

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 16 No. 7

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, APR. 16, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

After Easter SPECIALS:

We have lots of new goods to show you. We get something new in most every day, and it is always up-to-date and at reasonable prices. It is a pleasure to show you goods at our store. Come in and take a look before you make your purchases elsewhere.

Dress Goods

Below you will find a few pieces of dress goods we are showing at special low prices.

Crepe Dechine, colors of blue and pink.....	25c
Crepe in several colors.....	25c
Printed Flaxon, in all colors.....	25c
Crepe Princess in all colors.....	15c
Ratines in all colors, also plain white.....	25c
Linen, brown and white, from 12 1-2c to.....	50c
NUB CRASH—we are showing Nub Crash in blue and brown, with stripes, and in mixed colors.....	35c

Shoes

We are showing all the new styles in Selby shoes for ladies, and the best styles in Kelley-Buckley shoes for men.

Men and Boys' Clothing

In clothing we are showing some of the best patterns shown this season, and in all wool worsteds and serges at prices from \$12.50 to \$16.50.

Boys' clothing at prices from \$2.00 to \$8.00.

Any item you may want in the dry goods line we have it, and at prices to suit you. Call and see our goods for it is a pleasure to show you any time you will pay us a visit.

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

J. E. ROSE FOR DISTRICT ATT'Y

Seven reasons why you should vote for Jim Rose for this office:

1. Henderson County has the District Judge. Anderson County has never opposed his race at all.

2. Houston County has the District Attorney. Anderson has never opposed his candidacy.

3. Anderson County now wants the District Attorney's office, and is entitled to it.

4. Jim Rose now is a candidate for the position. He has never held an official position, though he has striven hard to qualify for the honor he now seeks.

5. He is an Anderson County boy that has made good at every undertaking.

6. He has a diploma certifying to his legal qualifications from the Cumberland University of Tennessee, which is backed up by a license from the state bar of Texas.

7. Jim Rose comes from the farm, and that fact counts for much when one begins to sum up the qualities that go to make up an official of whom you are always proud. He knows what work on the farm means to the boy; he knows the struggles and hardships that one has to come through to reach a position of honor in the world.

Vote for him. He will appreciate the confidence you have put in him. He will remember and reciprocate every favor and act of kindness at your hands, and make you a good and conscientious district attorney, who would not violate his duty to make or to keep a friend.—Anderson County Farm Journal. (Advertisement.)

For Constable

Joe L. Wall of Augusta authorizes his announcement this week as a candidate for Constable of Precinct No. 2, subject to the action of the July primary.

Mr. Wall is a young man of splendid character and deportment. He has lived at Augusta all of his life and the people of that community know that if they elect him as their constable he will endeavor to give them good service as a peace officer.

To the voters in Precinct No. 2, the Messenger heartily commends the candidacy of Mr. Wall to their careful consideration.

An Explanation

To those interested in the Hays Spring graveyard, I want to say that my wife and I are, and have from the first, been willing to deed to those interested all the ground now enclosed, which is the same amount enclosed by the community before.

This is to correct the reports that have had some circulation in regard to the mistreatment of the graveyard.

I was brutally abused in Grapeland last Saturday over this matter and I want my friends to know that I have and always have had respect for the dead. I have never thought of disturbing the graveyard as it now stands.

A. E. Bradley.

FROM EPHEBUS SCHOOL HOUSE

April 6.—That was a good letter from Antrimite and he spoke my sentiments to a finish as to money matters.

Most of the farmers here planted white corn, but it come up yellow, that is, what has come up. We hear a lot of complaint about the stand. Oats and potatoes look fine. A little cotton has been planted.

Our school closed last Friday. Our good teacher, Miss Lizzie Mae Rice, could not give up the school without seeing all of the pupils so she arranged for an Easter egg hunt and it was a grand success. The first thing on program was the egg hunt and O, my, how the little ones enjoyed it! Next came dinner which would have enticed the King and Queen of Spain, let alone the hired hand! The good ladies know what to do when it comes to cooking the good things for such an occasion. After dinner there was singing and the teacher gave out to her pupils some Easter cards as a token of kindness to the little ones for their goodness during school. Next came some good speeches and a song by Mr. Green Whitaker, which were very much enjoyed. Then came the award of prizes. Leo Goolsby, Lena Turner and Wilder Nealy in grade two tied and all received prizes. In grade four the prize was awarded to Roy Allen. Next came the spelling match and our teacher was the last on the floor, the words being given out by Miss Jewel Turner. There has been only been one mistake in our school and that is the patrons and trustees did not visit the school enough.

One of the Trustees.

NEWS FROM NEW PROSPECT

April 13.—We are having some very cool weather for April, but now that Easter is over, we guess spring will come.

Everybody is making use of the dry weather, and a good many have planted cotton.

A light shower of rain fell last night.

There is quite a lot of sickness in our community for the past month. Mr. and Mrs. Newman have had a very sick child, but it is getting along nicely. Mrs. Bashie Bridges is quite sick at this writing. Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown have had a very sick child, but it is improving steadily. Joe Hudson has been right sick for the last few days, but hope he will be alright soon.

Our public school was out last Friday week, and we can truthfully say we never had a better term than this, nor better teachers. Our teachers were Mr. Sam Dutch and Miss Alice Montgomery, and they taught us a most satisfactory school.

Our Sunday school and prayer meeting has been changed to evening.

Bro. Wright filled his regular appointment here yesterday. Quite a crowd was out to hear him, also quite a crowd were at

Cash Grocery Company SPECIALS

Purina Mills Baby Chick Feed--a balanced ration for little chicks.

Crushed Sheel--good for your laying hens.

A full line of Swift's and Armor's Canned Meats.

Pure Apple Cider Vinegar--no chemicals, just pure fruit.

Peacock Brand, pure ribbon cane syrup.

Mountain Peak Flour--remember no better flour handled in Grapeland.

Cream of Wheat, Post Toasties, Royal Seal Oats in tins, Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour, Puffed Wheat, Grape Nuts and Postum.

White Pearl Meal, Alfalfa Hay, Chops, Oats and Bran.

TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK: 1 car steam cooked feed. We can save you money on this class of feed. Trade with us. We can save you money.

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY
FREE DELIVERY Phone us Your Orders

MEN and WOMEN, ATTENTION

If you appreciate GOOD MERCHANDISE it will PAY YOU to come to OUR STORE for your SPRING and SUMMER WEARING APPAREL.

For MEN:

We are showing some exceptional values in Beetman-Klanhouser suits, moderately priced, felt and straw hats that will satisfy the most discriminating tastes, shoes for every foot, in fact, we can fill your summer clothing bill.

For LADIES:

We have on display in dress goods the materials that are the most popular; shoes that have some individuality of style, together with the service qualities.

We Invite Your Inspection and Comparison

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

the Easter Egg hunt at Mr. Jim McKnight's Sunday. All enjoyed themselves immensely.

Some of our New Prospect boys attended the Easter Egg hunt at Mr. Louis Smith's Sunday and report a splendid time.

The writer attended church at Oak Grove Saturday night. Quite a crowd of New Prospect people were over there, and we can't blame them for Oak Grove has many attractions, as Old Timer says, also the New Prospect people think there is a great attraction across the bridge that Old Timer crosses every Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown visited relatives at Grapeland Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bridges visited relatives in Grapeland Sunday.

Mrs. Z. A. Parker visited her daughter, Mrs. Ritchie Saturday.

A great many people are plowing corn, and if it is a favorable year I don't think there will be much feedstuff to buy another year.

ALMA MATER.

Notice of Election.

Notice of election is hereby given to be held in Grapeland, Saturday, May 2, 1914, for the purpose of electing four trustees for the Grapeland Independent School District to succeed J. B. Lively, W. D. McCarty, T. S. Kent and M. D. Murchison, whose terms of office expire. B. H. Logan is hereby appointed manager of said election.

T. S. Kent,
President School Board,
James Owens, Secy.
Grapeland, Texas,
April 14, 1914.

Straight at It.

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

Adv.

The MAID of the FOREST

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV—Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier.

CHAPTER V—They come on the trail of a war party and, to escape from the Indians, take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut.

CHAPTER VI.

Captain D'Auvray.

"What is it?" asked Brady, startled by my sudden exclamation, and striving to get up. I glanced back at him.

"A dead man; stay where you are; he is dead all right. I'll be back in a moment."

I stepped within, and held the torch down closer, the ghastly yellow light falling full on the upturned face. He was a man of seventy, or over, a sturdy looking fellow for his years, in the garments of a French courier des bois; his features strong, refined, bearing even in death a certain peculiar dignity, increased by a snow-white beard. Apparently he had not been dead long, nor was there slightest evidence of struggle; the hands were empty, and, judging from the ugly gash in his head, he had been struck from behind unexpectedly. It was a ghastly wound, and the man had probably died instantly. The blow must have been a treacherous one, delivered by some person acquainted with the cabin; otherwise the dog would have sprung to his master's defense. Plainly this was murder, and the assassin had taken his time; had closed the door, locked in the dog; had even washed off the blade of the ax, and left it standing there against the wall. What could have been the object? Was it revenge? Robbery? I felt in the socket of the loose blouse, finding nothing, but my eye caught the glimmer of a medal fastened to the front of the shirt. I unpinned it, and held it up to the light of the torch, studying out the French inscription, letter by letter, half guessing at its meaning—it was a medal of honor, given for special gallantry in action at Fontenoy to Capt. Rael D'Auvray.

I stood staring at it, and then down into the face of the dead man. D'Auvray: Her name! The same name she had given me! The face of the girl came back instantly to memory, distinct, living. There was a familiarity, a resemblance, now that I thus connected the two together. She had told me her father was a French officer—yet dead, killed in action. Perhaps she thought so; had been deceived into this belief. Yet I was convinced now that this was the man; that he had been living up to a few hours before, and had met his fate here in the wilderness by a foul and treacherous blow. Her father! The knowledge seemed to shock me, to leave me helpless; I could not divorce my mind from the remembrance of the daughter. Where would she be that night? Safe at Harmar? or in the dark woods with Girty? Did she know about this hidden cabin? This island rendezvous? Surely this could be no mere coincident of name and history, yet what was the mystery that enveloped both? Why was this Captain D'Auvray hiding here, and why did she deny that he was still living? The more I thought, the more tangled grew the skein. Brady called me, and I stepped back into the other room, still dazed, grasping the medal in my hand.

"Well, what is it?" he asked gruf-

ly. "What have you found out?"

I told him briefly, describing the appearance of the body, and handing him the medal. He turned it over in the light of the torch.

"French, ain't it? What does it say?"

"An army decoration for gallant conduct given to Capt. Rael D'Auvray, Fifth Cuirassiers."

"You think it belonged to him?"

"Beyond doubt; it was pinned to his shirt—the one thing he treasured in his exile."

"D'Auvray," he repeated, as if the name had familiar sound. "I've heard of him before. Wait a bit; now I have it—he commanded Hamilton's Indians at Vincennes when Clark took the town. I saw him once."

He got to his feet with my help, and braced himself in the doorway, looking intently at the upturned face, as I held the torch extended.

"That's the man," he said soberly. "I remember the white beard; some one told me the Wyandots called him the white chief. And he was in the French army? An officer? Poor devil! I wonder what happened to drive him to this."

He stared about among the shadows at the miscellaneous articles littering the shed, his trained eyes noting things I had overlooked in my excitement.

"He was murdered all right, lad," he commented slowly, "and by a white man. This was not Injun work. Here is the imprint of a boot heel; you can even see the nails. That's odd; I didn't suppose there was a boot worn in this country except by British officers. What is that red garment lying on the box? I thought so; an English infantry jacket, made in London, and it never belonged to D'Auvray." He held it up. "It was a big fellow who wore this coat, about your size."

I drew up the bench, and sat down.

"There is more to this than you have discovered, Brady," I said, determined to explain. "Did you chance to see a French girl back at Fort Harmar?"

He shook his head.

"Not as I remember; who was she?"

"That is what I would like to know. I hoped you might have picked up some information. She was at General Harmar's office—a young girl, not much over twenty, I should judge, with dark eyes and hair, speaking broken English, her dress half Indian and half border French. She was one in a thousand, to my thought. What name do you suppose she gave me?"

His eyes, interested, questioned me, but he sat silent.

"Rene D'Auvray; and she explained her father was a French officer, killed in battle."

"And her mother?"

"A woman of the Wyandots, but a half-breed."

"D'Auvray! The same as the dead man yonder! And he was a soldier? It is an odd case. What else do you know about her?"

"Precious little, indeed, for she seemed an adept in deceit. She ever pretended to know me, and actually spoke my name before it had been told her. How she ever learned it is more than I can guess. The little mix is full of tricks, but plays them so saucily it was not in my heart to become angry. By heavens! one glance in her eyes would disarm any man—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "but whence came she there, and for what purpose?"

I told him all I knew, and he listened eagerly, his eyes on Schultz puttering about the fire.

"She must have jested in her threat to travel hither with the renegade."

"I fear it was not jest," I said soberly. "She was in a mood to do even that, and I do not think she feared the man. They may be on our trail now; ay! close at hand, Brady, for they both know these woods better than either of us. 'Tis my thought, now, the dead man yonder was the lass' father, and she would know his cabin."

His eyes turned to the door, and then to the food Schultz was placing on the table before us, but whatever he thought it remained unuttered. As we sat there eating, he was apparently turning it all over in his mind, trying to draw the tangled ends of the skein together. As we finished the meal, some newly awakened curiosity caused me to glance out again into the rear room. It was gloomy with shadows, the bodies of man and dog beyond view; yet what I perceived brought from my lips a sudden exclamation.

"Brady, some one has been in here! The outer door is unlatched—yes—and the soldier's coat is gone!"

We searched the room carefully, but discovered no sign of its having been entered, except for the door standing slightly ajar, and the disappearance of the red coat. We dare not carry a torch into the open, and the night was too dark for us to trace marks on the ground. Brady stood in the glow of firelight, looking to the priming of his rifle, his face shadowed.

"I am going out awhile, Hayward," he said finally. "Yes, I am all right now. I meant to take you along, but, I reckon, it will be safer not to leave the Dutchman here alone. However, I don't think there will be any more visitors tonight."

He slipped out the back way, disappearing instantly, and I picked up my own rifle, bade Schultz remain where he was, and followed, with the purpose of scouting about the island. I could perceive the new danger we were in. Suppose the assassin, eager to save himself from suspicion, should be attracted to that camp of raiders, and, relying on their friendship for protection, charge us with the murder of D'Auvray. What mercy could we hope for at their hands? Beyond doubt the band was composed of ambitious young warriors, who had already tasted blood, and under control of no chief able to restrain them, if their wild passions should be appealed to.

But I emerged into darkness and silence. Quickly as I had made this decision I was too late. The scout had already disappeared across the narrow open space, and vanished into the fringe of trees. There was nothing to guide me, except a vague sense of direction, yet I felt my way forward through the dense tree growth, hearing no sound of movement, and compelled to move slowly until I emerged at the shore, and could perceive the stars reflected on the surface of still water. As I lingered there, clear of the woods' shadow, my courage gradually returned, and our situation appeared less desperate. Whoever the fellow was who had killed D'Auvray he might have as much cause to fear the Indian raiders as we did. The mere fact that he wore a red coat was no direct proof he was a British soldier; doubtless many a forest renegade had picked up bits of discarded uniform. Besides, why should any soldier desire to kill D'Auvray? He had led his Indians to action under Hamilton. More likely the fellow was French, and the murder the end of some private feud. His only desire then would be to get away safely, to escape unseen. Brady would learn all this, and he would be back presently.

I do not know how long a time passed, only I had circled the house twice, skirting the edge of the woods in my rounds, keeping well in the blacker shadows, and moving noiselessly, every nerve alert. Back of the house I discovered a mound of earth, heaped as a roof, over an opening in the ground, evidently a cellar of some kind. So far as I could discover, by groping in the darkness, there was nothing concealed within, but the entrance offered a good hiding place, and I sat down there where I could see in every direction, with my rifle across my knees. The stars yielded a spectral light, and no one could move across the clearing unobserved. I sat there for ten minutes, seeing and hearing nothing, gradually growing drowsy in the silence, my head sinking back against the earth mound. Yet I remained awake and watchful, although when I first perceived a figure fitting out of the black fringe of woods, I half believed it a dream. But it was no dream, and I sat up suddenly, my heart beating like a triphammer, and stared. I could see little, not enough to determine whether the intruder was savage or white, merely perceiving an indistinct form, crouching low, yet advancing directly toward me. There was no hesitancy, no evidence of fear, but merely the natural caution of one traveling alone in the wilderness. At first I believed it to be Brady returning, yet hesitated to step boldly forth, for the figure appeared small and unnatural, barely perceptible against the darker background of earth.

To render myself more secure I drew cautiously back a step within the cellar entrance, and waited breathlessly, bracing myself to meet either friend or foe. I could no longer see the intruder, and the caution of his approach made me certain the man must be an enemy. Surely Brady, even while exercising every precaution, would never hesitate like this, and grope his way forward inch by inch. I felt the hot blood leap in my veins; then the fellow, still crouching low, but with rifle barrel advanced, appeared around the edge of the pile of earth, scarcely two yards distant. All I saw clearly was a hat with a feather in it, an indistinct outline of form, and the black rifle barrel. My rifle came up to the shoulder, and I slipped into the open.

"Stop where you are!" I ordered sharply. "Drop your gun, and stand up!"

I heard a quick breath of surprise, almost an exclamation; the stock of the rifle sank to the ground, but the hands still clung to the barrel, as the

startled figure straightened up. I could not distinguish the face, only the white outline shadowed by the hat, yet the short, slender form was that of a boy. The relief at this discovery brought a laugh to my lips.

"What does this mean, lad?" I asked. "Have children gone to war? Come, answer me; you are no savage."

"'Tis not a lad with whom you deal, Monsieur Hayward," replied a soft voice, trembling a bit nevertheless, though attempting boldness. "You know me now?"

She flung the concealing hat into the grass, the silvery light of the stars on her face.

"You here! you!" I exclaimed in swift surprise at this unexpected denouement, and feeling the hot blood flush my face. "You came with Girty?"

She ventured to laugh lightly at my tone and manner.

"We traveled together—yes. What of that, monsieur? The wilderness is not a parlor where we can choose associates. Did I not warn you I would come with him when you refused me? An' you think I did what was wrong?"

"I?" puzzled by her direct question. "What is it to me, mademoiselle? You would not care what I think. Yet were you sister of mine I would speak plainly enough; we all know what Simon Girty is."

"Oh, no, monsieur, the Americans do not," and her voice rung with earnestness. "He is to them an enemy, a fiend. He wars on the other side, and as the Indians make war. Why not? He has lived in our wigwams, and sat at our council fires. He belongs with us, save for the birthmark of a white skin. To me he is not enemy, but friend. I have known him always, from childhood; there is no fear in my heart; did he desire, he would not dare harm me—I am a Wyandot."

The swift words were a defiance, a challenge.

"Have it as you will," I said coldly, "but nothing you may say will ever make me think well of that renegade."

"You!" she exclaimed passionately. "Why do you say that, Joseph Hayward? Why do you keep up this masquerade with me? We are no longer at Fort Harmar where it was safer for you to guard your speech. I knew you would be here; that was why I came alone—that we might talk to each other, and no longer lie."

I stared at her face in the starlight, my memory suddenly reverting to the dead man within.

"You knew I would be here?"

"I guessed it, and my instinct was true. Why not, monsieur? You alone knew the house was here, and who lived in it."

CHAPTER VII.

Mademoiselle Meets Her Father.

There was evidently no use of my groping longer in the dark. The girl was in earnest; she firmly believed me to be another. There could be no understanding between us until this mystery of identity was cleared away. Her discovery of me here had only served to increase her hallucination.

"Mademoiselle D'Auvray," I said earnestly, and I stood bare-headed before her, "there is a serious mistake being made. I am not willing you should deceive yourself any longer. I am going to be perfectly frank with you, and in return I ask you to be equally frank with me. Who do you believe me to be?"

She gazed straight into my face, answering:

"Monsieur Joseph Hayward."

"Of course," smiling, "you heard the name at Fort Harmar."

"But I did not; it was never mentioned in my presence. I recognized you."

"Which would imply that we had met before, yet I have no recollection, not the faintest, of such a meeting. You are not one it would be easy to forget."

"Unless one particularly desired to do so," she replied swiftly, "and that I am beginning to suspect is the case." She straightened her slender figure, throwing back her shoulders and using a clearer English than before, as if throwing off disguise. "You ask me to deal with you frankly, monsieur; very well, I will. Down in my heart I have never trusted you—never! My father did, and I made pretense to please him. But from our first meeting my womanly instincts told me you were false. Now I know it! You are not with us, but with our enemies; you are a traitor! a spy!"

The words stung; they were like the thrusts of a knife. Was the girl insane—mad?

"You call me a spy," I said soberly as her breath failed, "but I am not to me this is all mystery. But what about yourself, mademoiselle? Why were you at Fort Harmar? What purpose brought you there?"

"I went there openly, and in no disguise," she replied, restraining herself with an effort. "I was not a spy, nor a victim of curiosity. I told the truth when I said I was seeking

my father."

"Yet you left at once to return north without finding him?"

"Because I had learned he was not there, not in the American forts. I heard the general tell it to you."

"To me! the name was not mentioned. We spoke only of a medicine man—Wa-pa-tee-tah."

"Yes, the White Chief. He came to the Wyandots with the Christ message. He was there before the priests, and it is through his efforts there has been peace. Yet why should I tell you all this? You have met him in council, have eaten at his table, and shared his bed. He alone has stood, and blocked your plans of war."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "let us forget this controversy, this misunderstanding, for it is that, and be friends for this night at least. I wish to help

you, and not be held as an enemy. You have been in my mind ever since we first met; I have not been able to drive you from memory. I must bring you evil news, but my heart is full of kindness and sympathy. You will believe this?"

How white her face was in the starlight, uplifted to mine. One hand grasped my sleeve.

"News! evil news! of my father?"

"Of Rael D'Auvray; he was your father?"

"Yes! you say 'was'? he is dead?"

I caught the groping hand in mine, and held it tightly in the grasp of my fingers. She made no movement, but I could distinguish her quick breathing, see her dark eyes.

"Yes; you must listen quietly while I tell you all I know. We reached here at dusk. There was a band of Indian raiders camped yonder near the foot of the lake, and so we crossed over to this island to avoid them. We stumbled upon this hut while seeking a camping spot. It was dark, and apparently deserted. The front door was latched, but unlocked, and we ventured inside, feeling our way through the gloom, until we came to a door leading into the rear room. You know the arrangement?"

She did not respond, or remove her eyes from my face.

"When we opened this a huge mastiff leaped savagely at us. In the darkness he fastened his jaws on Brady's arm—the scout with me—and had to be killed by a knife thrust. Then we procured a light with which to search, and found the body of a man lying on the floor."

"Dead?"

"Murdered; his head crushed in from behind with an ax. He was an old man, with snow-white beard."

"How did you know he was Rael D'Auvray?"

"By this medal pinned to his breast," I answered, holding it forth, "a French decoration."

She grasped it, bending her head so as to see better, and, for a moment, her slender form shook with an emotion she could not restrain. Involuntarily I rested a hand upon her shoulder, but the touch aroused her, and she stepped back, standing erect.

"The medal was his; he always wore it. But was that all? Was nothing else found?"

"There was a red army jacket slung across a box; but while we were eating later in the other room, someone stole in through the back door, and carried that away."

She raised her hands to her head, with a gesture of despair.

"I—I believe part of what you have told me," she confessed, her voice trembling. "It—is in my heart to believe all, but—but I cannot. You are not telling me the truth—not all the truth. You know of this house; you—you came here deliberately, and—and brought your men with you."

"I deny that, mademoiselle. We stumbled upon the place by accident."

"Oh, you drive me crazy with your denials!" she exclaimed passionately. "I will not listen longer. You are Joseph Hayward; you admit that yourself. No! do not talk to me, or



"You Call Me a Spy, but I Am Not."

attempt to stop me! I am going to my—my father."

I stood aside and let her pass, yet followed as she entered the door. The interior was black, except for a slight glow as from a dying fire showing dimly through the inner door. The dead dog lay in the middle of the floor and she stopped, staring at the grim shadow.

"I will bring the light," I said gently. "If you can permit me to pass."

As the yellow flame illumined the small room, her gaze deserted me, to rest once more upon the motionless figure lying near the wall, which Brady had mercifully covered with a blanket. She stood still, her hands clasped, her face like marble. Still holding the candle in one hand, I bent down, and drew back gently the edge of the blanket, exposing the dead man's face and white beard. In spite of his violent death the features were composed, in no way distorted; he appeared like one lying there asleep. For a moment the girl never stirred, her attitude strained, her wide-open, tearless eyes on the peaceful upturned countenance. It seemed to me she had even ceased to breathe. Then she sank slowly upon her knees beside the body, her head close to the cold cheek.

"Father! Father!" she sobbed, as if in sudden realization of the truth. "It is you!"

Her hat had fallen to the floor, and her wealth of dark hair unloosened completely hid her face. She had forgotten my presence; everything but her grief. I drew back silently, stuck the sputtering candle on a box, where it burned bravely, and left the room. As I glanced back from the doorway, odd shadows flickered along the walls, and she still knelt there, a vague, indistinct figure. In the other room I found a chair, and sat down, staring dumbly into the smoldering fire.

(To be Continued)

UNIVERSITY HOME AND SCHOOL LEAGUE

A New Movement for Improving Country Life.

How can we make living in the country more satisfactory and enjoyable to boys and girls? How can we check the



Prof. F. M. Bralley

drift of our best blood to the cities? What can the University of Texas do to promote community life and really help the 75 per cent of the population of Texas who make their living on the farm?

These are some of the big questions that Professor F. M. Bralley, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction and now at the head of the Extension Department of the University of Texas, attempts to answer in Bulletin No. 322, which is sent free to all who apply for it. This bulletin contains the purposes and plans of the University Home and School League which Professor Bralley hopes to see organized in every country community in Texas. Through this organization it is his belief that great good can come to country folks.

If you desire satisfactory work, carry your old clothes to Clewis. adv

J. E. ROSE ANNOUNCES

The proper column of this issue will show the announcement of J. E. Rose for District Attorney.

It affords us great pleasure to put Jim Rose's name before the people of this district as a candidate for a position of this kind, because, in the first place, he needs it; second, he deserves it; and third, he is the kind of a man that the people need as a District Attorney.

We have known Jim Rose for many years; we knew him as a barefooted boy on the farm; we knew him when he was doing his own cooking, washing and housekeeping with seven other boys at one of our normal schools, and working his way through school in order to prepare himself for a life of usefulness; we knew him when he borrowed money from one man to pay another for his schooling, and we knew enough of him to know that the experience and adversities overcome by him are the things that make of men a success in life, and this race, we hope, will mark the beginning of Jim's real success.

Mr. Rose was born and reared in Kentucky, and came directly from his native home there to his adopted home here in Anderson County in 1897, where he has been ever since, and glad of it. He taught school in this and adjoining counties for ten years, and graduated from the law department of the Cumberland University in 1911. He afterwards passed the state bar examination, and since June of 1911 has been enjoying a remarkably good law practice, considering the adverse conditions under which he began his practice in Palestine at that time.

Anderson County is entitled to the District Attorney's office this next term, and Mr. Rose should have the unqualified and undivided support of the voters of this county. Vote for him, nominate and elect him, and when he shall have served his term you can then say that he prosecuted the duties of his office without knowingly persecuting any man.—Anderson County Farm Journal. Adv.

Many so called "bitters" are not medicines, but simply liquids disguised, so as to evade the law. Prickley Ash Bitters is not one of this class. It is strictly a medicine, acting primarily on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and for the dangerous diseases that attack these organs it is a remedy of the first grade. There is nothing objectionable in its taste, it has an agreeable flavor and is acceptable to the most delicate stomach. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

W. H. Kolb was carried to Palestine Saturday and placed in a sanitarium to be operated on for appendicitis. He was accompanied by his physician, Dr. P. H. Stafford, and his brother-in-law, Cleve Sadler.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism.

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

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLS OF FISHER COUNTY

A County That Is Building Modern School Houses.

People are reflected, to a large extent, by the character of houses in which they live. Although good school houses do not of themselves make institutions where knowledge abounds or wisdom reigns, what people think of the value of schools is indicated by the kind of school houses they have built.

Naturally, we should expect the counties of East Texas where timber grows, or the counties of Central Texas where wealth abounds, to take the lead in the construction of modern and comfortable school buildings. However, a thinly populated county, situated near the foot of the plains where the velocity of western winds has never yet been measured by an anemometer and where the coyotes still sing their lonesome songs in the presence of chickens, preachers and farmers, can teach the other counties of our commonwealth how to provide school houses that do not harbor the germs of human diseases. Here is the record of Fisher County during the past four years: Twenty-six country districts out of a total of forty-two have voted bonds for the erection of school houses. Twenty-four of these buildings are modern, constructed according to the plans furnished and recommended by the Department of Extension of the University of Texas. Nineteen of these buildings have approved systems of heating which provide for the intake of fresh air and the outgo of foul air. Practically all have provided auditoriums for social service.

It is said that the average mind can neither discern nor digest the littleness of the magnitude of statistics. But the statistics of Fisher County's progress are so one-sided that even mental aptitude is not required to grasp them. There are forty-two country districts. All levy a local tax. No district levies less than twenty cents. The average tax for the several districts is thirty-three cents, and many districts levy the maximum of fifty cents. Every school in the county has "patent" desks.

The Microbe of Love

The above is the name of a beautiful little musical comedy that was presented by Grapeland young people at the school auditorium last Thursday night.

It was decidedly a most pleasing production, and the characters deserve the warmest congratulations for the perfect way in which each one acted their part.

The play was replete with side-splitting humor, good songs and the local hits and jokes keep the audience laughing.

The Microbe of Love, as administered by the love-lorn spinsters, was to the obstinate bachelors what serum is to a case of meningitis—it brought them around, and there were several happy couples before the play ended. (From the way things look now, those microbes are still working and may culminate in something serious along about June.)

The proceeds of the play will go to make a beginning for a high school library—something the school needs very badly, and this play was such a success we hope the young people will continue them through the summer.

An enjoyable Easter program was carried out by the Sunday school at the Methodist church last Sunday morning. The program consisted of recitations and special musical selections. Rev. Matney delivered a beautiful address on Easter.

LETTER FROM OLD GRAY

April 12.—Until last Wednesday we had spring time in full bloom. The trees had put on their dress of green, the wild flowers scattered here and there together with the sweet songs of the birds made everything altogether lovely and to think life is worth living. In fact, all vegetation was springing forth as by a magic touch, but the cold wind Wednesday and the frost Thursday night cast a gloom over the beautiful surroundings that it will take sunshine and time to relieve. We think, however, it is well enough that we should have these little bumps of disappointments, otherwise we would get beside ourselves and probably forget that there was all-seeing eye that is ever upon us. In this immediate vicinity there is no damage to corn or potatoes. Some gardens were nipped but no serious damage. We learn that a short distance north of us the corn was totally destroyed, and some of the farmers have commenced replanting. Cotton planting is well advanced; the oat crop was never better. With a few days' sunshine we will have things going our way again. With a fine season in the earth and moderate seasons, we believe we will be successful with our crops through the country this year. But it is a leap in the future. We can't tell—would that we could have a year of peace and be left alone to our affairs on the farm but not so. Another election confronts us and we believe it will be one that will be remembered by the coming generation for years to come. We think it will be one that will cause general confusion all over the state. The chasm between the pros and democrats will grow wider and deepen. Old friends will come to the parting of the ways, fresh wounds will be made, and, as we view it, the political outlook for Texas is dark. It may be that these clouds will disappear and all may be well and happy yet.

Mrs. Johnnie Douglass is visiting her brother at Palestine.

T. H. Lockler and lady visited relatives in our community a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Bedsil gave the young folks an Easter egg hunt this evening. Quite a crowd of youngsters was present. The eggs were hidden in a near by woodland. It was really interesting to watch the children go bounding on their way from bush to bush in search of eggs. When they would find some their merry shouts told the tale that they were enjoying themselves to their heart's content. Memory loves to linger upon our childhood days. As ever, OLD GRAY.

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

A cross, restless baby is a sick baby and the stomach or bowels are generally the cause of the trouble. McGee's Baby Elixir is a quieting and restorative syrup that never fails in these ailments. It corrects sour stomach, looseness of the bowels and feverishness. Contains no opium, morphine or narcotic drug of any kind. Price 25c. and 50c. per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Accidents to the flesh will happen, no matter how careful you are.

Ballard's SNOW LINIMENT

Kept always in the house is a guarantee of prompt treatment whenever there is a cut, burn, bruise or other injury to the flesh of any member of the family. The sooner these wounds are treated, the greater certainty that they will heal without much pain or loss of time. It is equally certain that the torture of rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica, lame back, stiff neck and lumbago will be eased, and the disease speedily driven out of the body. If you have it on hand the suffering is short and the cure is speedy and complete.

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

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

Stephens Eye Salve Cures Sore Eyes.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER.

Caskey and Denson Barbers

Your Business will be Appreciated

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

Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

ABSTRACTS

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

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

ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

PORTER'S Drug Store

AGENT

Galveston Daily and Semi-

Weekly Farm News.

Houston Daily Post and

Semi-Weekly Farm and Fireside.

RENEW WITH US

I. N. Whitaker

WATCHMAKER and PHOTOGRAPHER

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

I repair watches, clocks, guns and sewing machines.

Sluggish Liver

All your liver, stomach and bowel troubles will speedily vanish when you start to take

Hot Springs Liver Buttons from the famous Hot Springs of Ark. They never fail to banish dizziness, headache and malaria

Better than Calomel. 25 cts.

Free sample Liver Buttons and booklet about the famous Hot Springs Rheumatism remedy and Hot Springs Blood Remedy at



A S PORTER

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—a 1-ac per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

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

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

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

THURSDAY, APR. 16, 1914

We can tell you exactly how Jim Ferguson will stand when the polls close on July 25th. Just rub the tail off the figure 9 and you have the answer.

A Crockett man, it is said, was so well pleased with his experience on "go to church" Sunday, declared that he could scarcely wait for a return date next April.

The Messenger favors incorporation for Grapeland to keep the town clean and in a sanitary condition. Should we incorporate and do nothing but this one thing, it would be worth all it cost—and more.

Uncle Peter Radford is a sly old fox, to say the least of it. Sometime ago he and Banker

Jim Ferguson "fixed things." You know Banker Jim has a "joker" in his platform to catch the farmer and tenant vote. Uncle Peter fathered that plank. Uncle Peter has what he calls "Radford's Policies of Government" and Banker Jim endorses those policies. Uncle Peter is supporting Banker Jim and is trying to deliver the Farmers Union vote to him. Some time ago the Farmers Union held a meeting in Ft. Worth ostensibly for the purpose of discussing the warehouse bill, and at this meeting Uncle Peter's policies were endorsed, and he never fails to call attention to that fact in his free plate "dope" he furnishes to the press of Texas. But the farmers of Texas are not dupes. From among their ranks comes a large portion of the prohibitionists and Peter Radford and W. D. Lewis have undertaken a Herculean task to deliver them in a body to Jim Ferguson and saloons. The rank and file of the Farmers Union are going to have a reckoning with these two gentlemen and they ought to be ousted from office.

New Orleans has a grouch against the regional reserve bank committee like unto the "destructive" democrats of Houston county have against the Ft. Worth convention that nominated Tom Ball.

The Messenger has several application blanks and some literature of the Texas Industrial Congress which we would like to give to those farmers who are interested. We would be glad to see some of our farmers enter this contest and win a prize.

Tom Ball, the progressive pro candidate for governor, will have smooth sailing to the executive mansion at Austin. Our friends, the enemy, are up in the air and have their business in a jam. Mr. Ball "should worry"—like a rose and fade away.

There is system in advertising, and there is also money in it. That man who knows the real value of advertising and prepares his ad so as to produce that value has learned a great deal that will be of much service to him in the business world. The American people are a people who are continually trading, they never will quit it, and if there should happen to be a lull in your business, don't think for a minute that traffic is about to cease—the fault might lie at your own door.—Lufkin News.

The little town of Alto, over to the east, is enjoying a remarkable growth. Since January 1, the Herald has announced the building of about seventeen brick business houses, the establishment of an oil mill and now the business men have organized a water company and have let the contract for a deep well. Alto is a good town and is surrounded by a splendid country of rich farming lands. Its growth and expansion is of course gratifying to us, for it was there this editor first saw the "break of day" some few (?) years ago, and naturally we take a lively interest in our old home town.

This is the time of year when the ladies are waging a relentless war on dirt. They are up to their chin in spring house clean-

ing—giving everything a good shampoo. The house is upside down, and the man of the house bath no where to lay his head. They scrub and brush the entire year and then for fear some germ or microbe have escaped their vigilance, each spring there is a complete turning of things inside out and upside down. But thank heaven, it is only for a season, then this turmoil subsides, and comes joy in the morning when the flavor of cleanliness is sweet to the nostril and peace to the weary soul.

Paroling convicts and working them on the public roads of the state may solve the penitentiary problem. The experiment in the Lindale precinct is proving satisfactory and the convicts are doing good work. About one hundred more have been paroled, some to do road work near Tyler, some in Gregg county, and some will work on the state railroad. Having the right man in charge of the men will be a great factor in making the experiment permanent. If the people on the east side of the railroad want to get good roads and get their money's worth, let them vote bonds and build roads with convicts.

Ed Walker, a negro, of Augusta, who was tried in the district court at Crockett last week for killing John Henry Howard, another negro, several weeks ago, was convicted, but given the benefit of the suspended sentence law, which means that Walker must live a just and upright life for five years, or he will be sent to the pen to serve his sentence without trial.

RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

Reynard—There was very little farming done last week on account of cold working and weather conditions. Some cotton was planted and some corn is ready to work. The stand of corn is not perfect by any means.

It seems like spring is here to stay and the forest is a veritable flower garden.

J. L. Chiles attended conference at Latexo Saturday and reports a pleasant time. J. K. Jones, A. M. Rencher, J. D. May and J. L. Chiles were elected delegates to the District Conference which meets at Huntsville. K. says he is glad to have a chance to go to Huntsville without any criminal proceedings of law.

The colored people of our community seem to be on the war path. We are glad that none of our white people are mixed up in their troubles. J. N. Perkins was shot while in the lot feeding by some unknown party, but it is hoped the guilty one will be caught and punished to the full extent of the law. Sunday two more got into trouble: one is dead and the other will have to satisfy the law.

Hurrah for Mr. Daniel! How he scored the anti democrats, and rightly so, too.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. West and little son attended church in Crockett Sunday and report a fine service.

J. L. Chiles says he believes he can boast of the champion garden in the neighborhood.

ZACK.

COMING! --- MAY, --- 1914

MAY--the play time of all the year--the month of graduating exercises, picnics and parties, will soon be here, and with it, the demand for seasonable wearing apparel--dresses and suits suitable for any and all occasions. If you want the satisfaction of having the very latest styles and colors in dress goods, newest headwear and most comfortable and long wearing footwear, we invite you to come and visit our several departments.

THE YOUNG MAN

looking for a stylish, long-wearing suit that is guaranteed to be all pure wool, perfecting and put out by the world's leading tailors is invited to look through our new spring and summer line of



ROYAL TAILORED SAMPLES
Suits at \$16.00 to \$35.00

We are also Showing the Latest Styles in Men's and Boys'

- Shirts
- Straw Hats
- Underwear
- Shoes and Neckwear

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

Will find in our Dry Goods Department a very pretty line of Summer Dress Goods and Trimmings, including---

- Embroidered Voiles
- Allover Embroideries
- Allover Laces
- Ratines, Messalines and all kinds of goods suitable for Waists and Dresses.

We are showing in our Ready-to-Wear Department a nice assortment of

- Ready Made Dresses and up-to-date Millinery



Hundreds of Suggestions For Summer Style and Comfort are to be found in the

Standard Fashion Book

For SUMMER
20c (By Mail 30c)
Any Standard Pattern Free

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

Wherry wants your trade. adv

County Attorney B. F. Dent was here from Crockett Saturday.

A good shoe at a fair price—Peters. Wherry has them. Adv.

Allison Phillips was up from Crockett Monday morning looking after some business matters.

You owe it to yourself to investigate Wherry's goods and prices before you buy. adv

Mrs. George Calhoun and babies returned home from Crockett Tuesday.

Peters shoes look nice, wear well and don't cost too much. Wherry sells them. Adv.

Mrs. A. H. Luker visited her sister, Mrs. Ellis, in Crockett last Friday.

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

Bob Spence for Sheriff and John Snell for County Superintendent were here Saturday mingling with the voters.

Bear this in mind—the name Dittman on a pair of shoes assures the quality. Adv. McLean & Riall.

Miss Maude McCarty left Wednesday for points in Mississippi, where she will spend several months visiting relatives.

Now's the time—Wherry's the place to get standard merchandise at living prices. adv W. R. Wherry.

W. S. Johnston of Houston is here this week looking after business matters and shaking hands with his many friends.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Scarbrough and little Miss Eva Carl spent Sunday in Crockett with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis.

Mrs. Frank Taylor underwent an operation in the Palestine sanitarium Wednesday of last week, and is reported to be doing well.

Ben Keen left Monday for San Antonio to see his father, who is confined in a sanitarium. Mr. Keen's condition is reported to be still very serious.

Mixed Feed

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

W. R. Wherry, Lee Finch and Holland Scarbrough returned to Crockett Monday morning to resume their duties on the grand jury, after a few weeks lay-off.

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

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

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

Mrs. Paul Kitcher of Palestine is spending the week with her friend, Miss Vilna Haltom.

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

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

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

J. F. Haltom has returned home from "a swing around the circle," embracing several points in east Texas.

Mrs. Bud Brown of the New Prospect community was an appreciated caller at the Messenger office Saturday.

Dr. McCarty reports the following births: A boy to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bridges; a boy to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown.

Blue Ribbon flour is a repeater—once used, always preferred. Get a sack today at McLean & Riall's. Free delivery. Adv.

T. H. Leaverton spent several days in central Texas this week looking after some business matters.

Eggs for Sale

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

Dental Notice

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

If It Is Roofing

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

Tomato Plants For Sale

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

For Sale

Eggs from pure bred S. C. Brown Leghorn chickens. \$1.00 per setting of 15. Satisfaction guaranteed. W. R. Durnell, Route 3, Adv. Grapeland, Texas.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Myrtle Lake Fishing Club held last Tuesday the following board of directors was elected for the ensuing year: T. H. Leaverton, J. C. Kennedy, J. R. Richards, P. H. Stafford and A. H. Luker.

Saturday, May 2, is the day upon which four trustees will be elected for the Grapeland Independent School District. It is very important that the patrons should get together on four good men, in case the retiring members do not stand for re-election, for the future progress of the school is in their hands and they should be men who are progressive and will take a keen interest in school matters. A board of trustees can make or ruin a school.

J. E. Rose For District Attorney

In the Messenger's announcement column this week will be found the announcement of J. E. Rose of Palestine as a candidate for District Attorney of the Third Judicial District, composed of the counties of Houston, Anderson and Henderson.

Mr. Rose is a native of Kentucky, moving to Palestine in 1897, where he has resided ever since. He attended various normal schools in the state and was a teacher in the public schools for eleven years. He graduated from the law department of the Cumberland University of Tennessee in 1911, passed the state bar examination at once, and has been practicing law with a marked degree of success since that time. He is held in high esteem by the members of the Anderson county bar and by his home people and those who know him.

He is a democrat, having obtained his majority at that period in Kentucky's history when Gov. Goebel was shamefully sacrificed on democracy's altar, and early in manhood imbibed a healthy dislike for democracy's enemies. He is a democrat by experience as well as by birth. Mr. Rose will no doubt visit this section during the campaign to get acquainted with our people, and asks that you do not commit yourself before he has an opportunity to talk the matter over with you.

Legal Blanks

The Messenger carries a supply of legal blanks and can furnish you with

- Notes
- Mortgages
- Vendor's Lien Notes
- Release Deeds
- Warranty Deeds
- Bill of Sales
- Transfer of Vendor's Lien Notes
- Extension of Vendor's Lien Notes

The Methodist Sunday school inaugurated a campaign last Sunday for new members and visitors, and the superintendent has promised the school a picnic if they have an attendance of 100 for four successive Sundays. The number present last Sunday was 131.

Jerry Clark and A. E. Bradley were the participants in a bout Saturday afternoon on the streets of Grapeland, the weapons used being their bare fists, neither of the gentlemen receiving a very serious blow. The difficulty arose over a dispute concerning the grave yard at Hays Spring, which is near Mr. Bradley's place. A very "grave" subject to fight over, to say the least of it.

Vendor's Lien Renewal

The last legislature passed a law making it necessary for the execution of a written instrument in cases where vendor's lien notes are not paid at maturity, but are extended. If you are holding notes which you expect to extend, better look into the matter, and see that the necessary papers are signed. We carry in stock extension and renewal blanks.

THE MESSENGER.

Purify the blood and put the system in order for summer work by using at this time a short course of Prickley Ash Bitters; it is the greatest blood purifier on earth. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

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

WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS

Dr. E. M. FARROW

SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISORDERS

Hemorrhoids (Piles) Without Cutting

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

Phone 777

PALESTINE, TEXAS



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



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, - - - TEXAS

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

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

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

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

The GUARANTY STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK

Notice of Stockholders Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers Union Telephone Co. at the courthouse Thursday night, April 23. All stockholders are urged to be present, as business of importance will come up for disposition. Adv. W. R. Campbell, Pres.

Effective last Sunday a change was made in the schedules of the passenger trains, as follows: South bound No. 1 arrives at 12:05 P. M.; No. 5 arrives at 12:10 A. M.; north bound, No. 2 arrives at 12:05 P. M.; No. 4 arrives at 9:05 P. M. Nos. 1 and 2 meet here.

Reliable-Foley's Honey and Tar Compound

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

Mrs. Will Smith of Palestine came down Saturday morning and went out to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Matthews.



"LITERARY CONVULSIONS"

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

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HOW CITIES ARE BUILT

A station is a point on any railroad where there is a cinder platform on one side of the track and an elevator on the other. The inhabitants of stations operates the platform twice a day and the elevator three months in the year. The remainder of his time is spent in an effort to make a living for his family.

It requires only two generations and continued good crops to attract a general store, newspaper, and a cemetery. The opera house, church, school, and politician follow in their order, after which the station has only to await the next census enumeration to get on the map in lower case letters and be referred to in the marginal index as a village.

The village stage in municipal life is that era in which the postoffice box numbers do not run higher than 275, and while the residents point out every telephone pole with more than one cross arm as evidence of their right to recognition in the commercial world.

Another twenty years, void of cyclones and conflagrations, generally develop such a feeling of unrest that something more than matrimonial ties is needed to hold the population together and keep the municipal metamorphosis headed in the right direction. The village board then meets and orders a city charter and the destiny of the city is placed in the hands of its first mayor. This dignitary starts a reform and kills the town, or inaugurates an annual chautauqua and Sunday ball and sees the city grow faster than a politician's appetite for power.

Look to Your Plumbing.

You know what happens to a house in which the plumbing is in poor condition—every body in the house is liable to contract typhoid or some other fever. The digestive organs perform the same functions in the human

body as the plumbing does for the house, and they should be kept in first class condition all the time. If you have any trouble with your digestion take Chamberlain's Tablets and you are certain to get quick relief. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND

Lay of a Dyspeptic



I cannot eat the old things, the things I used to eat; I'm on a steady diet, and have to choose with care; I cannot eat the fried things, I have boycotted meat And white bread and potatoes, and live on humble fare; I've cut out tea and coffee and all things that are sweet— Thank God the doctor lets me continue to have air.

I cannot eat the good things, the fruit, the pie, the cake, Nor any of the foodstuffs that most appeal to men; Remembering the doughnuts that mother used to make, I sigh for joys that never may be my own again; I am compelled to slowly starve for my stomach's sake— Thank God the doctor lets me drink water now and then.

CANDID OPINION.

This would be a terrible world if all women were as wicked as other women think they are.

Once in a while there is to be found a woman who is honest when she says she would rather be an old maid than a grass widow. She never gets into the divorce court.

All the world's a stage, but the spotlight seldom shows where we are acting.

Some men never grow up, and we praise them for their ability to remain youthful in spirit. But we want every woman to grow old, some time.

When a man dies and leaves less than \$1,000,000 now it is always proper to use the word "only" in referring to the amount.

It is customary for men to regard her with suspicion when a pretty woman begins to talk good common sense.

The Promise.

HE.
When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell, Remember, if you please, that I ne'er ceased to love you well; Remember that where'er I roam, howe'er my lot be cast Within my heart I'll keep a place for you, dear, till the last.

SHE.
When other lips and other hearts tell tales of love to me I will remember what you say, wherever you may be; But promise that when I have said to some one else, "I will," You will not cease to send around my all-mony still.

HORRIBLE.

"I had an awful dream last night," said the pretty little blonde lady. "What was it?" asked the pert brunette. "I dreamed that it had become the custom to wear a plain gold ring for every divorce one has secured."

Beginning of a Celebrated Feud. "What's the matter, old man?" asked the Earl of Arundel, as he approached Sir Francis, who seemed to be in a blue funk.

"Confound it," replied Bacon, "I had all preparations made to write Shakespeare's plays, and now I hear the dog gone faker has gone and written them himself. It's my opinion that he's handed the world a gold brick." Herewith the incident was considered opened.

Our SIGN

Hangs out for your Business and we'll do our best to please you.

D. N. LEAVERTON THE LEADING DRUGGIST

If You Have Goods Worth Buying They Are Worth Talking About.

Buyers Must Be Informed.

ADVERTISE!

THE MESSENGER.

LIABLE TO CAUSE DIVORCE!

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

THE CITY MEAT MARKET

J. B. LIVELY, Proprietor.

FARMERS UNION PHONE

STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS

Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die.

I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good.

I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit

taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it.

I have now been taking Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it.

I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me."

Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest.

Get a package today. Only a quarter.

*A Man's Drink—
A Woman's Drink—
Everybody's Drink*

Coca-Cola

Vigorously good --- and keenly delicious. Thirst-quickening and refreshing.

The national beverage ---and yours.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

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

THE DRUGGISTS' HELP

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

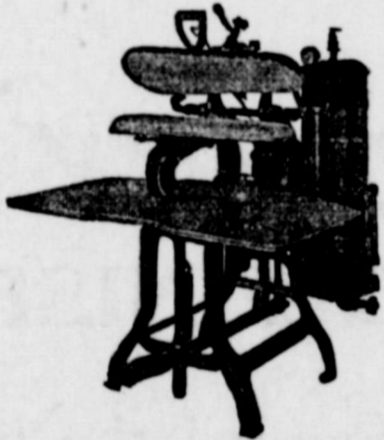
Pharmacy is now a more exacting science than it used to be. Those who are careful in their drug buying can find many good reasons for trading at this store.

"Get it at Porter's"

Porter's Drug Store

Bring Me Your Work

Satisfaction Guaranteed



Steam Cleaning and Pressing
M. L. CLEWIS.

Dr. Sam Kennedy PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Leaverton's Drug Store
Main Street

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

Statement

of the ownership, management, etc., of the Grapeland Messenger, published at Grapeland, Texas, required by the Act of August, 24, 1912.

Name of editor, managing editor, business manager and publisher: A. H. Luker.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. (Signed) A. H. Luker, Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this, the 1st, day of April, 1914.

(Seal) J. R. Richards,
Notary Public, Houston County Texas.

FIX UP YOUR LIVER AND FEEL GOOD

Why Risk Being "All Knocked Out"
By Calomel? Dodson's Liver
Tone Takes Its Place and
Is Safe

When you are constipated and your liver is sluggish it is no longer necessary to try to fix yourself up with calomel, which everyone now knows to be a poison that sometimes remains in the system and causes evil after-effects—and is often very dangerous to many people.

Dodson's Liver Tone is guaranteed to take the place of calomel, to be a pleasant-tasting, easy-acting vegetable liquid, with no bad effects and causing no pain nor gripe nor interference with your regular duties, habits or diet. If you are not entirely satisfied with Dodson's Liver Tone, go back to the store where you bought it and get your money back. It belongs to you and Dodson wants you to have it.

A. S. Porter sells and recommends Dodson's Liver Tone and he will cheerfully refund purchase price (50c.) instantly without question if the remedy fails to please you in every way. Its use has proved beneficial to many thousands and probably will to you. Adv.

The school at Percilla will close Friday and there will be an entertainment at the school building Friday night. Prof. Driskell and his assistant, Miss Rains, have worked faithfully and the school has been quiet a success from the start.

Foley Kidney Pills Successful for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble

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

Mrs. R. H. Lacy and children of Crockett visited relatives in Grapeland Saturday and Sunday.

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

Hugh English of Kennard, candidate for tax assessor, was here Saturday.

Cough Medicine for Children.

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

D. J. Jones of Artesia, N. M., spent several days here last week mingling with friends and looking after business matters.

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

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

In small towns that are adjacent to, or convenient to, large cities, there is an oft-expressed impression: "This town will never be much larger; it is too close to — City."

In other words, the residents of the smaller town and its trade territory make a large per cent of their purchases in the stores of the nearby city, which necessarily retards the growth and development of the home town.

This is an unwarranted condition, and as people realize more thoroughly their folly they will correct it by cooperating more closely along lines that will tend to develop and better the community in which they live. It is a fact, proven beyond the point of doubt, that no town is better than its stores, and it should not take much argument to convince sensible, right-thinking people that good stores are dependent upon liberal patronage.

I seriously doubt if the average small-town resident fully appreciates what good, live local merchants mean to him or her personally and to the community in general. If they did they would consider more carefully results that are sure to come from their failure to patronize their local stores.

I once witnessed a manufacturer's salesman endeavoring to sell a small-town merchant a high-grade line of goods. The merchant admired his samples very much, but refused to buy on the ground that the people in his territory who were able to buy this class of merchandise

would shop in the stores of a large city close at hand, even though they bought the same brand of goods at identically the same prices he would ask for them.

This merchant no doubt knew what he was talking about, although it seems a shame to me that such conditions should be allowed to exist. It only goes to prove that when an appreciable number of people send or go away for the better class of merchandise with which to supply their wants and needs their local merchants will become afraid to carry stocks of high-class, standard lines.

Of course there are instances when specific brands of articles desired cannot be found in your local market, but there are several standard, well-advertised brands of nearly every article in common use, and it is safe to say that some one or more of your local merchants are progressive enough to carry one of these brands. It is also reasonable to suppose that when good merchants in the smaller towns become convinced that the people in their respective trade territories will patronize them on this class of merchandise—provided their prices are as low as are quoted elsewhere—that they will not hesitate to carry them in stock. This only goes to prove that you can be a vital factor in the improvement of your local stores, which in turn will greatly benefit your community, thereby making it a more pleasant as well as a more profitable place in which to live.

Purify the blood and put the system in order for summer work by using at this time a short course of Prickly Ash Bitters; it is the greatest blood purifier on earth. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

Tom Parker left Saturday for Jacksonville to visit his sister, Mrs. Musick.

Indigestion is the direct cause of disease that kills thousands of persons annually. Stop the trouble at the start with a little Prickly Ash Bitters; it strengthens the stomach and aids digestion. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.



**FOLEY
KIDNEY
PILLS**
for Backache,
Rheumatism,
Kidneys and
Bladder.

Sold by D. N. Leaverton

Printing

of the
Quality
Kind

LET US KNOW YOUR
PRINTING WANTS

WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A
SATISFACTORY MANNER
AND QUICKLY

The Messenger

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

For District Attorney, Third Judicial District:

J J Bishop
of Henderson County
J E Rose
of Anderson County

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

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

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

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

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

For County Treasurer:
Ney Sheridan

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

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
J H Rosser
John Snell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For Constable Precinct No. 2:
J L Scarbrough
Joe L Wall

FARMERS!

Send 25c for a copy of The Farmer's Rapid Figurer and Calculator; the handiest book you ever saw; money back if wanted.—E. C. Foster, Assumption, Ill. Adv.

DR. J. O. HOSKINS

VETINARY SURGEON

Diseases of all Stock Scientifically Treated.

CROCKETT, TEXAS
Phone 343

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

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

GOOD ROADS

COUNTRY SCHOOL IS FACTOR

Good Roads Mean Higher Moral and Educational Standard—Should Be Regarded as Investment.

(By HOWARD H. GROSS)

There is another factor that has an important bearing upon the highways, and that is the country school. Good roads mean better schools and a higher moral and educational standard; they bring the best instead of the worst out of people. Bad roads make one feel as though he did not care how he dressed or how he appeared. Wherever good roads are built the people begin to buy paint; the house and the barns are treated; the picket fence displaces the tumble-down one in front; rose bushes are planted and the lawn has attention; all these things come along apace. Hence good road building should not be regarded as an expense but as an investment. They will pay a larger and surer return than money invested in almost any other direction. A high authority has said that with good roads the farmer can take advantage of the market; with bad roads the market nearly always takes advantage of the farmer. How many times the situation arises when prices are good and the farmer would like to get his corn or oats off or his hogs, that the roads are nearly impassable? If he attempts to reach market he does so seriously handicapped. There is little doubt that with good roads and watching the market, the farmer can get a better price for what he has to sell.

Here is a significant fact that we should not forget: That no state or community ever began the building of good roads—we mean roads good 365 days in the year—and had the experience of using and paying for them, that they did not keep on building more and more good roads every year. The writer is not a prophet, but he makes this prediction: That before the gray hairs appear on the temples of the children who open their eyes first to the light of 1912, we will have a network of good roads that shall practically cover the whole country from Plymouth Rock to Puget sound, and along with that we will have a scientific agriculture that will double the farmer's profit, by showing how to produce his grain at practically one-half the present cost, and that this country will be the happiest, most progressive and enlightened of all the world.

RESULTS WILL BE INDIRECT

Missouri Roads Received but Temporary Improvements—Romans Built Slowly and Laboriously.

The chief results of the holiday of roadmaking recently promoted by the governor of Missouri are likely to be indirect. After having toiled and sweated in the sun those who took part will doubtless have a stronger interest in supporting good roads legislation, whether or not they are as keen to take part in the actual labor another year. But, while the Missouri roads may have received large temporary repairs and improvements, such a holiday, no matter how many participate in it, can hardly accomplish much in the way of permanent road making, says the Springfield Republican. And it is permanent road making of which the country stands in need. Without depreciating the Missouri performance it may be recalled that the Romans, the greatest road makers the world has known, did not do their work in spasmodic festivals; the roads that they built to last for centuries were built slowly and laboriously.

David Starr Jordan, denouncing extravagant governments of our time, is alarmed by the enormous increase of bonded debts of European and American cities.

There is debt and debt. European cities have gone heavily in debt during the past four decades to buy revenue-producing utilities, and those properties are paying for themselves out of their earnings. American cities, enlarging their bonded debt almost as rapidly as European cities, have little property of this kind to show for it.

Our cities, like our railroads, are being used to enrich little groups of citizens; whereas the European cities are withdrawing from such favored groups the age-old privilege of laying a profit-tax on the masses of the people.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

St. Paul Issues Improvement Report. A report that contains an interesting discussion of various phases of city building and general municipal development has been issued by the commissioner of public works of St. Paul. A comprehensive study for the improvement of the city is included.

Paint Keeps the Home Bright

A LITTLE paint here, a touch of enamel there, a brushful of varnish yonder—everyone can see a dozen or more such opportunities for brightening and beautifying the home.

Perhaps it's the outside of the house that needs protection from the ravages of the weather; perhaps it's a chair, or dresser, the floor or woodwork that has become worn and shabby, or perhaps it's the family carriage, the farm wagon or the lawn swing that has ceased to be a source of pride. No matter what it is that has become marred and unsightly from age and wear, there's an Acme Quality paint, enamel, stain or varnish that will exactly fit the need. We are agents in this vicinity for

ACME QUALITY PAINTS AND FINISHES

—the most scientifically prepared, the most satisfactory in appearance and wear, made in the largest paint and varnish plant in the world. Simply tell us what you want to do, ask for the proper Acme Quality goods for that purpose and you are sure to get the best that can be made.

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book tells what Acme Quality Paint, Enamel, Stain, Varnish or Finish to use, how much will be required and how it should be put on. It not only enables you to tell your painter or decorator exactly what you want, but makes it easy for you to refinish the many surfaces about the home that do not require the skill of the expert—the jobs that a painter would not bother with. Ask us for a copy. It's Free.



GEORGE E. DARSEY