

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 17 No. 26

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

They Must Go!

Our Summer Goods Must Go to Make Room for FALL GOODS

Due to Arrive Soon

and for this reason will say **THEY MUST GO.** Our prices are saving many people money who are taking advantage of them. Bring this paper with you and ask to see the particular items advertised!

All summer dress goods that sold for 50c, must go----- **25c**

All summer dress goods that sold for 35c, must go----- **17 1/2c**

All summer dress goods that sold for 15c and 20c, must go **10c**

All summer dress goods that sold for 10 and 12 1/2c----- **7 1/2c**

Embroidery all widths, regular price, 10 and 15c, goes at-- **7c**

Misses Middie blouse, ages 10 to 12 years, that sold for 50c, they must go----- **25c**

Men's low shoes, R. P. Hazard's, that sold for \$3.50, they must go----- **\$2.25**

Boys' oxfords that sold for \$2.25, sizes 5 1-2 only----- **\$1.50**

We have too many items to list, and urge you to call and allow us to show you the many items offered.

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

HAPPENINGS AT ANTRIM

Aug. 30.—Seeing the editor is wondering if the war had scared us off, thought we would at least report safe and sound once more, but like Job of old, we have only "escaped by the skin of our teeth," and we are forced to wait and see what will be the final outcome. It seems incredible when one thinks about it that people in this so-called enlightened and Christian age will rise in arms and go forth to kill each other by the tens of thousands. Yet this is the condition of affairs in the East today. But what are the people of this country doing? Are they not selling to those warring nations such things as they need in that they may carry on this bloody warfare, and at the same time there are thousands of poor people in this country who are almost on starvation? What will be the result of such as this? The papers state that a million bushels of wheat is being exported out of this country daily and people in Houston county who are not able to get flour because there is no money to buy his cotton or pay him for labor. It seems to us we should stop long enough to get our bearings and see what we are doing. There is an overwhelming wheat crop raised you say, but will that do the South any good unless they can buy it? There is a big cotton crop raised, but unless we can sell it we are not benefitted thereby. Charity is love, so we are taught, and should begin at home and we are sure that this government could, with the co-operation of the several states, form a fair plan that would take care of the cotton farmers until conditions will automatically adjust themselves.

There have been plenty of religious meetings here and other places that we have been to this summer, and summing the whole

up in a few words, we have seen very little old style religion manifested. The trouble now seems to be that there are so many different things taught for Bible doctrines that people are getting afraid of them all. Very few conversions in any of the churches of any denomination. Formality is the horse that is being rode to death, while others are building a pontoon bridge over hell. We believe God is entirely able to take care of the situation, but there is going to be a reckoning by and by.

Potatoes are looking fine and 'possums will soon be fat, so we will still have a few good things yet.

Antrimite.

MRS. BROWNING DEAD

Mrs. L. Q. Browning died at her home in East Grapeland last Friday morning. She had been in very ill health for a period covering over a year, and while her death was a shock to her many friends, yet it was not unexpected. Her remains were laid to rest in the city cemetery Friday evening at five o'clock, Rev. H. A. Matney conducting the services.

Mrs. Browning was a native of South Carolina, and after coming to Texas was married to L. Q. Browning in March 1902. She is survived by her husband, three step-children and one brother, Mack Garrison, who resides at Salmon. The Messenger joins friends in extending the family deep sympathy in their hour of affliction.

LAUNDRY IS CASH.

From now on all laundry will be cash on delivery. We regret that circumstances have caused us to make this rule, but we cannot avoid it and ask that our customers please be prepared to pay for their laundry when they come after it.

adv. Caskey & Denson.

To Our Patrons:

Present conditions demand that we establish our business on a **STRICT CASH BASIS.** After September 1st we shall have only cash sales. **PLEASE DO NOT ASK US TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION OF YOU,** for we have hundreds of good customers who would and should expect the same treatment.

Only telephone and mail orders will be filled on any time, and these you are expected to pay for promptly on coming to town.

Our capital being limited, we are unable to offer you a stock with an unlimited credit.

Obligations which we must meet force us to ask you owing us to settle your accounts as early as possible.

Yours truly,

D. N. Leaverton

"Our Daily Bread Flour"

EXTRA FANCY HIGH PATENT

Fresh Car Just Unloaded

WIRE GRASS SYRUP—Guaranteed 100 per cent pure.

Plenty of OATS, CHOPS, BRAN and SHORTS.

SPECIAL PRICES

To help along during the quiet times, we are making special prices on FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE, LARD and all STAPLE GROCERIES.

WANTED TO BUY

We are in the market for SWEET POTATOES, PUMPKINS, and KERSHAW'S

Highest Market Price for Eggs

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

BLUE RIBBON

FLOUR

We have just unloaded a fresh car of Blue Ribbon Flour. Let us send you a sack; also include a can of

Sunset Coffee

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

BOTH PHONES

FREE DELIVERY

To Our Patrons and Friends:

Our business is now in such condition that we cannot extend any more credits after the first of September.

We regret that we are not able to accommodate your further along this line, but feel sure that you realize that our capital is limited and that as you have been doing business with us on a credit basis, so have we been doing with other people. We can not pay the ones whom we owe until those who owe us, pay us.

In a few days we shall mail a statement of account to each and every one of our customers and earnestly request that you settle just as soon as possible.

We appreciate the patronage with which you have favored us, and hope for a continuance of same.

Respectfully

A. S. PORTER

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 XIX.

It was June and the windstorms which had swept in from the south-east died away. No more, as in the months that had passed, did the dust-pillar rise from the dump of the Fortuna mill and go swirling up the canyon.

A great calm and heat settled over the harassed land, and above the fat

blue wall of the Sierras the first thunder cape of the rainy season rose up till they obscured the sky. Then, with a rush of conflicting winds, a leaden silence, and a crash of flickering light, the storm burst in tropic fury and was gone as quickly as it had come.

So, while the rich landowners of the hot country sat idle and watched it grow, another storm gathered behind the distant Sierras; and, as empty rumors lulled them to a false security, suddenly from the north came the news of dashing raids, of railroads cut, troops routed, and the whole border occupied by swarming rebels.

In a day the southern country was isolated and cut off from escape and, while the borders of Chihuahua insurgents laid siege to Agua Negra, the belated Spanish hacendados came scuttling once more to Fortuna. There, at least, was an American town where the courage of the Anglo-Saxon would protect their women in extremity. And, if worst came to worst, it was better to pay ransom to red-flag generals than to fall victims to bandits and looters.

As the bass roar of the great whistle reverberated over the hills Bud Hooker left his lonely camp almost gladly, and with his hard-won gold-dust safe beneath his belt, went galloping into town.

Not for three weeks—not since he received the wire from Phil and located the Eagle Tail mine—had he dared to leave his claim. Rurales, outlaws and Mexican patriots had dropped in from day to day and eaten up most of his food, but none of them had caught him napping, and he had no intention that they should.

A conspiracy had sprung up to get rid of him, to harry him out of the country, and behind it was Aragon. But now, with the big whistle blowing, Aragon would have other concerns.

He had his wife and daughter, the beautiful Gracia, to hurry to the town, and perhaps the thought of being caught and held for ransom would deter him from stealing mines. So reasoned Bud, and, dragging a reluctant pack-animal behind him, he came riding in for supplies.

At the store he bought flour and coffee and the other things which he needed most. As he was passing by the hotel Don Juan de Dios halted him for a moment, rushing out and thrusting a bundle of letters into his hands and hurrying back into the house, as if fearful of being detected in such an act of friendship.

Long before he had lost his partner Bud had decided that Don Juan was a trimmer, a man who tried to be all things to all people—as a good hotel-keeper should—but now he altered his opinion a little, for the letters were from Phil. He read them over in the crowded plaza, into which the first refugees were just beginning to pour, and frowned as he skimmed through the last.

Of Gracia and vain protestations of devotion there was enough and to spare, but nothing about the mine. Only in the first one, written on the very day he had deserted, did he so much as attempt an excuse for so precipitately abandoning their claim and his Mexican citizenship. Phil wrote:

My mail was being sent through headquarters and looked over by Del Rey, so I knew I would never receive the papers, even if they came. I hope you don't feel hard about it, partner. Kruger says to come out right away. I would have stayed with it, but it wasn't any use. And now, Bud, I want to ask you something. When you come out, bring Gracia with you. Don't leave her at the mercy of Del Rey. I would come myself if it wasn't sure death. Be quick about it, Bud; I count on you.

The other letters were all like that, but nothing about the mine. And yet it was the mine that Bud was fighting for—that they had fought for from the first. The railroad was torn up now, and a fight with Gracia was hopeless, but it was just as well, for he never would abandon the Eagle Tail.

In two months, or three, when the rebels were whipped off, his papers might come. Then he could pay his

taxes and transfer his title and consider the stealing of Gracia. But since he had seen her and touched her hand something held him back—a grudging reluctance—and he was glad that his duty lay elsewhere. If she was his girl now he would come down and get her anyway.

But she was not his girl and, gazing back grimly at the seething plaza and the hotel that hid her from sight, he rode somberly down the road. After all, there was nothing to get excited about—every revoltoso in the country was lined up around Agua Negra and with four hundred soldiers to oppose them and artillery to shell their advance, it would be many a long day before they took that town.

Twice already Agua Negra had fallen before such attacks, but now it was protected by rifle-pits and machine guns set high on mud roofs. And then there were the Yaquis, still faithful to Madero. They alone could hold the town, if they made up their minds to fight. So reasoned Hooker, mulling over the news that he had heard. But he watched the ridges warily, for the weather was good for raiders.

A day passed, and then another, and the big whistle blew only for the shifts; the loneliness of the hills oppressed him as he gazed out at the quivering heat. And then, like a toad after a shower, Amigo came paddling into camp on the heels of a thunder storm, his sandals hung on his hip and his big feet squelching through the mud.

Across his shoulders he wore a gay serape, woven by some patient woman of his tribe; and in the belt beside Bud's pistol he carried a heavy knife blacksmithed from a ten-inch file by some Yaqui hillman. All in all, he was a fine barbarian, but he looked good to the lonely Bud.

"Ola, Amigo!" he hailed, stepping out from the adobe house where he had moved to avoid the rains; and Amigo answered with his honest smile which carried no hint of savagery or deceit.

Try as he would, Bud could not bring himself to think of his Yaqui as dangerous; and even when he balanced the Indian's murderous bow-knife in his hands he regarded it with a grin. It was a heavy weapon, broad across the back, keen on one edge, and drawn to a point that was both sharp and strong. The haft was wrapped with rawhide to hold the clutch of the hand.

"What do you do with this?" queried Hooker. "Chop wood? Skin deer?"

"Yes, chop wood!" answered Amigo, but he replaced it carefully in his belt.

He looked the adobe house over thoughtfully, listened long to the news of the border and of the rurales' raid on their camp, and retired to the rocks for the night. Even Bud never knew where he slept—somewhere up on the hillside—in caves or clefts in the rocks—and not even the most pressing invitation could make him share the house for a night. To Amigo, as to an animal, a house was a trap; and he knew that the times were treacherous.

So indeed they were, as Hooker was to learn to his sorrow, and but for the Yaqui and his murderous knife he might easily have learned it too late.

It was evening, after a rainless day, and Bud was cooking by the open fire, when suddenly Amigo vanished and four men rode in from above. They were armed with rifles, as befitting the times, but gave no signs of ruffianly bravado, and after a few words Bud invited them to get down and eat.

"Muchas gracias, señor," said the leader, dismounting and laying his rifle against a log. "We are not hungry."

"Then have some coffee," invited Hooker, who made it a point to feed every one who stopped, regardless of their merit; and once more the Mexican declined. At this Bud looked at him sharply, for his refusal did not augur well, and it struck him the man's face was familiar. He was tall for a Mexican and heavily built, but with a rather sinister cast of countenance.

"Where have I seen you before?" asked Bud, after trying in vain to place him. "In Fortuna?"

"No, señor," answered the Mexican politely. "I have never been in that city. Is it far?"

"Ten miles by the trail," responded Hooker, by no means reassured, and under pretext of inviting them to eat, he took a look at the other men. If they had not stopped to eat, what then was their errand while the sun

was sinking so low? And why this sullen refusal of the coffee which every Mexican drinks?

Bud stepped into the house, as if on some errand, and watched them un- seen from the interior. Seeing them exchange glances then, he leaned his rifle just inside the door and went about his cooking.

It was one of the chances he took living out in the brush, but he had come to know this low-browed type of semi-bandit all too well and had small respect for their courage. In case of trouble Amigo was close by in the rocks somewhere, probably with his gun in his hand—but with a little patience and circumspection the unwelcome visitors would doubtless move on.

So he thought, but instead they lingered, and when supper was cooked he decided to go to a show-down—and if they again refused to eat he would send them on their way.

"Ven amigos," he said, spreading out the tin plates for them. "Come and eat!"

The three low-brows glared at their leader, who had done what little talk there was so far, and, seized with a sudden animation, he immediately rose to his feet.

"Many thanks, señor," he said with a cringing and specious politeness. "We have come far and the trail is long, so we will eat. The times are hard for poor men now—this traitor Madero, has made us all hungry. It is by him that we poor working men are driven to insurrection—but we know that the Americans are our friends. Yes, señor, I will take some of your beans, and thank you."

He filled a plate as he spoke and lifted a biscuit from the oven, continuing with his false patter while the others fell to in silence.

"Perhaps you have heard, señor," he went on, "the saying which is in the land: Mucho trabajo, poco dinero; no hay frijoles, viva Madero! [Much work, little money; no beans, long live Madero!]"

"That, in truth, is no jest to the Mexican people. This man has betrayed us all; he has ruined the country and set brother against brother. And now, while we starve because the mines are shut down, he gathers his family about him in the city and lives fat on the money he has stolen."

He ran on in this style, after the fashion of the revoltosos, and by the very commonplace of his fulminations Bud was thrown completely off his guard. That was the way they all talked, these worthless bandit-beggars—that and telling how they loved the Americans—and then, if they got a chance, they would stick a knife in your back.

He listened to the big man with a polite toleration, being careful not to turn his back, and ate a few bites as he waited, but though it was coming dusk the Mexicans were in no hurry to depart. Perhaps they hoped to stop for the night and get him in his sleep. Still they lingered on, the leader sitting on a log and continuing his harangue.

Then, in the middle of a sentence, and while Bud was bending over the fire, the Mexican stopped short and leaned to one side. A tense silence fell, and Hooker was waked from his trance by the warning click of a gun-lock. Suddenly his mind came back to his guests, and he ducked like a flash, but even as he went down he heard the hammer clack!

The gun had snapped! Instantly Hooker's hand leaped to his pistol and he fired from the hip pointblank at the would-be murderer. With a yell to the others, one of the Mexicans sprang on him from behind and tried to bear him down. They struggled for a moment while Bud shot blindly with his pistol and went down fighting.

Bud was a giant compared to the stunted Mexicans, and he threw them about like dogs that hang on to a bear. With a man in each hand he rose to his feet, crushing them down beneath him; then, in despair of shaking off his rider, he staggered a few steps and hurled himself over backward into the fire.

A yell of agony followed their fall and, as the live coals bit through the Mexican's thin shirt, he fought like a cat to get free. Rocks, pots and kettles were kicked in every direction, and when Hooker leaped to his feet the Mexican scrambled up and rushed madly for the creek.

But, though Bud was free, the battle had turned against him, for in the

brief interval of his fight the other two Mexicans had run for their guns. The instant he rose they covered him. Their chief, who by some miracle had escaped Bud's shot, gave a shout for them to halt. Cheated of his victim at the first he was claiming the right to kill.

As Hooker stood blinded by the smoke and ashes the fellow took deliberate aim—and once more his rifle snapped. Then, as the other Mexicans stood agape, surprised at the failure of the shot, the cannonlike whang of a Mauser rent the air and the leader crumpled down in a heap.

An instant later a shrill yell rose from up the canyon and, as the two Mexicans started and stared, Amigo came dashing in upon them, a spitting pistol in one hand and his terrible "wood-chopping" knife brandished high in the other.

In the dusk his eyes and teeth gleamed white, his black hair seemed



Threw Them About Like Dogs That Hang Onto a Bear.

to bristle with fury, and the glint of his long knife made a light as he vaulted over the last rock and went plunging on their track. For, at the first glance at this huge, pursuing figure, the two Mexicans had turned and bolted like rabbits, and now, as the Yaqui whirled in after them, Bud could hear them squealing and scrambling as he hunted them down among the rocks.

It was grim work, too, even for his stomach, but Hooker let the Indian follow his nature. When Amigo came back from his hunting there was no need to ask questions. His eyes shone so terribly that Hooker said nothing, but set about cleaning up camp.

After he had washed the ashes from his eyes, and when the fury had vanished from Amigo's face, they went as by common consent and gazed at the body of the chief of the desperadoes. Even in death his face seemed strangely familiar; but as Hooker stood gazing at him the Yaqui picked up his gun.

"Look!" he said, and pointed to a bullet-splash where, as the Mexican held the gun across his breast, Bud's pistol shot had flattened harmlessly against the lock. It was that which had saved the Mexican chief from instant death, and the jar of the shot had doubtless broken the rifle and saved Bud, in turn, from the second shot.

All this was in the Yaqui's eye as he carefully tested the action; but, when he threw down the lever, a cartridge rose up from the magazine and glided smoothly into the breech. With a rifle full of cartridges the ignorant Mexican had been snapping on an empty chamber, not knowing enough to jack up a shell!

For a moment Amigo stared at the gun and the man, and his mouth drew down with contempt.

"Ha! Pendejo!" he grunted, and kicked the corpse with his foot.

But if the Mexican had been a fool, he had paid the price, for the second time he snapped his gun Amigo had shot him through and through.

CHAPTER XX.

In a country where witnesses to a

crime are imprisoned along with the principals and kept more or less indefinitely in jail, a man thinks twice before he reports to the police.

With four dead Mexicans to the Yaqui's account, and Del Rey in charge of the district, Hooker followed his second thought—he said nothing, and took his chances on being arrested for murder. Until far into the night Amigo hushed himself along the hillside, and when the sun rose not a sign remained to tell the story of the fight.

Men, horses, saddles and guns—all had disappeared. And, after packing a little food in a sack, Amigo disappeared also, with a grim smile in promise of return.

The sun rose round and hot, the same as usual; the south wind came up and blew into a belying mass of clouds, which lashed back with the accustomed rain; and when all the earth was washed clean and fresh the last trace of the struggle was gone. Only by the burns on his hands was Hooker aware of the fight and of the treachery which had reared its head against him like a snake which has been warmed and fed.

Nowhere but in Mexico, where the low pelado classes have made such deeds a subtlety, could the man be found to dissimulate like that false assassin-in-chief. To pause suddenly in a protracted speech, swing over and pick up a gun, and halt his victim for the shooting by the preparatory click of the lock—that indeed called for a brand of cunning rarely found in the United States.

There was one thing about the affair that vaguely haunted Hooker—why was it that a man so cunning as that had failed to load his gun? Twice, and with everything in his favor, he had raised his rifle to fire; and both times it had snapped in his hands. Certainly he must have been inept at arms—or accustomed to single-shot guns.

The reputed magic of the swift-firing rifles evidently had been his undoing, but where had he got his new gun? And who was he, anyway? With those two baffling questions Bud wrestled as he sat beside his door, and at evening his answer came.

The sun was swinging low and he was collecting wood down the gulch for a fire when, with a sudden thud of hoofs, a horseman rounded the point and came abruptly to a halt. It was Aragon, and he was spying on the camp.

For a full minute he scanned the house, tent and mine with a look so snaky and sinister that Bud could read his heart like a book. Here was the man who had sent the assassins, and he had come to view their work!

Very slowly Bud's hand crept toward his six-shooter but, slight as was the motion, Aragon caught it and sat frozen in his place. Then, with an inarticulate cry, he fell flat on his horse's neck and went spurring out of sight.

The answer to Bud's questions was very easy now. The Mexican who had led the attempt on his life was one of Aragon's bad men, one of the four gunmen whom Hooker had looked over so carefully when they came to drive him from the mine, and Aragon had fitted him out with new arms to make the result more sure. But with that question answered there came up another and another until, in a sudden clarity of vision, Bud saw through the hellish plot and beheld himself the master.

As man to man, Aragon would not dare to face him now, for he knew that he merited death. By his sly approach, by the look in his eyes and the dismay of his frenzied retreat, he had acknowledged more surely than by words his guilty knowledge of the raid. Coming to a camp where he expected to find all dead and still, he had found himself face to face with the very man he had sought to kill. How, then, had the American escaped destruction, and what had occurred to his men?

Perhaps, in his ignorance, Aragon was raging at his hirelings because they had shirked their task; perhaps, not knowing that they were dead, he was waiting in a fever of impotence for them to accomplish the deed. However it was, Bud saw that he held the high card, and he was not slow to act.

In the morning he saddled Copper Bottom, who had been confined to the corral for weeks, and went galloping into town. There he lingered about the hotel until he saw his man and started boldly toward him. Surprise, alarm and pitiful fear chased themselves across Aragon's face as he stood, but Bud walked proudly by.

"Good morning, señor!" was all Bud said, but the look in his eyes was eloquent of a grim hereafter.

And instead of hurrying back to guard his precious mine Hooker loitered carelessly about town. His mine was safe now—and he was safe. Aragon dared not raise a hand. So he sat himself down on the broad veranda and listened with boyish interest to Don Juan's account of the war.

"What, have you not heard of the battle?" cried portly Don Juan, delighted to have a fresh listener. "Agua Negra has been taken and retaken,

(Continued on next page)

and the railroad will soon be repaired. My gracious! have you been out in the hills that long? Why, it was two weeks ago that the rebels captured the town by a coup, and eight days later the federals took it back.

"Ah, there has been a real war, Mr. Bud! You who have laughed at the courage of the Mexicans, what do you

think of Bernardo Bravo and his men? They captured the last up train from Fortuna; loaded all the men into the ore cars and empty coaches; and, while the federals were still in their barracks, the train ran clear into the station and took the town by storm.

"And eight days later, at sundown, the federals took it back. Ah, there was awful slaughter averted, señor! But for the fact that the fuse went out two hundred Yaqui Indians who led the charge would have been blown into eternity.

"Yes, so great was the charge of dynamite that the rebels had laid in their mine that not a house in Agua Negra would have been left standing if the fuse had done its work. Two tons of dynamite! Think of that, my friend!

"But these rebels were as ignorant of its power as they were of laying a train. The Yaquis walked into the town at sundown and found it deserted—every man, woman and child had fled to Gadsden and the rebels had fled to the west.

"But listen, here was the way it happened—actually, and not as common report has it, for the country is all in an uproar and the real facts were never known. When Bernardo Bravo captured the town of Agua Negra the people acclaimed him a hero.

"He sent word to the junta at El Paso and set up a new form of government. All was enthusiasm, and several Americans joined his ranks to operate the machine guns and can-

in the hands of the government; the track is clear and most of the bridges repaired; so why quarrel with the Yaquis? While they are, of course, nothing but Indians, they serve their purpose in battle."

"Well, I guess yes!" responded Bud warmly. "Serve their purpose, eh? Where were these Mexican soldiers and them Spanish officers when the Yaquis were taking the town? And that was just like a dog-goned Mexican—setting that time-fuse and then not having it go off. More'n likely the poor yap that fired it was so scared he couldn't hold a match—probably never lit it, jest dropped the match and run. They're a bum bunch, if you want to know what I think. I'd rather have a Yaqui than a hundred of 'em!"

"A hundred of whom?" inquired a cool voice behind him, and looking up Hooker saw the beautiful Gracia gazing out at him through the screen door.

"A hundred Mexicans!" he repeated, and Gracia murmured "Oh!" and was gone.

"Miss Aragon is very loyal to her country," observed Don Juan, but Hooker only grunted.

Somehow, since those four Mexicans had come to his camp, he had soured on everything south of the line; and even the charming Gracia could not make him take back his words. If she had intended the remark as a challenge—a subtle invitation to follow her and defend his faith—she failed for once of her purpose, for if there was any particular man in Mexico that Bud hated more than another it was her false-hearted father.

Hooker had, in fact, thought more seriously of making her a half-orphan than of winning her good-will, and he lingered about the hotel, not to make love to the daughter, but to strike terror to Aragon.

The company being good, and a train being expected soon, Bud stayed over another day. In the morning, when he came down for breakfast, he found that Aragon had fled before him. With his wife, daughter and retinue, he had moved suddenly back to his home. Hooker grinned when Don Juan told him the news.

"Well, why not?" he asked, chuckling maliciously. "Here it's the middle of the rainy season and the war going on all summer and nary a rebel in sight. Where's that big fight you was telling about—the battle of Fortuna? You've made a regular fortune out of these refugees, Brachamonte, but I fail to see the enemy."

"Ah, you may laugh," shrugged the hotel-keeper, "but wait! The time will come. The rebels are lost now—some day, when you least expect it, they will come upon us and then, believe me, my guests will be glad they are here. What is a few weeks' bill compared to being held for ransom? Look at that rich Señor Luna, who was here for a time in the spring. Against my advice he hurried home and now he is paying the price. Ten thousand pesos it cost to save his wife and family, and for himself and son his friends advanced ten thousand more. I make no evil prophecies, but it would be better for our friend if he stayed on at my poor hotel."

"Whose friend?" inquired Bud bluffly, but Don Juan struck him upon the back with elephantine playfulness and hurried off to his duties.

As for Hooker, he tarried in town until he got his mail and a copy of the Sunday paper and then, well satisfied that the times were quiet and wars a thing of the past, he ambled back to the Eagle Tail and settled down for a rest.

Flat on his back by the doorway he lay on his bed and smoked, reading his way through the lurid supplement and watching the trail with one eye. Since the fight with Aragon's Mexicans all his apprehensions had left him. He had written briefly to Phil and Kruger, and now he was holding the fort.

It had been a close shave, but he had escaped the cowardly assassins and had Aragon in his power. Not by any force of law, but by the force of fear and the gnawing weakness of Aragon's own evil conscience.

Aragon was afraid of what he had done, but it was the suspense which rendered him so pitiable. On a day he had sent four armed Mexicans to kill this Texan—not one had returned and the Texan regarded him sneeringly. This it was that broke the Spaniard's will, for he knew not what to think. But as for Bud, he lay on his back by the doorway and laughed at the funny page.

As he sprawled there at his reading, Amigo came in from the hills, and he, too, was content to relax. Gravelly scanning the colored sheet, his dark face lighted up.

It was all very peaceful and pleasant, but it was not destined to last.

(To be Continued)

Take Herbine for heartburn, sour belching or constipation, it cleanses and strengthens the liver, stomach and bowels. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter, adv.



The Artillery Drove Them Back.

non. As for the federals, they occupied the country to the east and attempted a few sallies, but as they had nothing but their rifles, the artillery drove them back.

"Then, as the battle ceased, the rebels began to celebrate their victory. They broke into the closed cantinas, disobeying their officers and beginning the loot of the town, and while half of their number were drunk the federals, being informed of their condition, suddenly advanced upon them, with the Yaquis far in the lead.

"They did not shoot, those Yaquis; but, dragging their guns behind them, they crept up through the bushes and dug pits quite close to the lines. Then, when the rebels discovered them and manned their guns, the Yaquis shot down the gunners.

"Growing bolder, they crept farther to the front—the rebels became disorganized, their men became mutinous—and at last, when they saw they would surely be taken, the leaders buried two tons of dynamite in the trenches by the bull-ring and set a time-fuse, to explode when the Yaquis arrived.

"The word spread through the town like wildfire—all the people, all the soldiers fled every which way to escape—and then, when the worst was expected to happen, the dynamite failed to explode and the Yaquis rushed the trenches at sundown."

"Did those Yaquis know about the dynamite?" inquired Bud.

"Know?" repeated Don Juan, waving the thought away; "not a word! Their commanders kept it from them, even after they discovered the mine. And now the Indians are making boasts; they are drunk with the thought of their valor and claim that the rebels fled from them alone.

"The roadmaster came into town this morning on a velocipede and said that the Yaquis are insufferable, thinking that it was their renown as fighters and not the news of the dynamite that drove all the soldiers from town.

"However, Agua Negra is once more

The Messenger

Carries a Message into the homes of the People of this section every week in the year.

The Wise Merchant

Will take advantage of this opportunity to tell his Store News to this vast array of buyers.

Messenger

Ads

Bring

Results.

Ask Charlie Haltom

Begin Your Fall Campaign Now

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

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

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

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

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

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

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

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

THURSDAY, SEP. 3, 1914

SOUNDS GREWSOME.

Sounds grewsome doesn't it, that the number of saloons in Texas are regulated by the number of school children shown by the census? But it's a fact. An Austin telegram says that "as a result of the increase in the scholastic population during the year there will be approximately 150 more saloons in Texas. The comptroller's department is receiving new applications from districts where the scholastic increase was sufficient to entitle them to an additional liquor permit, and is investigating and making out the permits as rapidly as possible."

Liquor Permit Clerk Heartsell, who has charge of the issuing of these permits, estimates that the increase in number of school children over the state will increase the saloons 150, at least. And of course, as the number of children increases more saloons are needed (?) to help debauch and ruin them. Funny way to regulate the number of saloons. Queer law.—Palestine Herald.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

Once a corporation wanted to see for itself the value of newspaper advertising. So it selected 18 towns at random. It picked one dealer who advertised in each town, then selected three or four in each town who did not. When all the names were written down, 18 advertisers were shown and 56 non-advertisers. Then the amount of business was compared. The 18 advertisers did nearly twice as much business as did the 56! Get that? Twice as much business among one-third as many dealers! Moral: Advertise. Do it constantly, not spasmodically. It pays.—Powhatan, Kansas, Bee.

Huerta is in a bad plight. He is sojourning in Spain and his bank account is in Paris. He may yet have to return to Mexico to find peace and rest.

Let every merchant in this town talk to his customers and impress upon them the importance of cutting the cotton acreage next year. We must go to living at home, raising sufficient food stuff for our own consumption and a surplus to sell to our neighbor if he needs it. Cut out so much buying on credit and pay cash for everything we actually need. This country has gone into bankruptcy raising cotton and buying supplies that could have been raised at home.

We are told that the custom of women taking the inside when walking with a man dates back to the middle ages. But what did a woman care about the "inside" then, when there were no shop windows?

Preacher Russell says Christ is on earth. From the turmoil going on in Europe we beg to tell the parson he has his wires twisted—the visitor is from the other direction.—Bonham Favorite.

This is a good hog country. They will grow and thrive here just the same as in other places. Not many years ago hog raising was an important business with our farmers, but now this country is destitute of hogs. Suppose that right now every farm in this community was stocked with hogs. We would not feel the effects of this war. A good hog will bring nearly as much as a bale of cotton. They are a good price and the demand is greater than the supply. In making your plans for next year include some hogs.

The legislature met in Austin ostensibly for the purpose of enacting a warehouse law to give relief to the people in the present emergency, but up to this time they have frittered away their time in wrangling over petty politics, dead issues and the Bailey question. We can't figure out how a warehouse law will help us any, if it is passed as reported by the committee. Since the United States government has perfected plans to advance money on cotton through national banks we see no need of a state law. If we are going to build a warehouse in Grapeland there is no use for waiting to see what the legislature is going to do. Our warehouse will serve the same purpose with or without a state warehouse law. All over the country people are going right ahead building warehouses and we should do the same.

The European war is wholly to blame for the depression in the cotton market. England, Germany, France and Belgium use the greater portion of our cotton, and as these nations are torn by the ravages of war, it is impossible for their cotton mills to operate and consume our cotton. No one can predict when the war will cease and the countries become normal again so they can begin to take our cotton. The cotton growing countries are face to face with a problem that is hard to solve. Several million bales will have to be withheld from the market, and this is a big undertaking on account of the lack of storage facilities in many sections. It is encouraging, however, to note the optimism manifested by the people as a whole in the face of such prospects. It should teach our people the importance of living more at home, raising more food stuff, both for man and beast, raising cattle, hogs, and better stock of all kinds. Every farmer in this section should begin now to consider cutting the cotton acreage next year and plan to diversify along all lines. In peace or war people must have something to eat, while they can manage some way to get along with less clothes. Our present predicament will hurt for awhile, but in the long run it will redound to our benefit and permanent prosperity.

OLD GRAY'S GOOD LETTER

August 30.—There are wars and rumors of wars and the end is not yet. We have read of the great struggle in the East and thought of the situation until we have about concluded that we are "between the devil and the deep blue sea," not knowing which way to jump. But as the Messenger summed it up, something will have to be done or some one will suffer. Right at this time the best brains of our country are put to the test to solve the problem. What the outcome will be no one at present knows. However, we hope for the best if we go down in despair. It is said that every cloud has its silver lining and there may be in store for us a brighter sunshine than we ever enjoyed for years past. As to the legislature working on the warehouse bill, can't say that it will meet the approval of the people. We find many in this section who are bitterly opposed to the warehouse system, but with all this we feel sure that some plausible way will be found that will even up things, both for the merchant and farmer alike. There is no need in giving up the ship. Stick to it as long as you can.

Cotton is opening very slowly, some few picking. The pea crop is much improved from the recent rains.

T. H. Lockler and wife of Palestine were visiting relatives in this community the past week. Old Gray.

HOME STUDY GREAT BENEFIT TO BOTH THE PARENTS AND CHILD

By "Observer"

In starting out to furnish The Messenger with a series of articles on local matters, I know of no better subject to launch than that of the public schools, since they are about to open for another fall and winter term. Perhaps the reason this subject is first in my mind is because of an incident that came to my view a short time ago, and it was one that I hope has happened and is happening in many homes in this vicinity just now.

For some reason, I do not now remember what, I was called to a neighbor's house, and upon reaching there found the mother with her small son working the problems in arithmetic that the boy will wrestle with in school the coming year. The lad was, of course, opposed to making school days of his vacation—and especially so of the very last days of his vacation. But the mother assured me he was being deprived of but little play. She showed me the school work the boy had been doing all summer, and I am sure that boy is going to be one of the best pupils in his class this year. Like the average boy, arithmetic is hard for him, and his mother, realizing this, has not only urged him, but when necessary has compelled him to give one hour a day all summer to the problems he will have the coming year. He has gone over them twice and probably will finish the third time before school begins. I have not yet inquired, but I am going to inquire of that boy's teacher this year and learn for my own satisfaction, if that mother's work has not borne good fruit.

The woman told me that her

son always had abhorred the study of geography, too, but the deplorable conditions that have arisen in Europe have changed his mind and have made an eager student of her son in this one study. In fact, the boy does not need to be urged to study his geography now, but keeps both his father and mother busy answering questions—and as might be supposed—makes them refer to the book quite often to be able to answer his questions. It seems to me that every parent should explain the present war to their children, and if they are old enough to comprehend, point out the places of interest in Europe just now while the child will naturally be more interested in them. Such a policy might be the starting point in making a boy or girl an eager student of a study they all need but which he or she may never become deeply interested in otherwise. And the parents, themselves, will find much of interest in using the geography while keeping posted on the present turmoil across the seas. I, myself, while not claiming to be a great student, was greatly surprised when I consulted the geography a few weeks ago to ascertain the latitude of Serbia. When in school, myself, I surely learned something of this country's climate, but time had wholly obliterated whatever I might have known. I was sure Serbia was a cold country, probably because I had forgotten its location, other than knowing that

"it was over by Russia." You may imagine my surprise, and if you haven't read up on it, yourself, you may be surprised to learn just how far south it is and that its climate is temperate.

NOTICE...GIN DAYS.

Beginning next week and continuing until further notice we will gin on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week.

Spence Bros.
adv. Herod & Brooks.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY.

Monday, 31—Earthquake at Charleston, S. C., 1886.

Tuesday, 1—Aaron Burr tried for treason, 1807.

Wednesday, 2—Floods in Ohio and Pennsylvania, 1912. Great London fire, 1666.

Thursday 3—Treaty granting colonies independence, 1783.

Friday, 4—Fahrenheit dies, 1776. Flood in China drowns 100,000, 1911.

Saturday, 5—First continental congress meets, 1774.

Sunday, 6—McKinley shot at Buffalo, 1901.

A. M. Woodell of Merryville, La., arrived Wednesday to join his wife and babies, who have been visiting relatives here several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Zackary of Waco are here on a visit to the family of T. D. Zackary in the Hays Spring community.

New Fall Goods ARE ARRIVING EVERY DAY at DARSEY'S

All departments are being filled and in a few days this store will have the most complete and up-to-date line of merchandise to be found anywhere.

High class Ladies' Footwear

We have just opened up a big shipment of snappy ladies' fall footwear, and are showing some of the newest patterns in the latest designs. Many of the styles we are showing are being shown for the first time in larger cities and you can rest assured of getting the latest. We sell Cadet guaranteed hose for men, women and children.

New Dress Goods

Our new dress goods are showing up better than we expected. We have a big line of the new suitings and waist goods in the new colors. In a few days, we hope to have our entire line of fall dress goods on display and invite your inspection.

Ladies, Men's and Boys' Ready-To-Wear Clothing

In a few days, we will have on display a big line of ladies' coats, skirts, etc. We have something good in store for the ladies of Grapeland and will announce it through this column in a week or two. Watch for it. Our line of men's and boys' clothing will be in the cases next week, and if you want a suit of clothes or pair of trousers that will give you quality and fit combined with self-satisfaction, we ask you to see these lines.

GEO. E. DARSEY

LOCAL NEWS

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

Mrs. S. E. Traylor is in the Galveston market this week buying her stock of millinery goods.

S. T. Anthony wants 20 bushels black-eyed peas; liberal price.
adv

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

Miss Maude McCarty returned Tuesday from Mississippi, where she has been spending several months visiting relatives.

John Tyer of Dodge spent several days here last week on business and mingling with his old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Parker are now occupying their new home, recently erected in South Grape-land.

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

The Messenger regrets to chronicle the death of the eighteen-day old baby girl of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McCorkle of the San Pedro community. We extend them our heartfelt sympathy.

Jack Jones of Artesia, N. M., is here this week on business and shaking hands with his many friends. He brought with him from his New Mexico home some fine grapes they raise there in their vineyards, also some fine honey, some of which he gave the editor, and we can vouch for it being good.

Mothers who spend the night with a sick baby appreciate the help they get from McGee's Baby Elixir—especially in hot weather. It quiets fever and irritation, soothes the stomach, checks the bowels and helps both mother and child to obtain sleep and rest. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter.
adv.

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

Jehu Goolsby of Crockett was a visitor here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor and baby of Reynard spent Sunday here.

Will Fox of Reynard was transacting business here Saturday.

Geo. E. Darsey and family and Mrs. S. N. Boykin and children visited in Crockett Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Pridgen left Monday for Palestine to spend the week visiting relatives.

Miss Dorothy Dawes of Crockett is the guest of Miss Lura Mae Owens this week.

Mrs. Joe Stevenson and baby of Groveton, who have been visiting relatives, have returned home.

Miss Wright of Palestine, who has been visiting relatives in Grapeland several days, has returned home.

Etheridge Payne and wife and Miss Addie Eaves have returned to Reagan, having been called here on account of the death of Mrs. J. E. Payne.

Surf-Bathing is Fine at Galveston.

Popular low rate excursion via I. & G. N. Tickets on sale Saturday, September 5 and for trains arriving Galveston Sunday morning, Sept. 6; limit to leave Galveston Monday, Sept. 7. See ticket agent for particulars.
adv.

To prevent pneumonia, a cold settled in the lungs should be attended to at once. Put a Her-rick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster on the chest and take Ballard's Horehound Syrup internally. It's a winning combination. Buy the dollar size Horehound Syrup; you get a porous plaster free with each bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter.
adv.

CARD OF THANKS.

Grapeland, Texas, Sept. 1.—We desire in this way to extend to our many friends our sincere and hearty thanks and appreciation for their many acts of kindness and deep sympathy in the last illness of our precious mother. Your deeds of sympathy and love did much to strengthen us and help us bear this great sorrow and loss. May God reward and bless you continually.
adv J. E. Payne and Family.

One Word Explains it All.

Preparation. The German forces are apparently being the victors in the titanic struggle now going on in the East, thus they are reaping the reward of their forethought in preparing for war in times of peace. Every man in Germany is a trained soldier, it is a part of his education and is compulsory. From this fact, every young man and woman can learn a valuable lesson. Preparation is the key-stone in the formation of the career of any boy or girl. It is what you can do, and do well, is what counts and enables you to forge to the front. We respectfully suggest that you allow us to assist you in making such thorough preparation as will enable you to secure a permanent and paying position immediately after graduating in either of our courses.

There is no way of investing a small amount of money, that will secure as large returns. We can cite you to scores of cases where students just out of school, and were a burden on the family, now earning from \$50 to \$85 per month. Fall term opens Monday, Aug. 31.

Satisfactory terms will be arranged to suit your condition. Address Palestine Normal Business College, Palestine, Texas.
adv.

CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to thank the people of Grapeland who were so kind to me and my family during the recent illness and death of my wife. Such manifestations will not soon be forgotten and it is with a deep feeling of gratitude that I tender my thanks.
adv. L. Q. Browning.

Take a dose of Prickly Ash Bitters at night when you go to bed and you will feel bright and vigorous next morning. It will insure you a copious and healthy passage of the bowels, improved appetite and digestion and increased energy of body and brain. A. S. Porter, Special Agent.
adv.

In mentioning the names of the young ladies last week who attended the summer normal at Crockett and procured certificates, the Messenger inadvertently omitted the name of Miss Winnie Davis, who graduated from the Grapeland High School at the close of the last term. Such mistakes are indeed embarrassing to us, and we offer the young lady our humble apology.

W. T. Pridgen, who lives out west from town, had as his guest last Wednesday and that night, his first cousin, W. W. Pridgen of Greenville, Ala. This was Mr. Pridgen's first visit to this country and the first time some of his kinsman ever met him. Mr. Pridgen's home was the scene of a reunion of all the Pridgen's who reside in that community during this visit and quite an enjoyable time was had.

Miss Josie White, one of our most popular young ladies, left last week for Dallas, where she will enter the Baptist Sanitarium to equip herself as a trained nurse. Miss Josie's many friends in Grapeland, especially those composing the social set, will miss her very much, but will join the Messenger in wishing her the greatest success in her chosen life work.

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

THE HABIT OF

SAVING

Not for What They Save

But What it

TEACHES.

WHEN you instill into the minds of your children the HABIT OF SAVING, you start them on the road to success. You teach them self-restraint, and you illustrate the value of money. With these rudiments there can be no failure. Do your DUTY. Start a Bank Account for your children TODAY.



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, - - - TEXAS

An Important Inquiry



which is of vital importance to every business man who would be successful, is regarding his Bank Account. Are you GETTING GOOD SERVICE

where you have your account at present? We offer the best of Banking facilities to our depositors and every accommodation within reason.

The GUARANTY STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK

A Lame Back, Kidney Trouble Causes it.

And it will give you even worse if not checked. Mrs. H. T. Straynge, Gainesville, Ga., was fairly down in her back with kidney trouble and inflamed bladder. She says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills and now my back is stronger than in years, and both kidney and bladder troubles are entirely gone." D. N. Leaverton.
adv.

J. L. Chiles of the Reynard community was in town Saturday and paid this office a pleasant call. Mr. Chiles was interested in the war situation and the possible outcome. He takes an optimistic view of the situation and believes things will adjust themselves for the betterment of all.

Hot days followed by cool nights will breed malaria in the body that is bilious or costive. Prickly Ash Bitters is very valuable at this time for keeping the stomach, liver and bowels well regulated. A. S. Porter, Special Agent.
adv.

Don't be Bothered With Coughing.

Stop it with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It spreads a soothing healing coating as it glides down the throat, and tickling, hoarseness, and nervous hacking, are quickly healed. Children love it—tastes good and no opiates. A man in Texas walked 15 miles to a drug store to get a bottle. Best you can buy for croup and bronchial coughs. Try it. D. N. Leaverton.
adv.

Geo. E. Darsey has remodeled and made several improvements in the residence in North-east part of town, formerly occupied by A. N. Edens, which we understand has been rented by Mrs. Maude Sewell of Augusta, who will move here to place her son in school.

If you eat without appetite you need Prickly Ash Bitters. It promptly removes impurities that clog and impede the action of the digestive organs, creates good appetite and digestion, strength of body and activity of brain. A. S. Porter, Special Agent.
adv.

Selling Out.

On account of our Palestine business having increased to such an extent as to require our entire attention, we have decided to close out our Elkhart stock.

Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 8th.

we will sell our entire stock of Furniture, Hardware, Implements, Baseball goods, Bicycles, Cotton Scales. In fact, everything in our Elkhart stock regardless of cost. If you are in need of anything in our stock, do not consider the price, for we make the price.

Sale Lasts Four Days Only.

We have three buggies and three hacks on hand in which we can give an exceptionally good bargain. Remember all goods on hand at six o'clock Saturday evening, September 12, will be shipped to Palestine. Now is your time to get hardware and furniture at your own price. Remember the date, September 8.

HERMAN SCHMIDT & COMPANY

Successors to Logan Hardware Co.

ELKHART, TEXAS.

BAD TASTE IN THE MOUTH
Coated tongue, foul breath, dizziness, and a tired, lazy feeling indicates a torpid condition of the liver and impaired digestion. To get rid of this misery, take

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A THOROUGH SYSTEM PURIFIER

It drives out badly digested food and bilious impurities through the bowels, tones up the stomach, strengthens digestion, regulates the bowel movements and imparts a fine feeling of health and exhilaration all through the body. Try its excellent correcting properties. It gives you full value for the price. Sold by all druggists and dealers.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle
Prickly Ash Bitters Co., Proprietors, St. Louis, Mo.

A. S. PORTER, SPECIAL AGENT

A Slap at Statewide Prohibition.

The recent primary election, in my judgment, was an open declaration in favor of the saloon, and the whiskey interest, of the great State of Texas.

Can the whiskey men find one mother in Houston county who is asking that the saloons and blind tigers be permitted to run? Is there a rumseller in all the State of Texas including Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Houston, Beaumont and Galveston, who can say that a mother ever come to him and asked him to sell liquor to her son; or that a wife ever came to him and asked him to sell booze to her husband?

Come forward saloon keeper, bartenders, dive keepers and bootleggers; come on the whole kit and bilin' of you; bring every brewer, every distiller, every wholesale liquor dealer; hire an army of detectives and search the county through. Drag it to its uttermost corners and see if you can find one that whiskey ever helped, or one wife that whiskey ever made happier, or one little child that was ever helped or made better by booze. Find one wife that ever dressed better because her husband drank. Find one mother who is thankful because her son is a drunkard. Find one father who

is a better provider for his family because he spends a part of his wages for whiskey. Find one little boy or one little girl, whose prospects in life are brighter because the father come home drunk. Find just one, take the whole county for the search, and when you have finished here go out and search the state of Texas through, and then the whole nation and then the whole world. Make it a world wide hunt for the one man, woman, or child who will arise and bless the name of whiskey.

A Citizen.
Mother of Eighteen Children.

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the praise of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as a biscuit without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 168 pounds. I can eat anything I want to, and as much as I want and feel better than I have at any time in ten years. I refer to any one in Boone Mill or vicinity and they will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all dealers.

IF IT IS
CLEANING AND PRESSING
SEE CLEWIS ABOUT IT

We do all kinds of cleaning, pressing and alteration work. A trial is all we ask. If you are not pleased it cost you nothing. All work guaranteed. Suits called for and delivered. We have on display our new fall samples and they are beauties. Let us show you through the line and quote prices.

M. L. CLEWIS, The Tailor

Are You Going to St. Louis or Chicago

The  **I & G. N.**

"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.

WORTH KNOWING

It is proposed to award hero medals to those who save victims of electrical shock, asphyxiation and similar fatalities by resuscitation.

Paint and oil purchases by the government for the present year show a decrease of 10 per cent in cost, as compared with those of last year.

It is said that the time ball of the Greenwich observatory has never been wrong except one day in 1878, when it was a half a second late.

If the water-borne foreign trade of the United States were per capita equal to that of Great Britain it would amount to \$14,000,000 per annum.

A flat rate for electrical service of \$1 per month for each person residing on the premises is quoted by an electrical company in one American daily.

Rubberized cloth, with a sprinkling of aluminum dust, which reflects the light without heating, is being experimented with for balloons and automobile tops.

The number of persons killed by lightning in the United States during a year averages nearly 600, about 4,000 cattle, and annual damage by lightning, \$3,000,000.

A novel feature of London's electrical restaurant is the standing invitation for all patrons to visit the kitchen at any time and watch the preparation of food.

TRANPOSED BODY OF WATER

Engineers Shifted Lake a Considerable Distance in Order to Work Profitable Silver Mine.

Romance has always thrown a glamour around silver mining, and many interesting stories could be told of the doings in the pioneer days of the Dominion at Silver Islet, in British Columbia, and in Ontario.

Few stories, however, can exceed in interest that furnished recently by the Carson Lode of the Crown Reserve mine, in the Cobalt district of Canada. The course of the lode lay underneath a lake, and was mined for some distance, until working so close to the bed of the lake rendered further removal of the ore too great a danger to the miners.

Far from abandoning the quest, the authorities of the mine called to their assistance the resources of modern science and purged the vast body of water in the 45-acre lake to form another at some distance.

The hollow thus made disclosed a deep deposit of mud. Nothing daunted, the authorities set up a fresh pumping apparatus, by which the expelled water was reintroduced for the purpose of washing the basin clean.

The remarkable spectacle ensued of two sets of pumps at work at the same time—the one to impel, and the other to expel the erstwhile lake. Complete success attended these operations.

EIFFEL TOWER ON STAMPS.

The French postal authorities are considering the issue of a series of stamps with a new design. Instead of Roty's familiar "sower," the new stamps will have a picture of the Eiffel tower with an aeroplane flying over it. The reason for this change is that the stamp is very easily copied by forgers. The proposed new design is meeting with much criticism. It is said that if the government must supersede Roty's graceful figure it might be something more pleasing than the Eiffel tower.

USEFUL WAY.

"Shall we take a few summer boarders this year?" said Farmer Cornrossel.

"I don't know," replied his wife. "Summer boarders are kind of in the way. But they do help some in drawin' the mosquitoes from the kitchen around to the front porch."

HIS IDEA.

Yeast—Do you know there is alcohol in potatoes?
Crimsonbeak—Is that what makes their eyes so red?

Printing

of the
Quality
Kind

LET US KNOW YOUR PRINTING WANTS

WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A SATISFACTORY MANNER AND QUICKLY

The Messenger

THE ENEMY OF CHILDHOOD.

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

Price 25c per Bottle.
Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

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

ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Caught a Bad Cold.

"Last winter my son caught a very bad cold and the way he coughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncan, of Tipton, Iowa. "We thought sure he was going into consumption. We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely." For sale by all dealers. adv

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

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.

"Here We Have It!"

The Best Medicine Made for Kidney and Bladder Troubles

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder.

Sold by D N Leaverton

If You Have Goods Worth Buying They Are Worth Talking About. Buyers Must Be Informed.

ADVERTISE!

THE MESSENGER.

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!



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.

Patronize The Messenger's Advertisers

BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

IT IS A WONDERFUL PAIN RELIEF.

Rub it in over the part affected. It penetrates the flesh and quickly reaches the spot where the trouble exists. The painful symptoms immediately subside. It relaxes the muscles, quiets inflammation, restores strength, ease and suppleness. Severe cases of chronic rheumatism or neuralgia are forced to yield to its powerful relieving influence. There is no ailment of the muscles or flesh that cannot be helped through this marvelous healing remedy; the pain is eased the moment it reaches the affected part. It is a great family remedy for all purposes for which a liniment is needed. For healing cuts, wounds, burns, bruises, galls, chafed spots, swellings, frost bites, stings of insects, ivy poisoning, sprains, contracted muscles, it has no superior in the speed with which it will restore healthy conditions.

Put Up in Three Sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per Bottle.

JAMES F. BALLARD

PROPRIETOR

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stephens Eye Salve is a remedy of great power in diseases of the eyes or eyelids. It heals quickly and strengthens the sight.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

UPHOLDING COLQUITT.

The following article, commending and endorsing Gov. Colquitt's action in trying to pass legislation to relieve the tense situation in the cotton market was circulated in Grapeland Saturday and mailed to the governor. It was signed by practically every business man in town, and many farmers:

"Seeing the reports in the papers of your efforts to relieve the congested market conditions we the undersigned citizens of Houston county desire to express our appreciation of your efforts to relieve the depression in the cotton market. We believe these efforts deserve the endorsement of every fair minded man in Texas. We also believe the opposers of the movement deserve an equally widespread denunciation for trying to defeat every legislative measure that looks to the best interests of the largest number of people. The same old howl, "unconstitutional" and "socialistic" that has always been used like a red rag in a bull fight is now being waved by the same old class that has always waived it. Every time the United States congress or the state legislature would provide relief for the greatest number of people by some special law there are some very busy fellow with a large fortune working for less than his board bill to shake these red rags in its face and cry "wolf."

The people are onto the ruse for they have read the constitution and they know, too, that this same Thomas Jefferson, whom they quote so patronizingly said, "the principles of democracy are the greatest good to the greatest number of people." That is what we want now in Texas. The report is that the cotton receipt will get the money from the government and we desire that this opportunity be not sidetracked. Therefore, we heartily commend and endorse your proposed legislation."

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers. adv.

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

Successes of large business concerns can invariably be attributed to intelligent, co-operative effort on the part of employes and owners.

Intelligent co-operation is only possible when there is a thorough knowledge on the part of each department of the workings of the other departments. This knowledge is usually disseminated at called meetings attended by representatives from the various departments.

At these meetings matters pertaining to the general welfare of the business, prospective changes and improvement, departmental problems, etc., are taken up and discussed with a view of familiarizing employes and managers with the relation of their departments and individual services to the services of departments, and to impress upon them the importance and necessity for maximum efficiency on the part of each.

The specific service of each employe of any concern is a distant working part of the business

as a whole, and must, to insure success, fit perfectly into its proper place and perform efficiently the duty for which it is intended.

This same intelligent co-operation properly applied to community building will produce the same results as for private business concerns. The success of this community depends upon the co-operative effort of our citizenship in matters pertaining to community growth and development.

Each of us is an essential factor in the promotion of the welfare of this locality, and, regardless of our occupation, has a distant duty to perform. To get desired results it is necessary that every citizen understand in detail the problems we have to solve, the best means of accomplishing same, and the individual service he or she must render.

This understanding can best be attained through gatherings attended by the various interests of this community—Social Center Meetings, as it were.

MRS. PAYNE DEAD.

Mrs. Martha Ann Payne, wife of J. E. Payne, who lives in the Jones School House community, died at her home at 9 o'clock, Friday, August 28. Deceased was sixty-nine years of age, and had lived in Texas since childhood, coming here with her father from Alabama at the age of six years. She was a life long member of the Methodist church and funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Methodist church of Crockett. She leaves a husband, four sons and four daughters: W. T., Jeff Ethridge and Louis Payne; Mesdames. Joe Stowe of the Lockout community, Ben Parker of the Jones School House community, W. D. Denman of Trinity county, and Miss Ella, Payne. She also has a sister, Mrs. Nancy Ritchie, who resides in Palestine.

The Messenger extends deep sympathy to the entire family in their hour of bereavement.

Taking Calomel is a Bad Habit.

So Powerful it Shocks Liver and Leaves it Weaker Than Before. Dodson's Liver Tone is Better to Take.

Nearly everybody who has ever tried calomel has found that it gives only a temporary relief. For calomel is such a powerful drug that it shocks and weakens the liver and makes it less able afterward to do its duty than in the first place. This is one of the reasons why Porter's Drug Store guarantee Dodson's Liver Tone to take the place of calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is a pure vegetable liver tonic that will cure constipation quickly and gently, without any danger of bad after-effects. It is guaranteed to do this with a guarantee that is simple and fair. If you buy a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for yourself or your children, and do not find that it perfectly takes the place of calomel, then return to the store where you bought it and get your money back with a smile. adv.

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

Herbine is the medicine that cures biliousness, malaria and constipation. The first dose makes you feel better, a few additional does cures completely. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

Rev. Norman of Trinity spent several days in and near Grapeland last week.

Despondency.

Is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. For sale by all dealers. adv.



"LITERARY CONVULSIONS"

Being a Series of Dementia Hallucinations Reported Semi-Occasionally for The Messenger by
ERNEST C. FOSTER

Copyrighted 1914 by the Foster Service

SEPTEMBER

September days again are here, reminding us another year is slipping by as years will do, despite the fact that Gwen and Sue are just as far from Hymen's call as either were this time last fall. The kidlets, too, wear faces sad, for almost every lass and lad must now give up vacations days and figure all the different ways of having fun upon the sly and not attract the teacher's eye. And we who've worked the blessed year regret to see the end draw near, for, while we know not where it went, we haven't saved a bloomin' cent.

To the older heads who have lived through forty or more Septembers, the month's memories are thrilled with thrills—and chills. Forty years ago, anyone who couldn't have a chill every other day in September was truly out of style and a peculiar character. We then used to find a comfortable seat astride a red-

hot stove about nine o'clock every other morning and sit there, trying to keep from freezing to death until noon. After dinner we changed our position. The afternoons were spent in the refrigerator, where we reposed with a chunk of ice at one end, a palm leaf fan at the other, and even then felt that we might burst into flames at any moment. The younger generation has no idea of what it has missed since science has eradicated September's chills and fevers.

The sun comes later every morn that each of autumn's days are born, and too, with haste he fades away and shortens every autumn day. With shorter days the clouds arise and throw their shadows from the skies; we feel a chill upon the breeze and note the fading summer trees; Dame Nature's robe grows sombre, sere, reminding us Jack Frost is near.

Paragraphs Pertaining to Community Prosperity.

Clipped from Farm & Ranch.

If you have succeeded in hitting the nail on the head you have done well. Now hit another nail.

If the trouble with your church in the country is bad roads—make better roads. If it is bad sermons—get a better preacher.

Some people would rather see fine houses than own them and have to keep them up and pay the taxes. But if everybody were that way there would be no fine houses for anybody to see.

Marketing the products of our farms is the most stupendous problem now before the American people. With Europe it is war, with us it is economic waste. Both are serious problems, but ours may be solved without the loss of human life.

The importance of turning the land early and incorporating vegetable matter in the soil cannot be over-estimated. Start the breaking plows early and turn every acre of your land in time to get the benefits of winter rains and freezes.

The cost of feeding farm animals may be reduced by planting late summer and fall crops. Every available acre should be planted in some crop that will produce foods for the family table or feed for the stock. Leave no land fallow where it is possible to grow a fall or winter crop.

Who can tell what the second crops in the Southwest will be this year? With abundance of moisture stubble fields may be turned and harrowed, lands that for various reasons are not now occupied by crops sown, gardens planted, orchard soil prepared and harvest time extended late in the fall. This is our opportunity for late summer and fall crops.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BAGKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

Reynard, Aug. 31.—And it came to pass that a mighty war is being fought across the waters, and we predict that after the last battle has been fought and peace restored many men who are living today will be dead and most everything will be changed, but the truth and God will still be Lord and things will not be running quite so fast. After all, the best of us are just human beings and have to be made to do, either directly or indirectly.

Cotton seems to be doing its level best, and with much open weather and no rain and a late frost, it's no telling what the tale will be yet. The pickers are after it and it is opening real nice and seems to be of a good quality. Some have gathered corn, and we will have fine pastures, which will help out the short corn crop. There are no acorns to fatten our little shoats, but there are lots of hickory nuts for the big hogs, but there are very few big hogs; no grapes to fatten the 'possums but a fine persimmon crop, but they are not as universal as the grapes when there is a good crop.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Allen spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fox.

J. L. Chiles and wife visited the family of G. W. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Hickey Beazley and children, Mrs. Hulda Rials, and Mr. and Mrs. Oran Rials visited the family of W. M. Newson.

Mrs. Bettie Beazley spent last week here.

Grady Stevens of Jacksonville is spending awhile with his brother.

Misses Laura and Cora Kent are visiting in Grapeland.

Pledger Chiles, who is working at the lock and dam, reports that the Douglass No. 3 is anchored at that place on its way from Houston to Dallas. It is 75x20 feet and draws eight feet of water. It is waiting for more water to get over the shoals. The river lacked one and one-half feet being normal Saturday, but reported to have some rise Monday morning.

The topic of the day is war talk and hard times. Heard one man say if it were not for Sallie and the babies he would be right off—but not me! After the clouds the sun will shine applies to things other than weather.

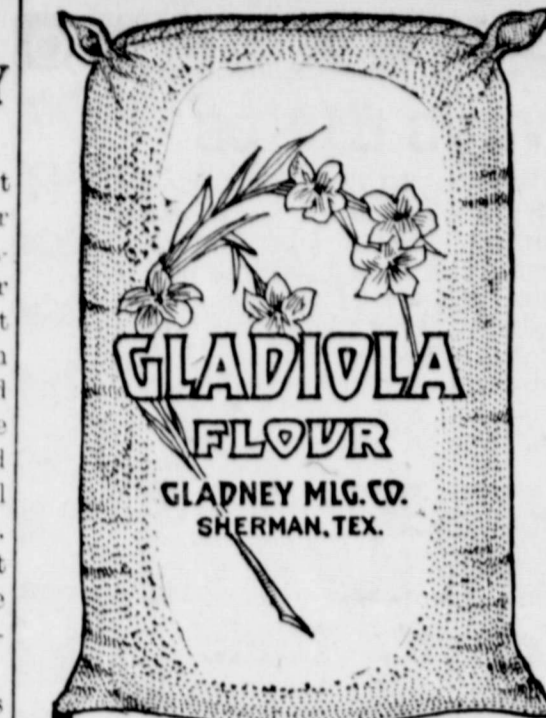
Zack.

THE WAR IN EUROPE

(By Col. F. P. Holland in Farm and Ranch.)

If the people get it into their heads to do so, they may sit down and weep and let business go to the bow-wows while the people of the old country tear at each other's hearts. On the other hand, if they can be made to understand the real conditions as they relate to this country, they must see that the United States must become the world's lunch counter, and there'll be no free lunches.

With this country at peace and supplied with every necessity and most of the luxuries to make her own people comfortable and happy, and an abundant quantity of these things to sell that the others must have at any price, we can see no reason why our people should not be unusually prosperous and happy, except for grief because of



Here is a New Flour

Made in a new Mill by a new and perfect process which retains in the Flour all the richness of the wheat.

Try One Sack at Our Risk

It will make better Bread, flakier pastry and lighter cake.

We Strictly Guarantee It

If it fails to wholly please you, Send it back and we'll refund your money.

A Free Sack of Gladiola Flour to the winner of our monthly baking contests. Ask us to tell you about it

W. R. Wherry

the misery of the people of the Old World.

As Napoleon truly said, "Soldiers, like snakes, travel on their bellies," and soldiers can't go far nor fight hard on empty stomachs.

It is unfortunate that the civilized world cannot dwell in harmony and peace and work unitedly for universal prosperity and happiness. However, if profit is to be made off the misfortunes of others, we are glad that the people of the United States are to get the money instead of bayonets and bullets.

It's peace and plenty in the Southwest—plenty to eat and money coming in for our surplus. Food they must have now and when they quit fighting they will want clothes then they will pay us more millions for our cotton and wool which we will be ready to ship. We of the Southwest can "eat and grow fat," and still have a big surplus for which somebody, somewhere, must pay us a lot of money, or go hungry.

Besides cotton and wool, Texas alone for this year will have corn, wheat, oats, rice, potatoes, sugar, syrup and honey, cattle, hogs, mutton, poultry and dairy products, truck and fruit worth at prevailing prices over half a billion dollars—the same proportion holds good in other Southwestern states—plenty to live on and a big lot to sell.

Conditions and prospects throughout this country are fine. We can and will supply food, clothes and war materials to those countries now at war.

Every right-thinking person hopes for the early restoration of peace, but if the people of Europe will fight, the United States should be their lunch counter and commissary, and the Southwest would come in for a liberal share of the proceeds realized from sales of supplies.

Let us keep on doing business over here and pray for the poor misguided people on the other side who are bearing the brunt of this great European war.

H. Guenther, a prosperous farmer of Salmon, was here a day last week and purchased building material to remodel his residence.

WHEAT ON SANDY LAND.

I have been asked many times the last few years, if wheat may be successfully grown in our great sandy land, woods country. And now that it seems we are to be called upon to feed the world, may be a good time to say that wheat may be successfully grown upon our sandy soils.

Probably the only draw-back to successful wheat growing on the "good old sandy land," is the fact that it is shy of lime as a rule. With this corrected by application of lime, along with due regard to keeping up the supply of humus and plant food, wheat on a rising market, should prove a very profitable crop in the "sticks."

Speaking of lime, it will benefit our sandy soils for nearly all crops that we grow or are likely to grow, and in my opinion, its application to our sandy soils will be enormous in the years to come.

The best form of lime to use, is the carbonated, or ground lime-rock. Requires heavier application, but cheaper and lasts longer.

R. R. Claridge, Agricultural Agt. T. & P. and I. & G. N. Rys. Longview, Tex.

BRILLIANT EXPEDIENT.

"But, Gaston, will you never employ moderation?"

"Oh, yes! You will see that in my salary after we are married!"

THE NEW GENERATION.

Mamma (to visitor)—The petticoat's going to be of ecru net, with—Peggy—But, mummy, dear, what is a petticoat?—London Opinion.

QUITE NATURAL.

"Do you suffer with the heat in summer?"

"Yes, indeed, more than in any other season."

Means Better Highways.

Where the dirt roads are in question the farmers need not fear any damage to the roads from the motor car. Their coming means better highways and possibly state aid in the construction of real roads of a permanent character.

To Prevent Beetle Injury.

A good way to prevent young cucumber and melon vines from the attacks of beetles is to set a box frame around the plants and cover with mosquito netting or wire screen.