

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 16 No. 6

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, APR. 9, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Your Easter Suit

Your Easter Suit Will Be Correct If Bought at our Place

FOR MEN AND BOYS

You will find clothing, shoes, hose, hats, shirts, belts, gloves and all grades of underwear at prices to suit the most fastidious.

FOR LADIES AND GIRLS

You will find waists in the latest styles, dress goods of all kinds, shoes, the best and latest styles, hose in the leading colors, gloves, all the new collars and bows, ribbons in all colors.

We have just received black beads and red beads, ladies' fancy hair pins, ladies' belts, in fact you will find at our place any item carried by all firstclass dry goods stores.

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

LETTER FROM ANTRIMITE

April 5.—We can hear the whip-poor-wills singing and the corn is growing nicely, and with the continued favorable weather people will soon have their cotton planted and well on their way to another crop.

The old sign that it will frost the same date in April that it thunders first in February has failed to work again. It also failed last year and year before last, so your old time weather prophet will have to drop that old worn out piece of superstition.

Oats are certainly as good as anyone could wish for every where that we have been. People that failed to sow oats last fall made a mistake, as feed is very scarce and getting high.

We had just as soon guess at money matters as politics and the weather, and I am going to make the guess that money will be tighter this year than at any time since 1907 during the panic, and I know something about that and I guess most people have not forgotten it yet. Sometimes its a good idea to tell why we have arrived at certain conclusions. Here are my reasons: The banks are nearly all taxed to their full capacity and are not able to carry any more loans, the credit merchant is not able to carry them all, although we believe they will do all they are able. But that's not the surest sign of tight money matters, but look around and see how the farmers are selling their eggs and chickens. Price down to twelve cents and still they refuse to quit selling. Now, it don't take a lawyer to see that people are in a financial straight. Now Mr. Farmer, let me say this, that when you have to take 12 cents for your eggs, eat all of them that you can and sell only your surplus, as they are cheaper than food products that you buy, and much better for you than meats. And this year pay a little more attention to that corn and sweet potato crop and you will have more money and less trouble.

Our school came to a close last Friday. Some of the patrons and a few visitors were present, and dinner was served at the school house. Speech making and spelling was the program. We want to say that we believe Miss Dennis has taught us the best school that has been taught here for several years, and we congratulate her upon her success, this being her first school. We expect to have a good school another year, as we yet have about forty dollars in the treasury to our credit.

Miss Esther Durnell, ten years old, and Miss Eula Durnell, eight years old, received the prize offered by their teacher for the one standing ahead the greatest number of weeks. They each stood ahead eight weeks out of twenty-four.

Rev. J. I. Weatherby filled his regular appointment here today.

Mrs. Frank Edens visited in the neighborhood Sunday.

ANTRIMITE.

TWO KILLED ONE WOUNDED

Two negroes have been killed outright and one wounded within the past week near Grapeland.

Monday night of last week a negro named Perkins was shot from ambush while out at the lot feeding his horse. This occurred at the negro's home near Daly's. Sheriff Phillips went out to investigate the shooting and arrested Willis Turner, another negro, and he is now in jail awaiting an investigation by the grand jury. Circumstances are very strong against Turner. Perkins was the school teacher, and he and Turner had some trouble regarding school matters. This shooting has not yet proven fatal, although the negro is said to be in a precarious condition. He has been carried to his home near Conroe.

Sunday afternoon in the same community Johnson Williams shot and killed Joe Hamp. The negroes were gaming and the shooting resulted from a dispute over the game. Williams is out on a \$1,000 bond.

Monday night on W. T. Pridgen's farm, Abe Tubbs was assassinated in his own home, receiving a death load of shot through the heart. Esq. Davis and Chas. Lively spent Tuesday at this place conducting an investigation, and Wednesday morning Jim Robinson, a negro, was arrested and placed in jail. It is said a woman was the cause of this killing.

Announcement

I have received numerous letters and personal requests from friends all over the county to again offer for the office of County Superintendent of Schools, and as a general response to all I take this means of saying that I will not be a candidate this time. I feel that the schools are now well organized and peaceful, and it will not be difficult for someone else to give satisfaction. Besides, being a new office in this county, it has been, during the greatest part of my incumbency, one hard to fill satisfactorily, and I have tried, during the seven years that I have held the office, to answer every demand which is more than one man can really do and conserve his own good health and enthusiasm, both of which are absolutely essential qualifications for the highest type of success in the educational work.

Besides, I have neglected my own education to which I have not been able to devote my attention since I have been in office. The motto of the Century is "Service," and from this standpoint, I feel that I ought to qualify myself further in the matter of education.

For the above considerations and for the reason that both the remuneration and office help are not sufficient for one to manage to one's own satisfaction and realize any pecuniary benefit whatever, I have decided that I would give up the place and to instruct someone else, so far as I may be able, in the duties of the office, who being rested, would be able to discharge them better than myself.

Cash Grocery Company

Three Meal List With Lunch:

Swift's Hams and Breakfast Bacon	Potatoes
Armour's Bacon in Jars	Van Camp's Hominy
Argo Salmon	Polk's Best Sauer Kraut
Armour's Corned Beef	Sweet Pumpkin
Libby's Tripe with Milk	Tobasco Brand Cut Okra
Soused Herring	Okra and Tomatoes
Libby's Veal Loaf	Big R Brand Tomato Pulp
Libby's Corned Beef Hash	Campbell's Tomato and Vegetable Soup
Libby's Hamburger Steak	Delmonte Brand Tomato Cat-sup
Libby's Luncheon Sausage	Pinapple, Peach, Strawberry and Blackberry Preserves
Mexican Style Chille Concarne	
Louisiana Pack Yellow Yam	

Pure Apple Cider Vinegar, Crusto, Cottoline and Chef Cooking Oil—once tried always used.

We can fill your bill in the flour or feed line. Unloading today another car choice pea green alfalfa hay. Let us figure on your feed bill.

Your business appreciated.

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY
FREE DELIVERY Phone us Your Orders

NEXT SUNDAY IS EASTER!

We have for for your inspection merchandise that will be appropriate for the Eastertide.

- ¶ LADIES' Dress Goods in the latest weaves.
- ¶ SHOES for women and misses in patent leather and gun metal. Mary Jane Pumps for both old and young.
- ¶ MEN'S popular straw hats at popular prices, from \$1.00 to \$2.50.

McLean & Riall
THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

I have arranged to again take up my studies as soon as my successor familiarizes himself with the duties of the office.

Thanking the friends of education for their loyalty in the great work that we have tried to accomplish for the future citizenship of the county, and those personal friends who have shown a solicitude for my own personal welfare and earnestly trusting that I may again be useful to you and to the county, I beg to remain,

Yours Respectfully,
Adv. J. F. Mangum.

Straight at It.

There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a world wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

For Representative

Hon. Nat Patton was in the city Saturday and authorized his announcement for re-election as representative. He has served the people in this capacity for one term, and invites the voters to investigate his record during his tenure of office. During the session of the legislature he was always there to answer the roll call and cast his vote.

Mr. Patton made the race two years ago against two strong opponents and as Teddy Roosevelt would say, "beat 'em to a frazzle." He has opposition in this race, but hopes to turn the same trick, and solicits the continued support and confidence of his friends.

His position on the prohibition question is absolutely right, and he is supporting Tom Ball for governor.

Mixed Feed

Contains chops, alfalfa hay, oats, sorghum syrup, hulls and meal. Finest feed on earth for horses and milch cows. Sold by J. W. Howard. Adv.

The MAID of the FOREST

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmar with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort and protects him from a number of scouts who tried to kill him.

CHAPTER II—At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvray who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before.

CHAPTER III—Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to Sandusky where Hamilton is stationed. The north-west Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Harmar impresses on Hayward the necessity of reaching Hamilton before Girty.

CHAPTER IV.

I Face a Request.

I came to a sudden halt, my heart throbbing wildly. "Most certainly, mademoiselle," I stammered in surprise, "although I have little time to spare."

"I know," she returned; "you voyage into the north—you, and the great hunter."

"You know that? How?"

She smiled, yet with eyes on mine in frank confidence.

"Have I not ears, monsieur?" she asked swiftly. "Did you think me old and deaf when we met before? Perhaps the light was poor, and you saw ill; if so look at me again, now, monsieur."

"You mean you overheard?" and I stepped back, tantalized by her witchery.

"How could I help? It was but a word now and then, but that American general he talk so loud, like he speak to an army. I did not catch your voice, monsieur, not one word. Yet I knew well what eet was you say: I know from my own heart, how eet beat; an' from your face, so strong, so like the face of a man. You would go back to the north, back to my people."

"To your people!" I echoed incredulously. "Good God! Are you Indian?"

"Does monsieur care what I am?" she questioned more gravely. "And does he not already know? We are alone here in the night," her eyes deserting mine to sweep a swift glance about her over the bare level of parade.

"Need there longer be deceit between us? Why you not trust me?"

"I do trust you," I returned impetuously, intoxicated by her presence, by the pressure of her fingers on my arm.

"In spite of all that is strange I cannot pretend otherwise. But I do not know you, as you would pretend."

She stared into my face, her dark eyes wide open. Then she laughed softly.

"You think to fool me! All right; I laugh, an' I pretend, but I never believe what you tell. Have I not eyes to see your face? ears to hear your voice? 'Tis not long ago, only six moons since then. Why all this I not understand, maybe; why you English officer today an' American officer tomorrow. You not tell; I not ask any more. We be friends just the same? Ees that so?"

"With all my heart," I replied, relieved at the sudden change in her manner, and grasping the hand held out. "But you are wrong in thinking I assume two characters."

"Yes; well, did I not say I laugh an' pretend? Voila! eet was to me nothing. Yet there is danger, monsieur, danger. Indian never forgive, nevalre forget. You go as hunter, as scout?"

"No, as an officer; my uniform is in this bag."

"To the Miamis?"

I shook my head, wondering at her swift questioning.

"The Wyandots."

"Ah! That then is not so bad. The chiefs will not know; they will believe. But 'tis most odd why you will do all this—this, what you call masquerade?"

"No more odd surely than your own, mademoiselle."

"Why is eet you say that? You ask the general about me?"

"Of course."

"You care enough then? You interest enough to ask whom who I was? Where I come? You try learn all about me? Ah, bien; an' what he say, monsieur?"

"That you were from the Illinois country—Kaskaskia—seeking your father, a voyageur with Vigo, from town to town."

She laughed again, her hands making an eloquent gesture.

"The poor man! Eet was quite sad, monsieur. I know not I tol' eet so well. Non, non, eet not I who told beem; eet was the voyageurs with whom I came. I tell nothing. Eet was hard to tell nothin', monsieur, when he want to know so much; when he ask question, an' roar in hees loud voice. But eet was fun, too; I laugh, an' talk about ozer things, an' he get so mad, ze American general. He put me in ze guardhouse, only I was a girl. You are angry?"

"No. But I am a soldier on duty; ander orders to the north."

"To my people."

"So you said before. What does it mean? You are not Indian?"

"I am of quarter blood; my father was officer of France who died in battle. I was born in an Indian tepee."

"But not brought up an Indian? You possess education; you have known civilized life."

"I have been at Montreal and Quebec, monsieur. I was three years at the convent of the Ursulines."

"But came back into the wilderness?"

"I returned—to my own people; the great woods called me. I am a Wyandot."

"And here at Fort Harmar, under a false name, pretending to be from the French settlements?"

She touched my hands, where they gripped the rifle barrel, and her whole manner changed.

"I am not here under a false name, monsieur, nor for any purpose of evil," she exclaimed eagerly. "You must not think that of me; I will not permit. 'Tis my name, Rene D'Auvray, and I came to this fort from the French settlements. I cannot tell you why, but there is no harm done. All I seek now is the opportunity to return to my own land. That is why I came here to meet you; why I waylaid you, and told you the truth. I heard enough of what was said by the American general to know that you were going north thro' the forests to my country, to hold council with the Wyandots. That is so, is eet not?"

"Yes."

"Then, monsieur, take me with you! No, listen; you must; you shall not refuse. I know the way, the woods, and all their secrets. I can guide you, and travel faster than your Kentucky hunter. Let me go, monsieur."

I hesitated just a moment, actually tempted by this opportunity to have her with me, to learn more of who and what she really was. Yet the knowledge that Harmar would never approve of such an arrangement, and that he would surely learn of the matter if I smuggled her into the boat, decided me. She read the decision in my face.

"You will not? You will leave me behind?"

"I cannot take you, mademoiselle. There are reasons in plenty, but I cannot stand here and discuss them. You will let me pass now?"

She drew back, but with eyes still on my face. She must have read there that no pleading would change me, for she only said regretfully:

"I have angered you? You do not trust me, because I am Indian?"

"I do trust you," I burst forth. "I hardly know why, but I do. It is hard for me to say no, but I must. I wish to remain your friend mademoiselle, to meet you again somewhere."

Her face, white in the star-shine, smiled.

"You shall, monsieur," confidently, and she pointed with one hand into the north, "yonder in the villages of the Wyandots."

"You say you will go there alone? All those leagues alone?"

"Perhaps; there would be nothing to fear. I have traveled as long a wilderness trail before. Yet I need not go alone; there is another here who must return to Sandusky."

"Simon Girty! Good God! Would you dream of companionship with that foul renegade? Do you know what he

is?"

"Yes, monsieur," quietly, "and he knows what I am. He is not reckless enough to offer me insult; did he do so he would be torn limb from limb. You do not know my people, but Simon Girty does. I do not fear him, yet I would rather go with you."

"I cannot consent; it would cost me my commission to take you. I must say good-by."

She held out her hand.

"Good-by, monsieur."

I left her standing there, a slender, dark shadow in the starlight, feeling yet the firm grip of her fingers, and seeing yet in memory the upturned face. That she really meant what she said so confidently I did not truly believe. Her threat of traveling in company with Girty, or even alone, was merely uttered in the vague hope that it might influence me. She could not be in earnest. In spite of her assertion I was not altogether convinced that she was an Indian, a Wyandot. She was so young, so girlish, so soft of voice and civilized of speech, I could not associate her with savages, or those dark haunted woods. I even laughed grimly to myself, as I went down the bluff, at the thought.

The boat was in the dark shadows of the bank, a sizable canoe, three Indians—friendly Delawares—grasping the paddles and kneeling in the bottom, and two men holding it steady against the current. One of these, tall and straight, would be Brady, but the other, a mere shadow in the dark, was unrecognizable.

"You go with us?" I asked.

He straightened up, with the motion of a salute.

"Yah, der captain he says so, don't let the words strongly Dutch."

"Oh, yes, my man; you are the cook. Is there an extra paddle in there, boys?"

An Indian voice grunted a response, holding it up.

"All right; take it, and get in. What is your name?"

"Johann Schultz."

I remembered him, a private in Brown's company, as poor a choice as could have been made for such an expedition, but it was too late now for an exchange.

"In with you, Schultz," I ordered sharply, "behind the last Indian, and bend your back; this is to be no pleasure trip after wild flowers. All ready, Brady?"

He stepped into the bow of the craft, without answering, and crouched down, his long rifle showing above his shoulder. I pushed off, and found room at the stern. There was a flash of paddles in the dark water, and, almost noiselessly, we swept out into the stream. For the space of a mile, perhaps, we skirted the clearing, the river a stream of silver under the stars, the land on either side, disfigured by blackened tree stumps, making a desolate picture. Then the canoe slipped silently into the forest waterway, the dense woods on either bank obscuring the stars, and plunging us into darkness. Brady bent over the sharp bow, his eyes watchful for any obstacle, for any swirl of the current, and I could faintly distinguish his voice in low-spoken warning to the Indian paddlers.

We were hemmed in by wilderness, the narrow stream bordered by great forest trees, with branches overhanging the current, and huge roots projecting from the mossy banks.

There was little or no underbrush; indeed, as the light grew stronger, the vista stretched far away between the gnarled trunks of oak and hickory to where the land rose in low bluff. It was a somber scene of gray and green coloring, save that here and there were clusters of wild flowers yielding a brighter hue of blue and yellow to the dull background. The silence was profound, the river noiseless, except as the waters occasionally foamed over some obstacle in their path, or murmured softly about the sharp prow of the canoe. High up above the early morning air fluttered the leaves, yet so gently that no sound of rustling reached me. The woods themselves were desolate, apparently uninhabited, without even a fleeting wild animal to break their loneliness.

I sat up, rubbing my cramped limbs, and stared about down the forest aisles, impressed by the somberness of our surroundings, yet with every faculty aroused. The Dutchman's languid movements, and the perspiration streaming down his face, told of a hard night's work.

"Put her into the bank there, boys, to the right," I commanded. "Beyond the roots of that big oak. We'll breakfast, and then rest awhile."

This was accomplished with a sweep of the paddles, and we stepped ashore, the Indians drawing the light canoe well up into the mud, Brady stamping about to restore circulation. Schultz collapsed in his seat, and I stopped to shake him.

"Tired, man? Move about and you'll feel better."

"Mein Gott!" he moaned, rolling his eyes up at me imploringly. "I vos mos' tired mit der tiredness. Mein feet von't move nitredy."

"That will be all right, Schultz," I said kindly. "I'll help you ashore, and you can rest awhile, until you feel better. I'll do the cooking this morning."

We were still too close to the settlements to be in very much danger, and felt little necessity for guarding our presence. White hunters penetrated as far north as the forks, and any raiding parties of hostile Indians would have been reported. Brady shook his head when I mentioned the possibility, smoking calmly.

"There ain't no red-skins down in yer," he returned confidently. "Or some o' the boys along the river would o' let me know."

"How far have we come?"

He spoke to the Delawares, and one of them replied in his own language.

"He reckons 'bout fifty miles, though it would be less than that straight across country. It takes maybe two days an' a night ter make the forks with good paddling."



He Led the Way and We Followed in Single File.

As none of the toil of our progress up stream had thus far fallen upon me I remained on guard over the tired sleepers, clearing away the debris of the meal, and packing the cooking utensils back in the canoe. The men slept soundly, although I noticed how any movement, even the slight rustle of leaves in a sudden puff of wind, served to rouse Brady or the Indians to instant consciousness. They possessed the instinct of wild animals, ever alert to danger. It must have been fully noon when I aroused them, and we again headed the canoe up stream, Brady willingly taking the soldier's place at the after paddle, while I lay back in the stern, my coat serving for a pillow, and finally fell asleep.

The river narrowed rapidly as we advanced northward, until the great trees on either bank nearly obscured the sun overhead. The Delawares were already exhibiting a disinclination to proceed, and we were compelled to hold them by threats to their work. Each mile of advance northward added to their terror, and made our task more difficult. Once Brady struck the chief, driving him back to his place in the canoe. This was when we discovered unmistakable signs that a party of Miamis had crossed the river only shortly before we passed the spot.

However, we ran the gauntlet safely, a mere silent shadow slipping along in the dark shade of the protecting bank, and thus finally attained the forks, and landed on the west shore. It was dark when we got there, but the Delawares were so eager to return, that we immediately put ashore all we intended to pack with us, and parted with them gladly. The canoe shot swiftly away into the gloom, leaving the three of us alone. Bearing our loads with us, we groped a blind way through the forest, back toward the foot of the bluff, where we made camp, as best we might, at the mouth of a ravine, well sheltered by underbrush, and lay down, without venturing to light a fire. For some time, scarcely a memory of Rene D'Auvray had remained with me, my mind being fully occupied with the increasing peril of our position; yet as I lay there in the silence, looking up at the stars, her eyes seemed suddenly to smile again into mine, and I dreamed of her as I slept. The dawn found us safe, seemingly alone in the wilderness.

CHAPTER V.

The Trail of a War Party.

Before the sun's rays touched the summit of the bluff we were climbing the sides of the ravine, with light packs on our shoulders. Brady led the way, tireless and watchful, his long rifle held ready in the crook of his arm, his alert eyes searching out the ground ahead. Behind him lumbered Schultz, heavy-footed, and grumbling Dutch oaths at every misstep, yet somehow managing to keep up; while I brought up the rear, my gaze intent on the surrounding ridges.

For three days we encountered nothing to alarm. Brady purposely kept away from all trails, trusting implicitly to his instinct as a woodsman to discover a safe passage. He possessed the instincts of the wild, the subtlety

of the savage, born of constant peril and loneliness.

Once, where we forded a considerable stream, which I think now must have been the Vermillion, we came upon the blackened remains of a campfire, apparently deserted but a few hours before. Brady examined it with great care, trailing the party to the river bank, and then making a wide circuit of the woods, before he finally returned satisfied.

"Less than three hours gone," he said soberly, "and travelling north."

"Do you know who they were?" I asked. "How many were in the party?"

Miamis and Ojibwas, I reckon, and they had a prisoner, bound to that small tree out yonder; see here, Hayward, the fellow had boots on, and not moccasins. From the trail they made here on the bank there must have been twelve or fifteen Indians; ay, and a white renegade," he bent down again to study a track in the mud, "for this is no red-skin's foot, with the toes turned out." He swore, the only oath I had heard thus far from his lips, plucking a few long hairs from off a spittle of underbrush, and holding them up to the sunlight. "A war party all right, with scalps. One fellow brushed against this bush as he came down the bank; from the color they must have been raiding the German settlements."

I stared at the floating hairs, shuddering in horror, and hands gripped hard on my rifle.

"Good God! and they are going out way?"

"That needn't trouble us, while they leave a plain trail behind. Those devils feel safe enough now, or they'd take more care. We are in no danger while they keep ahead of us."

We made a detour to the right, plunging straight forward into the unbroken woods. Brady led at a fast gait, his trained iron muscles tireless, while I urged the breathless soldier to new exertions, frightening him by constant reference to the raiders so close at hand. The perspiration rolled down his face, yet he kept close at Brady's heels, falling flat on the ground during our brief halts, but determined not to be left behind. There was certainly good stuff in the fellow, although he swore stiffly, and had a tread like an elephant. Just before dark, the forest about us already in gloom, we suddenly emerged from out the shadow of great trees, and stood on the shore of a lake girded with woods. A few hundred feet from where we stood a small rocky island, dense with trees, rose above the mirrored surface. After one swift glance about the line of shore Brady's eyes rested on this haven, as though questioning its feasibility as a night camp. There was a yellow tinge to the intervening water, suggestive of shallowness, and I spoke first.

"It will be dark in a few minutes more; isn't that a sand-ridge leading out yonder?"

"It looks so to me," he replied quietly, "but the only sure way to tell is to test the passage. In my judgment we better get out there if we can, for there's no knowin' where these injuns may be."

He led the way, and we followed in single file, our packs and rifles held high overhead. The water deepened until it reached Schultz's armpits, but there was no perceptible current, and the sand underfoot was firm as rock. Deep purple shadows seemed to shut us in, as we clambered up the steep bank of the island, our clothes dripping. Brady with outstretched hand helped me to climb, clinging with his other to a sapling. Then he pointed across the darkened surface toward the lower end of the lake. In the distance there was the red glow of a fire barely visible.

The island was wider than I had supposed, and must have contained fully five acres, densely wooded, with no sign of a trail anywhere. Apparently we were the first explorers to penetrate its thickets. Suddenly we came to the edge of a small opening, sloping down like a saucer, grass covered and treeless, open to the sky, but with a dark irregular something at its center. So shapeless was this black blotch that I took it at first to be a clump of brush, but the scout gripped my arm.

"Hayward! there's a log house!" he whispered, pointing. "Do you see? Keep the Dutchman back."

I dropped to my knees, and studied the dim outline, which the night rendered so indistinct. Little by little it assumed more definite shape—a one-story log hut, with an extension at the rear, and an outside chimney forking up beside the roof. It was a gloomy looking place, with no glimmer of light showing anywhere.

"What do you make of it?" asked Brady in a whisper, as though doubting his own eyes.

"It's a house, all right," I answered. "Some French hunter's shack."

He shook his head negatively.

"They don't build like that. It beats me, but whoever built that house put it up to live in. Howsomever I don't see no sign o' anybody thar now, an' I'm I goin' ter find out what the shebang looks like. Dutchy, you stay yere, an' watch these things, while the two o' us scouts 'round a bit."

Stooping low, so as not to be so

easily perceived in the darkness, the two of us, grasping our rifles in readiness, stole across the open space toward the house. There was no sign of life so far as could be seen or heard, yet if the place was deserted it could not have been for long, as there were no appearances of decay or abandonment of the premises. The log walls were firm, the clay between resisting the pressure of our fingers in an attempt to dislodge it, and the only door noticed was tightly closed. We hesitated to open this, uncertain what mystery might await us within, and listening anxiously for any sound. The stillness was so profound as to be painful, and, whispering to me to stand back, with rifle poised Brady silently lifted the strong wooden latch. The door slid back in grooves, the sound of movement barely perceptible, and we stared into the black interior, seeing nothing except a little section of dirt floor, dimly revealed by the stars overhead.

"We'll feel it out, boy," muttered the scout, his hand gripping my arm. "Nobody at home, I reckon, but it won't do to risk a light. You take that side, an' I'll take this, an' see what we find."

I moved forward slowly, foot by foot, feeling blindly with one hand, the other grasping my rifle. I came to a rude bench, home-made without nails, touched a small table with crossed legs, holding nothing but an empty pewter bowl, felt the shaggy skin of some animal fastened against the log wall, and then a few articles of warm clothing dangling from wooden pins. These were rough garments, made of skins, with a single coarse shirt. Beyond them my fingers came in contact with the latch of a door. As I touched this the menacing growl of some animal broke the intense stillness. I stepped back, startled, unnerved, and in my recoil, came into contact with a man. A hand like iron gripped me, but it was Brady's voice that spoke:

"From the other room," he said shortly, "a dog."

"A dog! Then why hasn't he barked?"

"Because he is not that kind, I reckon; a big brute from his growl. Did you find anything?"

I told him briefly.

"Fireplace on my side, two chairs and an ax in the corner," he added shortly. "Nobody home but the dog, I reckon, but we will have to fight it out with him, before we take possession. Stand where you are until I feel out the door. Leather hinges, and opens this way. Here, Hayward, take hold of the latch; we'll have to brain the brute. Don't open until I say so, and then only about a foot. Brace yourself to hold it firm, and keep your gun ready; I've got the ax."

I took my position, but with heart beating rapidly, and waited. The dog, as though realizing danger, flung himself with full force against the door, and gave one deep bark of savage ferocity. Brady touched my hand, locating the opening. Then there was an instant of silence.

"Now!" he said.

I lifted the wooden latch, gripping with both hands, my shoulders and foot braced. There was a fierce leap of the brute, so sudden as to cause me to give back, the thud of descending ax, a howl of pain and rage, the ugly snap of jaws. Coarse hair swept my hands; there was another blow, the sound of a falling body; then the heave of the ax struck my foot. Back and forth on the dirt floor man and brute struggled, crashing into the table, and overturning it. Brady uttered one oath; then the dog snarled, and lay still, while I stood with the ax poised, unable to tell which was which in the darkness. Something moved, and I took a step forward.

"Brady!"

"All right," he said breathlessly, "I had to knife the brute—he was as big as a calf, and—and he got my shoulder. Did you find a window on your side?"

"No."

"There was none on mine. We'll have to risk a light, I reckon, for I'm bleedin' considerable. Try the fireplace yonder."

I felt my way along the wall, discovered some tinder, and, with flint and steel from my pocket, coaxed a blaze. There were a few pieces of wood piled up on the hearth, and a moment later, the curling red flames revealed the entire interior. Brady rested against the bench, the sleeve of his blouse ripped into shreds, blood dripping from his fingers, and sinking into the earth floor. A few feet away, a great mass of shaggy hair, lay the dog in a heap, his lips still drawn back in a snarl, revealing the cruel white teeth, the shaft of a knife protruding from the throat. He was a massive animal, terrifying to look upon even in death. Yet I barely glanced that way, assured that he was dead, and all my interest centered on Brady, his face ghastly under the brown tan. There was a water bucket half filled on a low bench, and I tore down the shirt from the peg, and swabbed out the wound. It was a jagged, ugly gash, the print of each tooth revealed, and the man clenched his hands in agony as I worked rapidly. The blood staunching somewhat I bound it tightly with a silk neckerchief, and gave him a drink of brandy from my pocket flask. This brought a



I Stood Staring into the Face of the Dead Man.

little color back into the man's face, and he found strength to sit up, resting against the bench, his eyes on the dead dog.

"Mastiff," he said, "and the biggest devil I ever saw. I hit him with the ax the first blow, but in the dark failed to strike high enough, I reckon. What do you suppose he was guardin' so savage?"

I shook my head, glancing about at the open door. Brady's eyes followed mine.

"Get a light of some kind, Hayward, and take a look," he said slowly, "and then have Dutchy bring in the packs." I did as he suggested, finding a bit of pitchy wood that burned freely, and holding it out before me as I peered curiously through the opening. A glance about told me that the lean-to was used as a shed, for it was half filled with split wood, opened boxes, and various odds and ends. This knowledge came to me in a flash, but the sight which riveted my eyes was the body of a man lying directly beyond the doorway, face upward, his skull cleft as if by the vicious blow of an ax.

(To be Continued)

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME

Bushman's Clever Strategy Saved Him From Becoming a Meal for Prowling Lion.

The little Bushman of South Africa is not only small in size, but to the European he appears feeble in mind. Yet there is the story of an encounter between a Bushman and a lion which, according to a correspondent of Harper's Weekly, shows a man cool in danger and fertile in resource.

The Bushman, who was a long way from home, met a lion. The animal, sure that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport with him with a feline playfulness that the little Bushman failed to appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road, and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear a little farther on.

The Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a way to outwit his foe. Aware that the beast was ahead of him, the Bushman dodged into the jungle to the right, and quietly awaited the next move. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared from the path, he was perplexed. He roared. Then he espied the Bushman peering at him over the grass.

The Bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eye the moving black man. The little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and appeared at another point.

The great brute was first confused, and then alarmed. It began to dawn on him that he was the hunted party. The Bushman did not let the lion collect his startled wits. He began to steal gradually toward the foe, who now, in a complete state of doubt and fear, turned tail, and ran ignominiously from the field.

Sun Too Strong for Crops.

Do the crops get too much light in hot, sunny weather? asks a writer in Farm and Fireside. Tests made in Louisiana show that potatoes, cotton, lettuce and radishes made better growth in that climate when the sunlight was cut down by from one-half to a great deal more than one-half. When the light was cut down to one-fifth of normal, none of the plants were found to be able to grow. Corn grew better in full sunlight than when partially shaded. These experiments suggest ideas to growers of vegetables and flowers in the use of cheap cheesecloth or muslin sun-shades for the plants. They should remember, however, that only is true which works.

DEBATING AND ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

That people of Anglo-Saxon breed continue to enjoy contests, athletic and intellectual, is well illustrated by the success of the Debating, Declamation and Athletic League among Texas schools that has been fostered by Professor E. D. Shurter of the University of Texas. The old-fashioned tournament that flourished until recently in Texas was but a survival of the knightly contests



Prof. E. D. Shurter

of the days of the Crusades. In these days, instead of winning a ribbon to present to his lady love as in days of old, the young debater, or declaimer, or athlete wins a golden medal which may also soon be worn by his sweetheart.

The fourth annual meeting of this League will be held at Austin on May 1 and 2. Preparation is being made to entertain six hundred persons interested in declamation, in debating and in the various forms of out-door athletics, such as jumping, running, hurdling, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, and pole vaulting. In preparation for this final contest, county meets have been held in more than one hundred counties in the State.

Unlimited Picture Machine.

Professor Cranz has lately submitted to the German Physical society a machine which allows the taking of pictures at the rate of 100,000 a second. This enormous limit is higher than anything which has been previously done. Machines are on the market which allow pictures taken at the rate of 5,000 a second.

Professor Cranz goes so far as to say that this limit is not fixed, but that the number can still be greatly increased if it is found necessary.

Bodies moving at marvelous speed can be photographed in flight. For instance, the pistol shot can be caught and followed as far as the camera lens can reach. Infinite possibilities seem to be opening up along the moving picture line if this high-speed photography can be practically carried out.

Brewing in the Middle Ages.

Among the city of London's records there has recently been brought to light a writ addressed by King Henry VI. to the city sheriffs (A. D. 1436) directing them to "make proclamation for all brewers of 'biere' within their bailiwick to continue to exercise their art as hitherto, notwithstanding the malevolent attempts that were being made to prevent natives of Holland and Zealand and others who occupied themselves in brewing the drink called 'biere' from continuing their trade on the ground that such drink was poisonous and not fit to drink and caused drunkenness, whereas it was a wholesome drink, especially in summer time." "Such attacks (the writ added) has already caused many brewers to cease brewing, and would cause greater mischief unless stopped."

His Work.

"How long is it since you have had any work to do?" asked the lady who had just handed out the piece of blueberry pie.

"Well, I'll tell you, ma'am," replied the recipient of the b. p. "I've had work to do right along, but I ain't just felt like doin' it."

DECREASING IN EFFICIENCY?

In the opinion of several heads of higher institutions of learning in the State, the graduate of the average high school in Texas today is not so well prepared to take advantage of a college education as was the graduate of the average high school in Texas fifteen years ago.

Professor Thomas Fletcher, who inspects for the University of Texas, has concluded, after interviewing the heads of various colleges and universities in Texas, that the training given in a great number of high schools in the State has deteriorated in the last fifteen years. In speaking of the causes of this deterioration, Prof. Fletcher says that the chief reason is the over-expansion of the high school programs of study, resulting in the overtaxing of both teachers and students. With a view to correcting this evil, the questions arise of how many classes a teacher can teach with a maximum of efficiency under given conditions, and how many recitations a day can the average high school student attend with profit? The practice in sixteen high schools in Texas was examined and it was found that eight of them require students to carry four subjects at a time.

The Springfield (Mass.) High School requires a minimum of three recitations per day; the St. Louis High School, four; the New York High Schools, the same. The Iowa Board of Education requires of its accredited list of schools that not more than four recitations be allowed per day. In short, the overwhelming verdict of pedagogical authority in the United States would limit the number of recitations per day per pupil to four. The trend is toward a less number.

Now, let us see what the practice is in this regard in 143 high schools of the rank and file in Texas. In thirty-eight of these schools pupils recite four times a day; in ninety, five times a day; in fifteen, six or more times a day; so, in the large majority of the ordinary high schools of the State the practice is against the great weight of reliable authority—the practice of over-burdening the pupils with work.

Natural.

"Does this city look natural to you?" asked the prominent citizen.

"Notice any sign of growth?" "Oh, yes, there are a good many skyscrapers that were not here when I left Still, it looks natural enough. The streets are all torn up, exactly as they were when I went away 17 years ago."

Relation of City and Country.

With us, cities are as certain to spring up with the increase of country population as the forests are to disappear. City and country are organically related. Crops cannot be grown without fields, nor exchanged and manufactured under the modern system of division of labor without cities. Only in the rudest pioneer settlements do men dispense with this division of labors by doing everything painfully and badly on the farm. Such settlements are retarded and hampered until they have towns for the city part of the work. When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have had but a few score square feet for his own use, we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground producing for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them, what Professor Penck has called his "sustenance space."—Mark Jefferson, in the Atlantic.

Horses Made to Observe Fasts.

His highness the maharaja of Benares, it is stated, has put a stop to many absurd customs which affected the health and even lives of animals in his highness' stables and dairies. The horses, for instance, were allowed only half rations on Thursdays and Mondays, and half of the savings thus accrued was given over to the master of the horses and the other half credited to the treasury.

On Shivaratri day these poor animals had to keep fast, and similarly in Muharram they had to forego their rations in order to show respect to the memory of the martyr of Karbala. These dumb animals were forced to observe these rituals in order to furnish a luxurious repast to their grooms and masters.

A TORPID LIVER KILLS ENERGY

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

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

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

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

A. S. PORTER.

Caskey and Denson Barbers

Your Business will be Appreciated

Shop in Lively building just around the corner off Main st.

Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

ABSTRACTS

You can not sell your land without an Abstract showing perfect title. Why not have your lands abstracted and your titles perfected? We have the

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF HOUSTON COUNTY

ADAMS & YOUNG CROCKETT, TEXAS

PORTER'S Drug Store

AGENT

Galveston Daily and Semi-

Weekly Farm News.

Houston Daily Post and

Semi-Weekly Farm and Fireside.

RENEW WITH US

I. N. Whitaker

WATCHMAKER and PHOTOGRAPHER

You will find me at my office in Grapeland every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

I repair watches, clocks, guns and sewing machines.

A kidney remedy that can be depended on will be found in Prickly Ash Bitters. It heals and strengthens. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

Entered in the Postoffice at Grapeland, Texas, every Thursday as Second Class Mail Matter.

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

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—Obituaries and Resolutions of Respect are printed for half price—2 1/2c per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

OUR PURPOSE—It is the purpose of the Messenger to record accurately, simply and interestingly the moral, intellectual, industrial and political progress of Grapeland and Houston county. To aid us in this every citizen should give us his moral and financial support.

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

1 YEAR.....\$1.00
6 MONTHS... .50
3 MONTHS... .25

THURSDAY, APR. 9, 1914

After giving the matter much thought and consideration, and looking up the future weather prospects, we have reached the conclusion that after next Sunday it will be safe to take 'em off.

The meeting of the Texas Press Association has been postponed until June 18-20. This action was taken by the executive committee on account of the National meeting in Houston the latter part of this month.

Jim Ferguson has eliminated the eliminators and is running for governor regardless of the anti leaders. They will have to support him in self defense, and in our opinion, he is the man Tom Ball must beat. But that will be an easy job.

If you make your money in this community it seems to you ought to spend it here.

A decided improvement is noticed in the appearance of the Grapeland Messenger. The subscribers are getting their money's worth and editor Luker is to be congratulated.—Alvin Advocate.

Thank you.

After considerable coaxing on our part, we have at last succeeded in getting the McGregor Mirror on our exchange list. Just as we had pictured in our mind, the Mirror is a rattling good paper and reflects the prosperity of the community in which it is published. Editor Whitley is a "goer" and is held in high esteem by the boys in the Press Association.

Grapeland is the biggest town in the world without a cement walk of any kind in the residence section. We would be glad to see a move in this direction.—Grapeland Messenger.

Some towns excel in one direction some in others, some don't have anything at all to boast of. We congratulate you that you are the biggest town in Texas in a way, but commiserate with you that it is so.—Alvin Advocate.

John Barleycorn and "personal liberty" received a solar plexus blow in the order of Secretary of the Navy Daniels in abolishing the use of intoxicating liquors among the officers and men of the navy. The order is effective July 1. What on earth is going to become of our "personal liberty" and what can we do to stop the wave of reformation that is sweeping over the land? That question is for the antis to

answer. The pros "should worry"—like a vise and get the cramps.

Corpus Christi is in line for the next annual meeting of the Press Association and the editors of South Texas are going to the Wichita Falls meeting to see that there is no slip in the programme of selecting Corpus Christi for the meeting in 1915. It is probable one or more special Pullman cars will be engaged to carry the editors from this part of the state, together with a large delegation of Corpus Christi boosters. It has been long since the Texas editors have met in this part of the state and they will find much to open their eyes to the substantial development that has been made in this section.—Bishop News.

Alright, Deere, we are with you on the Corpus proposition, and if we have any influence at all we will try to line up the boys from East Texas for Corpus. This thing of jumping across Texas is tiresome on the nerves and exceedingly disastrous to one's pocket book. Anyway, the press meeting comes off about the time the boys take their "annual," and the placid waters at Corpus would be good for them. We are for Corpus.

For Justice Of Peace

T. C. Lively of Augusta was a caller at the Messenger office a day last week and authorized us to announce him as a candidate for Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 2, subject to the action of the July primary.

Up until two years ago, Mr. Lively held this office two terms and was appointed to fill an unexpired term prior to his election. He made a good officer and if again elected the people

There are times when a man wishes he had fewer pockets and when a woman wishes she had more.

The occasion when a man hates his pockets occurs when wife inveigles him into a shopping orgy, and asks him "to please put this rat trap in his inside coat pocket, this Turkish towel in one outside, this crib blanket in the other; does he think he could get this pair of slippers in his vest pocket? and where is he going to put this jardiniere?"

A woman never wishes for a pocket more fervently than when on her way home with two pounds of sausage for lunch, she comes face to face with Mrs. Stuyvesant van Rippington motoring up to her apartment.

It would be bad enough if Mrs. van Rippington were alone, but she is accompanied by Dedly Borus, the occasion is a calamity! The monocle of Lady Borus is intently fixed upon the brown paper parcel, which at once assumes the proportions of a butcher's entire stock. A pocket, in accessible position would have saved the situation. But where, on a modern gown, could a pocket of two pounds capacity be grafted?

Since the modern feminine costume has become so tight that it has been found necessary to remove its veriform appendix, (or pocket) the hand-bag has grown in size. The tighter the gown, the larger the hand pocket. It is not now uncommon to see a woman with a gown so tight that it seems photographed upon her, wrestling with a bead encrusted hand satchel of such proportions as would bring into prominence the muscles of a baggage smasher!

Since women have entirely eliminated pockets, and men have cut down the number by half, it would seem that a pocketless generation might be one of the possibilities of the future. But if such should come, probably Nature will make provision for us as she has for the kangaroo.

know he will do his duty.

Mr. Lively has made that community his home since the war, therefore is well and favorably known by practically every man in the precinct. We commend his candidacy to their careful consideration.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Smith was buried in the Parker Cemetery Tuesday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Smith formerly lived in this community, but now live near Crockett. Their many friends in this community extend condolence.

Easter Offerings

Our Easter offerings of beautiful, seasonable wearing apparel for men, women and children present a noteworthy assemblage of high-class merchandise at the most moderate prices. Whether your Easter shopping has been done--or if it is still to be accomplished--you will find much here to please you. We wish to especially call your attention to our complete line of headwear.

Millinery of Exquisite Beauty, Correct Style and Marked Individuality

We have a broad assortment of the newest and most up-to-date styles, including the tilted and flared shapes, artistically trimmed with smart bows and highly colored flowers.

Our trimmers are kept busy filling orders, and we invite you to come in today and give us your order so it will be ready for you Easter.

We have just received a shipment of

Picnic Hats

Get yours first!

We have a beautiful line of

Easter Dresses

for Misses and Children that we shall be very glad for you to see.

Childrens' Hats and Caps

We have a very pretty line of hats and caps for children--both boys and girls--in either straw or cloth.

Men's Straw Hats

A man's looks are governed by the hat he wears. Realizing this, we were very careful in selecting our line of men's straw hats, and are showing some of the leading patterns in both plain and rough straw effects, in all the leading shapes at

\$1.50 to \$3.00

We have a very nobby line of men's and boys' felt shapes and caps and shall be glad for you to call and see them.

Easter Special!

During the remaining few days until Easter, we offer our line of \$1.50 IDE GUARANTEED SHIRTS at a special price of

3 for \$4.00

STYLEPLUS
are the Clothes that made
\$17 Famous

GEO. E. DARSEY

Our Store Closes Every
Day at Six O'clock Ex-
cept on Saturdays

LOCAL NEWS

Wherry wants your trade. adv
Darsey wants your chickens and eggs. Adv.
A good shoe at a fair price—Peters. Wherry has them. Adv.
Garrett Richards has returned home from Mexia.
Go to Howard's for fruits and candies. Adv.
Just unloaded—car of New Mexico alfalfa hay at Darsey's. (Advertisement.)
You owe it to yourself to investigate Wherry's goods and prices before you buy. adv
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Scarbrough and baby visited relatives in Palestine Sunday.
Nutraline keeps stock in good shape. Get a sack at Darsey's. (Advertisement.)
Byron Bush of Ft. Worth is visiting relatives at his old home at Percilla.
Peters shoes look nice, wear well and don't cost too much. Wherry sells them. Adv.
Will Neel of Elkhart was here a little while Sunday, coming through in his car.
If you desire satisfactory work, carry your old clothes to Clewis. adv
Oriole flour is best for good cooking. Sold and guaranteed by Darsey. Adv.
Edens Hollingsworth returned to his home in Livingston Sunday morning.
"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. All troubles of any kind of wearing apparel carefully treated. Give him a trial. adv.
Now's the time—Wherry's the place to get standard merchandise at living prices. adv W. R. Wherry.
Miss Annie Lois Taylor took the teachers' examination at Crockett last Friday and Saturday.
Let the kids enjoy themselves. Paint them a lot of Easter eggs. We have plenty of egg dye. Adv. D. N. Leaverton.
"Dead Shot" is guaranteed to kill your trees, even gum, within 30 days. Saves time, labor and money and does away with shade. Sold by S. E. Howard. Adv.
Stovall White and Campbell Lively left Sunday for Tyler to take a business course in a commercial college. The Messenger wishes these young men good luck.
LOST—Rubber raincoat, Saturday on the Grapeland and Daly's road. Finder please leave at Messenger office or return to me. Adv. G. R. Murchison.
A cross, restless baby is a sick baby and the stomach or bowels are generally the cause of the trouble. McGee's Baby Elixir is a quieting and restorative syrup that never fails in these ailments. It corrects sour stomach, looseness of the bowels and feverishness. Contains no opium, morphine or narcotic drug of any kind. Price 25c. and 50c. per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Go to Darsey's for oats. adv.

Judge Marvin Ellis was mingling with our people Saturday.

Easter egg dye—Leaverton's. (Advertisement.)

W. R. Wherry has put in a line of the famous Peters shoes. adv

Easter egg dye at Leaverton's drug store. Adv.

Ladies' work a specialty. adv Clewis, the Tailor.

Mrs. Annie Denton will do your sewing. Old dresses made over. All work appreciated. adv

Hulls and meal are POSITIVE-
LY CASH—NO CREDIT. Don't ask it. J. W. Howard. adv

Mrs. Sidney Boykin visited her sister, Mrs. Ney Sheridan, in Crockett Saturday and Sunday.

Work shirts, pants, overalls as cheap as can be bought at Howard's. Adv.

Mrs. Annie Denton, Dressmaker, has moved to the rest room in Wherry's store. Adv.

Miss Annie Rainey Hollingsworth has accepted a position in the postoffice.

Miss Carrie Spence visited relatives in Crockett Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Jennie Lucas of Augusta is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Will Musick.

More people are becoming satisfied users of Blue Ribbon flour. It's guaranteed. Adv. McLean & Riall.

Mrs. Annie Denton is prepared to do all kinds of ladies sewing at a reasonable price. At the rest room, Wherry's store. adv

G. B. Wilson, the new candidate for Judge, was here Saturday meeting our people and pressing his claims for the judgeship.

Can you advance one good reason why you should not trade at the Golden Rule Store? No? Then, come around and we will take pleasure in serving you. adv W. R. Wherry.

There will be a special Easter Service by the Sunday School at the Methodist church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. A special invitation is extended to all to attend.

A freight train went in the ditch Sunday evening about three miles south of Elkhart. Three oil tanks and one box car were overturned and another car jumped the track. None of the crew were hurt.

W. R. Wherry, George Moore and J. J. Brooks went to Palestine Monday as a committee to confer with the I. & G. N. officials in regard to moving the cotton platform and cotton seed houses. They were assured by the officials that the request of our citizens would be complied with, and some time during the summer the cotton platform and unsightly seed houses will be removed.

N. A. Parker, a prosperous farmer of the Belott community and an appreciated subscriber of the Messenger, was in town trading Monday, and reported the birth of twins—a boy and girl—at his home last Wednesday, April 1st. The Messenger extends congratulations to the parents and best wishes to the little fellows.

Dental Notice

Dr. C. L. Moore, the dentist of Georgia, will soon be in Grapeland to do dental work. Watch for further announcement. Adv.

Music Schools

Will teach anywhere. Satisfaction or no charges. Write, Chas. R. Streetman, Grapeland, Rte. 3. Adv.

If It Is Roofing

Let us quote you prices on our guaranteed asphalt and gravel roofing. A. M. Burns, Plumbing & Tinning, Palestine, Texas. (Advertisement.)

Tomato Plants For Sale

Good healthy plants, 25c per hundred delivered in Grapeland. Place orders by phone or card. J. R. Luce, Adv Grapeland, Texas, Rte. 2.

The Messenger received a pleasant call Saturday from Turner Skidmore of Route 2.

Notice to Public

Beginning April 1st and continuing until September 1st we will close the barber shop promptly at 6:30 o'clock every day except Saturday. This will give time to those who work in stores to get their work done before we close. Respectfully, Caskey & Denson, Barbers. adv

Notice of Stockholders Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Myrtle Lake Fishing Club will be held next Tuesday afternoon, April 14, at 2 o'clock in the office of the Farmers & Merchants State Bank. A new board of directors will be elected and other business transacted. A full attendance is requested.

D. N. Leaverton, Pres.,
adv A. H. Luker, Sec'y.

Reliable-Foley's Honey and Tar Compound

Just be sure that you buy Foley's Honey and Tar Compound—it is a reliable medicine for coughs, colds, croup, whooping coughs, bronchial and laryngeal coughs, which are weakening to the system. It also gives prompt and definite results for hoarseness tickling throat and stuffy and wheezy breathing. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. Adv.

The correct treatment for cuts, burns, scalds, wounds, sores, lumbago, rheumatism or neuralgia is Ballard's Snow Lintment. It is healing, penetrating and antiseptic, which is every thing that is needed to effect a complete cure. Price 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

For Justice of Peace

Clyde Story of Augusta authorizes his announcement as a candidate for Justice of Peace of Precinct No. 2, for an elective term. Mr. Story is the present Justice, having been appointed last July by the commissioners court to fill the unexpired term of Walter Newman, resigned. Mr. Story was not a candidate before the court, but his friends presented his name and urged his appointment. He has filled the office in a satisfactory manner, so far as we can learn, and if elected, will continue to give the people good service. He is a young man, a farmer by occupation, and has been a resident of Augusta five years. We commend his candidacy to the careful consideration of the voters in Precinct No. 2.

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

Dr. E. M. FARROW

SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISORDERS

Hemorrhoids (Piles) Without Cutting

Office up stairs over T. H. Lively Dry Goods Store, Corner Main and Sycamore Streets.

Phone 777

PALESTINE, TEXAS



YOU CAN'T measure a bank by weight, size or quantity, but by the integrity of its officers, the character of its directors and THE POLICY OF THE INSTITUTION.



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, . . . TEXAS

Barred Plymouth Rocks

BRED TO LAY--THE POULTRY THAT PAYS

Eggs for hatching \$2.00 per setting of 15.

Three settings for \$5.00

Stock for Sale

J. F. ADAMS, Buda, Texas

There Are Two Friends Who Never Go Back on You. One of These is--MONEY.

Most of us make money--some money. That is not the hardest part.

The difficulty is in keeping it. You use your brains to make money; use brains in saving it and depositing it in this bank.

GET THE HABIT--SAVE. Save a little this week. More next week, then deposit it in

The GUARANTY STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK

The Messenger failed to mention last week that Miss Walker of Palestine spent a few days in Grapeland as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Haltom. Miss Walker was the nurse in Mr. Haltom's home a month or two ago when his children had such a siege of sickness.

Mrs. Hood Pitts and baby of Austin is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Anthony.

Eggs for Sale

Barred Plymouth Rocks for setting. Setting of 15 for \$1.00. adv Mrs. W. D. Granberry.

NOTICE!

I NOW HAVE THE Hub Starkey Stallion

and will keep him this season at my place 3 miles north of Salmon.

**My Terms are \$10.00 to Insure
Pay When Colt is 10 Days Old.**

Gentlemen, I guess that most people near here have seen this horse and his colts, but if there are any who have not I have this to say to you: You can't find any BETTER COLTS, to take them all. **ONE OF HIS COLTS WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE ANDERSON COUNTY FAIR IN 1912 AGAINST A NUMBER OF FINE BLOODED STOCK.**

I raised one colt from him from a very common mare that brought \$150 at 10 months old, and I know of others refusing \$100 for colts at 5 months old, from scrub mares and this horse. He is Percheron and Denmark; his color is black; his weight 1200 lbs. His qualities are extra good. All patronage will be appreciated.

JOHN KILLION, SALMON, TEXAS

LETTER FROM CORPUS CHRISTI

March 22.—Seeing so many good letters in the Messenger from people whose names sound familiar, gives me a longing to express a few thoughts of my own situation, which perhaps might interest others.

We are having some real winter weather here at last, and don't think we would like to be any farther north at present. Owing to the fact that the late cold weather has killed most all the fruit means that our vacation home will be fruitless. Nevertheless I keep longing for the time to come when I can wade in Grapeland's sand once more. We do not have much sand here, and I suppose it's a very good thing, for when this wind and black dust gets mixed it's very unpleasant.

Perhaps it would interest some of you to know some of the bright prospects Corpus Christi has in view. They have recently voted a \$250,000 bond issue for the causeway, which is to be

built across Neuces Bay, and which will open up much more territory for Corpus Christi. The C. C. St. Car Co., has been sold to a big Philadelphia firm, and new cars will be put on in a short time. Besides the establishment of a big oil mill, also the new S. A. U. & G. Railroad, which has been opened up, with many other bright prospects, so you see it has quite a promising future.

Besides it's many bright prospects, there has been a number of sad occurrences during the last few weeks. Several lives have been taken and many a heart made sad. However, everything seems to be moving along nicely now, and we hope these occurrences will be more avoidable in the future.

The writer, with many others, was glad to see dear old Houston County remain dry, and see no reason why the saloon should ever come back, as there seems to be so many who bitterly oppose it.

With very best wishes and regards to all, I beg to remain,
As Ever,
OLA BAKER.

A Remarkable Confession

(By the Foster Service)

I'm glad our Jessie died.
Pray don't condemn before I plead my cause—
I feel I've broken none of honor's laws—
I know I am a better man because
Our Jessie died.

Our Jessie's dead.
Our Jessie was unlike a playful child.
Her actions rarely were the meek and mild;
She seemed to joy in all the bad and wild,
But now she's dead.

I'm glad she's gone.
No more will Jessie fret and cry and scold
And say she's hot when well I know 'tis cold.
Her absence adds a pleasure many fold—
I'm glad she's gone.

I'm glad she's gone,
I never wanted her at first. Indeed,
I felt I had enough, and more, to feed,
And Jessie dear had one abnormal greed.
I'm glad she's dead.

When Jessie died
My wife collapsed and said I was to blame
Because I'd never liked her since she came,
And, while it's true, I feel no sense of shame—
I'm glad she's gone.

Now, am I right?
If shame is mine, then shame I want to bear.
I've told the truth—that it is truth I'll swear,
For Jessie was an aggravating parrot—
I'm glad she's dead.

A QUESTION OF IMPORTANCE

Editor Messenger:

There seems to be a great many questions open for discussion at the present time. Every one has his idea how to reduce the high cost of living, how to raise the price of cotton and other farm products, how the laws of the state of Texas should be amended, and, in fact, everything under the sun would undergo a change if some folks could rule awhile. Now, I like others, have some ideas to put forth. The question that arises in my mind is, How can we make our country schools better? I am not going to suggest a compulsory school law nor special school tax, nor any of the forty other things that I have heard discussed for a number of years and still can't see much change they make in conditions of the country schools, but I want to tell a few ways to better country schools according to my thinking. Rules, if followed carefully, might stop so much talk about sorry schools.

First, there should be co-operation of teacher and patron before we can have a good school.

Second, if you don't put your child in school and keep it there you need not expect to get much out of the school. For instance, you employ a teacher; he starts his work with high hopes, has a nice little bunch of pupils with promise of more soon. Maybe they come and maybe they never appear. He teaches along from week to week and never a trustee or patron visits his school or has a talk with him in regard to school work. This goes on several weeks and the teacher begins to hear that there is talk about the way he treated that boy or this girl, or someone can tell things the teacher has done or something he has left undone that he should have done. All the teachers' short comings are discussed freely in the presence of his pupils, every word of which makes a deep impression on the child's mind. When a child's estimate of his teacher is lowered then the "fat is in the fire." Then, friends, you should be sure that you state truth only when you speak about your teacher and do not make him a common subject of gossip, but try to be a help to him by co-operating with him in his his work, show him that you are interested in the school by visiting it occasionally, and I think you will find that your teacher will give you good service and be a help to you as well as your child.

There are a great many people today who seem to think their children should advance in studies regardless of any effort on the part of the pupil or parent. This is a mistake. A child can't advance very fast if they are at home half the time. If it is cold you keep them at home; if it is raining a little they stay at home; if you have some work they can do they stay at home; then very often you say, "Well, our teacher didn't do anything except draw a salary; my children are not any further advanced than they were when school began." There never was a teacher that could teach children if they are not sent to school.

There is another class of people in our country, too, namely, the ones that don't want their child imposed upon. Little Johnny or Sallie comes home and tells a scarry tale about how the teacher has mistreated them at



Baby Takes To This Bottle Naturally—
The Hygeia Nursing Bottle

Thousands of Physicians, Nurses and Mothers recommend it. Where Baby must be bottle fed, nursing from the broad, yielding, non-collapsible Hygeia Breast, is next best to mother's breast. Baby is easily weaned on this bottle. The 8-oz. glass cell has no small neck. It is easy to keep clean and sanitary and is not easily broken.

Hygeia

NURSING BOTTLE

See one. Ask your doctor about the Hygeia bottle, before starting your baby on the old-fashioned small-neck kind.

D. N. LEAVERTON

LIABLE TO CAUSE DIVORCE!

The wives of Grapeland are liable to cause their husbands to divorce them if they buy their meat from the wagons that come here. If they want to keep their husbands in a good humor they should get their meats from the City Meat Market, where they kept only the best in a sanitary way. Don't risk the wagons.

THE CITY MEAT MARKET

J. B. LIVELY, Proprietor.

FARMERS UNION PHONE

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-68

school The parent has all confidence in the child, of course, and hears one side of the story, much exaggerated, believes it all and stops the child from school because he was imposed upon, and if that is not imposing on the poor child I don't know what you call it. I'm inclined to think it is worse to be raised in ignorance than be corrected by a teacher. Now, I'm not personating anyone and have no kick against any community, and if anyone thinks I have, just console yourself with the thought that there are more growlers than one and resolve to be a growler no more. This no imaginary picture either, for the writer has spent several years trying to teach country schools, and have met these difficulties in more than one place.

Now, patrons, if you will say less about the laws the legislature failed to pass and have a law in

your home which reads like this "I'll co-operate with our teacher in his or her work, teach the child to respect the teacher by showing respect myself, will not gossip about the teacher, send the child to school regularly," then I think you may have better schools in the country.

ARION.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism.

"I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes Lee L. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I suffered terrible pain so I could not sleep or lie still at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." For sale by all dealers. Adv.

THE DRUGGISTS' HELP

When sick you want the best physician, and the best physician requires the aid of the best druggist.

Pharmacy is now a more exacting science than it used to be. Those who are careful in their drug buying can find many good reasons for trading at this store.

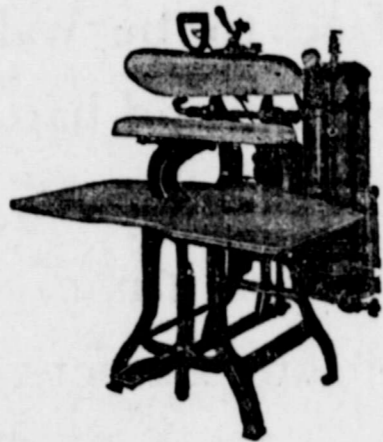
"Get it at Porter's"

Porter's Drug Store

MOVED!

to the
Woodard Building

Below the Postoffice



Steam Cleaning and Pressing
M. L. CLEWIS.

Take no chances with a pain in the chest. Every case of consumption began with that symptom. Stop it at once with

Ballard's Horehound Syrup

It is a Fine Healing Remedy for
Sore Lungs, Coughs and Hoarseness.

It promptly checks inflammation, relaxes tightness, clears the air passages, restores tone and strength to the bronchial tubes. Relieves hoarseness, irritating coughs, tickling sensations in the throat; removes congestion and enables the patient to breathe easily and rest comfortably at night.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per Bottle.

Buy the \$1.00 size. It contains five times as much as the 25c size, and you get with each bottle a Dr. Herrick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster for the chest.

JAMES F. BALLARD PROPRIETOR ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stephens Eye Salve is a safe and speedy remedy for Sore Eyes.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

Unclog the Liver Headache Goes

To put your upset liver in fine shape, to drive poisonous waste from bowels and cure constipation use

HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS

from the famous Hot Springs, Ark. Take one each night for a few days; you'll eat better, work better, sleep better, your eyes will brighten and your skin grow clearer. 25 cents.

Free sample LIVER BUTTONS and booklet about the famous Hot Springs Rheumatism Remedy and Hot Springs Blood Remedy at

Dr. Sam Kennedy PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Leaverton's Drug Store
Main Street

Habitual constipation is the door through which many of the serious ills of the body are admitted. The occasional use of Prickly Ash Bitters will remove and cure this distressing condition. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

CONSTIPATION SAFELY AND EASILY OVERCOME

No Need to Risk Unpleasant, Often Dangerous Calomel... Dodson's Liver Tone Takes Its Place

You can now profit if you wish by the experience of many people who have found an easy, pleasant remedy to take the place of calomel for constipation, sluggish liver, etc.

Dodson's Liver Tone is best to take instead of calomel and has brought the brightness of health into many households. It has none of the disagreeable and often dangerous after-effects of calomel.

A. S. Porter, a reputable local druggist, positively guarantees to refund purchase price (50c.) of Dodson's Liver Tone in case you are not entirely satisfied after using it and as they will recommend this remedy as a strictly vegetable liquid, containing nothing harmful, you run no risks of any kind in trying it now.

Dodson's Liver Tone never leaves bad after-effects, but works easily and naturally, without pain or gripe and without interfering at all with your regular habits, diet or occupation. (Advertisement.)

Foley Kidney Pills Successful for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble

Positive in action for backache, weak back, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles. P. J. Boyd, Ogle, Texas, writes: "After taking two bottles of Foley Kidney Pills, my rheumatism and kidney trouble are completely gone." Safe and effective. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. Adv.

Olan Davis has purchased the livery stable from George Calhoun and took charge Monday morning. We wish the new young manager abundant success.

Ragged wounds are painful and cause much annoyance. If not kept clean they fester and become running sores. Ballard's Snow Liniment is an antiseptic healing remedy for such cases. Apply it at night before going to bed and cover with a cotton cloth bandage. It heals in a few days. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Advertisement

Junior Endeavor Program

Subject—
Opening song.
Scripture reading, Luke 24, 13-35.
Prayer.
Song.
Reading—"Joy's Easter Present"—Adabel Leaverton.
Recitation—"Happy Spring-time"—Beatrice Parker.
Song—Mary White, Loreta Sadler, Owena Johnston, Thelma Lee Clewis.
Memory Gem—Lena Clewis.
Recitation—"A Walk With Jesus"—Elizabeth Leaverton.
Song.
Roll Call.
Closing song.
Benediction.

Look to Your Plumbing.

You know what happens to a house in which the plumbing is in poor condition—every body in the house is liable to contract typhoid or some other fever. The digestive organs perform the same functions in the human body as the plumbing does for the house, and they should be kept in first class condition all the time. If you have any trouble with your digestion take Chamberlain's Tablets and you are certain to get quick relief. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

The time-worn axiom, "All is not gold that glitters," could not be more aptly applied than to present-day merchandice. And it is a fact beyond dispute that a great many people judge and buy merchandise that "glitters," rather than goods of proven quality and worth.

This condition, however, is not altogether the fault of consumers in general, as it is an easy matter for manufacturers to cover up shoddy material with a glittering surface. In fact, it would be impossible for any of us to take the time from our respective vocations necessary to the study of values of the countless articles we use regularly. It is therefore essential that we rely upon something other than our personal judgement for the assurance of values received in our purchase of necessities, comforts and luxuries.

Manufacturers of every kind of merchandise long ago recognized the fact that an infinitely small per cent of possible consumers of their particular products could possibly be capable of accurately judging their true quality or value. This realization on the part of manufacturers afforded them an option of either producing high-class goods and then establishing a reputation for them, or of producing a low-grade line and depending on the surface glitter for sale.

Manufacturers who decided to

make this last mentioned class of goods of course readily realized that trial purchases and comparisons would not reflect creditably to them or induce repeat orders, and they therefore not only decide not to spend any money advertising, but in most instances refused to attach their names to their products as a mark of identification.

On the other hand, I know of one American manufacturer of a high-class, well-advertised line of men's clothes who places his name and trademark on only those garments that under a most rigid inspection are found to be perfect in both material and workmanship. All imperfect or faulty garments are sold at reduced prices and marketed either under private brands or unbranded.

Manufacturers who brand their products with their name or trademark, and then spend large sums of money advertising them, have to keep up quality to protect their names and their investments in advertising, whereas manufacturers of unbranded, unadvertised products have neither name nor publicity investments to protect, and can therefore well afford to slight quality at the expense of those consumers who do not acquaint themselves with the facts in the case and accept goods of the "glitter" variety simply because they look good.

Home Mission Notes

The Home Mission Society has been having some interesting meetings during the past quarter. Our first meeting for the year was held at the home of Mrs. Frank Leaverton. This was an especially good meeting. Bro. H. A. Matney was present, and it was the first opportunity all the ladies had of meeting him. After all were acquainted we were so favorably impressed that we made him an honorary member. Mrs. James Owens and Mrs. Ed Darsey were our new members. After refreshments were served, the society adjourned to meet with Mrs. J. W. Jones. We are always glad to have an invitation to this home, even if it is beyond the "sand hill;" we always manage somehow to get over the hill in due time. The guests were met at the door by Miss Jesse Mae, and directed to the rear of the hall, where Miss Belle Brown presided over the punch bowl. After these refreshments, we were invited to the parlor, where our business and devotional program was carried out, after which the society was closed by singing sacred songs. Miss Letha Matney was our new member enrolled.

Mrs. Wick Traylor was the next to open the door of her home to us. The society was called to order by the president. Questions concerning the Missionary Christ were asked and answered by different members. Mrs. Traylor read an interesting paper on the "Woman Who Gave Herself." The president also read "How to be an Ideal Auxiliary Officer." Mrs. Laura Goodson was our new member enrolled at this meeting. After the close of the program, the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Luker, served delicious grape juice and cake.

Mrs. Wade L. Smith extended an invitation to meet with her

next time, this being Tuesday of last week. Mrs. Eleanor Kennedy was the appointed leader, she having arranged an interesting program, which was carried out. Bible references were read and discussed and a paper on "Family Altar" was read by the president. An executive committee of three was appointed, consisting of Mesdames A. H. Luker and C. W. Kennedy, and Miss Maude McCarty. Mrs. P. H. Blalock of Livingston was an appreciated visitor at this meeting and gave us an interesting talk. The hostess was assisted by Miss Ima Davis in serving cake and orangeade for refreshments. Mrs. Byron Maxwell was gladly received as a new member. The society adjourned to meet with Mrs. Minnie Miller, April 14.

Each meeting has been well attended and now have thirty-two members enrolled and expect to get every lady who is a member of the Methodist church before the year closes.

PRESIDENT.

Cough Medicine for Children.

Too much care cannot be used in selecting a cough medicine for children. It should be pleasant to take, contain no harmful substance and be most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets these requirements and is a favorite with the mothers of young children everywhere. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Mrs. Dan Herod was operated on for appendicitis in the Palestine sanitarium Wednesday of last week. Dr. Kennedy accompanied her. Reports indicate that she is doing well.

An occasional dose of Prickly Ash Bitters keeps the system healthy, wards off disease and maintains strength and energy. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Advertisement

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Messenger is authorized to announce the following candidates, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 25th, 1914:

For District Attorney, Third Judicial District:

J J Bishop
of Henderson County

For County Clerk:
O C Goodwin (Re-election)
A S Moore

For Sheriff:
R J (Bob) Spence
A W Phillips (Re-election)
Arthur Holcomb

For Tax Collector:
Geo H Denny (Re-election)

For District Clerk:
Jno D Morgan (Re-election)

For County Attorney:
B F Dent (Re-election)

For County Treasurer:
Ney Sheridan

For County Judge:
C M Ellis (Re-election)
E Winfree
G B Wilson

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
J H Rosser
John Snell

For Tax Assessor:
J R Beeson
John H Ellis (Re-election)
H P English

For Representative:
J R Hairston
Nat Patton (Re-election)

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 1—
Oscar Dennis
W L Vaught
Eugene Holcomb

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—
G R Murchison
Chas Long (Re-election)

For Justice of Peace, Prec't. 5:
C L Haltom
Jno A Davis (Re-election)

For Constable Prec't. 5:
C R (Bully) Taylor

For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2:
D M Jones
T C Lively
Clyde Story

For Constable Precinct No. 2:
J L Scarbrough

THE ENEMY OF CHILDHOOD.

The greatest enemy of childhood is the tape worm and similar parasites. They are the direct cause of the loss of thousands of children who were so weakened by the pernicious action of these pests that they became easy victims of disease. The best protection against worms is to give the children an occasional dose of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only removes worms, but acts as a general tonic in the stomach and bowels.
Price 25c per Bottle.
Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

David Stovall of Willis is spending the week in Grapeland with his sister, Mrs. Dora White.

If you eat something that disagrees with you, don't let it work its own way through. It's a slow process and makes you feel bad. Get rid of it quickly by taking a dose of Herbine. It drives out impurities in the stomach and bowels and you feel better immediately. Price 50c Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Mrs. Willard Keeland and son of New Waverly are spending the week in Grapeland visiting relatives.

Youth.

"Arise with all its sweetest leave yet unfolded." Young friend! With your future before you what will you make it—success or failure? With youth and health you have the power within you to possess the blessing of practical knowledge, the joy of achievement, the content of success, but only thru intelligent effort. If you have within you the love of higher things and better days; if you have ambition, energy and determination; if you are free from bad habits that dwarf your intellect and unfit you for consideration by business men, we can train you in business methods—Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Writing, Business Arithmetic, Business English, Business Law, Telegraphy and Station Work, and secure you a good position. You have no time to lose. The Spring and Summer months should be used in securing a practical knowledge that you may accept a good paying position when the busy fall season begins. In our years of experience as teachers we have watched our students unfold and blossom into superior manhood, awaken to the responsibilities of business life, and crown their labor with success. What we have done for others we can do for you. The business world is seeking everywhere for young men and women who are able to do the work the business office demands. Let us impress upon you in the language of Narado, a Hindoo sage. "Study to know; know to comprehend, and comprehend to judge." Young friends, use your youth in the pursuit of knowledge. We could give you no better advice than to join our band of industrious students; they are here from many different states, and are going out daily as their courses are finished into splendid positions secured thru our employment department.

Our large catalogue containing the statements of young people who have traveled the road we are advising you to travel would be interesting reading to you. The letters from business firms with whom they are now engaged would be encouraging to you, and our low tuition rates, together with the short time taken to complete the course would be a pleasant surprise to you. Fill in your name and address and mail today for catalogue.

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Name

Address

Advertisement

Enon School House

April 6.—The health of this community is good at present.

Everybody is busy with their crops.

If our Sunday school keeps on progressing in the future as it has in the past we will soon have a banner school. Let's all strive to build old Enon up.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Brimberry visited Mr and Mrs. J. S. Brimberry Sunday.

Ellis Allen and Miss Ruby Cook made a call at the writer's home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John James visited Joe Langham, who is very sick, Sunday.

The fruit crop will be very short on account of cold weather.

We will soon be enjoying vegetables, as the gardens look nice. Well, boys, fishing time is



Paint Kitchen Floors Don't Scrub Them

Avoid the backache and sore knees caused by scrubbing bare floors. Painted floors are easy to keep bright and clean, are attractive and very inexpensive.

ACME QUALITY FLOOR PAINT

gives a hard, durable, sanitary finish for floors, steps or any inside surface to be walked on, easy to keep clean and hard to wear out. You can apply it yourself. It dries in a short time. Offered in appropriate and attractive shades.



GEORGE E. DARSEY

here and when school is out we will enjoy ourselves sitting on the creek's bank pulling out the mud cats.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Colkin have moved to our community.
One of the 7 Boys.

For Constable

J. L. Scarbrough authorizes the Messenger to announce to the good people of Precinct No. 2 that he is a candidate for Constable and would appreciate their votes and influence in the coming election.

Mr. Scarbrough is comparatively a young man and was born and raised in the Augusta community. He is qualified to discharge the duties of the office which he seeks, and we have every reason to believe that if the people of Precinct No. 2 honor him with the office he will make them a splendid peace officer and they will have no cause to regret his election.

Popular Low Rate Excursions to San Antonio Via I. & G. N. Ry.

Account Battle of Flowers, Friday, April 24, Fiesta San Jacinto (Spring Carnival) April 20-25. Texas' most unique attraction; unrivaled by any. Season tickets on sale daily April 19 to 25 inclusive; return limit April 26. For particulars of the two popular excursions see ticket agent, I. & G. N. adv

John R. Owens returned to Tyler Sunday to resume his studies in a commercial college, after having been home three weeks on account of his eyes.

The Grapeland Dramatic Club Will Present

"The Microbe of Love"

(Copyrighted by the Author, Mollie Moore Godbold, Comanche)

at the

SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 9, 1914

CHARACTERS:

Billy Bachelor, President Bachelors' Club.....A E Owens
Verry Bold.....Leonidas Brooks
Simon Shy.....Chester Owens
U B Careful.....Marvin Gilbert
Bobby Bashful.....Aubrey Lively
Jermiah Henpeck.....W H Musick
Patrick O'Hooligan.....M E Darsey
Madam Hymen-Cupidd.....Miss Darsey Royall
Lovie Long.....Miss Josie White
Lillie Lonesome.....Miss Luna Frank Hollingsworth
Ima Fraud.....Miss Ima Davis
Sophia Sweetgum.....Miss Emma Williams
Bridget O'Hooligan.....Miss Willie Browning
Wanta Man.....Miss Jessie Mae Jones
Priscilla Prunes, President Spinsters' Club.....Miss Sallie Mae Kent
Mrs. Henpeck.....Mrs W H Musick
Other Spinsters: Misses Lura Mae Owens, Annie Lois Taylor, Georgia Belle Richards, Perlina Spence, Letha Matney and Annie Rainey Hollingsworth.

This little musical comedy has met with a tremendous success, especially in the south. The funny situations are decidedly witty and bright; the unique love scenes, the poor hen-pecked husband, the persistent love-lorn spinsters and the hard-hearted bachelors succumbing to the "Microbe of Love," presents a picture so unique and pleasing as to delight everyone.

The proceeds of this play will go to make a beginning for a school library.

ADMISSION TO ALL 25c