

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 17 No. 23

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUG. 13, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## Don't fail to take advantage of our Clearance Sale!

that is now going on at our place, for we are selling goods for less money than they can be bought in the wholesale market. Attend the sale and save money.

Every piece of dress goods that sold for 50c, Clearance price..... **30c**

Every piece of dress goods that sold for 35c, Clearance price..... **20c**

Every piece of dress goods that sold for 25c, Clearance price..... **15c**

Every piece of dress goods that sold for 15c and 20c, Clearance price..... **12c**

Every piece of dress goods that sold for 15c, Clearance price..... **10c**

All lawn that sold for 10c and 12 1-2c, Clearance price..... **8 3/4c**

### FEW LADIES' DRESSES

1 lot dresses, color lavender trimmed in lace, regular price \$1.75. Clearance price..... **\$1.20**

1 lot dresses, color black with white figures. Regular price \$1.25. Clearance price..... **\$1.15**

Misses middle blouses, sizes 6 to 12, reg. pr. 50c. Clearance price..... **30c**

Ladies middle blouses, regular price \$1.25, Clearance price..... **80c**

One thousand yards of embroidery, regular price 10c, 12 1-2c and 15c, Clearance price..... **7 1/2c**

1 lot boys' shoes and oxfords. Reg. pr. \$2. to \$2.50. Clearance price..... **\$1.60**

Ladies' oxfords in tan and black. Reg. pr. \$3.50 & \$4. Clearance price..... **\$2.50**

1 lot ladies oxfords, regular price \$3. Clearance price..... **\$1.50**

We have many other values we are not able to list. Call and see us. We will save you money.

## Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

## HAPPENINGS AT PERCILLA

August 10th, 1914.—Well, it has rained since we wrote last, and the crops are growing nicely.

We have been attending meetings lately, one conducted by Rev. Abney at Percilla, and one at New Hope, conducted by Rev. Foster. We understand Revs. Foster and Campbell are to conduct a meeting at Red Prairie this week.

Mr. Monroe Jones' little boy has been real sick, but we learn that he is better.

Mrs. Dan Henderson of Ratcliff visited homefolks last week. Mr. Arch Stringer of Dallas is at home for a few days.

Miss Ruth Branch has been sick the last few days, but hope she will soon recover.

Ye scribe has been having a time since the last writing, for melons are plentiful, and that is where he shines—and did I mention peas? We also have plenty of them, so of course I am never hungry.

We understand the people are going to work the Grapeland and Augusta road. Suppose we people get busy and work the sand beds of the Percilla and Grapeland road? It wouldn't cost any of us very much. Instead of costing us, it would be a good investment. Instead of hauling one thousand pounds we could haul two thousand pounds just as easy. Most everyone has seen the figures on what bad roads cost the country.

The war clouds of the eastern countries are casting their dark shadows over our country. We hope peace will be restored soon, but we don't look to see peace in those countries for a few months at least, for some of those countries have been wanting to show out for some time. The cotton industry is in a fine shape to lose a lot of money if there isn't some good judgement used. The cotton should be kept on the market if possible. There's no reason why cotton shouldn't be a fair price as soon as this war trouble is settled. As ever,  
JAMES R.

### MURCHISON COMMISSIONER

The contest filed by J. C. Estes in Commissioner's Precinct No. 2, contesting the election of G. R. Murchison, came up before the County Executive Committee at Crockett Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Estes went before the committee without any specific evidence to show that Mr. Murchison had been illegally elected, and after consideration the committee passed a resolution declaring that Mr. Murchison was the nominee, as declared by the county convention last Saturday. Quite a number of Mr. Murchison's Grapeland friends went to Crockett with him Tuesday to be present at the hearing.

Mrs. A. O. Riall and daughter, Miss Lucrecia, returned to their home in Tyler Saturday, after visiting relatives at Crockett, Grapeland and Augusta for several weeks.

## CONGRESS TO AID FARMERS

Washington, Aug. 10.—Ways and means to aid the South in the handling of the cotton crop in the face of the European crisis were considered today by the house committee on agriculture. Growers and merchants were on hand to offer suggestions and government cotton experts were called upon to outline the situation.

The committee discussed the Lever cotton grading bill, creating a system of federal inspection and providing cotton standards.

C. J. Brand, chief of the bureau of markets, told the committee that to relieve the present situation in the South a general revision of the present method of marketing cotton should be made. He said any plan should provide for the storing of cotton in bonded warehouses, for the certification of each bale of cotton with a certificate of standardization and actual identification of every bale of cotton with its certificate. Mr. Brand said with proper legislation the government could put his plan into operation within 30 days to such an extent as to materially aid the cotton growers. He said whatever was done must be done immediately.

### LEAGUE PROGRAM

For Sunday, August 16.  
Subject—Loving Kindness.  
Leader—Miss Arline Howard.  
Opening Song No. 19.  
Silent Prayer.  
Song No. 97.  
Piano Selection—Miss Carrie Spence.  
Reading—Miss Emma Williams.  
Subject discussed by Mr. Howard.  
Solo—Miss Fannie Driskell.  
Benediction.

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. Jack Beazley has been telling over the country that I branded one of his yearlings in my brand. Saturday, July 25th, in Grapeland, he asked me to come down and see for myself that the yearling was in my brand, and seemed to be very angry about the matter. Wednesday, August 5th, in company with Mr. Frank Taylor, a neighbor of Mr. Beazley's, I went down to look at the yearling, and there were no brands of any kind upon it, and Mr. Beazley, in the hearing of Mr. Taylor, acknowledged that he had made a false statement. Just why Mr. Beazley wants to circulate such a slanderous charge against me I do not know, unless it is for a selfish motive. This statement is published to put me in the clear with people to whom Mr. Beazley has thus been slandering me.  
Adv. George Calhoun.

Mrs. Chas. Hodgkins and daughter, Miss Robbie Lee Burns, returned to their home in Houston after a several weeks visit to Mrs. Hodgkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Anthony.

## High Prices

The war in the old country has caused higher prices in our food stuff, requiring two dollars where one would answer a short time back. Being warned of an advance we booked ahead on most all articles that are affected by the war, enabling us to save you money on your groceries for the next thirty days.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINC  
YOU

**THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY**  
FREE DELIVERY Phone us Your Orders

## Where Money is Worth Most

If you but knew the money values to be had in our store, you most certainly could not pass them up.

If you but knew our methods of doing business we are sure you would make our store your store. We assure you that we always do our best to please you in every way and always do. We deliver to you merchandise that is worth every cent that it is priced.

Now, we are offering great reductions in every article of summer goods. Come in and let us prove ourselves in your eyes.

Don't forget that we are leaders in good flour, BLUE RIBBON and good coffee—SUNSET.

## McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE  
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

## Low Quarter Shoes at Cost!

The stock includes both ladies and gentlemen, and are new stock and late styles. It is my desire to not carry over any surplus stock, and rather than do so, offer them at exactly what they cost me. This means a great saving to you as you yet have time to get long wear and good service from them.

Remember they go at Cost

J. J. BROOKS - - East Side

### TENT MEETING

R. L. Brooks, Superintendent of the Universalist Churches of Texas, requests the Messenger to announce that he will begin a tent meeting in Grapeland Friday night of this week. A cordial invitation is extended the public to attend the services.

### FAIR WILL BE HELD

The Courier's information is that the county fair will be held in October, the exact date not yet determined upon. The directors will begin soon to put the grounds in condition.—Crockett Courier.



# The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

## A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

Author of

"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"  
"THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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### CHAPTER XIII.

For sixty days and more, while the weather had been turning from cold to warm and they had been laboring feebly to clear away the great slide of loose rock that covered up the

ledge, the Eagle Tail mine had remained a mystery.

Whether, like the old Eagle Tail of frontier fable, it was so rich that only the eagle's head was needed to turn the chunks into twenty-dollar gold pieces; or whether, like many other frontier mines, it was nothing but a hole in the ground, was a matter still to be settled. And Bud, for one, was determined to settle it quickly.

"Come on," he said, as Phil hesitated to open up the way to the lead; "we got a month, maybe less, to get to the bottom of this; and then the hills will be lousy with rebels. If they're nothing here, we want to find out about it quick and skip—and if we strike it, by grab, they ain't enough red-faggers in Sonora to pry me loose from it. So show these hombres where to work and we'll be up against rock by the end of the week."

The original Eagle Tail tunnel had been driven into the side of a steep hill; so steep, in fact, that the loose shale stretched in long shoots from the base of the frowning porphyry dikes that crowned the tops of the hills to the bottom of the canyon. On either side of the discovery gulch sharp ridges, perforated by the gopher-holes of the Mexicans and the ancient workings of the Spaniards, ran directly up the hill to meet the contact. But it was against the face of the big ridge itself that Kruger had driven his drift and exploded his giant blast of dynamite, and the whole slope had been altered and covered with a slide of rock.

Against this slide, in the days when they were marking time, Bud and his partner had directed their energies, throwing the loose stones aside, building up walls against the slip, and clearing the way to the solid schist. There, somewhere beneath the jumble of powder-riven rock, lay the ledge which, if they found it, would make them rich; and now with single-jack and drill, they attacked the last huge fragments, blasting them into pieces and groveling deeper until they could strike the contact, where the schist and porphyry met and the gold spray had spewed up between.

It was slow work; slower than they had thought, and the gang of Mexicans that they had hired for muckers were marvels of ineptitude. Left to themselves, they accomplished nothing, since each problem they encountered seemed to present to them some element of insuperable difficulty, to solve which they either went into caucus or waited for the boss. Meanwhile they kept themselves awake by smoking cigarettes and telling stories about Bernardo Bravo.

To the Mexicans of Sonora Bernardo Bravo was the personification of all the malevolent qualities—he being a bandit chief who had turned first general and then rebel under Madero—and the fact that he had at last been driven out of Chihuahua and therefore over into Sonora, made his malevolence all the more imminent.

Undoubtedly, somewhere over to the east, where the Sierras towered like a blue wall, Bernardo and his outlaw followers were gathering for a raid, and the raid would bring death to Sonora.

He was a bad man, this Bernardo Bravo, and if half of the current stories were true, he killed men whenever they failed to give him money, and was never too hurried to take a fair daughter of the country up behind him, provided she took his fancy.

Yes, surely he was a bad man—but that did not clear away the rock.

For the first week Phil took charge of the gang, urging, directing and cajoling them, and the work went merrily on, though rather slowly. The Mexicans liked to work for Don Felipe, he was so polite and spoke such good Spanish; but at the end of the week it developed that Bud could get more results out of them.

Every time Phil started to explain anything to one Mexican all the others stopped to listen to him, and that took time. But Bud's favorite way of directing a man was by grunts and signs and bending his own back to the task. Also, he refused to understand Spanish, and cut off all long-winded explanations and suggestions

by an impatient motion to go to work, which the *trabajadores* obeyed with shrugs and grins.

So Don Felipe turned powder-man and blacksmith, sharpening up the drills at the little forge they had fashioned and loading the holes with dynamite when it became necessary to break a rock, while Bud bossed the unwilling Mexicans.

In an old tunnel behind their tent they set a heavy gate, and behind it they stored their precious powder. Then came the portable forge and the blacksmith shop, just inside the mouth of the cave, and the tent backed up against it for protection. For if there is any one thing, next to horses, that the rebels are wont to steal, it is giant powder to blow up culverts with, or to lay on the counters of timorous country merchants and frighten them into making contributions.

As for their horses, Bud kept them belled and hobbled, close to the house, and no one ever saw him without his gun. In the morning, when he got up, he took it from under his pillow and hung it on his belt, and there it stayed until bedtime.

He also kept a sharp watch on the trail, above and below, and what few men did pass through were conscious of his eye. Therefore it was all the more surprising when, one day, looking up suddenly from hearing at a great rock, he saw the big Yaqui soldier, Amigo, gazing down at him from the cut bank.

Yes, it was the same man, but with a difference—his rifle and cartridge-belts were absent and his clothes were

stained by the brush. But the same good-natured, competent smile was there, and after a few words with Bud he leaped nimbly down the bank and laid hold upon the rock. They pulled together, and the boulder that had balked Bud's gang of Mexicans moved easily for the two of them.

Then Amigo seized a crowbar and slipped it into a cranny and showed them a few things about moving rocks. For half an hour or more he worked along, seemingly bent on displaying his skill, then he sat down on the bank and watched the Mexicans with tolerant, half-amused eyes.

If he was hungry he showed it only by the cigarettes he smoked, and Hooker, studying up the chances he would take by hiring a deserter, let him wait until he came to a decision.

"Oyez, Amigo," he hailed at last, and, rubbing his hand around on his stomach, he smiled questioningly, whereat the Yaqui nodded his head avidly.

"Stawano!" said Hooker, "ven." And he left his Mexicans to dawdle as they would while he led the Indian to camp. There he showed him the coffee-pot and the kettle of beans by the fire, set out a slab of Dutch-oven bread and a sack of jerked beef, some stewed fruit and a can of sirup, and left him to do his worst.

In the course of half an hour or so he came back and found the Yaqui sipping up sirup with the last of the bread and humming a little tune. So they sat down and smoked a cigarette and came to the business at hand.

"Where you go?" inquired Bud; but Amigo only shrugged enigmatically.

"You like to work?" continued Bud, and the Indian broke into a smile of assent.

"Muy bien," said Hooker with finality; "I give Mexicans two dollars a day—I give you four. Is that enough?"

"Si," nodded the Yaqui, and without more words he followed Bud back to the cut. There, in half a day, he accomplished more than all the Mexicans put together, leaping boldly up the bank to dislodge hanging boulders, boosting them by main strength up onto the ramshackle tram they had constructed, and trundling them out to the dump with the shove of a mighty hand.

He was a willing worker, using his head every minute; but though he was such a hustler and made their puny efforts seem so ineffectual by comparison, he managed in some mysterious way to gain the immediate approval of the Mexicans. Perhaps it was his all-pervasive good nature, or his respect inspired by his hardihood; perhaps the qualities of natural leadership which had made him a picked man among his brother Yaquis. But when, late in the afternoon, Bud came back from a trip to the tent he found Amigo in charge of the gang, heaving and struggling and making motions with his head.

"Good enough!" he muttered, after

watching him for a minute in silence, and leaving the new boss in command, he went back and started supper.

That was the beginning of a new day at the Eagle Tail, and when De Lancey came back from town—whither he went whenever he could conjure up an errand—he found that, for once, he had not been missed.

Bud was doing the blacksmithing. Amigo was directing the gang, and a fresh mess of beans was on the fire, the first kettleful having gone to reinforce the Yaqui's backbone. But they were beans well spent, and Bud did not regret the raid on his grub-pile. If he could get half as much work for what he fed the Mexicans he could well rest content.

"But how did this Indian happen to find you?" demanded Phil, when his partner had explained his acquisition.



Bud Was Doing the Blacksmithing.

"Say, he must have deserted from his company when they brought them back from Moctezuma!"

"More'n likely," assented Bud. "He ain't talking much, but I notice he keeps his eye out—they'd shoot him for a deserter if they could catch him. I'd hate to see him go that way."

"Well, if he's as good as this, let's take care of him!" cried Phil with enthusiasm. "I'll tell you, Bud, there's something big coming off pretty soon and I'd like to stay around town a little more if I could. I want to keep track of things."

"Fr' instance?" suggested Hooker dryly. It had struck him that Phil was spending a good deal of time in town already.

"Well, there's this revolution. Sure as shooting they're going to pull one soon. There's two thousand Mexican miners working at Fortuna, and they say every one of 'em has got a rifle buried. Now they're beginning to quit and drift out into the hills, and we're likely to hear from them any time."

"All the more reason for staying in camp, then," remarked Bud. "I'll tell you, Phil, I need you here. That dogged ledge is lost, good and plenty, and I need you to say where to dig. We ain't doing much better than old Aragon did—just rooting around in that rock-pile—let's do a little timbering, and sink."

"You can't timber that rock," answered De Lancey decidedly. "And besides, it's cheaper to make a cut twenty feet deep than it is to tunnel or sink a shaft. Wait till we get to that porphyry contact—then we'll know where we're at."

"All right," grumbled Bud; "but seems like we're a long time getting there. What's the news downtown?"

"Well, the fireworks have begun again over in Chihuahua—Orozco and Salazar and that bunch—but it seems there was something to this Moctezuma scare, after all. I was talking to an American mining man from down that way and he told me that the federals marched out to where the rebels were and then sat down and watched them cross the river without firing on them—some kind of an understanding between Bernardo Bravo and these blackleg federals."

"The only fighting there was was when a bunch of twenty Yaquis got away from their officers in the rough country and went after Bernardo Bravo by their lonesome. That threw a big scare into him, too, but he managed to fight them off—and if I was making a guess I'd bet that your Yaqui

friend was one of that fighting twenty."

"I reckon," assented Bud; "but don't you say nothing. I need that hombre in my business. Come on, let's go up and look at that cut—I come across an old board today, down in the muck, and I bet you it's a piece that Kruger left. Funny we don't come across some of his tools, though, or the hole where the powder went off."

"When we do that," observed Phil, "we'll be where we're going. Nothing to do then but lay off the men and wait till I get my papers. That's why I say don't hurry so hard—we haven't got our title to this claim, pardner, and we won't get it, either—not for some time yet. Suppose you'd hit this ledge—"

"Well, if I hit it," remarked Bud, "I'll stay with it—you can trust me for that. Hello, what's the Yaqui found?"

As they came up the cut Amigo quit work and, while the Mexicans followed suit and gathered expectantly behind him, he picked up three rusty drills and an iron drill-spoon and presented them to Bud.

Evidently he had learned the object of their search from the Mexicans, but if he looked for any demonstrations of delight at sight of these much-sought-for tools he was doomed to disappointment, for both Bud and Phil had schooled themselves to keep their faces straight.

"Um-m," said Bud, "old drills, eh? Where you find them?"

The Yaqui led the way to the face of the cut and showed the spot, a hole beneath the pile of riven rock; and a Mexican, not to be outdone, grabbed up a handful of porphyry and indicated where the dynamite had pulverized it.

"Bien," said Phil, pawing solemnly around in the bottom of the hole; and then, filling his handkerchief with fine dirt, he carried it down to the creek. There, in a miner's pan, he washed it out carefully, slopping the waste over the edge and swirling the water around until at last only a little dirt was left in the bottom of the pan. Then, while all the Mexicans looked on, he tilled this toward the edge, scanning the last remnant for gold—and quit without a color.

"Nada!" he cried, throwing down the pan, and in some way the Mexicans sensed the fact that the mine had turned out a failure. Three times he went back to the cut and scooped up the barren dust, and then he told the men they could quit.

"No more work!" he said, affecting a dejected bitterness; "no hay nada—there is nothing!" And with this sad, but by no means unusual, ending to their labors, the Mexicans went away to their camp, speculating among themselves as to whether they could get their pay. But when the last of them had gone Phil beckoned Bud into the tent and showed him a piece of quartz.

"Just take a look at that!" he said, and a single glance told Hooker that it was full of fine particles of gold.

"I picked that up when they weren't looking," whispered De Lancey, his eyes dancing with triumph. "It's the same rock—the same as Kruger's!"

"Well, put 'er there, then, pardner!" cried Bud, grabbing at De Lancey's hand; "we've struck it!"

And with a broad grin on their deceitful faces they danced silently around the tent, after which they paid off the Mexicans and bade them "adios!"

### CHAPTER XIV.

It is a great sensation—striking it

rich—one of the greatest in the world. Some men punch a burro over the desert all their lives in the hope of achieving it once; Bud and Phil had taken a chance, and the prize now lay within their grasp. Only a little while now—a month, maybe, if the officials were slow—and the title would be theirs.

The Mexican miners, blinded by their ignorance, went their way, well contented to get their money. Nobody knew. There was nothing to do but to wait. But to wait, as some people know, is the hardest work in the world.

For the first few days they lingered about the mine, gloating over it in secret, laughing back and forth, singing gay songs—then, as the ecstasy passed and the weariness of waiting set in, they went two ways. Some fascination, unexplained to Bud, drew De Lancey to the town. He left in the

morning and came back at night, but Hooker stayed at the mine.

Day and night, week-days and Sundays, he watched it jealously, lest someone should slip in and surprise their secret—and for company he had his pet horse, Copper Bottom, and the Yaqui Indian, Amigo.

Ignacio was the Indian's real name, for the Yaquis are all good Catholics and named uniformly after the saints; but Bud had started to call him Amigo, or friend, and Ignacio had conferred the same name on him.

Poor Ignacio! His four-dollar-a-day job had gone glimmering in half a day, but when the Mexican laborers departed he lingered around the camp, doing odd jobs, until he won a place for himself.

At night he slept up in the rocks, where no treachery could take him unaware, but at the first peep of dawn it was always Amigo who arose and lit the fire.

Then, if no one got up, he cooked a breakfast after his own ideas, boiling the coffee until it was as strong as lye, broiling meat on sticks, and went to turn out the horses.

With the memory of many envious glances cast at Copper Bottom, Hooker had built a stout corral, where he kept the horses up at night, allowing them to graze close-hobbled in the daytime.

A Mexican insurrecto on foot is a contradiction of terms, if there are any horses or mules in the country, and several bands of ex-miners from Fortuna had gone through their camp in that condition, with new rifles in their hands. But if they had any designs on the Eagle Tail live stock they speedily gave them up; for, while he would feed them and even listen to their false tales of patriotism, Bud had no respect for numbers when it came to admiring his horse.

Even with the Yaqui, much as he trusted him, he had reservations about Copper Bottom; and once, when he found him petting him and stroking his nose, he shook his head forbiddingly. And from that day on, though he watered Copper Bottom and cared for his wants, Amigo was careful never to caress him.

But in all other matters, even to lending him his gun, Bud trusted the Yaqui absolutely. It was about a week after he came to camp that Amigo sighted a deer, and when Bud loaned him his rifle he killed it with a single shot.

Soon afterward he came loping back from a scouting trip and made signs for the gun again, and this time he brought in a young peccary, which he roasted in a pit, Indian style. After that, when the meat was low, Bud sent him out to hunt, and each time he brought back a wild hog or a deer for every cartridge.

The one cross under which the Yaqui suffered was the apparent failure of the mine, and, after slipping up into the cut a few times, he finally came back radiant.

"Mira!" he said, holding out a piece of rock; and when Hooker gazed at the chunk of quartz he pointed to the specks of gold and grunted, "Oro!"

"Seguro!" answered Bud, and going down into his pocket, he produced an-



"Two Men, One of Them a Rurale!"

other like it. At this the Yaqui cocked his head to one side and regarded him strangely.

"Why you no dig gold?" he asked at last, and then Bud told him the story.

"We have an enemy," he said, "who might steal it from us. So now we wait for papers. When we get them, we dig!"

"Ah!" breathed Amigo, his face suddenly clearing up; "and can I work for you then?"

"Si," answered Bud, "for four dollars a day. But now you help me watch, so nobody comes."

"Stawano!" exclaimed the Indian.

(Continued on next page)



well satisfied, and after that he spent hours on the hilltop, his black head thrust out over the crest like a chuckawalla lizard as he coned the land below.

So the days went by until three weeks had passed, and still no papers came. As his anxiety increased Phil fell into the habit of staying in town overnight, and finally he was gone for two days. The third day was drawing to a close, and Bud was getting restless, when suddenly he beheld the Yaqui bounding down the hill in great leaps and making signs down the canyon.

"Two men!" he called, dashing up to the tent; "one of them a rural!"

"Why a rural?" asked Bud, mystified.

"To take me!" cried Amigo, striking himself violently on the breast. "Lend me your rifle!"

"No," answered Bud, after a pause; "you might get into trouble. Run and hide in the rocks—I will signal you when to come back."

"Muy bien," said the Yaqui obediently, and, turning, he went up over rocks like a mountain-sheep, bounding from boulder to boulder until he disappeared among the hilltops. Then, as Bud brought in his horse and shut him hastily inside his corral, the two riders came around the point—a rural and Aragon!

Now, in Mexico a rural, as Bud well knew, means trouble—and Aragon meant more trouble, trouble for him. Certainly, so busy a man as Don Cipriano would not come clear to his camp to help capture a Yaqui deserter. Bud sensed it from the start that this was another attempt to get possession of their mine, and he awaited their coming grimly.

"S tardes," he said in reply to the rural's abrupt salute, and then he stood silent before his tent, looking them over shrewdly. The rural was a hard-looking citizen, as many of them are, but on this occasion he seemed a trifle embarrassed, glancing inquiringly at Aragon. As for Aragon, he was gazing at a long line of jerked meat which Amigo had hung out to dry, and his drooped eye opened up suddenly as he turned his cold regard upon Hooker.

"Senior," he said, speaking with an accusing harshness, "we are looking for the men who are stealing my cattle, and I see we have not far to go. Where did you get that meat?"

"I got it from a deer," returned Bud; "there is his hide on the fence; you can see it if you'll look."

The rural, glad to create a diversion, rode over and examined the hide and came back satisfied, but Aragon was not so easily appeased.

"By what right," he demanded truculently, "do you, an American, kill deer in our country? Have you the special permit which is required?"

"No, senior," answered Hooker soberly; "the deer was killed by a Mexican I have working for me!"

"Ha!" sneered Aragon, and then he paused, balked.

"Where is this Mexican?" inquired the rural, his professional instincts aroused, and while Bud was explaining that he was out in the hills somewhere, Aragon spurred his horse up closer and peered curiously into his tent.

"What are you looking for?" demanded Hooker sharply, and then Aragon showed his hand.

"I am looking for the drills and drill- spoon," he said; "the ones you stole when you took my mine!"

"Then get back out of there!" cried Bud, seizing his horse by the bit and throwing him back on his haunches; "and stay out!" he added, as he dropped his hand to his gun. "But if the rural wishes to search," he said, turning to that astounded official, "he is welcome to do so."

"Muchas gracias, no!" returned the rural, shaking a finger in front of his face, and then he strode over to where Aragon was muttering and spoke in a low tone.

"No!" dissented Aragon, shaking his head violently; "no—no! I want this man arrested!" he cried, turning vindictively upon Bud. "He has stolen my tools—my mine—my land! He has no business here—no title! This land is mine, and I tell him to go. Pronto!" he shouted, menacing Hooker with his riding-whip, but Bud only shifted his feet and stopped listening to his excited Spanish.

"No, senior," he said, when it was all over, "this claim belongs to my partner, De Lancey. You have no—"

"Ha! De Lancey!" jeered Aragon, suddenly indulging himself in a sardonic laugh. "De Lancey! Ha, ha!"

"What's the matter?" cried Hooker, as the rural joined in with a derisive smirk. "Say, speak up, hombre!" he threatened, stepping closer as his eyes took on a dangerous gleam. "And let me tell you now," he added, "that if any man touches a hair of his head I'll kill him like a dog!"

The rural backed his horse away, as if suddenly discovering that the American was dangerous, and then, saluting respectfully as he took his leave, he said:

"The Senior De Lancey is in jail! They whirled their horses at that

and galloped off down the canyon, and as Bud gazed after them he burst into a frenzy of curses. Then, with the one thought of setting Phil free, he ran out to the corral and hurried the saddle on his horse.

It was through some chicanery, he knew—some low-down trick on the part of Aragon—that his partner had been imprisoned, and he swore to have him out or know the reason why. Either that or he would go after Aragon and take it out of his hide.

It was outside Bud's simple code even to question his partner's innocence, but, innocent or guilty, he would have him out if he had to tear down the jail.

So he slapped his saddle-gun into the sling, reached for his quirt, and went dashing down the canyon. At a turn in the road he came suddenly upon Aragon and the rural, split a way between them, and leaned forward as Copper Bottom burned up the trail.

It was long since the shiny sorrel had been given his head, and he needed neither whip nor spur—but a mile or two down the arroyo Bud suddenly reined him in and looked behind. Then he turned abruptly up the hillside and jumped him out on a point, looked again, and rode slowly back up the trail.

Aragon and the rural were not in sight—the question was, were they following? For a short distance he rode warily, not to be surprised in his suspicion; then, as he found tracks turning back, he gave head to his horse and galloped swiftly to camp.

The horses of the men he sought stood at the edge of the mine-dump, and, throwing his bridle-rein down beside them, Bud leaped off and ran up the cut. Then he stopped short and reached for his six-shooter. The two men were up at the end, down on their knees, and digging like dogs after a rabbit.

So eager were they in their search so confident in their fancied security, that they never looked up from their work, and the tramp of Hooker's boots was drowned by their grubbing until he stood above them. There he paused, his pistol in hand, and waited grimly for developments.

"Ha!" cried Aragon, grabbing at a piece of quartz that came up, "Aqui lo tengo!" He drew a second piece from his pocket and placed them together. "It is the same!" he said.

Still half-buried in the excavation, he turned suddenly as a shadow crossed him, to get the light, and his jaw dropped at the sight of Bud.

"I'll trouble you for that rock," observed Bud, holding out his hand, and as the rural jumped, Aragon handed over the ore. There was a moment's silence as Bud stood over them—then he stepped back and motioned them out with his gun.

Down the jagged cut they hurried, awed into a guilty silence by his anger, and when he let them mount without a word the rural looked back, surprised. Even then Bud said nothing, but the swing of the Texan's gun spoke for him, and they rode quickly out of sight.

"You dad-burned greasers!" growled Bud, returning his pistol with a jab to its holster. Then he looked at the ore. There were two pieces, one fresh-dug and the other worn, and as he gazed at them the worn piece seemed strangely familiar. Aragon had been comparing them—but where had he got the worn piece?

Once more Bud looked it over, and then the rock fell from his hand. It was the first piece they had found—the piece that belonged to Phil!

(To be Continued)

### Good Reason For His Enthusiasm

When a man has suffered for several days with colic, diarrhoea or other form of bowel complaint and is then cured sound and well by one or two doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, as is often the case, it is but natural that he should be enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy, and especially is this the case of a severe attack when life is threatened. Try it when in need of such a remedy. It never fails. Sold by all dealers. Adv.

### Lost, Strayed or Stolen?

An ad in the Messenger will answer the question.

Keep your vital organs in good condition if you would have health through the malarial season. Prickly Ash Bitters cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels and helps the system to resist disease germs. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. adv

## The KITCHEN CABINET

DEAR is my friend, but from my foe as from my friend, comes good. My friend shows what I can do, my foe shows what I should.

—F. von Schiller.

### WHAT TO EAT.

Popcorn is such a general favorite that the children at any rate never tire of it. Try putting a tablespoonful of seasoned popped kernels on the top of a cream soup—most appropriate for a corn soup. If a tablespoonful of whipped cream is put on first, and the corn on top of that, it will not soak and become soggy.

Popcorn makes a delicious cereal which may be served for a supper dish or breakfast. Grind the popped corn rather coarse and let stand in a warm place before serving. It is also a nice accompaniment with cheese at the close of a dinner instead of crackers. Popcorn balls are a confection liked by young and old. If the sirup which is used is made of corn sirup with a little molasses and sugar they will never be grainy and fall to pieces.

**Baked Macaroni With Peanut Butter.**—Cook a cupful of macaroni until tender. Scald two cupfuls of milk and add gradually three and a half tablespoonfuls of peanut butter, when well blended add salt and pour over the macaroni. Cover and bake in a slow oven 45 minutes. Remove the cover, sprinkle with a cupful of buttered cracker crumbs and bake.

**Hamburg Loaf.**—One pound of hamburger steak, two parts beef and one part pork, one egg and one cupful of cracker crumbs, salt and pepper as desired, add the pulp from a quart can of tomatoes. Mix well and form into a loaf. Put into a greased pan and lay over it two strips of bacon. Cook for a half hour until nicely browned then pour around it the tomato left from the can, and cook 15 minutes. It will be necessary to add more seasoning to the tomato.

Nellie Maxwell.

### CONDENSATIONS

More than 100,000 women pay taxes in Michigan.

United States unions have an aggregate of 1,952,131 members.

Vancouver, British Columbia, is to have a \$400,000 factory for preserving milk.

Georgia is the only state in which children under twelve may legally work in factories.

Heads of colleges in British universities are variously known as wardens, masters, principals, rectors, provosts, presidents, deans and censors.

Andrew Kangstrom, a Swedish graduate student at Cornell, will lead another assault on Mt. McKinley next summer, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.

St. Petersburg has spent nearly a million dollars for a plant which takes the city's water supply from the River Neva and passes it through filters and then through ozonizers, destroying all deleterious organisms.

Pig iron production in Russia in 1912 was the largest on record, being 4,118,000 metric tons, or 593,000 tons greater than in 1911. The steel ingot output for 1912 exceeded that for 1911 by 400,000 tons, being 4,418,000 tons.

Widening and improving the 6½-mile Kaiser Wilhelm canal, connecting the North and Baltic seas, between Bruensbuettel and Kiel, will soon be completed. These improvements will increase enormously the utility of this waterway and have been so planned that in future years, if the draft of steam vessels should continue to increase, the new locks can be still further deepened to accommodate them.

### ALL SORTS

Many a man can't because he believes he can't.

Most married men are happier than they suppose.

Anyway, the idiot has no monopoly on the simple life.

A man doesn't have to be an orator in order to speak well of himself.

## DOLLARS COME HOME TO ROOST

EVERY farmer who makes our town his market place has an interest in this community. The fact that he is a member of the community makes much difference to him when he considers that the prosperity of our town is his own prosperity.

But when he sends his money to the mail order houses HE DOES NOT STOP TO THINK THAT HE IS NOT HELPING TO PAY THE REQUIRED TAXES IN HIS OWN COMMUNITY; not that he does not pay his own legally assessed taxes, but that he is not helping our local merchants to pay the taxes necessary to support the community.

The mail order man has absolutely no interest in the community. He plays the part of a fisherman—strolling about, casting a line here and there, where he thinks the best fishing is to be found, and after pulling out the fish he departs. The mail order man does not contribute to the upkeep of the community. He merely takes away from it.

When a farmer sends his dollars to the mail order house he prevents a certain amount of improvements, say, for instance, in road building, here in our county. The mail order man does not help to build our roads, but the local storekeeper does.

If we keep the dollars at home they will keep on helping us all. Dollars, spent at home, come home to roost. They come back in the upkeep of our town and county institutions. We have none too many dollars at the most in our community and it seems a shame to send any of them away to the mail order houses, where we will never see them again.

The dollars we send away help the mail order man to take a vacation in Europe or at the seashore. THEY HELP HIM TO MAINTAIN HIS AUTOMOBILE AND TO RIDE ON PAVED ROADS.

If we keep these same dollars at home they will help us to have better roads in our own county. Of course, the mail order man pays his taxes in the city, which helps to pave the streets of the city, but we here in our town don't benefit by that. Therefore, the best thing for us to do is keep our money at home, where it will do us some good.

OUR LOCAL MERCHANTS WILL USE THE DOLLARS TO GOOD ADVANTAGE BY HELPING TO PAY THE TAXES HERE—THE TAXES REQUIRED TO BUILD GOOD ROADS. EVERY DOLLAR SPENT IN OUR HOME TOWN MEANS IMPROVEMENTS AT HOME.

The merchants of our town deserve the patronage of the people in our community. They are a part, a very large part, of the community and they pay a major portion of the taxes. The more business they do the more taxes they must pay and the more taxes paid into the county treasury, the more improvements we can have.

Unless we are careful and watch our own interests we will find out to our cost that the ultimate result of the mail order scheme will be the centralization of all of the country business in the large cities and the absolute destruction of the financial interests in the small cities and towns. The only way to prevent this is to stop sending our orders to the mail order houses.

Let the dollars come home to roost. That is the only way, and they will come home to roost if we do not send them too far away. The dollars spent locally will circle around and keep things lively, but if sent away we must get more dollars from outside to take their place. It is not always an easy matter to do this. THE SAFEST THING TO DO IS TO TAKE NO CHANCES, BUT TO SPEND THEM AT HOME WITH THE LOCAL STOREKEEPERS.

If we had any expectation that the mail order man would ever do anything to help our community, things might be different. But there is no chance. He comes to us in the garb of an artful deceiver, with gross misrepresentations, false promises and a record of disappointments. But we welcome the opportunity to again place ourselves on record as being his dupes. There isn't a grain of kindness in his whole makeup. He demands his cash in advance and gives you that which he wishes to send. You have no redress. You have no rights that he is bound to respect.

The mere fact that we are silly enough to send our money away, out of our own community, to a stranger, thereby injuring our own business prospects and jeopardizing our own prosperity, justifies him in believing that he can take the most outrageous liberties with us.

Bread cast on the waters will return, not so with dollars sent to the mail order house. Turkeys will come home to roost, if somebody does not catch them.

BUT DOLLARS WILL COME HOME TO ROOST IF WE KEEP THEM IN CIRCULATION IN OUR HOME TOWN. TRY IT.

### IS WORLD'S LONGEST TUNNEL

That of the Catskill Aqueduct in New York is the Record in Earth's Borings.

The two tunnel headings of the new Catskill aqueduct, which is to give New York its water supply were joined together by boring a short time ago.

That operation opens the longest stretch of continuous tunnel in the world. The clear length from end to end of this portion of the great conduit is 18 miles, or 6 miles longer than the Simplon, the holder of the former record for tunnel length.

As a result of the last blast there is an unobstructed opening for the free flow of water from one end of the Catskill aqueduct to the other, a distance of 110 miles, and the danger of a water famine, such as threatened New York city a few years ago, is now definitely removed. In an emergency Catskill water could be delivered to New York now at very short notice.

Now that the waterway opening is cleared, the work remaining is the completion of the tunnel linings and the installation of the regulating works at the shafts. Thus the aqueduct has developed in a few years from an irregular black line on a sheet of tracing paper to a hundred-mile tube of concrete and steel.

### MAKING BUSINESS.

Things were dull with the Center-ville Palladium. There were sixty business houses in town and only ten of them advertised.

In the next issue of the Palladium appeared the following item:

"A certain business man in town is altogether too fond of the girl who poses as his stenographer. We may have more to say about this later on."

Next day the other fifty business houses sent in advertising copy.

### NEW IDEA SEEMS GOOD ONE

Various Forms of Insurance Might Tend to Lessen the Horrors of the Modern Picnic.

Over in England a new form of insurance has been devised. Persons intending to go on holiday trips may take out policies indemnifying them against loss or damage or disappointment due to rainy, stormy or unpleasant weather. Novel idea, isn't it? In this country no such insurance is yet obtainable—but before long the idea may be imported and improved. There may be a special policy devised, for instance, for picnickers to indemnify them for the pies used as cushions, for the discomforts of anthills as headrests when sprawling on the more or less green-sward and for the consequences of using a chaplet of poison ivy leaves instead of the laurel of renown. Or a policy may be gotten up to insure the holder against the sudden decision of the boss that the holiday must be postponed so that he may himself go to the ball game—or to pay the doctor for attending little Johnny for injuries and pains resulting from raiding the green-apple supply in the farmer's orchard—or the like. And when this form of insurance is general and popularized some of the drawbacks to picnicking and holidaying will be more or less quashed, won't they?

### LOYAL TO THE CAUSE.

Silas—I can never get my watch to run over eight hours.

Hez—What's wrong with it?

Silas—It's union made.

### HOME FIELD.

"So Ethel is now engaged in reform work?"

"Yes; she is teaching her parrot not to swear."



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, AUG. 13, 1914

Now is a pretty good time for you to lay in your winter supply of wood, provided of course, you don't need the money for something else, which you no doubt do.

The European war situation has cast a gloom over the entire world and has caused business stagnation. Unless there is some provision made to move the cotton crop at a fair price, the southern farmer and the people generally are going to suffer.

There is considerable sentiment crystalizing in the state to amend the Terrell election law. The chief reason advanced for its amendment is that it is too cumbersome and some of its provisions are too vague in their meaning.

RIGHT MAN—WRONG WAY.

Query: Was Tom Ball the right man for the pros to put forward, or did they pursue the wrong course to elect him?—Lorena Register.

We are inclined to believe it was both.—GrapeLand Messenger.

The fact is that it was neither. Tom Ball is not a member of the Prohibition Party, but is in every sense a Democrat, and as such should have made the race for governor. He should, like Ferguson, have eliminated the eliminators and announced as a Democratic candidate for governor regardless of whether or not the political preachers wanted him.

The people of Texas will never permit a few men in the Democratic party to dictate who shall or who shall not offer for office.—Huntsville Post-Item.

We believe you are right in that last paragraph, and the result of the recent primary has sounded the death knell of all future "elimination" schemes.

The Huntsville Post-Item announces that it will begin the publication of a daily newspaper, beginning today. We hope the venture will prove successful.

Matt Allison, author of the law which prohibits an agent from bringing whiskey into dry territory, was defeated in his district, composed of McCullough and San Saba counties. Under this law anyone wanting whiskey has to go after it.—Nacogdoches Sentinel.

Who is there to deny that it is not a good law? If a people, by a majority vote, declare they want prohibition why not give it to them in the strictest form? This law actually prohibits, and that may be why there is some

dissatisfaction about it. At any rate, it suits us for it has reduced drunkenness in GrapeLand at least ninety per cent, notwithstanding the fact that we have saloons within twenty-five miles of us.

A MASS MEETING

To the people of Houston County:

We, the undersigned citizens in and adjacent to the town of Lovelady, and qualified voters of same in mass meeting assembled, do hereby adopt the following, to-wit:—

Be it resolved, 1st, That we having known the present County Clerk of this County, O. C. Goodwin, from his infancy, we have absolute confidence in his honor and integrity, and we know him to be a gentleman of the highest type, and cannot believe he is guilty of the acts charged against him in a certain affidavit. We believe he would prefer to protect the name of a woman even under circumstances that would be detrimental to him in so doing rather than say any word or do any act which would reflect upon her. And we hereby place ourselves upon record as being bitterly opposed to any man or set of men, who would for selfish purposes, circulate such charges against Mr. Goodwin or any one in the manner in which the report was circulated.

Resolved 2nd, That we hereby condemn the action of A. S. Moore, who was O. C. Goodwin's opponent, in that he, the said A. S. Moore, did just the night before the election aid, assist and abet in circulating said affidavit among an innocent and unsuspecting public without giving any one interested an opportuni-

The Omelette Souffle

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

THERE is a vast distinction between distribution for the sake of increasing the circulation figures and distribution for the sake of increasing the number of advertising responses.

There is a difference between a circulation which strikes the same reader several times in the same day and the circulation which does not repeat the individual. There is a difference between circulation which is concentrated into an area from which every reader can be expected to come to your establishment, if you can interest him, and a circulation that spreads over half a dozen states and shows its greatest volume in territory so far from your establishment that you can't get a buyer out of ten thousand readers.

You've got to weigh and measure all these things when you weigh and measure circulation figures. It isn't the number of copies printed, but the number of copies sold—not the number of papers distributed, but the number of papers distributed in responsive territory—not the number of readers reached, but the number of readers who have the price to buy what you want to sell—that determine the value of circulation to you.

You can take a single egg and whip it into an omelette souffle which seems to be a whole plateful, but the extra bulk is just hot air and sugar—the change in form has not increased the amount of egg substance and it's the substance in circulation, just as it is the nutrition in the egg, that counts.

(Copyright.)

ty to make a defense.

Committee: Sam H. Sharp, W. F. Rayburn, C. B. Moore, Lang Smith, W. H. Tomme and E. Kennedy.

J. A. Hutchings, E. A. Snell, O. K. Goodrup, W. D. Gimon, J. W. Driskell, F. R. Morgan, L. W. McCall, H. Mainer, R. F. Atkinson, T. J. Tolar, J. P. O'Keefe, C. Goodwin, B. Perry, J. N. Collins, R. B. Mainer, G. L. Murray, W. W. Harris, H. Wakefield, M. W. Dent, J. L. Straughan, Jno. Goodwin, A. H. Young, W. H. Monzingo, L. J. Hartt, B. L. West, A. A. Bussel, W. T. Ham, W. B. Cochran, N. H. Moore, W. F. Dent, J. W. Skipper, B. F. Parker, T. A. Newton, Walter Stevenson, L. R. Tignor, Ed Butler, E. S. Atkinson, W. W. Lundy, Clarence Hartt, R. A. Turner, Christian F. Nissle, W. B. Col-

lins, J. J. Kennedy, T. A. McNeely, R. E. Parker, J. A. Harrelson, T. N. Lewis, B. K. Palmer, J. T. Farn, R. A. Shaw, Jim Arnold, J. D. Baker, John Mead<sup>o</sup> ows, Peter Tridel, B. B. Snell, J. T. Hammond, W. L. Lawson, C. H. Click, W. H. Collins, A. T. Speer. Adv.

FARM FOR SALE

83 acres, 1 1/2 miles north of GrapeLand; 70 acres in cultivation; 5 room house and fairly good improvements; good water; small orchard, both pears and peaches, sufficient for home use; near Woodland Hall school. Going at a bargain. One-third down, balance easy terms. See A. A. Smith or write, B. T. Masters, Lovelady, Texas. Adv.

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2  
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A Simple Proposition

2  
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It is a simple proposition to trade at our store and save money. We are making some extremely attractive prices on late Summer merchandise--goods that are suitable for early fall wear, and if you want to trade where money will buy most in HIGH QUALITY merchandise, come to this store and you will be satisfied. We have no old stock that we are trying to push on the people, but are offering at a great reduction, everyday merchandise in our lines of men's and boys' clothing, men's and women's footwear and dress goods.

We Guarantee our Customers QUALITY, SERVICE and SATISFACTION

Reduced Prices Continued

For a few days we will continue our reduced prices on

- Men's Suits
- Men's Straw Hats
- Boys' Suits
- Men's Low Quarter Shoes
- Women's Low Quarter Shoes.

We are also making some very attractive prices on Embroidered Ratine, Embroidered Crepe and Plain Ratine. If you want to save money on your early fall purchases, take advantage of these prices.

Our Grocery Department

is kept complete at all times, and you can always be sure of getting only fresh, clean groceries if you order them here. We have a big line of canned fruits, meats and vegetables, salad dressing, desserts, peanut butter, pickles, olives and all staple groceries. Phone us your order. We deliver promptly.

Cotton Picking Time

will soon be here, and you will find everything you need at this store. We have a big line of scales, baskets, knee pads, 8 oz. duck and work clothes.

New Arrivals

In the past week or two, we have received some new goods in our gents furnishings and notion departments, and we invite you to look through these departments when convenient.

A big line of men's laundered and soft shirts, assorted patterns, sizes 14 to 18,..... 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

A big shipment of men's and boys linen collars, showing the newest styles in regular and quarter sizes, 2 for..... 25c

A large assortment of new neckwear, with all of the leading styles in bat-wings, bows and four-in-hands..... 25c and 50c

We have anything you need in men's wearing apparel and wish to call your attention to our lines of underwear, belts, suspenders, supporters, etc.

STYLEPLUS are the Clothes that made \$17 Famous

GEO. E. DARSEY

Our Store Closes Every Day at Six O'clock Except on Saturdays



## LOCAL NEWS

Mack Martin has returned home from Henderson.

Porter Fulton of Palestine spent Sunday here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Martin of Route 2 are the happy parents of a fine girl baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Tyler left last Thursday for Nacogdoches county to visit relatives.

Barred Plymouth Rock Roosters for sale. Best strain. Adv. Mrs. C. L. Helton.

Jim Smith of near Crockett was here Saturday shaking hands with his many friends.

Mrs. Dora White and Mrs. R. B. Edens visited at Daly's Sunday.

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. All troubles of any kind of wearing apparel carefully treated. Give him a trial. adv.

Mrs. O. T. Adams of Palestine was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Owen Johnston, several days last week.

Mrs. W. P. Traylor and children have returned home from a three weeks' visit with relatives at Magnolia.

Mrs. Ethel-Lively Calhoun of Crockett is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lively, at Augusta.

Mrs. Jas. Owens was called to Manning last Thursday, by a message announcing the serious illness of her niece, Miss Beatrice Whitescarver.

Charlie Royall, who is enlisted in the U. S. Army, with headquarters at Texas City, is here on a visit to his parents, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Johns.

Hot weather saps the vital energy and makes the hardest workers feel lazy. To maintain strength and energy, use Prickly Ash Bitters. It is the friend of industry. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

**Dr. Sam Kennedy**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Office in Leaverton's Drug Store  
Main Street

Laney Johnston spent Sunday in Palestine.

Miss Alma B. and Master Chenault Anthony of Houston are here on a visit to relatives.

J. E. Hollingsworth went to Crockett Monday to look after some business matters.

Campbell Lively has accepted a position in the Farmers & Merchants State Bank.

If you need shingles buy the best—cypress. A car load on hand. Only \$1.75 per 1000. adv. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

Henry Richards went to Trinity Monday to figure on a contract for a large cotton warehouse.

Pure ribbon cane syrup—guaranteed to be genuine—for only 40c per gallon. Adv. W. R. Wherry.

Mrs. R. H. Lacy and children of Crockett spent Saturday and Sunday here as the guest of relatives.

Mrs. H. A. Matney and children left Saturday for Madisonville to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Ernest Elder of Franklin are here on a visit to Mrs. Elder's sister, Mrs. O. H. Pitts.

We are always wide awake to the new styles in men's clothes. Service is our watchword. adv. Clewis, the tailor.

George Horne of Coleman is here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Horne, who live a few miles north-west of town.

Just received a car load of cypress shingles—the shingles that last. We offer them at only \$1.75 per 1000. Adv. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

Mrs. S. R. Parker and little son, Reagan, and Miss Velma Lee Hale, who spent last week here with relatives, have returned to their homes in Manning and Alto.

We have in stock two cars of tile, 4 to 24 inches, and would be glad to furnish prices either F. O. B. Crockett or F. O. B. Grapeland. Smith Hardware Co., Adv. Crockett, Texas.

## TO THE CITIZENS OF HOUSTON COUNTY

Through this medium I am enabled to thank each and every one of my friends who extended me so many courtesies through the campaign just closed, and to assure all that I greatly appreciate the many favors extended. I also wish to thank my many friends who stayed with me at the polls on the 25th of July and again elected me Tax Assessor of Houston County. It certainly makes one feel good to know that he is living among a people who has confidence in him, and in return for this confidence I promise to again conduct the affairs of this office in such a way as to always be working for the interest of the people and the betterment of the county.

Again thanking you from the bottom of my heart, I am,  
Your faithful friend,  
Adv. JOHN H. ELLIS.

## NEW MANAGER FOR TELEPHONE CO.

Upon the retirement of Mr. W. R. Campbell, T. H. Leaverton was chosen manager of the Farmers Union Telephone Co., of Grapeland. The new manager respectfully requests all those in arrears to see him at an early date.

The Farmers Union Telephone Co., now rendering first-class service, with its many rural lines and complete connection in town, will be pleased to figure with individuals and independent lines for this service. Adv.

## WAR IN EUROPE

To the average American the war in Europe is unintelligible. Who knows what they are fighting about and what ends are hoped of achievement? Certainly no one who thinks will suppose for one moment that the petty quarrel between Austria-Hungary and Serbia is the real cause of the gigantic war operations now under way. Would the murder of any prince or princess, however brutal and revolting its circumstances, in this modern age be a reasonable provocation for precipitating a world conflict?

Just a century ago the powers of Europe had disposed of Napoleon, as they thought, forever, by his banishment to the island of Elba, and a re-arrangement of the map of Europe was begun. The boundaries of the nations concerned were finally established after more than a half-century, but none was satisfied. Since the 70's, for the final conflict they still believed inevitable, England, France, Germany and Russia have jealously vied with each other in increasing their armaments and Austria-Hungary and Italy have not been out of the sinister race of militarism. They have been as so many armed camps, thinly veiling their hostility, and waiting but for the little spark to start a general conflagration. And the match has been struck. The map of Europe will again be altered—will it be as the nations have desired it? Who knows?—Farm & Ranch.

Our friend J. W. Ellis was in to see us a little while Saturday. He and Mrs. Ellis returned Friday from a visit to relatives in Navarro county. They made the trip through the country and Mr. Ellis reports that crops along the route were very spotted.

## 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

DO YOU  
DREAM  
OF  
FORTUNE



You may become rich suddenly, but there is a sure way to acquire a competency that is as positive as the night will bring forth the day. START A BANK ACCOUNT and deposit as much as you can as often as possible.



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, TEXAS

## TO THE LADIES:

We take great pleasure in announcing the arrival of the new Fall and Winter Catalog for ladies' made to measure garments, which contains the very latest modes and fabrics at very reasonable prices. Your kind inspection is requested at our establishment.

Very respectfully yours,  
M. L. CLEWIS, Tailor.

## WHEN YOU NEED MONEY



It is not necessary to put a friend's generosity to the test with a request for a loan, nor is it necessary to mortgage or sell anything if you have MONEY in the BANK. Your bank book will be all the friend you need, and one that will not fail you but may be depended upon. One of our bank books is good to make a start with.

The GUARANTY STATE BANK  
GUARANTY FUND BANK

### Costly Treatment

"I was troubled with constipation and indigestion and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine and treatment," writes C. H. Hines, of Whitlow, Ark. "I went to a St. Louis hospital, also to a hospital in New Orleans, but no cure was effected. On returning home I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets, and worked right along. I used them for some time and am now alright." Sold by all dealers. adv

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

### How The Trouble Starts

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

### Have Them Laundered

Send your Palm Beach Suits to the laundry and have them cleaned and pressed right at a lower price. Basket leaves Wednesday returning Saturday. Adv. Caskey & Denson.

## Grass Grass Grass

Kill out the Grass and  
Give Your Crop a chance

What You Need is a  
**Good Cultivator**

We have a few left which we are closing out at less than actual wholesale cost.

See us before all are gone.

**HERMAN SCHMIDT & COMPANY**  
Successors to Logan Hardware Co. ELKHART, TEXAS.



## WHEN YOU FEEL LAZY

Dull, sleepy and "no account" in the day time, you need

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

### THE WORKERS REMEDY

It is just the thing for clearing out bilious impurities in the stomach and bowels, brightening you up mentally, putting ginger into your movements and making you feel fresh, vigorous and cheerful. One dose does the work. Try it.

Sold by Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

A. S. Porter, Special Agent.

### Keep Your Liver Active During The Summer Months.-Foley Cathartic Tablets for Stagnant Liver and Constipation

It does beat all how quickly Foley Cathartic Tablets live your liver and overcome constipation. Ney Oldham, Wimberly, Texas, says: "Foley Cathartic Tablets are the best laxative I ever used. They take the place of calomel." Wholesome, stirring and cleansing. No griping. A comfort to stout persons. Sold by D. N. Leaverton: Adv.

## WISE AND OTHERWISE

A man who has good friends is never poor.

August is the shortest month in the year. Ask any school kid.

An incompetent hired man always finds fault with the tools he has to work with.

Working the thermometer over time is one occupation for which the weather never becomes too hot.

A New Jersey Judge who sentenced a drunkard to matrimony is awarded the palm over the Seattle magistrate who ordered a prisoner to enlist in the army.

Once in awhile you will hear of a chorus girl who doesn't think she is better than the prima donna.

Sallow complexion comes from bilious impurities in the blood and the fault lies with the liver and bowels—they are torpid. The medicine that gives results in such cases is Herbine. It is a fine liver stimulant and bowel regulator. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

You can't dodge the malarial germ while your liver is torpid. It makes you an easy mark for the disease. Herbine is the best protection. It puts the liver in sound, healthy condition and purifies the stomach and bowels. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Misses Annie Rainey Hollingsworth and Annie Lois Taylor visited friends and relatives at Daly's a few days this week.

Look out for malaria. It is seasonable now. A few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters is a sure preventive. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

## AMBITIOUS SONS AND DAUGHTERS

Let those who know advise you about attending the Tyler Commercial College. Men at the head of the affairs of our state and nation.

Following are extracts from recent letters from some of America's greatest men on the value of a business education:

Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., says: "Since I have been elected Speaker I have had it more thoroughly impressed on me than ever before that a thorough business college training is of exceeding importance."

O. M. Dickinson, former Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.: "Contemporaneously with taking my general education, I took a course in a business college and found it of value to me, not only generally, but in the practice of law."

R. B. Glenn, ex-Governor of North Carolina: "I cheerfully recommend to everyone a practical business education for their children."

Oswald West, ex-Governor of Oregon: "The modern business school plays a large part in fitting young men and women for their entrance into the business world."

T. C. Pickett, Representative from Iowa: "The value—even necessity of a practical education to young people today is obvious that no argument should be required in support of it."

E. F. Noel, ex-governor of Mississippi: "I take pleasure in testifying to the importance of a practical business education, and to the efficiency of a properly conducted business school in imparting such knowledge."

B. F. Haskell, ex-governor of Oklahoma: "I consider a practical business education of the greatest importance."

John W. Kern, United States Senator: "Everybody ought by this time to understand that business men and business women need business education on the same principle that a doctor must have a medical education."

Joseph M. Carey, Governor of Wyoming: "Too much cannot be said in behalf of a good commercial education. I do not believe that such an education can be too highly commended."

Shouldn't the above evidence settle the question with you as to what kind of an education is needed? Write for catalogue of America's largest commercial school, the one giving the most extensive course of study, the one placing every graduate of bookkeeping and shorthand or telegraphy in a good position promptly after their course is finished, the one that has more than 2000 enrollments annually from over half the states of the Union, the school with a National reputation, the Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas. Adv.

### Remarkable Cure of Dysentery

"I was attacked with dysentery about July 15th, and used the doctor's medicine and other remedies with no relief, only getting worse all the time. I was unable to do anything and my weight dropped from 145 to 125 pounds. I suffered for about two months when I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I used two bottles of it and it gave me permanent relief," writes B. W. Hill of Snow Hill, N. C. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

# Printing

of the  
**Quality**  
**Kind**

LET US KNOW YOUR PRINTING WANTS

WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A SATISFACTORY MANNER AND QUICKLY

The Messenger

### CHILDREN CRY

Frequently and for no apparent reason when they have worms.

**WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE**  
Is the remedy needed.

It destroys and removes worms, strengthens the stomach and restores healthy conditions. A few doses brings back rosy cheeks, vigor and cheerfulness.

Price 25c per Bottle.

Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

## 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

Full Advertising Value For Every Advertiser's Dollar

Breeders of fine horses prefer Ballard's Snow Liniment for all cuts, wounds or sores on their stock, because it acts both mildly and quickly and heals an ordinary wound without a scar. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

## Are You a Woman?

# Take Cardui

## The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

## 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.

## My Mamma Says - It's Safe for Children

CONTAINS NO OPIATES



# FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

For Coughs and Colds

Sold by D N Leaverton

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Stiff Neck, Neuralgia and Lame Back are painful ailments and it is desirable to get rid of them quickly. For prompt and sure relief, rub in

## Ballard's Snow Liniment

It is a Wonderful Pain Cure and Healing Remedy.

It penetrates the flesh to the bone, warms the joints, relaxes the muscles, eases the pain and restores strength and comfort. For healing cuts, wounds, burns, sores and abrasions of the flesh it is very effective.

As a household remedy, for the accidents and ailments that are always occurring in the family, it has no superior. It should be kept on hand so that it can be used promptly. It begins the mending process as soon as it is applied and in all minor injuries it not only cures quickly, but heals without a scar.

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

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



Nursing from this bottle is next best to mother's nursing. Even baby knows it.

The broad, yielding, rubber Hygeia Breast has the same contour as a mother's breast. A hidden shield beneath the nipple makes it non-collapsible and prevents infant's taking too much of breast into its mouth.

You can get right down into this wide-mouthed bottle with cloth and fingers. It's more sanitary, more natural, more modern than the old-fashioned small-neck bottle.

# Hygeia

NURSING BOTTLE

Physicians, nurses and thousands of mothers recommend the Hygeia Nursing Bottle. Baby takes to it naturally and weans easily on it.

D. N. Leaverton

GOOD ADVERTISING IS NEVER AN EXPENSE. IT ALWAYS MORE THAN PAYS FOR ITSELF.

THE MESSENGER.



## You Need a Tonic

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

You can't make a mistake in taking

# CARDUI

## The Woman's Tonic

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

**Has Helped Thousands.**

## A DRINK MUST BE MIXED RIGHT TO TASTE GOOD

and if you want a drink that is correctly mixed and quality to it, get it at our fountain.

**WE SERVE the BEST**

Bring us your drug list and prescriptions to us and get them filled. We guarantee satisfaction.

## Porter's Drug Store



*Everybody*

Drinks

# Coca-Cola

—it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness.

*It will satisfy you.*

Demand the genuine by full name—  
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.



Send us your Subscription Today

## Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

"Once upon a time" there was a woman who rebelled at her grocer "substituting" every time she sent for a standard article. When she read of a firm in a distant city that wanted agents "that no one would know were agents" for the express purpose of forming community clubs in saving by co-operative buying, she was just in the mood to consider the plan. It sounded alluring, for the convincing ad assured Mrs. Wisewoman that by buying not only the necessities of life such as flour and shoes, as well as the luxuries of furniture and carpets, she could save forty per cent. She got busy with pencil and paper and in a few moments had it all figured out that she could save at least one hundred dollars a year if she availed herself of the club plan of buying enough to half pay for a self-player or a trip to Europe!

It never occurred to Mrs. Wisewoman to have any compunctions about sending away for goods as her own tradespeople had not been giving her what she considered a "square deal." She and her friends, too, felt that it would serve the grocers and merchants "just right." So they made up their lists, ordering everything they required for the time being for themselves and their families, from soap and canned goods to underwear and hose. The order went forward with a generous check toward which they had all "chipped in."

In due time the club organizer received by express COLLECT, a box about the size of an upright piano. This little incident, however, was lost sight of for the moment in the excitement of opening and unpacking the box. But alas! Instead of the goods to which they had been accustomed, the "just as good" soaps were of the cheapest scented grades; the canned

goods were prepared from over-ripe fruits and vegetables; even the coveted petticoats and hose were impossible in texture and quality. When they added the cost of expressage, an item of six dollars or so, to their original check, they found they had paid about twenty per cent more for their out-of-town purchases than they would have for standard advertised goods bought at home. In taking account of stock they found that there was not a single standard article included in the list; in fact, all the goods were inferior and bore the name of the mail order merchant, and not that of the manufacturer.

They were the sorriest lot of women in town,—both sadder and wiser. But they profited by their experience and organized a Housewife's League. They now endeavor to co-operate with their local merchants. To them "price cutting" and "bargain sales" are fallacies. Their dearly bought lesson was, therefore not in vain, for they now insist on both their grocers and merchants keeping standard goods, so they may send a child or servant to make a purchase, if necessary, without fear of overcharge, or that the quality will be different from what they expect. In other words, they are educated to the degree that they know standard goods are of the same dependable, unvarying quality the world over, and that they have a standard price.

As women are attributed with spending about ninety per cent of the family income, it behooves the merchant, the grocer and the candlestick maker to cater to them and give them what they want—STANDARD ADVERTISED GOODS. Otherwise, they will send their orders to out-of-town firms, many times to their detriment as well as to that of the tradespeople.

### SICKENED BY CALOMEL

If you ever saw anyone made sick by calomel you won't want any more calomel yourself. There's no real reason why a person should take calomel anyway, when fifty cents will buy a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone—a good remedy that perfectly and safely takes the place of dangerous calomel, which is only another form of deadly and poisonous mercury.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting vegetable liquid which will start the liver just as surely as calomel, and which has absolutely no bad after-effects.

Children and grown people can take Dodson's Liver Tone without any restriction of habit or diet. A. S. Porter sells it and guarantees it to take the place of calomel, and will refund your

money at once if it fails in your case. Adv.

### THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday 10—Shower of shooting stars, 1862.

Tuesday 11—Clermont's first trip up the Hudson, 1807.

Wednesday 12—Hawaii annexed to the United States, 1898.

Thursday 13—Cunningham claims a fraud, 1912.

Friday 14—First book printed with date, 1457.

Saturday 15—Brass made, 1533.

Sunday 16—Battle of Bennington, 1777.

Mrs. Geo. E. Darsey and children returned Friday night from Galveston, where they spent two weeks enjoying the sights in the Island City.

## Are You Going to St. Louis or Chicago



"The Only Best Way"

Offers Through Daily Pullman Standard Electric-Lighted, Fan Cooled, Sleeping Car Service.

ROUND TRIP SUMMER TOURIST TICKETS ON SALE DAILY

D. J. PRICE,  
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,  
Houston, Texas.

J. O. EDINGTON,  
Ticket Agent,  
Grapeland, Texas.

## Democratic Nominees

For District Attorney, Third Judicial District:

J J Bishop  
of Henderson County

For County Clerk:  
A S Moore

For Sheriff:  
R J (Bob) Spence

For Tax Collector:  
Geo H Denny

For District Clerk:  
Jno D Morgan

For County Attorney:  
B F Dent

For County Treasurer:  
Ney Sheridan

For County Judge:  
E Winfree

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:  
John Snell

For Tax Assessor:  
John H Ellis

For Representative:  
J R Hairston

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 1—  
Eugene Holcomb

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—  
G R Murchison

For Justice of Peace, Prec't. 5:  
Jno A Davis

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

For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2:  
Clyde Story

For Constable Precinct No. 2:  
J L Scarbrough



**PHONE US YOUR  
ORDER FOR**

**Beef, Hams, Bacon  
Sausage**

**WE DELIVER PROMPTLY**

We are here to Serve you.  
Your Business Appreciated

**City Meat Market**  
Farmers Union Phone

Bites of poisonous insects that cause the flesh to swell up, must be treated with a healing antiseptic that will counteract the poison and heal the wound. Ballard's Snow Liniment answers every requirement in such cases. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

W. T. Greene, Hopkinton, N. H., writes the following letter, which will interest everyone who has kidney trouble. "For over a year, Mrs. Greene had been afflicted with a very stubborn kidney trouble, Foley Kidney Pills done more to complete her recovery than any medicine she has taken and I feel it my duty to recommend them." Sold by D N Leaverton. Adv.



# The Country Newspaper

By Ernest C. Foster—Who Owns One

Ernest C. Foster, who has played the newspaper game in all its phases—from devil in a country shop to responsible positions on large city papers, and who is now editor for a newspaper syndicate to which The Messenger belongs, has given us a couple of special articles on country and metropolitan papers. Following is his article on the "Country Paper:"

All that is required to run a country newspaper is some kind of a printing press, a little type and a lot of credit. With this equipment, it is almost as easy to run a country paper as it is to carry away a song book that belong to the church. When any one thinks he has the ability to extract a living from one of these obstinate promises all he needs do is open an office and the citizens with whom he has cast his lot will gladly tell him how best to conduct his business. If he listens, apparently interested to all of them, heeds none, eats little and wears less, he may succeed.

A country newspaper develops a wonderfully discerning mind for its publisher. He soon learns to tell just what his callers want the minute they step into the office. A station agent may merely stick his head into a country newspaper office, say hello, and the publisher at once knows he has a shipment of paper at the depot and a bill of lading at the bank. If a minister calls, the country publisher

knows preaching services are to be held as usual next Sunday, and that it will be alright for him to mention them in his paper. A woman visitor to the country newspaper office means a social is to be given soon, and that the publisher is to have the honor of making the first donation in the form of an advertisement in the paper and two dollar's worth of hand-bills. Bankers, too, take up a great deal of the publisher's time in explaining sight drafts in which he is not all interested. Two things the country publisher has never been able to figure out is just what other people do with all the money he pays them and if the "devil" is going to be capable of taking care of all the people headed his way.

The country paper is made the target for a great deal of railery from its readers, but the publisher always knows that the fellow who ridicules it most is the one farthest in arrears with his subscription account and who creates the greatest furore if he misses a copy. Sometimes a country publisher determines to make his paper interesting, even though it be uncongenial. But such a change of policy nearly always deprives the town of a paper. The widow is forced to sell the office to pay her husband's funeral expenses and the new proprietor seeks a more lucrative field.

Mr. Foster's article on "The Metropolitan Paper" will appear next week.

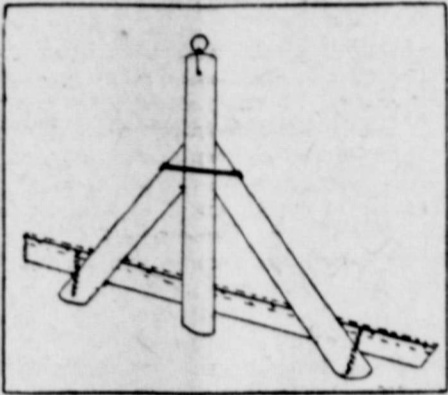


## GOOD ROADS

### OPERATION OF ROAD GRADER

Harrow and Packer Can Be Used to Advantage at Finish to Properly Compact the Soil.

When the time comes to grade the road, put a plow team at work the day before, and go down as deep as you can, turning over the breaking of the previous year. Some folks think that the grader was made to plow with, but I never could figure it that way, writes S. R. Crawley in Farm Stock and Farm. Then start moving the earth over the center of the grade. Set the grader blade at a reasonably sharp slant, and begin on the inside of the plowing. Carry your first load well up the center of the new grade from either side before you bite into



Good Road Presser.

any more. Then take another load and move it in after the same fashion, and so on until you have come to the outside of the new ditch. In the meantime have one man along with a crowbar to dig stone and a plow team to turn loose on the ditches as soon as the first plowing has been carried out. In other words, don't try to plow with the grader. Not until you have raised the grade to what you want it, and are clearing out the ditches. Then scrape them down to a smooth surface, and carry the scrapings in. Meanwhile a harrow and a packer can be used to good advantage on the grade compacting the soil.

And after the whole job is completed, and you have a well-rounded roadway built, drive back and forth with a wagon until you have made a path that others will follow.

### TREES ALONG COUNTRY ROADS

Not Only Useful as Shade to Stock in Fields, but Add Greatly to Beauty of Thoroughfares.

At a recent farmers' institute meeting the planting of trees along the country roads was advocated. It is a plan worthy of consideration everywhere. Trees beside country highways are not of less value and importance than along the streets of a city. They are not only useful as shade to the stock in the fields and to those who travel along the roads, but they add greatly to the beauty of the thoroughfares and are a distinct asset to the farmers by increasing the attractiveness of their land, says an Illinois writer in Farmer's Review.

The theory of the speaker was that the trees should be planted inside of the road boundaries and not on the farm land, and that the planting should be done as a part of the road improvement at public expense or by local organizations out of a common fund. The work would have to be done with system, of course, and provision made for the care of the trees once they were planted, but this system could easily be worked out. Objection might be raised in some quarters that shaded roads would not dry out easily after rains and would, therefore, be muddy at inconvenient times, but the proper training and trimming of the trees would remedy this difficulty.

Every one, even the farmer without a shade tree on his premises, admits the attraction of a shaded road on a hot summer day. Every traveler on such a day greets a bit of woods or an overhanging orchard as an oasis in a desert land and wishes that it stretches on for miles. The occasional land owner who has lined his side of the road with shade trees—or even with fruit trees—is regarded by the traveler as a good Samaritan and blessings go out to him. The time will come, perhaps, when trees along the country roads are desirable and essential and their absence will show lack of proper enterprise in the community.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET



AS THE purest gold needs a little alloy to harden it and make it practical for use, so the person with the most brilliant mind needs common sense in order to succeed.

### DISHES FOR A DAY.

A nice little cake to serve at a tea or luncheon or as a dessert with fruit is the following:

**Peanut Macaroons.**—Beat the white of one egg until stiff, then add gradually, while beating constantly, a fourth of a cupful of granulated sugar and a few grains of salt; then add five tablespoonfuls of finely chopped peanuts and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Drop on buttered sheet. Garnish with halves of peanuts.

**Grape Juice Cream.**—Put two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in two cupfuls of grape juice and heat in a double boiler until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain into a bowl in a saucepanful of ice water, and when the mixture begins to thicken fold in the whites of four eggs beaten until stiff. Half fill individual molds and to the remainder add three-fourths of a cup of heavy cream beaten stiff. Fill the molds with this mixture and chill. Garnish with whipped cream.

**Strawberry Fluff.**—Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff. Also beat one cupful of thick sweet cream until stiff. Fold the two together with half a cupful of mashed strawberries and half a cupful of sugar. Serve in sherbet glasses.

**Easy Chocolate Cake.**—Mix one egg yolk, one-half a cupful of milk, one square of chocolate and a fourth of a cupful of shortening, cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Add a half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cold milk and one and a half cupful of flour, add a teaspoonful of soda to the flour. Bake in two layers and put together with boiled icing. Sweet skimmed milk may be used and in that case add a little soda and one teaspoonful baking powder.

**Plum Chateaux.**—Cook one pint of stewed plums in their own juice, and add a third of a pint of sugar if the plums are unsweetened. Press through a sieve and add two teaspoonfuls of gelatine that has been dissolved in a half cupful of boiling water; when well mixed fold in a half cupful of whipped cream and turn into a mold.

A pretty green salad to serve for a green luncheon is this: Season canned string beans with mayonnaise and pile in a narrow ring cut from green peppers on a pretty plate.

Nellie Maxwell.

### TWO BALES SAME DAY

Grapeland received the first two bales of cotton of the 1914 crop on the same day—Monday. Smith Dailey of Daly's got here with the first bale about thirty minutes ahead of Mrs. Etta Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell brought in the first bale last year. Spence Bros. ginned both bales, Mr. Dailey's weighing 538 pounds, and Mrs. Mitchell's 483. They were weighed on Davis' platform. On account of the slump in the cotton market, or rather for the lack of a market, no attempt was made to sell the cotton.

### NOTE THIS CORRECTION

Those of our subscribers who preserved the election table published last week will make this correction: Take a pen and ink and mark O. C. Goodwin's total vote 1242, instead of 1512. The error was made in setting up the totals.

### No Advance in Price of Beef

We advertised that on August 1 we would advance the price of beef, but after giving the matter due consideration we have decided to maintain the old prices.

City Meat Market,  
J. B. Lively, Prop.

### GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT GALVESTON BY U. S. TROOPS, AUGUST 12-16. POPULAREX. CURSION VIA I & G N RY.

Tickets on sale Sat., Aug. 15, and for trains arriving Galveston Sunday morning; limit Monday, Aug. 17. For particulars see I. & G. N. Ticket Agent. Adv.

Prof. R. L. Jackson has arrived in Grapeland from Austin, and is making preparations for the opening of school early in September. A joint meeting of the school board and faculty was held Monday afternoon to discuss matters pertaining to the school. Everything points to a very successful term.

### Lost, Strayed or Stolen?

An ad in the Messenger will answer the question.

## How Alexander Untied the Knot

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

ALEXANDER the Great was being shown the Gordian Knot. "It can't be untied," they told him; "every man who tried to do so failed."

But Alexander was not discouraged because the rest had flunked. He simply realized that he would have to go at it in a different way. And instead of wasting time with his fingers, he drew his sword and slashed it apart.

Every day a great business general is shown some knot which has proved too much for his competitors, and he succeeds, because he finds a way to cut it. The fumbler has no show so long as there is a brother merchant who doesn't waste time trying to accomplish the impossible—who takes lessons from the failures about him and avoids the methods which were their downfall.

The knottiest problems in trade are:

- 1—The problem of location.
- 2—The problem of getting the crowds.
- 3—The problem of keeping the crowds.
- 4—The problem of minimizing fixed expenses.
- 5—The problem of creating a valuable good will.

None of these knots is going to be untied by fumbling fingers. They are too complicated. They're all inextricably involved—so twisted and entangled that they can't be solved singly—like the Gordian knot they must be cut through at one stroke. And you can't cut the knot with anything but advertising—because:

- 1—A store that is constantly before the people makes its own neighborhood.
- 2—Crowds can be brought from anywhere by persistent advertising.
- 3—Customers can always be held by inducements.
- 4—Fixed expenses can only be reduced by increasing the volume of sales.
- 5—Good will can only be created through publicity.

Advertising is breeding new giants every year and making them more powerful every hour. Publicity is the sustaining food of a powerful store and the only strengthening nourishment for a weak one. The retailer who delays his entry into advertising must pay the penalty of his procrastination by facing more giant competitors as each month of opportunity slips by.

Personal ability as a close purchaser and as a clever seller, doesn't count for a hang, so long as other men are equally well posted and wear the sword of publicity to boot. They are able to tie your business into constantly closer knots, while you cannot retaliate, because there is no knot which their advertising cannot cut for them.

Yesterday you lost a customer—today they took one—tomorrow they'll get another. You cannot cope with their competition because you haven't the weapon with which to oppose it. You can't untie your Gordian knot because it can't be untied—you've got to cut it.

You must become an advertiser or you must pay the penalty of incompetence.

(Copyright.)

Patronize The Messenger's Advertisers



WE DO IT RIGHT

## Cleaning and Pressing

THE SANITARY WAY—THE HOFFMAN WAY

It is a Hobby with us to Clean and Press

### PALM BEACH SUITS

It's really exasperating to find that when you get ready to go some where your clothes are all mussed up. Avoid this unpleasant experience by having your clothes prepared in advance.

M. L. CLEWIS