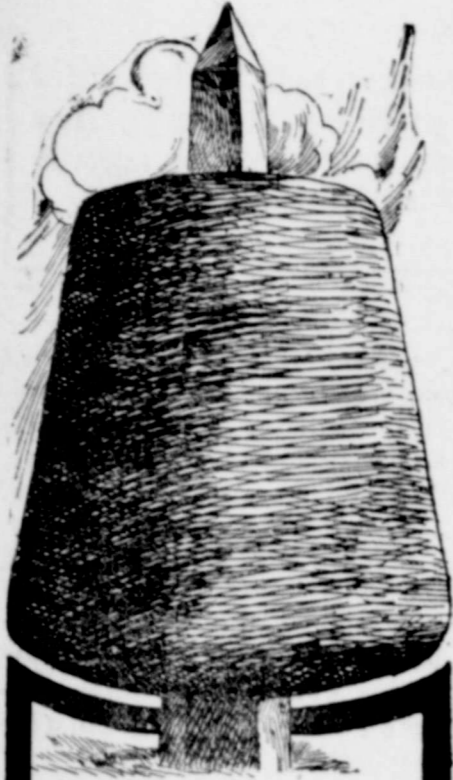
Rheumatism, Cuts, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Old Sores, Wounds, Neuralgia, Contracted Muscles, Etc.,

Mr. Ernest S. Ward, DuBois, Wash. writes:—I had a Pouch in my arm some time ago, which lasted about a month. It was so severe at times that I could not work at all. I tried several medicines, but could find none to relieve me until I tried Ballard's Snow Liniment. After two or three applications I was relieved and soon got well.

PRICE 25c, 50c AND \$1.00

Ballard Snow Liniment Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Gold and Recommended by A. S. PORTER.



The amount of Wunderyarn Used in making a five weeks' Supply of

Wunderhose

would rival, in size, the Washington Monument. And the amount gets bigger daily, because each day brings hundreds of new customers.

Wunderhose are for particular people.

Do you wear Wunderhose? They are for the entire family.

Mistrot Bros. & Company



EIGHTY YEARS OLD ENJOYS GOOD HEALTH

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Mrs. J. H. McNeal after attaining the ripe old age of four score years, writes the following letter for the benefit of the younger generations. "I am eighty years old and thank Ballard's Horshond Syrup for having cured me of coughs, colds and similar diseases.

We are all exposed at times to coughs, colds, bronchitis and other pulmonary diseases and should be glad to know the best remedy.

Ballard's Horshond Syrup can be given to babies as well as adults. Try a small bottle at first and after that buy the larger bottles, which are cheaper in proportion."

Ballard Snow Liniment Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Sold and recommended by

A. S. Porter

The Philosophers and the Frog

By a Staff Correspondent.

Dr. Safford, for many years professor of chemistry in the Medical College of the University of Nashville used to tell his students a fable—the moral of which was "prove it." Certain wise men were gathered together to ascertain the explanation of a statement that when two glasses of water of equal weight are balanced on the beams of a balance scale and a frog is then put in one of the vessels the balance remains the same, thus attempting to prove the assertion that a frog has no weight when immersed in water. Each wise man had his own explanation, and there was much heated argument and discussion. At length one of the wise men said: "But is your statement true? Let's prove it." Of course when it came to proving it they couldn't.

So when you hear people say that Coca-Cola is injurious, just ask them to prove it. They can't. Nobody can, because it is not injurious. But on the other hand it can be proved that it is not injurious by chemical analysis. Or if you are not a chemist yourself, why not accept the verdict of every competent chemist who analyzed it. Eminent College and University Chemists, Commercial Chemists, Government, State and City Chemists—all have analyzed Coca-Cola and not one has been able to find anything injurious in it. The next time you hear anyone say that Coca-Cola contains deleterious ingredients tell him to write the Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga., for a free copy of their booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola." In the meantime, write for a copy for yourself—you will find it very interesting.

Guard your kidneys the health of the body depends on those small but important organs. They extract uric acid from the blood which if allowed to remain in the system would cause dropsy and Bright's Disease. Prickly Ash Bitters is a successful kidney tonic; it heals and strengthens the kidneys, regulates the liver, stimulates the stomach and digestion, cleanses the bowels. It will prevent or cure Bright's Disease. A. S. Porter special agent.

WOOD WANTED—The Messenger will accept 16-inch heater wood in payment for subscription. If you want to pay your subscription in this way, bring us a load.

A Generous and Charitable Wish.

"I wish all might know of the benefit I received from your Foley's Kidney Remedy," says I. N. Regan, Farmer, Mo. His kidneys and bladder gave him so much pain, misery and annoyance, he could not work, nor sleep. He says Foley's Kidney Remedy completely cured him.

D. N. Leaverton.

If there is anything in the building material you need, such as doors, windows, columns, brick lime, cement, valley tin, nails, locks, hinges and paint figure with us on your complete bill. No trouble for us to make and compare prices.

Geo. E. Darsey.

Irregular bowel movements lead to chronic constipation and a constipated habit fills the system with impurities. HERBINE is a great bowel regulator. It purifies the system, vitalizes the blood and puts the digestive organs in fine vigorous condition. Sold by A. S. Porter.

W. H. Lively

Arn't
You
Overlooking
A
Bet
?

IF

You fail to inspect our large line of Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Pants, &c. We are sure we can please you and save you money.

We make a specialty of Groceries and always keep them fresh.

... W. H. Lively ...

ALL WOMEN

Who suffer with the ailments of their sex are in need of the great strengthening, cleansing and regulating properties of

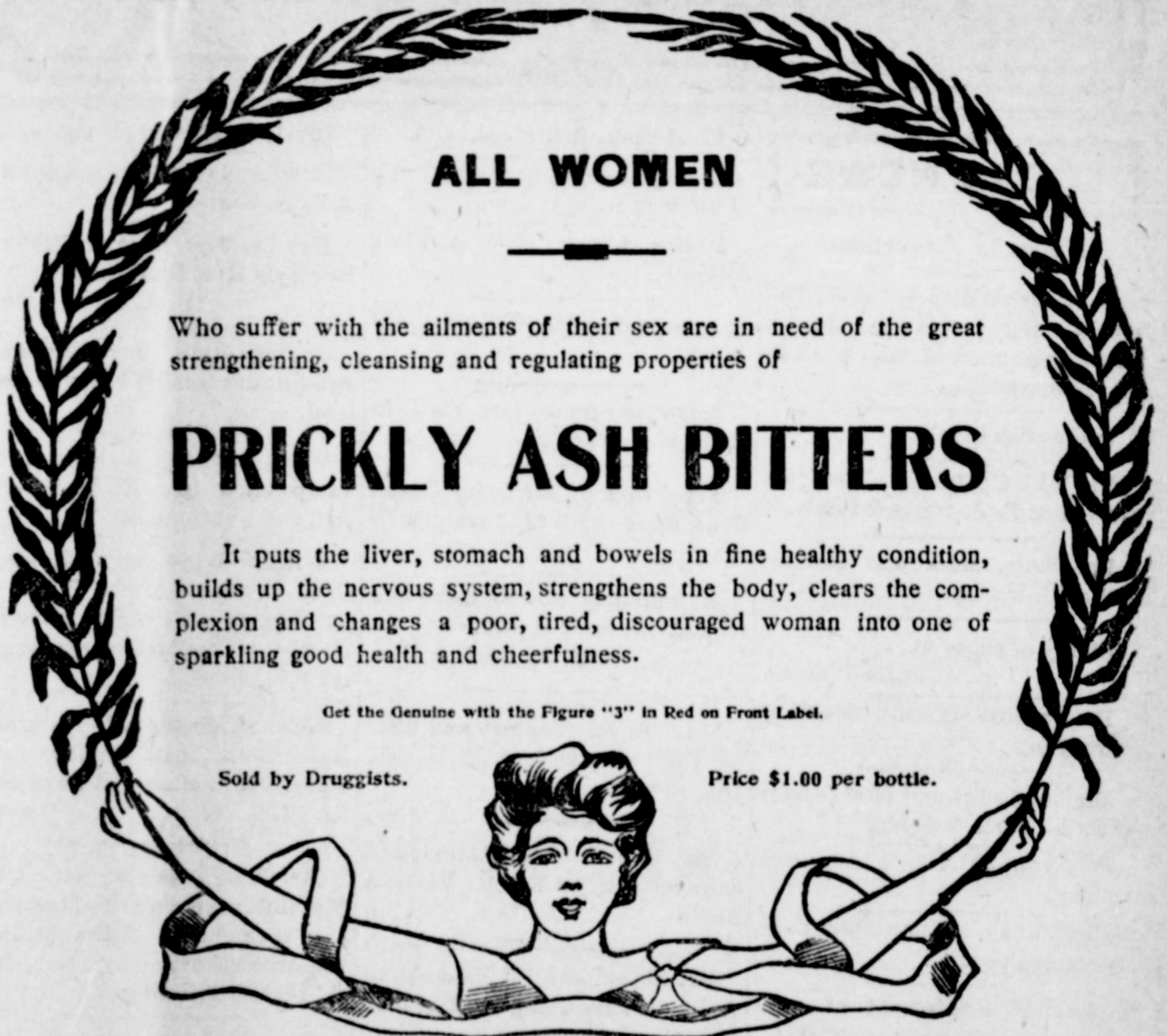
PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It puts the liver, stomach and bowels in fine healthy condition, builds up the nervous system, strengthens the body, clears the complexion and changes a poor, tired, discouraged woman into one of sparkling good health and cheerfulness.

Get the Genuine with the Figure "3" in Red on Front Label.

Sold by Druggists.

Price \$1.00 per bottle.



A. S. PORTER DRUGGIST SPECIA AGENT

Capt. Bogardus again hits the Bull's eye.

This world famous rifle shot who holds the championship record of 100 pigeons in 100 consecutive shots is living at Lincoln, Ill. Recently interviewed, he says:—"I suffered a long time with kidney and bladder trouble and used several well known kidney remedies, all of which gave me no relief until I started taking Foley's Kidney Pills. Before I used Foley's Kidney Pills I had severe back-

aches and pains in my kidney with suppression and cloudy voiding. On arising in the morning I would get dull headaches. Now I have taken three bottles of Foley's Kidney Pills and feel 100 per cent better. I am never bothered with my kidneys or bladder and again fell like myself."

D. N. Leaverton.

John Guice sends the Messenger to L. F. Koen at Koenton, Ala.

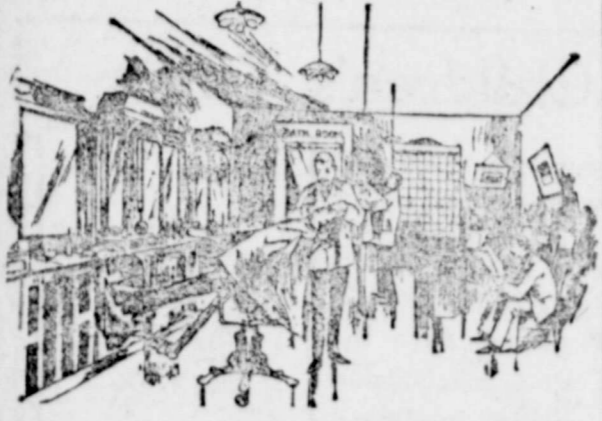
The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quick as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Sold by all druggists.

See W. H. Lively for your fall plies. He can save you mon-

SEE
CLEWIS

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF
Cleaning and Pressing
OR
Tailor Made Clothing
Next Door to the Messenger Office



**Everything
Neat
and Clean
Bath Room
in Connection...**

**J. W. CASKEY
BARBER**
GRAPELAND, TEXAS

Agent for Martin's Steam Laundry Your Business Will Be Appreciated
Palestine, Texas Shop on Front Street

LODGE DIRECTORY

GRAPELAND LODGE NO. 473, A. F. AND A. M.
Meets every Saturday night in each month on or before the full moon.
Transient brethren are cordially invited to attend.
Odell Paris, W. M.
B. H. Logan, Sec'y.

GRAPELAND LODGE NO. 410, K. OF P.
Meets first and third Tuesday nights in each month in their Castle Hall.
All visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend the meetings of the lodge.
D. N. Leaverton, C. C.
J. R. Richards, K. of R. and S.

ELBERTA CAMP NO. 2124, W. O. W.
Meets every second and fourth Saturday night at the K. of P. Hall. Visiting Sovereigns are always welcome.
C. L. Halton, C. C. B. F. Hill, Clerk.

WOODMEN CIRCLE.
Meets the last Friday afternoon in each month at K. of P. Hall. Visiting members are invited to meet with us.
Mrs. Jas. Owens, Guardian.
Mrs. Geo. Calhoun, Clerk.



**TOMBSTONES
AND
MONUMENTS**

Tombstones Made in Any Design; Almost Any Price.
I also take orders for
Up-to-Date Iron Fencing
See me and get my prices
L. Q. Browning
Grapeland, Texas

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK on Patents sent free.** **Global agency for securing patents.** Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American.** A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 607 F St., Washington, D. C.

—THE—
**SEMI-WEEKLY
FARM NEWS**

A. H. Belo & Co., Publishers
Galveston and Dallas, Tex.

The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains more state, national and foreign news than any similar publication, the latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the woman and the children.

The Farmers' Forum
The special agricultural feature of The News, consists chiefly of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experiences of its readers concerning matters of the farm, home, legislation, etc.

The Century Page
Published once a week, is a magazine of ideas of the home, every one the contribution of a woman reader of The News about farm life and matters of general interest to the female portion of the family.

The Children's Page
Is published once a week and is filled with letters from the boys and girls.

Rates of Subscription
One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c, payable invariably in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.
A. H. BELO & CO., Pubs.,
Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

The News and The Messenger 1 Year each for
\$1.75.

DR. C. C. STARLING
Dentist

Office over Crockett State Bank
CROCKETT, TEXAS

My friends from this section are invited to call on me.

WALL PAPER.

If you want Wall Paper see me about it. I have the best Agencies and can figure you a very
CLOSE PRICE

JOSIAH CASKEY

ABSTRACTS

You cannot sell your land without an abstract showing perfect title. Why not have your lands abstracted and your titles perfected? We have the only complete, up-to-date abstract of the land titles of Houston County.

ADAMS & YOUNG
Crockett, Texas

Letter From Albert Tyer.

Dwight, Ill., Nov. 13.—I have just read the last issue of the Messenger, which is a welcome Saturday visitor. We are always glad to get it.

I notice with sorrow the story "Julius" writes about the drunken brawl at Grapeland a few days ago. It is a shame and a disgrace. As I do not know who the participants were I would like very much to say a few words to them through the Messenger. Then, Mr. Editor, with your permission, I will say Mr. Drinker or Drunkard I would be glad to have you stop now and ask yourself these honest questions: Am I the right kind of person to be in a free country? Am I a good father, brother, son or husband? Would I want my son, my brother or my neighbors' boys to do as I am doing? Am I a good citizen, such as make up the best citizenship of our country? If the men of this country were now and had been for the last two or three generations of no higher moral character than I, the drinker that I am, what sort of a country would we have? Now, Mr. Drinker, if you can answer these questions honestly and say you are satisfied with yourself socially, morally and religiously then all I can say is that I do not think there is any hope for you this side of death, hell and the grave.

To the good people of Texas I wish to say the more I think about the nefarious liquor traffic and the more I see of its results, the more I am assured in my own mind that if I had it in my power I would blot it out forever.

Were I an artist and could paint I would paint a picture so large that it could be seen by all. First, I would make a long railroad track; on this track I would paint a mighty engine, showing it to be running over and killing people, horses, cows, hogs, sheep, goats, geese, turkeys and chickens. The engine I would brand "The Liquor Traffic", for if that is not what is doing I miss my guess. Then I would paint another picture with the same road and engine with the same name, but this time I would make the snow flakes fall thick and fast, and I would show the mighty engine as having run into a great snow drift and stopped still. The snow flakes I would brand "snow white ballots" of the good moral honest citizens who had piled up their snow white ballots until they were too deep and many for the engine "Liquor Traffic" to go through. To say the least of it, whiskey or strong drink is degrading in its results. It takes away man's reason; it makes beggars, paupers and criminals of our men and boys. No one can say one good word for it, but the category of evil things it will do is as long as the moral law.

I appreciate the fact that all I could write may not stop one of the men or boys who were in that drunken brawl from drinking, but I just wanted the people to know how I feel towards such conduct and if I had it in my power to assess the fines for the offense it would be a plenty the first time, and the second time it would be the limit of the law. There is no use being lenient with that class of people, for they are like a mule—the mearer you are to them the better you get along with them.

If the legislature would make it unlawful to ship whiskey into prohibition territory it would be a long step in the right direction. If Uncle Sam would quit licensing people to make it that would

be better. May we not hope ere many more moons the Lone Star State will be on the dry side of the page of honesty, morality and sobriety?
H. A. Tyer.

**Foley's
Kidney
Pills**

What They Will Do for You

They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabates, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes.

D. N. LEAVERTON.

FOLEY'S GRINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

**Keep
Houston Co.
Money at
Home**

Sell Your
Cotton Seed
to the
**HOUSTON COUNTY OIL
MILL**

*Highest Market Prices
will always be paid.*

J. W. Howard
Agent.



**The Prices of These Clothes Are Low
When You Consider the Quality.**

Of course, you want style; you want your clothes to fit well, and want a fashionable fabric pattern.

But after these requirements are satisfied you may not have your money's worth. That can only be determined by the service your clothes give.

Try one of these Goldman-Beckman suits or overcoats. Style, fit and fabric are up-to-the-moment, and we give you an iron-clad *Guarantee Certificate*, signed by the makers, assuring you of satisfactory wear.

Kennedy Bros., Grapeland

**Perfectly
Fitting
Clothes**

If you have had difficulty in getting a suit of clothes to fit you perfectly, we want your next order.

Schoenbrun
ALL WOOL
Tailoring

is guaranteed to fit you perfectly, give you entire satisfaction and save you money.

We are particularly anxious to have you see the finest line of woolsens we have ever displayed, many of them direct importations, made up on special order, which we can quote you at popular prices and which we certainly want you to see.

Kindly call today or tomorrow while you think of it.
M. L. CLEWIS



To My Friends and Customers:

I wish to state that I have just moved my stock of merchandise into my new place across the railroad—just north of Mistrot Bros., on the corner.

My stock was never more complete and prices as low as the lowest. I meet any legitimate competition and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

I invite your inspection and ask that you compare prices, so you will know how much you have been losing by trading elsewhere.

Respectfully,

J. J. Brooks

ENGLISH LIVE IN THE TOWNS

Striking Contrast Between Their Urban Population and That of Little Denmark.

The population of England and Wales is 32,500,000. The population of Denmark is 2,500,000. But there are nearly as many men, women and children drawing their daily bread from the soil of Denmark as there are drawing sustenance direct from the soil of England. This illustrates one of the most striking differences between the two countries.

One-fifth of the population of Denmark lives in Copenhagen; one-fifth lives in country towns; three-fifths live on the land. Fifty-eight per cent. of the population of England and Wales live in cities and towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants; 23 per cent. lives in the country.

These figures are interesting to the United States because this country is gaining chiefly in urban population. It is following the trend of England's development. England's millions are factory employees. The United States is developing giant industries more rapidly than any other wealth producer. There is no objection to industries. But experience does not show it to be healthy for a nation to devote a majority of its energy and capital to them.

Rub a sore throat with BAL-LARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. One or two applications will cure it completely. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. S. Porter.

HASN'T THE TIME.



Mrs. Gossipe—You never hear me talking about myself.
Mrs. Blunte—No; you're too busy talking about other people.

Prickly Ash-Bitters can be depended on to cure the kidneys, correct the urine, strengthen the stomach and relieve backache.
A. S. Porter special agent.

A SAVING OF MONEY.

According to the Electric Railway Journal, one of the best investments which it is possible for a man to make is when he spends five cents for a street car ride of ordinary length, say three miles or so. The man who earns a little as 15 cents an hour for his labor, would, in walking to his work, consume at least ten cents' worth of time, instead of the five cents spent on the street car. In addition to this, the nickel surrendered to the street car company is an assurance to him against accident, while if he rides in an automobile, or even if he walks to his work, he would be obliged to pay all damages in case of accident. Furthermore, the time spent on the street car can be spent in reading.

Hoarseness in a child subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given at once or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Contains no poison. Sold by all druggists.

You will find

That your trading at THIS STORE to be the most pleasant as well as the most profitable to you. It is our desire at all times to be courteous to all whether you want to buy, or are just looking around.

Men's Hats



Style is the attraction in our Hats, and we charge less than the quality is entitled to. New, exclusive shapes and shades, absolutely correct and becoming styles in the finest Felt, Staple and Novelties.

\$1.50 to \$3.00

Stetson's \$4.00 and up

Men's Clothing.

Our stock of men's clothing is still complete and you can get well made, dependable and stylish clothing at prices to suit you, in a big range of beautiful fall weaves

At from \$7.50 and up per Suit

Boys' Clothing

There are no better judges on earth than women and every mother will concede that the style, quality, fit and workmanship in our boys' clothes are the best for the price. That is why you should bring the boy here for his suit.

\$1.75 to \$7.50

Children's Shoes

Every boy and girl will want new shoes for the wet weather you know is coming by it staying off so long, and we think we have the best values in boys' and girls' medium priced shoes in the country, and the noted



Buster Brown Shoes

in all sizes, and we will fit their feet so they wont hurt. Buster Brown Shoes, according to size—

\$1.50 to \$3.00

Others as low as good shoes can be sold for.

White House Shoes

Have all style fitting and wearing qualities of the highest priced shoes made, and they look and wear like shoes costing from fifty cents to one dollar more, and are easy from the start if you have them fitted correctly.

Men's \$5.00 Down

Women's \$4.00 Down

Leggings and Overgaitors.

Protect the childrens' legs with a pair of Jersey Leggings. They come up to their knees and are very warm.

50c a pair

Overgaitors for men and ladies

25c a pair

Men's Neckwear

All brand new in a bewildering assortment of the latest fall styles.

25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

Dress Gingham

Just received a new shipment of Red Seal Gingham in pretty dark patterns, fast colors and better cloth than the gingham usually sold at the price—

12 1-2c a yard

Sweater Coats.

For Men, Women and Children. A new shipment of Ladies' and Misses' fine wool Sweaters in white and colors to arrive the last of this week.

50c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and up

Darsey's

Grapeland, Texas

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley's Kidney Pills purify the blood, restore lost vitality and vigor. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by A. S. PORTER, Prescription Druggist.

Sober Bartenders in Demand.

The other day I picked up a newspaper, and glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

"Wanted—A bartender; must be a total abstainer. Apply—"

Is not that a curious advertisement? What should we think of such an advertisement in any other line of business? How would an advertisement like this look?

Wanted—A barber who has never had a hair cut. shampoo

nor shave. Apply to the Corner barber shop.

Or this.
"Wanted—A salesman in a shoe store; must go barefooted while on duty. Apply at Blank's shoe store."

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold? Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization among its followers that it is forced to draw upon temperance or total abstinence fanatic in order to continue its business.—Standard.

Dr. G. H. Black

The Dentist

Grapeland, Texas

Office: Front Room
Woodard Building.

Rev. T. N. Mainer has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist church and has accepted work as a missionary for the Neches River association. Bro. Harris, former pastor here but now of Greenville, has been called, though we have learned whether he has accepted the call.