

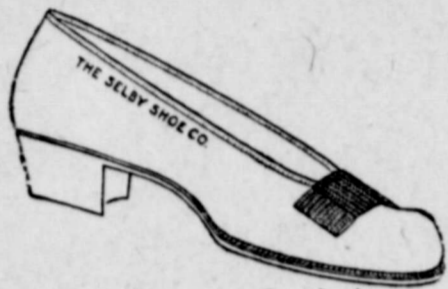
The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 17 No. 20

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

BIG REDUCTION SALE



We are going to offer for your consideration for the next few days

Every Pair of Shoes in Our House

at a price that will be a great saving for you if you will take advantage of this

Big Reduction Sale!

R. P. Hazzard line, in men's tan and black. Regular price \$3.50, big reduction sale.....**\$2.70**
1 lot men's R. P. Hazzard shoes, in black only, reg. price \$3.00, big reduction sale.....**\$2.50**

We are going to offer you eight pairs of boys shoes, in black only, sizes 4 to 6, regular price \$2.00 to \$2.50. Big reduction sale.....**\$1.60**

All ladies shoes, black and tan. Regular price \$3.50 and \$4.00, big reduction sale.....**\$2.60**

All ladies oxfords, in black only. Regular price \$3.00. Big reduction sale.....**\$1.65**

Don't fail to see our lot ladies and children's shoes at.....**\$1.00**

Children's patent leather, 1 strap, also have them in black and tan, regular price \$1.35 to \$1.75. Big reduction sale.....**\$1.25**

Children's oxfords, in black only, regular price \$1.50, big reduction sale.....**\$1.10**

We are going to offer you in this shoe sale, one lot babies shoes, sizes 5 to 8, regular price 85c, big reduction sale.....**60c**

We especially call your attention to 6 pairs only of ladies and children's shoes, regular price \$1.50 to \$1.75. While they last Saturday, at a big reduction sale (Saturday only).....**50c**

We have many other values that are extra good ones, but haven't the space to price them, so pay us a visit and see for yourself.

Kennedy Brothers
The Store for Everybody

GOOD LETTER FROM OLD GRAY

(Delayed.)

July 12.—There are times in our lives when we love to steal awhile away from every care, away from our daily vocations and spend a day of social enjoyment with our fellowman. Such was the case with us last Tuesday, as we hied away to Slocum to be present at the great picnic, given in honor of the county candidates. We will briefly state that Slocum is noted for its high-class citizenship, its fine high school and its enterprising men and women. The school building is a good one, and there are many handsome residences that make the town loom up. With the right kind of determination, together with enterprise, the people will win in any undertaking. After this discussion, we return to the picnic. Of course the candidates were all there, and they made the welkin ring. They told what they had done for the good people, and promised to do more in the future than a double geared auto could do. Never-the-less, they are a fine lot of fellows, and those that are elected will make good officers.

At the noon hour dinner was announced, and the great multitude moved forward to the tables, which were well loaded with everything that would be inviting to the most fastidious palate. After all had had dinner to their satisfaction, there was enough left on the tables to feed that immense crowd again. The glad hand of fellowship was extended to all, making the day an enjoyable event in our lives. Too much cannot be said in behalf of the ladies who had used such great efforts to entertain the great crowd. They should be thanked and praised by all. Suffice to say the picnic was a great success, and it was a bright page in the history of Slocum.

On our return home we came by Capt. Tom Gilmore's beautiful home. He has a fine residence and all adjacent buildings couldn't be better arranged. A fine lady presides as Mrs. Gilmore, and they have an interesting family of children, one family among the few that is making life worth the living. His farm is one of the best in the country. We saw broad acres of cotton on his farm that far excels anything we have seen this season.

Our community is jogging along about the same—hot and dry. Good rains north and south of us, but none for us so far. As ever,
OLD GRAY.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

W. F. Murchison requests the Messenger to announce that memorial services will be held at the Brown cemetery, Thursday, July 31.

The Best Medicine in The World

"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

BOY SCOUTS VISIT GRAPELAND

Scout Master, Rev. C. F. Trimble of Crockett, spent part of last week at Myrtle Lake, near Grapeland, with his scouts.

The boys were trying for promotion and contested for medals. The following made swimming records for first-class scouts: Wm. Henry Beasley, Johnson Phillips, Frank Foster, Weldon Craddock, Archie Burton, Lewis Cook, Collin Lockfield, Paul Stokes, Mac McConnell, Pat McConnell, Walter Ellis, Ray Trimble.

Medals were awarded for best diving and in an endurance swimming contest. Ray Trimble won first prize in the diving contest and Johnson Phillips second.

In the endurance test, the medals were won by Pat McConnell and Ray Trimble, Pat swimming Myrtle Lake from end to end fourteen times and winning second medal, Ray swimming it sixteen times and winning first medal. Scout Master Trimble says that this contest was not a test of the boys' endurance and that Pat and Ray came out of the water in fine condition and that either could swim it many times more. He believes he has two of the best swimmers in Houston county.

Bro. Trimble asks the Messenger to express the gratitude of the scouts to the club for the privilege of Myrtle Lake.

NEWS FROM OAK GROVE

July 19.—Still the drouth continues and things are beginning to be serious, though the crops look well, and with a good rain in a few days there will be good crops of cotton and peas. Most of the corn is too far gone to be benefitted very much.

The protracted meeting at this place, which commenced last Saturday night, closed last night. It was conducted by Revs. Freeman and Ferguson. They did some very able preaching. Large crowds attended every service, but from some cause there was no additions.

Mrs. J. D. Caskey has been right sick for several days, but we hope she will soon be well.

In just a few more days the tale will be told, and if Tom Ball loses out in this campaign we had just as well turn Texas loose and let 'er go Bill! I can't see how any man who is raising a family, and especially boys, can afford to vote for Ferguson. I would want to be on the moral side of all questions pertaining to our government. It seems like Old Gray isn't taking much stock in this election. I hope he has been converted and sees the error of his way.

Come on Antrimite, and push your pencil a little more. Don't let "Big Jim" and "Farmer" bluff you off.

Now, Alma Mater, I do not think you are treating me right by keeping your name a secret. You may be a nice widow, and if you are you are losing a whole lot by not letting me know it.
OLD TIMER.

In Buying Your Groceries there are Two Important Points to Consider:

Quality and Price

We Buy the Best

We Sell for Cash

No Accounts to Lose

We Pay the Cash

We Can Save You Money
Quality and Price Considered

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY
FREE DELIVERY Phone us Your Orders

Where Your Money Buys Most

We want to close out our entire line of STRAW HATS, hence we are GOING TO CUT OUR OWN PREVIOUS PRICES

All men's \$2.50 straw hats.....**\$1.80**
All men's 2.00 straw hats.....**1.55**
All men's 1.25 straw hats.....**.85**
All men's 1.00 straw hats.....**.75**

We have some odd lot shirts that you can have at a GREAT SAVING

2 75c shirts for.....**50c**
Some \$1.00 shirts for.....**75c**

These shirts are not hard stock nor are they shelf worn but we only have one and two to the number.

Again we call your attention and urge you to try BLUE RIBBON FLOUR and SUNSET COFFEE.

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

A Special Inducement To the parcel post cleaning and pressing trade

I am offering to every citizen in Houston county the following: Cut out this ticket and put 55c with it and look up some of your old suits and send them in by parcel post and I will clean and press them in first-class shape and will return them by parcel post without any extra charges. Now is the time for you to have your winter clothes cleaned and pressed. Never again will you get to have your work done so good and cheap as you have the chance now.

This Ticket and 55c in Cash

is good for one suit of clothes cleaned and pressed. This ticket and the money must accompany the clothes or the regular price will be charged. THIS TICKET IS VOID AFTER JULY 31.

JOHN HORAN, The Tailor, Crockett, Texas

CANDIDATES SPEAK

Wednesday of last week was candidates' day in Grapeland. The speaking took place at the tabernacle, near the school building, and commenced about ten o'clock in the morning, lasting until about five in the evening.

Notwithstanding the fact that we had no picnic, a large crowd was present and gave close attention to every speaker through-

out the whole day. The candidates were given dinner in the homes of our people.

After the candidates had finished their speaking, District Attorney Earle Adams and W. O. Stevens of Austin spoke in the interest of Tom Ball's candidacy for governor. Jonathan Lane of Houston was billed to speak for Ferguson, but failed to show up.

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 VI.

If the Eagle Tail mine had been located in Arizona—or even farther down in Old Mexico—the method of jumping the claim would have been delightfully simple.

The title had lapsed, and the land had reverted to the government—all it needed in Arizona was a new set of monuments, a location notice at the discovery shaft, a pick and shovel thrown into the hole, and a few legal formalities.

But in Mexico it is different. Not that the legal formalities are lacking—far from it—but the whole theory of mines and mining is different. In Mexico a mining title is, in a way, a lease, a concession from the general government giving the concessionaire the right to work a certain piece of ground and to hold it as long as he pays a mining tax of three dollars an acre per year.

But no final papers or patents are ever issued, the possession of the surface of the ground does not go with the right to mine beneath it, and in certain parts of Mexico no foreigner can hold title to either mines or land.

A prohibited or frontier zone, eighty kilometers in width, lies along the international boundary line, and in that neutral zone no foreigner can denounce a mining claim and no foreign corporation can acquire a title to one. The Eagle Tail was just inside the zone.

But—there is always a "but" when you go to a good lawyer—while for purposes of war and national safety foreigners are not allowed to hold land along the line, they are at perfect liberty to hold stock in Mexican corporations owning property within the prohibited zone; and—here is where the graft comes in—they may even hold title in their own name if they first obtain express permission from the chief executive of the republic.

Not having any drag with the chief executive, and not caring to risk their title to the whims of succeeding administrations, Hooker and De Lancey, upon the advice of a mining lawyer in Gadsden, had organized themselves into the Eagle Tail Mining company, under the laws of the republic of Mexico, with headquarters at Agua Negra. It was their plan to get some Mexican to locate the mine for them and then, for a consideration, transfer it to the company.

The one weak spot in this scheme was the Mexican. By trusting Aragon, Henry Kruger had not only lost title to his mine, but he had been outlawed from the republic. And now he had bestowed upon Hooker and De Lancey the task of finding an honest Mexican, and keeping him honest until he made the transfer.

While the papers were being made out there might be a great many temptations placed before that Mexican—either to keep the property for himself or to hold out for a bigger reward than had been specified. After his experience with the aristocratic Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios, Kruger was in favor of taking a chance on the lower classes. He had therefore recommended to them one Cruz Mendez, a wood vender whom he had known and befriended, as the man to play the part.

Cruz Mendez, according to Kruger, was hard-working, sober and honest—for a Mexican. He was also simple-minded and easy to handle, and was the particular man who had sent word that the Eagle Tail had at last been abandoned. And also he was easy to pick out, being a little, one-eyed man and going by the name of "El Tuerto."

So, in pursuance of their policy of playing a waiting game, Hooker and De Lancey hung around the hotel for several days, listening to the gossip of Don Juan de Dios and watching for one-eyed men with prospects to sell.

In Sonora he is a poor and unimaginative man indeed who has not at least one lost mine or "prospect" to sell; and prosperous-looking strangers, riding through the country, are often beckoned aside by half-naked palanqueros eager to show them the gold mines of the Spanish padres for a hundred dollars Mex.

It was only a matter of time, they thought, until Cruz Mendez would hunt them up and try to sell them the Eagle Tail; and it was their intention reluctantly to close the bargain with him, for a specified sum, and then stake him to the denouncement fees and gain possession of the mine.

As this was a commonplace in the district—no Mexican having capital

enough to work a claim and no American having the right to locate one—it was a very natural and inconspicuous way of jumping Senor Aragon y Tres Palacios' abandoned claim. If they discovered the lead immediately afterward it would pass for a case of fool's luck, or at least so they hoped, and, riding out a little each day and sitting on the hotel porch with Don Juan the rest of the time, they waited until patience seemed no longer a virtue.

"Don Juan," said De Lancey, taking up the probe at last, "I had a Mexican working for me when we were over in the Sierras—one of your real, old-time workers that had never been spoiled by an education—and he was always talking about 'La Fortuna.' I guess this was the place he meant, but it doesn't look like it—according to him it was a Mexican town. Maybe he's around here now—his name was Mendez."

"Jose Maria Mendez?" inquired Don Juan, who was a living directory of the place. "Ricardo? Pancho? Cruz?"

"Cruz!" cried De Lancey; "that was it!"

"He lives down the river a couple of miles," said Don Juan; "down at Old Fortuna."

"Old Fortuna!" repeated Phil. "I didn't know there was such a place."

"Why, my gracious!" exclaimed Don Juan de Dios, scandalized by such ignorance. "Do you mean to say you have been here three days and never heard about Fortuna Vieja? Why, this isn't Fortuna! This is an American mining camp—the old town is down below."

"That's where this man Aragon, the big Mexican of the country, has his ranch and store. Spanish? Him? No, indeed—mestad! He is half Spanish and half Yaqui Indian, but his wife is a pure Spaniard—one of the few in the country. Her father was from Madrid and she is a Villanueva—a very beautiful woman in her day, with golden hair and the presence of a queen!"

"No, not Irish! My goodness, you Americans think that everybody with red hair is Irish! Why, the most beautiful women in Madrid have chestnut hair as soft as the fur of a dormouse. It is the old Castilian hair, and they are proud of it. The Senora Aragon married beneath her station—it was in the City of Mexico, and she did not know that he was an Indian—but she is a very nice lady for all that and never omits to bow to me when she comes up to take the train. I remember one time—"

"Does Cruz Mendez work for him?" interjected De Lancey desperately.

"No, indeed!" answered Don Juan patiently; "he packs in wood from the hills—but as I was saying—" and from that he went on to tell of the un-falling courtesy of the Senora Aragon to a gentleman whom, whatever his present station might be, she recognized as a member of one of the oldest families in Castile.

De Lancey did not press his inquiries any further, but the next morning, instead of riding back into the hills, he and Bud turned their faces down the canyon to seek out the elusive Mendez. They had, of course, been acting a part for Don Juan, since Kruger had described Old Fortuna and the Senora Aragon with great minuteness.

And now, in the guise of innocent strangers, they rode on down the river, past the concentrator with its multiple tanks, its gliding tramway and mountains of tailings, through the village of Indian huts stuck like dugouts against the barren hill—then along a river bed that oozed with slickings until they came in sight of the town.

La Fortuna was an old town, yet not as old as its name, since two Fortunas before it had been washed away by cloudbursts and replaced by newer dwellings. The settlement itself was some four hundred years old, dating back to the days of the Spanish conquistadores, when it yielded up many muleloads of gold.

The present town was built a little up from the river in the lee of a great ridge of rocks thrust down from the hill and well calculated to turn aside a glut of waters. It was a comfortable huddle of whitewashed adobe buildings set on both sides of a narrow and irregular road—the great trail that led down to the hot country and was worn deep by the pack-trains of centuries.

On the lower side was the ample store and cantina of Don Cipriano, where the thirsty arrieros could get a drink and buy a panocha of sugar without getting down from their mounds. Behind the store were the pole corrals and adobe warehouses

and the quarters of the peons, and across the road was the mesal still, where, in huge copper retort and worm, the fiery liquor was distilled from the sugar-laden heads of Yuccas.

This was the town, but the most important building—set back in the shade of mighty cottonwoods and pleasantly aloof from the road—was the residence of Senor Aragon. It was this, in fact, which held the undivided attention of De Lancey as they rode quietly through the village, for he had become accustomed from a long experience in the tropics to look for

something elusive, graceful and feminine in houses set back in a garden. Nothing stirred, however, and having good reason to avoid Don Cipriano, they jogged steadily on their way.

"Some house!" observed Phil, with a last hopeful look over his shoulder. "Uh," assented Bud, as they came to a fork in the road. "Say," he continued, "let's turn off on this trail. Lot of burro tracks going out—expect it's our friend, Mr. Mendez."

"All right," said De Lancey absently; "wonder where old Aragon keeps that bee-utiful daughter of his—the one Don Juan was telling about. Have to stop on the way back and sample the old man's mescal."

"Nothing doing!" countered Hooker instantly. "Now you heard what I told you—there's two things you leave alone for sixty days—booze and women. After we cinch our title you can get as gay as you please."

"Oo-ee!" piped Phil, "hear the boy talk!" But he said no more of wine and women, for he knew how they do complicate life.

They rode to the east now, following the long, flat footprints of the burros, and by all the landmarks Bud saw that they were heading straight for the old Eagle Tail mine. At Old Fortuna the river turns west and at the same time four canyons came in from the east and south. Of these they had taken the first to the north and it was leading them past all the old workings that Kruger had spoken about. In fact, they were almost at the mine when Hooker swung down suddenly from his horse and motioned Phil to follow.

"There's some burros coming," he said, glancing back significantly; and when the pack-train came by, each animal piled high with broken wood, the two Americans were busily tapping away at a section of country rock. A man and a boy followed behind the animals, gazing with wonder at the strangers, and as Phil bade them a pleasant "Buenos dias!" they came to a halt and stared at their industry in silence. In the interval Phil was pleased to note that the old man had only one eye.

"Que busca?" the one-eyed one finally inquired; "what are you looking for?"

And when Phil oracularly answered, "Gold!" the old man made a motion to the boy to go on and sat down on a neighboring rock.

"Do you want to buy a prospect?" he asked, and Bud glanced up at him grimly.

"We find our own prospects," answered Phil.

"But I know of a very rich prospect," protested Mendez; "very rich!" He shrilled his voice to express how rich it was.

"Yes?" observed Phil; "then why don't you dig the gold out? But, as for us, we find our own mines. That is our business."

"Seguro!" nodded Mendez, glancing at their outfit approvingly. "But I am a poor man—very poor—I cannot denounce the mine. So I wait for some rich Americano to come and buy it. I have a friend—a very rich man—in Gadsden, but he will not come; so I will sell it to you."

"Did you get that, Bud?" jested Phil in English. "The old man here thinks we're rich Americans and he wants to sell us a mine."

Bud laughed silently at this, and Mr. Mendez, his hopes somewhat blasted by their levity, began to boast of his find, giving the history of the Eagle Tail with much circumstantiality and explaining that it was a lost padre mine.

"Sure," observed Phil, going back to his horse and picking up the bridle, "that's what they all say. They're all lost padre mines, and you can see them from the door of the church. Come on, Bud, let's go!"

"And so you could this!" cried Mendez, running along after them as they rode slowly up the canyon, "from the old church that was washed away by

the flood! This is the very mine where the padres dug out all their gold! Are you going up this way? Come, then, and I will show you—the very place, except that the Americano ruined it with a blast!"

He tagged along after them, wheeling and protesting while they bantered him about his mine, until they finally came to the place—the ruins of the Eagle Tail.

It lay spraddled out along the hillside, a series of gopher-holes, dumps and abandoned workings, looking more like a badly managed stone quarry than a relic of padre days.



Sat Toying With His Pistol.

Kruger's magazine of giant powder, exploded in one big blast, had destroyed all traces of his mine, besides starting an avalanche of loose shale that had poured down and filled the pocket.

Added to this, Aragon and his men had roamed around in the debris in search of the vein, and the story of their inefficient work was told by great piles of loose rock stacked up beside caved-in trenches and a series of timid tunnels driven into the neighboring ridges.

Under the circumstances it would certainly call for a mining engineer to locate the lost lead, and De Lancey looked it over thoughtfully as he began to figure on the work to be done. Undoubtedly there was a mine there—and the remains of an old Spanish smelter down the creek showed that the ground had once been very rich—but if Kruger had not told him in advance he would have passed up the job in a minute.

"Well," he said, turning coldly upon the fawning Mendez, who was all curves in his desire to please, "where is your prospect?"

"Aqui, senor!" replied the Mexican, pointing to the disrupted rock slide. "Here it was that the Americano Crooka had his mine—rich with gold—much gold!"

He shrilled his voice emphatically, and De Lancey shrilled his in reply. "Here?" he exclaimed, gazing blankly at the hillside, and then he broke into a laugh. "All right, my friend," he said, giving Bud a facetious wink; "how much do you want for this prospect?"

"Four hundred dollars," answered Mendez in a tone at once hopeful and apologetic. "It is very rich. Senor Crooka shipped some ore that was full of gold. I packed it out for him on my burros; but, I am sorry, I have no piece of it!"

"Yes," responded De Lancey. "I am sorry, too. So, of course, we cannot buy the prospect since you have no ore to show; but I am glad for this, Senor Mendez," he continued with a kindly smile; "it shows that you are an honest man, or you would have stolen a piece of ore from the sacks. So show us now where the gold was found, the nearest that you can remember, and perhaps, if we think we can find it, we will pay you to denounce the claim for us."

At this the one good eye of Cruz Mendez lighted up with a great hope and, skipping lightly over the rock piles with his sandaled feet, he ran to a certain spot, locating it by looking across the canyon and up and down the creek.

"Here, senores," he pronounced, "is where the mouth of the old tunnel came out. Standing inside it I could

see that tree over there, and looking down the river I could just see the smelter around the point. So, then, the gold must be in there." He pointed toward the hill.

"Surely," said De Lancey; "but where?"

The old Mexican shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"I do not know, senor," he answered; "but if you wish to dig I will denounce the claim for you."

"For how much?" inquired De Lancey guardedly.

"For one hundred dollars," answered Mendez, and to his delight the American seemed to be considering it. He walked back and forth across the slide, picking up rocks and looking at them, dropping down into the futile trenches of Aragon, and frowning with studious thought. His partner, however, sat listlessly on a boulder and tested the action of his six-shooter.

"Listen, my friend," said De Lancey, coming back and poising his finger impressively. "If I should find the ledge the one hundred dollars would be nothing to me, sabs? And if I should spend all my money for nothing it would be but one hundred dollars more. But listen! I have known some false Mexicans who, when an American paid them to denounce a mine, took advantage of his kindness and refused to give it over. Or, if it turned out to be rich, they pulled a long face and claimed that they ought to be paid more. Now if—"

"Ah, no, senor!" clamored Mendez, holding up his hand in protest; "I am a poor man, but I am honest. Only give me the hundred dollars!"

"Not a dollar do you get!" cried De Lancey sternly; "not a dollar—until you turn over the concession to the mine. And if you play us false"—he paused impressively—"cuidado, hombre—look out!"

Once more Cruz Mendez protested his honesty and his fidelity to any trust, but De Lancey silenced him impatiently.

"Enough, hombre!" he said. "Words are nothing to us. Do you see my friend over there?" He pointed to Bud, who, huge and dominating against the sky line, sat toying with his pistol. "Buen! He is a cowboy, sabs? A Texan! You know the Tejanos, eh? They do not like Mexicans. But my friend there, he likes Mexicans—when they are honest. If not—no! Hey, Bud," he called in English, "what would you do to this fellow if he beat us out of the mine?"

Bud turned upon them with a slow, good-natured smile.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered, putting up his gun; and the deep rumble of his voice struck fear into the old man's heart.

Phil laughed and looked grimly at Mendez while he delivered his ultimatum.

"Very well, my friend," he said. "We will stay and look at this mine. If we think it is good we will take you to the mining agent and get a permit to dig. For sixty days we will dig, and if we find nothing we will pay you fifty dollars, anyway. If we find the ledge we will give you a hundred dollars. All right?"

"Si, senor, si, senor!" cried Mendez, "one hundred dollars!"

"When you give us the papers!" warned Phil. "But remember—be careful! The Americans do not like men who talk. And come to the hotel at Fortuna tomorrow—then we will let you know."

"And you will buy the mine?" begged Mendez, backing off with his hat in his hand.

"Perhaps," answered De Lancey. "We will tell you tomorrow."

"Buen!" bowed Mendez; "and many thanks!"

"It is nothing," replied De Lancey politely, and then with a crooked smile he gazed after the old man as he went hurrying off down the canyon.

"Well," he observed, "I guess we've got Mr. Mendez started just about right—what? Now if we can keep him without the price of a drink until we get our papers we stand a chance to win."

"That's right," said Bud; "but wish he had two good eyes. I know a one-eyed Mex up in Arizona and he was sure a thieving son of a goat."

CHAPTER VII.

There are doubtless many philanthropists in the Back Bay regions of Boston who would consider the whipping of Cruz Mendez a very reprehensible act. And one hundred dollars Mex was certainly a very small reward for the service that he was to perform.

But Bud and Phil were not traveling for any particular uplift society, and one hundred pesos was a lot of money to Cruz Mendez. More than that, if they had offered him a thousand dollars for the same service he would have got avaricious and demanded ten thousand.

He came to the hotel very early the next morning and lingered around an hour or so, waiting for the American

(Continued on next page)

gentleman to arise and tell him his fate. A hundred dollars would buy everything that he could think of, including a quantity of mescal. His throat dried at the thought of it.

Then the gentlemen appeared and asked him many questions—whether he was married according to law, whether his wife would sign the papers with him, and if he believed in a hereafter for those who played false with Americans. Having answered all these in the affirmative, he was taken to the agente mineral, and, after signing his name—his one feat in penmanship—to several imposing documents, he was given the precious permit.

Then there was another trip to the grounds with a surveyor, to make report that the claim was actually vacant, and Mendez went back to his normal duties as a packer.

In return for this service as a dummy locator, and to keep him under their eye, the Americans engaged El Tuerto, the one-eyed, to pack out a few tools and supplies for them; and then, to keep him busy, they employed him further to build a stone house.

All these activities were, of course, not lost on Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios, since, by a crafty arrangement of fences, he had made it impossible for anyone to reach the lower country without passing through the crooked street of Old Fortuna.

During the first and the second trip of the strange Americans he kept within his dignity, hoping perhaps that they would stop at his store, where they could be engaged in conversation; but upon their return from a third trip, after Cruz Mendez had gone through with their supplies, he cast his proud Spanish reserve to the winds and waylaid them on the street.

"Buenas tardes, senores," he saluted, as they rode past his store, and then, seeing that they did not break their gait, he held up his hand for them to stop.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, speaking genially but with an affected Spanish lisp, "I have seen you ride past several times—are you working for the big company up at New Fortuna?"

"No, senor," answered De Lancey courteously, "we are working for ourselves."

"Good!" responded Aragon with fatherly approval; "it is better so. And are you looking at mines?"

"Yes," said De Lancey non-committally; "we are looking at mines."

"That is good, too," observed Aragon; "and I wish you well, but since you are strangers to this country and perhaps do not know the people as well as some, I desire to warn you against that one-eyed man, Cruz Mendez, with whom I have seen you riding. He is a worthless fellow—a very peña'o Mexican, one who has nothing—and yet he is always seeking to impose upon strangers by selling them old mines which have no value."

"I have no desire to speak ill of my neighbors, but since he has moved into the brush house up the river I have lost several fine little pigs; and his eye, as I know, was torn from his head as he was chasing another man's cow. I have not suffered him on my ranch for years, for he is such a thief, and yet he has the effrontery to represent himself to strangers as a poor but honest man. I hope that he has not imposed upon you in any way?"

"No; not at all, thank you," responded De Lancey, as Bud raised his bridle reins to go. "We hired him to pack out our tools and supplies and he has done it very reasonably. But many thanks, sir, for your warning. Adios!"

He touched his hat and waved his hand in parting, and Bud grinned as he settled down to a trot.

"You can't help palavering 'em, can you, Phil?" he said. "No matter what you think about 'em, you got to be polite, haven't you? Well, that's the way you get drawn in—next time you go by now the old man will pump you dry—you see. No, sir, the only way to get along with these Mexicans is not to have a thing to do with 'em. 'No savvy'—that's my motto!"

"Well, 'muchas gracias' is mine," observed De Lancey. "It doesn't cost anything, and it buys a whole lot."

"Sure," agreed Bud; "but we ain't buying nothing from him—he's the one particular hombre we want to steer clear of, and keep him guessing as long as we can. That's my view of it, pardner."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed De Lancey, "he won't get anything out of me—that is, nothing but a bunch of hot air. Say, he's a shrewd-looking old gamea, isn't he? Did you notice that game eye? He kept it kind of drooped, almost shut, until he came to the point—and then he opened it up real fierce. Reminds me of a big fighting owl waking up in the daytime. But you just watch me handle him, and if I don't fool the old boy at every turn it'll be because I run out of bull."

"Well, you can hand him the bull if you want to," grumbled Bud, "but the first time you give anything away I'm going to pick such a row with the old cuss that we'll have to make a new trail to get by. So leave 'em alone, if you ever expect to see that

girl!"

A close association with Phil De Lancey had left Bud not unaware of his special weaknesses, and Phil was undoubtedly romantic. Given a barred and silent house, shut off from the street by whitened walls and a veranda screened with flowers, and the queering eyes of Mr. De Lancey would turn to those barred windows as certainly as the needle seeks the pole.

On every trip, coming and going, he had conked the Aragon house from the vine-covered corridor in front to the walled-in summer garden behind, hoping to surprise a view of the beautiful daughter of the house. And unless rumor and Don Juan were at fault, she was indeed worthy of his solicitude—a gay and sprightly creature, brown-eyed like her mother and with the same glorious chestnut hair.

Already those dark, mischievous eyes had been busy and, at the last big dance at Fortuna, she had set many heads awirl. Twice within two years her father, in a rage, had sent her away to school in order to break off some ill-considered love affair; and now a battle royal was being waged between Manuel del Rey, the dashing captain of the rurales stationed at Fortuna, and Feliz Luna, son of a rich haciendado down in the hot country, for the honor of her hand.

What more romantic, then, than that a handsome American, stepping gracefully into the breach, should keep the haughty lovers from slaying each other by bearing off the prize himself?

So reasoned Philip De Lancey, musing upon the ease with which he could act the part; but for prudential purposes he said nothing of his vaunting ambitions, knowing full well that they would receive an active veto from Bud.

For, while De Lancey did most of the talking, and a great deal of the thinking for the partnership, Hooker



"By What Right Do You Take Possession of My Mine?"

was not lacking in positive opinions; and upon sufficient occasion he would express himself, though often with more force than delicacy. Therefore, upon this unexpected sally about the girl, Phil changed the subject abruptly and said no more of Aragon or the hopes within his heart.

It was not so easy, however, to avoid Aragon, for that gentleman had apparently taken the pains to inform himself as to the place where they were at work, and he was waiting for them in the morning with a frown as black as a thunder cloud.

"He's on!" muttered Phil, as they drew near enough to see his face. "What shall we do?"

"Do nothing," growled Bud through his teeth; "you jest let me do the talking!"

He maneuvered his horse adroitly and, with a skilful turn, cut in between his partner and Aragon.

"S dias," he greeted, gazing down in burly defiance at the militant Aragon; and at the same moment he gave De Lancey's horse a furtive touch with his spur.

"Buenos dias, senores!" returned Aragon, striding forward to intercept them; but as neither of the Americans looked back, he was left standing in the middle of the street.

"That's the way to handle 'em," observed Hooker, as they trotted briskly down the lane. "Leave 'em to me!"

"It'll only make him mad," objected De Lancey crossly. "What do you want to do that for?"

"He's mad already," answered Bud. "I want to quarrel with him, so he can't ask us any questions. Get him so mad he won't talk—then it'll be a fair fight and none of this snake-in-the-grass business."

"Yes, but don't put it on him," protested De Lancey. "Let him be friendly for a while, if he wants to."

"Can't be friends," said Bud laconically; "we jumped his claim."

"Maybe he doesn't want it," suggested Phil hopefully. "He's dropped a lot of money on it."

"You bet he wants it," returned Hooker, with conviction. "I'm going

to camp out there—the old boy is liable to jump us."

"Aw, you're crazy, Bud!" cried Phil; but Hooker only smiled.

"You know what happened to Kruger," he answered. "I'll tell you what, we got to keep our eye open around here."

They rode on to the mine, which was only about five miles from Fortuna, without discussing the matter further; for, while Phil had generally been the leader, in this particular case Kruger had put Bud in charge, and he seemed determined to have his way so far as Aragon was concerned. In the ordering of supplies and the laying out of development work he deferred to Phil in everything, but for tactics he preferred his own judgment.

It was by instinct rather than reason that he chose to fight, and people who follow their instincts are hard to change. So they put in the day in making careful measurements, according to the memoranda that Kruger had given them; having satisfied themselves as to the approximate locality of the lost vein, they turned back again toward town with their heads full of cunning schemes.

Since it was the pleasure of the Senor Aragon to make war on all who entered his preserves, they checked any attempt on his part to locate the lead by driving stakes to the north of their ledge; and, still further to throw him off, they decided to mark time for a while by doing dead work on a cut. Such an approach would be needed to reach the mouth of their tunnel.

At the same time it would give steady employment to Mendez and keep him under their eye, and as soon as Aragon showed his hand they could make out their final papers in peace and send them to the City of Mexico.

And not until those final papers were recorded and the transfer duly made would they so much as stick a pick into the hillside or show a lump of quartz.

But for a Spanish gentleman, supposed to be all supple curves and sinuous advance, Don Cipriano turned out somewhat of a surprise, for when they rode back through his narrow street again he met them squarely in the road and called them to a halt.

"By what right, gentlemen—" he demanded in a voice tremulous with rage—"by what right do you take possession of my mine, upon which I have paid the taxes all these years, and conspire with that rogue, Cruz Mendez, to cheat me out of it? It is mine, I tell you, no matter what the agente mineral may say, and—"

"Your mine, nothing!" broke in Hooker scornfully, speaking in the ungrammatical border-Mexican of the cowboys. "We meet one Mexican—he shows us the mine—that is all. The expert of the mining agent says it is vacant—we take it. Stawano!"

He waved the matter aside with masterful indifference, and Aragon burst into a torrent of excited Spanish.

"Very likely, very likely," commented Bud dryly, without listening to a word: "si, senor, yo pienso!"

A wave of fury swept over the Spaniard's face at this gibe and he turned suddenly to De Lancey.

"Senor," he said, "you seem to be a gentleman. Perhaps you will listen to me. This mine upon which you are working is mine. I have held it for years, seeking for the lost vein of the old padres. Then the rebels came sweeping through the land. They stole my horses, they drove off my cattle, they frightened my workmen from the mine. I was compelled to flee—myself and my family—to keep from being held for ransom. Now you do me the great injustice to seize my mine!"

"Ah, no, senor," protested De Lancey, waving his finger politely for silence, "you are mistaken. We have inquired about this mine and it has been vacant for some time. There is no vein—no gold. Anyone who wished could take it. While we were prospecting we met this poor one-eyed man and he has taken out a permit to explore it. So we are going to dig—that is all."

"But, senor!" burst out Aragon—and he voiced his rabid protests again, while sudden faces appeared in the windows and wide-eyed peons stood gawking in a crowd. But De Lancey was equally firm, though he glimpsed for the first time the adorable face of La Gracia as she stared at him from behind the bars.

"No, senor," he said, "you are mistaken. The land was declared forfeit for non-payment of taxes by the minister of Fomento and thrown open for location. We have located it—that is all."

For a minute Don Cipriano stood looking at him, his black eyes heavy with rage; then his anger seemed to fall away from him and he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Very well," he said at last, "I perceive that you are a gentleman and have acted in good faith—it is only that that fellow Mendez has deceived you. Let it pass, then—I will not quarrel with you, my friend—it is the fortune of war. But stop at my store when you go by and come and see me,

WHEN THE BOWELS DON'T MOVE
At the regular morning hour you're uncomfortable and the longer this condition exists the worse you feel. A dose of
PRICKLY ASH BITTERS
IS THE REMEDY YOU NEED
It quickly sets things moving. You feel better at once, and after a copious bowel movement, you experience that thrill and joy of living, that exhilaration of spirits and activity of body and brain that only those can feel whose internal organs are in a state of functional activity and cleanliness. It helps digestion, sweetens the breath and restores vigor of body and brain. Try it. Sold by all dealers in medicine.
Price \$1.00 per Bottle
Prickly Ash Bitters Co., Proprietors, St. Louis, Mo.

A. S. PORTER, SPECIAL AGENT

It is indeed lonely here at Umes, and perhaps I can pass a pleasant hour with you. My name, senor, is Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios—and yours?"

He held out his hand with a little gesture.

"Philip De Lancey," replied Phil, clasping the proffered hand; and with many expressions of good-will and esteem, with a touching of hats and a wiggling of fingers from the distance, they parted, in spite of Bud, the best of friends.

(To be Continued)

Texas Marketing Problems Studied

Hundreds of Texas Farmers Give Statement of Their Actual Experience.

Descending from the general discussion of farm marketing problems, Prof. C. B. Austin, through the University of Texas Department of Extension, is making a special study of the marketing problem in Texas. He wants to get specific and detailed accounts of the exact situation which the average Texas farmer faces. During the past year, Prof. Austin has obtained many hundreds of letters from the general farmers of Texas, and in those letters they not only give their views of the marketing situation, but state in a detailed way exactly what they grow, how they have attempted to sell it, what prices they have obtained, and what difficulties they have had to surmount, or have failed to meet. A wealth of information of this nature, contains a minimum of theory and a maximum amount of information on the actual conditions in the marketing of farm produce.

It is hoped that this mass of information directly from the farmer will form the background for a proper legislative solution of marketing problems in Texas. In this way the farmer is given a chance to state his own case and his statements are put in a place where they will do him the most good.

Diversification of Crops is Needed

By Producing Something Besides One Specialized Crop Farmers Feed Themselves.

In the course of an address before the Southern States Association of Marketing, Chas. B. Austin, head of the Division of Public Welfare of the University of Texas, made the following plea for diversion of crops:

"Several years ago, manufacturers erected buildings, put in boilers, and lathes and other machinery and turned out bicycles until the bicycle craze was over; then they used the same boilers, the same machines to give us sewing machines and automobiles. The average farmer must be shown that he has fixed capital that will produce something besides one specialized crop. When you produce something besides the one specialized crop you begin to feed yourselves, and then you break up this balance of trade, against the farmer caused by specializing in cotton.

The average farmer in Texas at the present time is not in a position to help you on this market question, because demand is made up of two factors, i. e. desire plus ability to obtain, and he has been caught in the squeeze. He has the desire for the good things to put on his dinner table, but he has not the wherewithal to transform that desire into demand."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

DON'T you go and get sorry for yourself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always a lot of folks you can be sorry for stid of yourself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a hare lip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever being sorry for myself. —Mrs. Wiggs.

DAINTY THINGS FOR COMPANY.

A simple and elegant salad is made of a slice of pineapple placed on a paper doily with the center filled with chopped almonds and cherries mixed with mayonnaise. Pineapple sandwiches are most delicious. Fill them with whipped cream and chopped pineapple. Garnish with a cherry.

Pimelan canapases are new. Spread circles of bread toasted with cream cheese and lay on thin slices of stuffed olives. Serve on a paper doily.

Vanilla ice cream will belong to a different class entirely when served in sherbet glasses, garnished with strawberry sirup and sprinkled with chopped green citron. A few pistachio nuts also will add a pretty color.

Lady finger sandwiches are well liked especially by the children. Put two fingers together with jam or jelly or marmalade.

Plain iced cookies are transformed when decorated with bits of candied cherry and leaves of green cut out of citron.

Fruit Rice Pudding.—Stir a tablespoonful of gelatin softened in three tablespoonfuls of hot water into a pint of whipped cream. Add a cupful of cold boiled rice, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a cupful each of pineapple juice and orange juice, a cupful of chopped pineapple and a cupful of chopped blanched almonds. Put into a mold and when firm serve.

Fruit Canapases.—Cut rounds from sponge cake and saute in a little butter. Spread cooked fruit on each piece. Make a sauce of the fruit juice thickened with a little cornstarch and made rich by the addition of butter and sugar if needed.

Date Gems.—Sift together two cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ginger and a little salt. Heat one-half a cupful of molasses and a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan until the butter melts. Then stir in the dry ingredients alternating with a half cupful of milk until well blended. Now add one cupful of chopped dates which have been sprinkled with flour. Bake in well buttered muffin tins.

Nellie Maxwell.

The chestnut trees of this country may soon be extinct, but fortunately the jokesmiths are not dependent upon them for their supplies.

If a young man marries a slender girl and she develops into a heavy-weight in after years, he can see where he got more than he bargained for.

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, JULY 23, 1914

Politics and petty party plums put Peter Radford out of business.

Our estimate is that Ball will win by 50,000 majority. See how far we miss it.

The busy man rarely if ever gets into trouble. It's the idlers and loafers who keep the courts of our country grinding.

The old saw admonishes us to "blow our own horn," but it always sounds more like music when the trumpet is handled by someone else.

When Ferguson said his pocket-book was his principle, he revealed the kind of man he is. The acts of his life prove that he has lived solely for the dollar and Jim Ferguson's interest (get that interest).

The name of W. B. Collins will appear on the official ballot as a candidate for County Chairman. He represents the Ferguson crowd—Campaign Echoes says so—and that is sufficient grounds to scratch his name and vote for I. A. Daniel, who has served us faithfully and well.

In the event Jim Ferguson is elected governor, and Jeff Mc Lemore congressman from the state at large, let's rent out Texas to the devil and move to Arkansas.—Grapeland Messenger.

What rent should we charge in that case, Brother Luker—third and fourth?—Lorena Register.

If everybody knew Jim Lowry as well as we do there would not be a vote cast against him in the July primary. He is honest, able, big hearted and true. Man never held a heart more attuned to sympathy for all mankind, or more generous in devotion to sentiments that enrich the world with deeds of Christian charity. The Texas delegation in congress will be strengthened by his election.—Mineola Monitor.

Since our last issue we learn that W. B. Page is the author of "Campaign Echoes," the little slander sheet we referred to last week. He heads his paragraphs "Center Shots," but he will miss the bull's eye as far as Ferguson will miss the governorship—and that will be a pretty big miss. Mr. Page is a self-appointed advisor to the people of Houston County; they have not sought his advice on any question; in fact, every time he advocates a thing the people go the other way. Looks to us like he would "catch on" after awhile.

It is next to impossible to estimate the value of a good weekly newspaper to any town. It ranks with the church, the bank, the manufacturer, and the leading merchant. The paper is the true friend of the town and county—fighting their battles and weeping with those that weep. It is the great bulwark of defense, and is ever alert. No other enterprise can take its place. The paper is indispensable.—Publisher's Auxiliary.

The Messenger has the best bunch of subscribers on earth. We know that on our list we have men who differ with us in the present campaign, and grit their teeth every time they read the editorials, but not a one has become offended and ordered the paper stopped. We appreciate them, and are glad they are broad minded enough to accord every man the right to his opinion. We are quite sure, too, they have a deeper respect for us for coming out squarely for things we think are right, even if we do not see things as they do, because very few people will tolerate a straddler.

The following paragraph is taken from "Rifle Balls for Tom Ball," issued by the Ball Campaign Committee of Houston County: "There's a reason why Mr. Page is now so venomous in his opposition to Tom Ball, whom he once lauded to the skies, and that reason is found in the one word 'liquor.' It is a sad fact that Mr. Page, with all of his splendid intellectual gifts, is espousing the cause of liquor interests, and cunningly endeavoring to divert attention from the true issues." As a general

As Much Difference in Hogs as in Men
By RICHARD W. HOWES, Chicago

There is as much difference in hogs as there is in men. A great many persons think that a ham is a ham, no matter what sort of a hog it comes from, but those who know the packing business realize the wide difference between hogs fed on various foods.

For instance, the Canadian porker, fattened upon peas, barley and other hard grain products, makes a lean, compact, fine-grained animal, which is entirely different from the corn-fed pig of the American side of the line.

The ham of a Canadian hog, weighing, say fifteen pounds, will have ten per cent. less fat upon it and a correspondingly larger degree of lean than that of a hog fed in Iowa or Illinois upon corn exclusively.

Then, too, there is a decided difference in the grade of texture of the animal. The expert can easily separate the finer hams and bacon from the coarser grades.

The mast-fed pig of the south—the animal that lives on acorns and nuts—is a different flavor altogether from the dairy-fed animal, even when the latter is finished on grain.

The layman knows little of these differences, and to him "pigs is pigs," but the man who is quick in selecting from outward appearances the different grades is a valuable man to the packer wherever he may be, and he can always command a good salary.

proposition, if you will get right down to the bottom of the thing, a majority of Ferguson's supporters are supporting him because he's for liquor.

Peter Radford and his sic'e partner, Lewis, stirred up a hornet's nest when they tried to drive the "preachers back to the plupit." Saloonites always get frantic and paw the air when the preachers start out, because they know the preachers will bring things to pass. Yet they would not have any respect for a preacher who would advocate open saloons. Isn't that a fact?

Have Them Laundered

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

If Kidneys and Bladder Bother Then Foley Kidney Pills

Overworked kidneys will break down if not helped. When they can no longer protect the blood and the body from the poisons that come to them, then look out for Bright's disease, serious kidney trouble and bladder annoyances. Foley Kidney Pills are your best protection, your best medicine for weak, sore, overworked kidney and bladder weaknesses. For sale by D. N. Leaverton. Adv.

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

Keep your system in perfect order and you will have health, even in the most sickly seasons. The occasional use of Prickly Ash Bitters will insure vigor and regularity in all the vital organs. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. adv

Is It Hot Enough for You?

This is not an overcoat advertisement, but a reminder that you should come to our store today and let us save you from 15 to 25 per cent on the purchase of that pair of slippers, a straw hat or suit of men's and boys' clothes. We are making some surprising values in our men's and women's low quarter shoes, and urge you to come in today and take advantage of our

Special Mid-Summer Prices on Seasonable Merchandise

THESE PRICES WILL CONTINUE UNTIL FRIDAY, JULY 31st

1-4 off on all Men's and Boys' Suits	Low Quarter Shoes for Men and Women
Think of it! We can save you from \$3.00 to \$4.75 on the purchase price of your suit of clothes. These clothes are well made, from the season's newest patterns and are guaranteed to give fit and wear. It is not too late to buy a suit for the summer, and the late cold weather will give you a season of several months, as these suits are plenty heavy for early fall wear. Come in and let us fit you today.	Our stock of low quarter shoes includes some of the season's leading styles and the price we are making is as amazing as the quality itself. If you need a new pair of slippers to bridge out the summer with and for early fall wear we strongly commend this line to you. These prices are applied to our lines of patent leather, gun metal, tan, white, red, champagne and grey oxfords and pumps for women and men.
Men's \$12.50 suits..... \$ 9.40	All men's \$5.00 low quarter shoes..... \$4.25
Men's \$15.00 suits..... \$11.75	All men's \$4.50 low quarter shoes..... \$3.90
Men's STYLEPLUS \$17 suits..... \$12.75	All men's \$4.00 low quarter shoes..... \$3.50
Boys' \$5.00 suits..... \$ 3.75	Men's tan rubber sole English walking low quarter shoes..... \$3.25
Boys' \$6.00 suits..... \$ 4.50	All ladies 3.50 low quarters..... \$2.90
Boys' \$7.50 suits..... \$ 5.65	All ladies 3.00 low quarters..... \$2.50
Boys' \$10.00 suits..... \$ 7.50	All ladies 2.75 low quarters..... \$2.40
Men's \$3.00 straw hats..... \$2.25	All ladies 2.50 low quarters..... \$2.10
Men's \$2.50 straw hats..... \$2.15	
Men's \$2.00 straw hats..... \$1.65	
Men's \$1.50 straw hats..... \$1.25	
Men's 75c straw hats..... 50c	
Men's \$1.00 caps..... 75c	



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

Mrs. W. P. Traylor and children left last Friday for Magnolia to visit relatives.

Miss Inez Haltom has completed a business course at Tyler, and is home for the summer.

Misses Parish and Powers of Crockett were the guests of Miss Vilna Haltom last Wednesday.

Feed stuff at cost to farmers only. Car just received. Get yours now.
Adv. W. R. Wherry.

Stovall White returned home Sunday from Tyler where he has been attending a commercial college.

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

Byron Maxwell was called to his old home in Georgia last Friday on account of the serious illness of his brother.

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

C. E. Dockery came in from Shreveport Sunday to spend a week or two visiting relatives. Mrs. Dockery has been here several days.

Mrs. Tom Douthard returned from Jacksonville yesterday, and after visiting relatives here a few days will leave for an extended visit to relatives and friends at Grapeland.—Palestine Evening Record.

Rev. and Mrs. Etheridge Payne of Reagan came in last week to visit relatives. They were accompanied home by Misses Adie and Maude Eaves, who have been visiting them.

We have a fine sample piano in the vicinity of Grapeland, and rather than ship it back to Houston, will sell it at a great sacrifice. For full particulars, write McCallon Piano Co., 1112 Texas Ave., Houston, Texas. Adv.

Dr. Sam Kennedy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Leaverton's Drug Store
Main Street

Miss Ella Temple of Crockett visited Miss Fannie Driskell a few days last week.

Miss Della Moore of Crockett was the guest of Miss Vilna Haltom Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Caskey left last week for Sweetwater, where Mr. Caskey is looking after some business matters.

Mrs. C. F. Trimble returned Sunday from a visit to her mother at Vinton, Iowa, and is now with Bro. Trimble in a meeting at Slocum.

Posted

My entire farm is posted and no trespassing will be allowed by anyone. Please take warning.
Adv. J. W. Howard.

Rev. Frank E. Luker of Tyler spent Tuesday and Wednesday here visiting his brother, A. H. Luker, and sister, Mrs. Frank Leaverton.

\$5.00 and up buys the best grade of Palm Beach suits. Why pay more? The very thing for warm weather.
Adv. W. R. Wherry.

Miss Eula Satterwhite of Crockett visited Misses Pearlina and Carrie Spence a few days last week, returning home Sunday.

I am selling the best grade of Palm Beach Suits cheaper than ever. \$5.00 to \$7.25 is what I ask for them, and they would cost you elsewhere \$6.00 to \$8.50. Let me show them to you.
Adv. W. R. Wherry.

U. M. Brock and family left last week for Livingston and Huntsville to visit relatives. They made the trip in Mr. Brock's car. Stokes Pelham was acting cashier of the bank during Mr. Brock's absence.

STANLEY WEISINGER DEAD

Stanley Weisinger, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Weisinger, died last Friday morning in the I. & G. N. Hospital at Palestine, a victim of typhoid fever. His remains were shipped to Salmon and Saturday morning interred in the Guiceland cemetery.

Mr. Weisinger was section foreman at Salmon, and was a young man of splendid character. He leaves a wife and two or three children to whom the Messenger extends sincere sympathy.

CALL FOR ROAD MEETING

P. L. Fulgham of Reynard requests the Messenger to issue a call to the people living along the Grapeland and Daly's road to meet at the residence of W. M. Brown next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock to discuss ways and means of putting this road in first-class condition from Reynard to Grapeland. We hope every citizen who travels this road will be interested enough to attend this meeting. Especially would we urge the business men of Grapeland to go out there and meet the people and help them in the matter. It is very important that this road should be worked, for a large bulk of Grapeland's trade comes from this territory, and the road is in a serious condition. The business men should take a lively interest in the matter and help in a financial way to make the road better. Remember the time and date and be on hand.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Sunday, 19—Spanish Armada destroyed, 1588.
Monday, 20—Sextant, surveying and navigation instrument, invented, 1550.
Tuesday, 21—American discovery of Dante's port, 1840.
Wednesday, 22—Color photography patented, 1890.
Thursday, 23—Dining cars introduced, 1893.
Friday, 24—Mormons founded Salt Lake City, 1847.
Saturday, 25—Leach shoots Niagara Falls in a barrel, 1811.
Sunday, 26—Peace congress meets in London, 1908.

If you have no appetite for your meals something is wrong with your digestion, liver or bowels. Prickly Ash Bitters cleanses and strengthens the stomach, purifies the bowels and creates appetite, vigor and cheerfulness. A. S. Porter, Special Agent.

Moving the big hotel is in progress, but it is a slow go, on account of the structure being so large. The actual work of moving commenced Monday morning and at this writing it has been moved about ten feet. Just as soon as the work has been finished, B. F. Hill, the new proprietor, will take charge.

A Good Investment

W. D. Magli, a well known merchant of Whitemound, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine so as to be able to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the cost of his entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

There seems to be a move on foot to defeat Daniel E. Garrett for congressman-at-large. I notice in Mr. Page's paper, "Campaign Echoes," that the slate made is for Jeff: McLemore and James H. Lowry. Don't forget that J. H. (Cyclone) Davis and Daniel E. Garrett are both fighting for the best interests of Texas. W. R. Wherry. adv.

In warm weather Prickly Ash Bitters helps your staying qualities. Workers who use it occasionally stand the heat better and are less fatigued at night. 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



Should sickness come, or an accident occur, are you prepared to provide the extra money required at such a time? If not, why take chances? Are you prepared for the unexpected? Provide for the emergency by having money in the bank.



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, TEXAS

Are You Going to St. Louis or Chicago

The



"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.

ABOVE EVERYTHING

SAVE A PART OF YOUR EARNINGS AND DEPOSIT IT IN SOME BANK

Pay your bills by check, which is more satisfactory to yourself and to your creditors.

The returned checks serve as a receipt for the account and enables you to keep up with your expenditures; besides it gives you a better standing in the community in which you live.

Our advice to you is to MAKE OUR BANK YOUR PLACE for SAVING A PART OF YOUR EARNINGS.

The GUARANTY STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK

At Cost

Another car load of feed stuff has arrived which will be sold to farmers at cost. Better get your supply at once.
Adv. W. R. Wherry.

When the bowels feel uncomfortable and you miss the exhilarating feeling that always follows a copious morning operation, a dose of Herbine will set you right in a couple of hours. If taken at bedtime you get its beneficial effect after breakfast next day. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

A STATELY RHYME

Young Mr. Sippey was quite tame;
His sweetheart was quite dippy,
But he has made her quiet down
Now that she's Mississippi.

Fretful babies need the comforting effect of McGee's Baby Elixir. It quiets feverishness, corrects sour stomach, cures colic pains and checks diarrhoea. It is a perfectly safe and wholesome remedy containing no opium, morphine or injurious drug of any kind. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Grass Grass Grass

Kill out the Grass and

Give Your Crop a chance

What You Need is a

Good Cultivator

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

See us before all are gone.

HERMAN SCHMIDT & COMPANY

Successors to Logan Hardware Co.

ELKHART, TEXAS.

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

The growth of Dallas, Texas, affords a splendid example of what can be accomplished through a concerted effort on the part of the people living in any small city, town or village.

The older residents of Dallas can remember when a handful of frame stores around the public square comprised the entire business district of Dallas. The outer edge of the residence section joined farms and prairies, but a few blocks from the square and railroads and street cars were not even contemplated.

The Federal Census of 1880 gave Dallas a trifle over ten thousand population as against 92,104 in 1910. The present population is conservatively estimated at 130,000 people.

In 1900 Dallas boasted of but seventeen miles of paved streets as against one hundred and fifty miles today, of but six miles of concrete sidewalks as against over three hundred miles today.

Property values in and around Dallas have increased many fold within the past ten years on account of the marketing and shopping facilities, educational and religious advantages, public con-

veniences, etc., afforded by the city.

This wonderful growth of population and commercial activities and values was only brought about by a concerted effort, prompted by a spirit of loyalty, on the part of the citizenship. It is needless to say that every progressive Dallasite has personally profited from the city's growth.

The growth of any village, town is limited to the extent of increased commercial activities, and before you can reasonably expect to attract outside capital and patronage to your community, you and your neighbors must join hands and support your local mercantile establishments.

Our local merchants are the power behind the welfare of this community. They can, and should, serve you as cheaply and to as good advantage as the distant city stores and mail order houses, and these things being equal, it is to your advantage to trade here at home where a portion of your money will circulate through local channels and assist in the development of this community.

ABSTRACTS

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

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

ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Full Advertising Value
For Every
Advertiser's Dollar

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.



Come to the quality fountain
for Refreshing Drinks

We are Headquarters for the best
of Everything

OUR MOTTO:
"QUALITY, PURITY AND
CLEANLINESS"

Coolest Place in Town. Fans Running all the Time

D. N. LEAVERTON

CALL FOR PRECINCT AND COUNTY CONVENTIONS

Notice is hereby given that democratic precinct conventions will be held at all the voting precincts in Houston county on the 25th day of July, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting delegates to a democratic county convention to be held at the court house in Crockett Saturday, August 1, 1914, at which County Convention the vote of the Primary election will be canvassed, and delegates selected to the various State and District Conventions, and such other business shall be transacted as is customary at such conventions. The voting precincts are entitled to representation as follows, and the following are designated as temporary chairmen of such voting precincts for the purpose of calling such conventions to order, to-wit:

Augusta, H. Long, Chairman, entitled to 4 votes.

Antioch, Walter West, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Ash, J. C. Allee, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Crockett, No. 1, S. A. Denny, Chairman, entitled to 9 votes.

Crockett, No. 2, J. C. Millar, Chairman, entitled to 7 votes.

Ratcliff, B. F. Dickerson, Chairman, entitled to 5 votes.

Creek, Dr. Scruggs, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Daly's, W. P. Kyle, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Daniel, R. D. Thompson, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Dodson, W. H. Threadgill, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Freeman, Hose Holly, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Grapeland, W. F. Murchison, Chairman, entitled to 8 votes.

Holly, J. J. Hammonds, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Kennard, Dr. T. M. Sherman, Chairman, entitled to 5 votes.

Lovelady, H. M. Barbee, Chairman, entitled to 4 votes.

Percilla, Richard Sewell, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Arbor, Burrell Douglass, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Porter Springs, J. G. Webb, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Shiloh, E. A. Williams, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Belott, Dan Deere, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Tadmor, Dr. McCall, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

Weches, J. B. Alexander, Chairman, entitled to 2 votes.

Volga, T. J. Maples, Chairman, entitled to 2 votes.

Weldon, W. A. Moore, Chairman, entitled to 2 votes.

Tyer's Store, John Luce, Chairman, entitled to 1 vote.

The above representation is based on the vote for the Democratic nominee for governor in the last general election, one vote being allowed for each twenty-five and major fraction thereof.

The chairmen and secretaries will sign the credentials of the delegates to the county convention. Respectfully,

I. A. DANIELS, Ch'm.

By J. G. BEAZLEY, Sec'y.

A lame back or shoulder puts a man on the retired list temporarily. The time will be short if Ballard's Snow Liniment is rubbed in. It relaxes the muscles, relieves pain and restores strength and elasticity in the joints. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Quite a number of Grapeland citizens attended the Ferguson-Ball speaking at Crockett Monday.

Printing

of the
Quality
Kind

LET US KNOW YOUR
PRINTING WANTS

WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A
SATISFACTORY MANNER
AND QUICKLY

The Messenger

CHILDREN CRY

Frequently and for no apparent reason when they have worms.

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

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

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

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

PORTER'S Drug Store

AGENT

Galveston Daily and Semi-
Weekly Farm News.
Houston Daily Post and
Semi-Weekly Farm and Fireside.
RENEW WITH US

Caskey and Denson Barbers

Your Business
will be
Appreciated

Shop in Lively building just
around the corner off Main st.
Laundry basket leaves Wed-
nesday and returns Saturday

I. N. Whitaker

WATCHMAKER and
PHOTOGRAPHER

You will find me at my office
in Grapeland every Thurs-
day, Friday and Saturday.
I repair watches, clocks, guns
and sewing machines.

A Torpid Liver is a fine field for the Malarial Germ and it thrives wonderfully. The cer- tain result in such cases is a spell of Chills.

HERBINE

is a Powerful Chill Tonic and
Liver Regulator.

It puts the liver in healthy, vigorous condition and cures the chills by destroying the disease germs which infest the system. Herbine is a fine anti-periodic medicine, more effective than the syrupy mixtures that sicken the stomach; because it not only kills the disease germs, but acts effectively in the liver, stomach and bowels, thus putting the system in condition to successfully resist the usual third or seventh day return of the chill. Herbine is a cleansing and invigorating medicine for the whole body.

Price 50c per Bottle.

James F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.
Stephens Eye Salve is a healing
ointment for Sore Eyes.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A S PORTER



FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for Backache,
Rheumatism,
Kidneys and
Bladder.

Sold by D N Leaverton

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

A Classy Letterhead
Doesn't Cost Much
— Ask Us —

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

CARDUI

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!

A DRINK MUST BE MIXED RIGHT TO TASTE GOOD

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

WE SERVE the BEST

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

Porter's Drug Store



Everybody

Drinks

Coca-Cola

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

It will satisfy you.

Demand the genuine by full name—Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

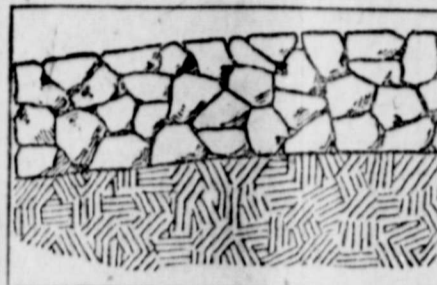
Send us your Subscription Today

GOOD ROADS

BEST ROADS ARE IN GEORGIA

Fulton County Has Finest Highways in South—Three Hundred Miles of Macadamized Road.

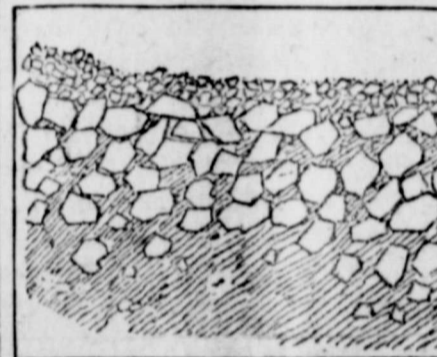
When it comes to good roads, Fulton county, Georgia, is the banner county of the south. It is not only in the quantity but in the quality of her highways that Fulton county takes first rank. Stretching out from Atlanta in every direction and reaching to the county line are splendid



Layer of Stone Firmly Packed by Use of Heavy Roller.

macadam roads, broad and white and smooth as a floor. There are approximately three hundred miles of improved roads in the county and here the term "improved roads" does not mean highways that have been graded and graveled or covered with a thin layer of crushed stone. Every foot of the 300 miles of improved roads in this county is a real macadam road, as free of mud and as serviceable as the ordinary city pavement at all seasons of the year, regardless of weather conditions.

Neither are there any ruts or any holes in these roads, for the ruts



Macadam Road With Loose Earth Foundation Into Which the Stones Have Sunk.

and holes do not frequently appear, and as soon as they make their appearance they are eliminated in short order. One of the most noticeable features of the roads is their width. Another is the gutter and curbing, which lines every road that has been constructed in the county in recent years. The narrowest macadam road in the county is 20 feet wide, and the width varies from that up to 60 feet.

MAINTENANCE OF THE ROADS

King Road Drag Is Proving Blessing to Rural District of West—Implement Is Easily Made.

The immediate interest of rural districts in the good roads question centers in the practical plans for making the roads as good as possible without the addition of imported material. This applies, especially, to prairie regions where there is no material for surfacing without the expense of shipping it in. With no material at hand, it will necessarily be a long time before any, with the exception of the main traveled roads, can be treated. While the building of permanent roads should be carried on as fast as possible, anything that can be done to improve the condition of our roads will become a great blessing.

The King road drag for maintaining dirt roads is proving a blessing to rural districts of the West, with the addition of drainage and the use of country graders. Thousands of miles of country roads in the central West will be maintained this year in splendid condition through the use of the King road drag, says the Iowa Homestead. The drag is easily and cheaply made at a cost of not to exceed \$2. A beginning could be made by our readers this spring by maintaining in first-class condition the dirt roads adjoining their farms. Why not take the initiative and start the movement at once?

EARLY DRAGGING OF ROADS

Not a Laborious Job and Will Save Farmer Many Times Cost of Such Work During Year.

Nothing adds more immediate value to our farm land than accessibility to markets, such connecting link between the farm and market being a good road. The early dragging of our

dirt roads is certainly to be commended. Just as soon as the frost begins to come out of the ground, the farmer should commence dragging.

This is not a laborious job, a good team can put the road between him and the first crossing toward town, even if half mile away, in good condition in a half day, and he will save many times the cost of such labor or expense during the year. Besides the additional value it adds to the farm, there is that personal pride that we all owe to every community, and especially to ourselves.

Texas Boy Wins National Contest

In a speaking contest where the pick of the country's young men orators were entered, Frank Lyons, a Texan from El Paso, won first place. The contest was held at Lake Mohawk, New York on the occasion of the annual Peace Conference and was to determine the winner of the National Peace Prize for orators from the Colleges of the United States. Lyons won his way to



Frank Lyons.

the National Contest by beating all-comers in Texas and Southern contests. At Lake Mohawk the winners from the different sections of the country spoke before an assemblage of men of international reputation. The judges were unanimous in awarding the first prize to the young Texan Lyons is a second-year student in the University of Texas, where he is working his way. It is a busy life he leads, attending classes and performing the jobs which make it possible for him to go to the State University, but there are over eight hundred other Texas students doing this very thing.

University of Texas Largest in the South

Many people do not know that their own State University is larger than any other two educational institutions of the South. The enrollment for the session just closed was 2,532 students not counting 1,000 persons taking work by correspondence and another thousand in the Summer School. In June more than 300 Texas boys and girls received degrees from the University, and there are now in Austin almost 1,200 students, nearly all Texas teachers, studying in the Summer School. That the University is democratic is illustrated by the fact that 1,000 students belong to the self-supporting class. As a part of the public school system, tuition in all departments of the University is free. Each Legislature makes direct appropriations for its support.

During the period of 1914 the University of Texas supplied commencement speakers to 62 high schools throughout the State.

What a man earns doesn't interest his wife so much as what she gets.

Of course, it is our charity that covers a multitude of other people's sins.

It is easy for a young man to find a pin in a girl's belt, but he usually gets hold of the wrong end.

The average girl imagines the romance is missing from a proposal unless the stage is set for a moonlight scene.

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 Folcomb

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—

G R Murchison
Chas Long (Re-election)
J C Estes

For Justice of Peace, Prec't. 5:

C L Haltom
Jno A Davis (Re-election)

For Constable Prec't. 5:

C R (Bully) Taylor
C E Lively

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

NOTICE TO PUBLIC

Beginning August 1 we will be forced to increase our prices for beef in accordance with the advanced prices for beef cattle, which have been going up continually for sometime, and they show no signs of getting lower. "Self preservation is the first law of nature" and we must do this to maintain the market. Considering the fact that the fact that the market is a convenience to you and that we give you the very best of service, our price, even after the increase, will be most reasonable.

City Meat Market
Farmers Union Phone

ARRESTED FOR CATTLE THEFT

Joe Rawls, ex-constable of this precinct, was arrested at his home in this city last Friday night by Sheriff Phillips on a complaint charging him with cattle theft. Mr. Rawls carried a bunch of cattle to Palestine last Thursday and disposed of them to a buyer. Will Allen, who lives south-east of town, missed three of his cattle and called the buyer at Palestine over the phone, who said he had the cattle of the description given. Mrs. Cutler, who lives in the same community, missed two of her cows, and they were found at the same place. The stolen cows have been returned to their owners. Mr. Rawls made a confession to Sheriff Phillips that he was guilty. He gave bond in the sum of \$1,000, and was bound over to the grand jury.

FIRE DESTROYS BARN

Sunday night about 9:30 o'clock, when most of the people of Grapeland were in the tabernacle attending church, three pistol shots rang out on the air, and the flames of fire could be seen in a southern direction. People left the tabernacle and reaching the scene found it to be the barn of R. L. Pridgen, who lives in the extreme south end of town.

Just how the fire started will perhaps never be known, but Mr. Pridgen thinks it was caused from his own carelessness in carrying matches in his pockets and perhaps accidentally dropped some in the barn. He estimates his loss between four and five hundred dollars. A considerable

amount of feed stuff was destroyed, also a saddle he valued at \$50.00. He saved his buggy and wagon which were under the barn shed, although he lost some farm implements. A negro cabin near the barn was saved by constantly pouring water on it. Mr. Pridgen requests us to thank the people for their quick response and for the many kind words of sympathy expressed to him.

Surprising Cure of Stomach Trouble

When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine that your case is beyond help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Mrs. G. Stengle, Plainfield, N. J., writes, "For over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's advertising booklets came to me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Causes of Stomach Troubles

Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your age and occupation. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

A Perfect Cathartic

There is sure and wholesome action in every dose of Foley Cathartic Tablets. They cleanse with never a gripe or pain. Chronic cases of constipation find them invaluable. Stout people are relieved of that bloated, congested feeling, so uncomfortable especially in hot weather. They keep your liver busy. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv.

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

GO WHERE YOU PLEASE

EAT WHAT YOU PLEASE

That is what you can do if you take Dodson's Liver Tone. Many people know the danger of calomel, yet they take it because they know of nothing better. Other people are not afraid of calomel, because they do not understand what a dangerous drug it is. Because it has never hurt them, they believe it never will. No one needs to take dangerous calomel (which is just another form of mercury).

Porter's drug store sells Dodson's Liver Tone for fifty cents a bottle and guarantees that it takes the place of calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleas-



WE DO IT RIGHT

Cleaning and Pressing

THE SANITARY WAY--THE HOFFMAN WAY

It is a Hobby with us to Clean and Press
PALM BEACH SUITS

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

M. L. CLEWIS

ant-tasting vegetable remedy that livens up the liver without causing any restriction of habit or diet. It has none of the bad after-effects of calomel and is safe for children as well as grown-ups.

You don't run a single risk when you try Dodson's Liver Tone, because if you aren't entirely satisfied all you need to do is go right back to where you bought it and have your money

cheerfully refunded to you with a smile. Isn't that fair? Adv.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen?

An ad in the Messenger will answer the question.

Read our advertising; there's profit in it for you. Our merchants have a real live message—one that goes straight to the wallet; and they had so much faith in their message that they paid us to print it.

Big Auction Sale of Town Lots

We will sell at Public Auction, the beautiful addition to the city of Crockett known as the Miller Heights Addition
THURSDAY, JULY 30, 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

No Lots Sold to Negroes

These Lots are beautifully located, close in, high, well drained, and the cheapest lots ever sold in Crockett. We will give free tickets to all who attend this sale for

A Bag of Gold

TERMS: \$10.00 down, balance easy terms to suit purchaser.
5 per cent Discount for Cash

COL. J. W. COFFEY, Shreveport, La., AUCTIONEER
John R. Sheridan, Owners' Agent. - W. T. Cutler, Clerk