

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 17 No. 22

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUG. 6, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Clearance!

Clearance!

We are going to offer you for the next 10 days, every item in SUMMER MERCHANDISE at a great sacrifice in price, as WE MUST CLEAR OUR SHELVES OF ALL SUMMER GOODS. Clearance Prices as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

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

FEW LADIES' DRESSES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

August 3.—We are still in the dry column of the county, but have seen dryer times. Cotton is carrying a fine bloom, but some of it is just carrying one and that is all it has. The young corn seems to be doomed but the election is over and we will have a farmer for governor and a farmer to represent us and we will not have to dress our wives and daughters up in a cotton sack and ornament them with a hoe, and a great effort has been made for peace and rest, but there is no such thing as peace and rest in this old sin cursed world.

It is reported that one day last week there were 500 people at the big lake on the river. The report was they were sitting all around the lake so close until they could touch each other and when you consider the length and breadth, that was some folks. Now I will not vouch for this but I will tell a coffee mill tale that I will vouch for, for W. L. Fox told it on the road to that lock and dam. There is a house that has a coffee mill nailed up at every door. Pledger Chiles and mother spent the better part of last week in Crockett.

Mrs. Lenard Kent and children are still on their visit to Groveton.

Mrs. Bennie Rials has returned from a visit to the Prospect community.

Miss Gertrude and Frank Fulgham expect to spend the latter part of the week in Galveston and Houston.

G. W. Allen had visitors from a distance last week, but we failed to learn their names.

Jim Richards and son, Bullie Taylor, Jack Murchison and Stovall White helped to make the 500 on the lakes last week.

The people of Reynard and Daly's have erected a large brush tabernacle between the two communities and aim to have a big joint meeting to begin next Sunday. Baptist ministers will be in charge, but their aim is not to build up their church, but to have a great spiritual uplift and to get people converted, and we have a right to expect every Christian to do his duty. The tabernacle is on the Grapeland road very accessible to all. Now, if you can't help in the meeting, please don't put any chunks in the way.

Health is good for the time of year. ZACK.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, 3—Columbus starts first voyage, 1492.

Tuesday, 4—Chicago founded, 1830.

Wednesday, 5—Atlantic cable completed, 1858.

Thursday, 6—California fruit reaches England, 1892.

Friday, 7—War and Navy department organized, 1789.

Saturday, 8—Metal gun cartridge patented, 1854.

Sunday, 9—Harvard's first commencement, 1842.

Miss Velma Lee Hale of Alto is here on a visit to relatives.

GOOD LETTER FROM OLD GRAY

The last big gun of the campaign has been heard and all is quiet on the firing line. The great battle has been fought and the victory awarded to Jas. E. Ferguson. He has the nomination by the voice of the people, the farmers and all laboring classes. Hence he is the choice of the common people who are in the majority in Texas. It is a well known fact that all the big lawyers and merchants, also the big corporations were behind Mr. Ball. With all this he was defeated by a handsome majority. Many things were done and said in the race that should have been left in the background. We don't approve of this mud-slinging on either side. Some of Mr. Ball's speakers had more to say than he did. For instance Mr. Poindexter in one of his speeches during the campaign said that he had rather see a five years drouth or the grass hoppers from Kansas than to see Ferguson elected governor of Texas. He is one of the leading pros in Texas or rather he has been. We don't believe that the prohibitionists of Texas would endorse any man that would make such vile utterances as Poindexter did. He cares not for the people or country, so he can carry his point. He certainly is aware that those remarks will put more nails in his political coffin than all the pros in Texas can pull out. Yes, his "political sun" has gone down and will leave him to brood over his own destruction. We have no doubt that some of Ball's speakers did him damage, some on the stump, declaring that he never gambled while he was sending messages over the state, saying that he did. But it is all over, and as the Messenger says, lets get together and assist in making Mr. Ferguson's administration a success in every sense of the word. As to the Messenger's fight, it made a hard fight and hit some hard blows. We grant the Messenger the same privilege we take, while we differ with the Messenger on prohibition, we don't wish to strip the editor of the right of free speech that belongs to every American citizen. The results of the election show that the people of Texas are tired of prohibition agitation. Let's try something else for awhile. Probably we can even things up in a better manner.

We can't conclude without paying our compliments to our genial friend Moore of Grapeland. He must have the snakes. The remedy is to get on the Ferguson band wagon. Then you'll have peace, prosperity and plenty for all "flopers."

We had a light rain last week which has been of great benefit to cotton. Corn in this section will be a very short crop. The drouth has greatly damaged peas and potatoes.

As ever, OLD GRAY.

T. S. Kent and daughters, Miss Sallie Mae and Mrs. T. H. Daily and two children, left Tuesday for Galveston to spend a few days.

Country Made Ribbon Cane Syrup

South Texas Ribbon Cane Syrup, Wire Grass Pure Georgia Cane Syrup, Armour's Simon Pure Lard, Chef Cooking Oil, Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon California Peaches, Cherries, Apricots and Pears.

Campbell's Soap--twenty-one different kinds. Van Camp's Pork and Beans, Hominy and Krautt. Hornel's Dairy Brand Hams, once tried always used.

All the above brands is a stamp of Quality

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY
FREE DELIVERY Phone us Your Orders

Values Undreamed!

At least two months of hot weather are before us, yet all merchants must make ready for fall merchandise. Because of this fact and because we do not want to carry over one single pair of low shoes, we are offering the following remarkably low prices:

Any pair women's low shoes, some values up to \$3.25, for..... **\$1.00**

Any child's low shoe, values up to \$2.00, for..... **.75**

Any man's low quarter.... **HALF PRICE**

The greater part of these shoes are this years' stock and are of the same high quality that always mark DITTMAN SHOES.

Headquarters for BLUE RIBBON FLOUR and SUNSET COFFEE

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

TO THE LADIES:

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

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

Prof. W. R. Campbell requests us to announce that his singing school at Salmon will close Friday evening with some special songs, and a cordial invitation is extended the public to attend.

Messrs. Spencer and Turner, business men of Palestine, were in Grapeland Monday looking for a location to put in a furniture store. The only available building is the front end of the Messenger office and they talked favorably of renting it.

They were well pleased with the outlook around Grapeland and complimented our little city very highly.

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

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 X.

To an American, accustomed to getting things done first and talking about it afterward, there is nothing so subtly irritating as the old-world formalism, the polite evasiveness of the Mexicans; and yet, at times, they can speak to the point with the best of us.

For sixty days Don Cipriano Aragon had smiled and smiled and then, suddenly, as the last day of their mining permit passed by and there was no record of a denouncement by Cruz Mendez, he appeared at the Eagle Tail mine with a pistol in his belt and a triumphant sneer on his lips.

Behind him rode four Mexicans, fully armed, and they made no reply to De Lancey's polite "Buenos dias!"

"Take your poor things," burst out Aragon, pointing contemptuously at their tent and beds, "and your low, pelado Mexican—and go! This mine no longer stands in the name of Cruz Mendez, and I want it for myself! No, not a word!" he cried, as De Lancey opened his mouth to explain. "Nothing! Only go!"

"No, señor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter which hung low by his leg and stepping forward, "we will not go!"

"What?" stormed Aragon, "you—"
"Be careful there!" warned Bud, suddenly fixing his eyes on one of the four retainers. "If you touch that gun I'll kill you!"

There was a pause, in which the Mexicans sat frozen to their saddles, and then De Lancey broke the silence.

"You must not think, Señor Aragon," he began, speaking with a certain bitterness, "that you can carry your point like this. My friend here is a Texan, and if your men stir he will kill them. But there is a law in this country for every man—what is it that you want?"

"I want this mining claim," shouted Aragon, "that you have so unjustly taken from me through that scoundrel Mendez! And I want you to step aside, so that I can set up my monuments and take possession of it."

"The Señor Aragon has not been to

the agente mineral today," suggested De Lancey suavely. "If he had taken the trouble he would not—"

"Enough!" cried Aragon, still trying to carry it off cavalierly; "I sent my servant to the mining agent yesterday and he reported that the permit had lapsed."

"If he had taken the pains to inquire for new permits, however," returned De Lancey, "he would have found that one has been issued to me. I am now a Mexican citizen, like yourself."

"You!" screamed Aragon, his eyes bulging with astonishment; and then, finding himself tricked, he turned suddenly upon one of his retainers and struck him with his whip.

"Son of a goat!" he stormed. "Pig! Is this the way you obey my orders?"

But though he raved and scolded, he had gone too far, and there was no putting the blame on his servant. In his desire to humiliate the hated gringo



"No, Señor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter.

gos he had thrown down all his guards, and even De Lancey saw all too clear-

ly what his intentions in the matter had been.

"Spare your cursing, Señor Aragon," he said, "and after this," he added, "you can save your pretty words, too—for somebody else. We shall remain here and hold our property."

"Ha! You Americans!" exclaimed Aragon, as he chewed bitterly on his defeat. "You will rob us of everything—even our government. So you are a Mexican citizen, eh? You must value this barren mine very highly to give up the protection of your government. But perhaps you are acquainted with a man named Kruger?" he sneered.

"He would sell his honor any time to defraud a Mexican of his rights, and I doubt not it was he who sent you here. Yes, I have known it from the first—but I will fool him yet!"

"So you are a Mexican citizen, Señor De Lancey? Bien, then you shall pay the full price of your citizenship. Before our law you are now no more than that poor pelado, Mendez. You cannot appeal now to your consul at Gadsden—you are only a Mexican! Very well!"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled significantly.

"No," retorted De Lancey angrily; "you are right—I cannot appeal to my government! But let me tell you something, Señor Mexicano! An American needs no government to protect him—he has his gun, and that is enough!"

"Yes," added Bud, who had caught the drift of the last, "and he has his friends, too; don't forget that!" He strode over toward Aragon and menaced him with a threatening finger.

"If anything happens to my friend," he hissed, "you will have me to whip! And now, señor," he added, speaking in the idiom of the country, "go with God—and do not come back!"

"Pah!" spat back Aragon, his hate for the pushing foreigner showing in every glance; "I will beat you yet! And I pray God the revoltosos come this way, if they take the full half of my cattle—so long as they get you two!"

"Very well," nodded Bud as Aragon and his men turned away, "but be careful you do not send any!"

"Good!" he continued, smiling grimly at the pallid Phil; "now we got him where we want him—out in the open. And I'll just remember them four palanos he had with him—they're his handy men, the boys with nerve—and don't never let one of 'em catch you out after dark."

De Lancey sat down on a rock and wiped his face.

"Heavens, Bud," he groaned, "I never would have believed it of him—I thought he was on the square. But it just goes to prove the old saying—every Mexican has got a streak of yellow in him somewhere. All you've got to do is to trust him long enough and you'll find it out. Well, we're hep to Mr. Aragon, all right!"

"I never seen one of these polite, palavering Mexicans yet," observed Bud sagely, "that wasn't crooked. And this feller Aragon is mean, to boot. But that's a game," he added, "that two can play at. I don't know how you feel, Phil, but we been kinder creeping and slipping around so long that I'm all cramped up inside. Never suffered more in my life than the last sixty days—being polite to that damn Mexican. Now it's our turn. Are you game?"

"Count me in!" cried De Lancey, rising from his rock. "What's the play?"

"Well, we'll go into town pretty soon," grinned Bud, "and if I run across old Aragon, or any one of them four bad Mexicans, I'm going to make a show. And as for that big brindle dog of his—well, he's sure going to get roped and drug if he don't mend his ways. Come on, let's ketch up our horses and go in for a little time!"

"I'll go you!" agreed Phil with enthusiasm, and half an hour later, each on his favorite horse, they were clattering down the canyon. At the turn of the trail, where it swung into the Aragon lane, Bud took down his rope and smiled in anticipation.

"You go on ahead," he said, shaking out his loop, "and I'll try to put the catgut on Brindle."

"Off like a flash!" answered De Lancey, and, putting the spurs to his fiery bay, he went dashing down the street, scattering chickens and hogs in all directions. Behind came Bud, rolling jocularly in his saddle, and as the dogs rushed out after his pardner he twirled his loop once and laid it skillfully across the big brindle's back.

But roping dogs is a difficult task at best, and Bud was out of practise. The sudden blow struck Brindle to the ground and the loop came away unfiled. The Texan laughed, shifting in his saddle.

"Come again!" commented Bud, leaning sidewise as he coiled his rope, and as the womenfolk and idlers came rushing to see what had happened he turned Copper Bottom in his tracks and came back like a streak of light.

"Look out, you ugly man's dog!" he shouted, whirling his rope as he rode; and then, amid a chorus of indignant protests, he chased the yelping Brindle down the lane and through a hole in the fence. Then, with no harm done, he rode back up the street, smiling amiably and looking for more dogs to rope.

In the doo of the store stood Aragon, pale with fury, but Bud appeared not to see him. His eyes were turned rather toward the house where, on the edge of the veranda, Gracia Aragon and her mother stood staring at his antics.

"Good morning to you, ladies!" he saluted, taking off his sombrero with a flourish; "lovely weather, ain't it?" And with his tongue in his cheek and a roguish glance at Aragon, who was struck dumb by this last effrontery, he went rollicking after his pardner, sending back a series of joyous yips.

"Now that sure does me good," he confided to Phil, as they rode down between cottonwoods and struck into the muddy creek. "No sense in it, but it gets something out of my system that has kept me from feeling glad. Did you see me bowing to the ladies? Some class to that bow—no? You want to look out—I got my eye on that gal, and I'm sure a hard one to head. Only thing is, I wouldn't like the old man for a father-in-law the way matters stand between us now."

He laughed boisterously at this witticism, and the little Mexican children, playing among the willows, crouched and lay quiet like rabbits. Along the sides of the rocky hills, where the peons had their mud-and-rock houses, mothers came anxiously to open doors; and as they jogged along up the river the Chinese gardeners, working in each separate nook and eddy of the storm-washed creek-bed, stopped grubbing to gaze at them inquiringly.

"Wonder what's the matter with them chinks?" observed Bud, when his happiness had ceased to effervesce; "they sit up like a village of prairie dogs! Whole country seems to be on the rubber neck. Must be something doing."

"That's right," agreed Phil; "did you notice how those peons scattered when I rode down the street? Maybe there's been some insurrectos through. But say—listen!"

He stopped his horse, and in the silence a bugle-call came down the wind from the direction of Fortuna.

"Soldiers!" he said. "Now where did they come from? I was in Fortuna day before yesterday, and—well, look at that!"

From the point of the hill just ahead of them a line of soldiers came into view, marching two abreast, with a mounted officer in the lead.

"Aha!" exclaimed Bud with conviction; "they've started something down below. This is that bunch of federals that we saw drilling up at Agua Negra."

"Yep," admitted De Lancey regretfully; "I guess you're right for once—the open season for rebels has begun."

They drew out of the road and let them pass—a long, double line of shabby infantrymen, still wearing their last year's straw hats and summer uniforms and trudging along in flapping sandals.

In front were two men bearing lanterns, to search out the way by night; slatternly women, the inevitable camp-followers, trotted along at the sides with their bundles and babies; and as the little brown men from Zacatecas, each burdened with his heavy gun and a job lot of belts and packs, shuffled patiently past the Americans, they flashed the whites of their eyes and rumbled a chorus of "Adios!"

"Adios, Americanos!" they called, gazing enviously at their fine horses, and Phil in his turn touched his hat and wished them all Godspeed.

"Poor devils!" he murmured, as the last tottering camp-followers, laden with their burdens, brought up the rear and a white-skinned Spanish officer saluted from his horse; "what do those little pelones know about liberty and justice, or the game that is being played? Wearing the same uni-

forms that they had when they fought for Diaz, and now they are fighting for Madero. Next year they may be working for Orozco or Huerta or Salazar."

"Sure," muttered Bud; "but that ain't the question. If they're rebels in the hills, where do we get off?"

CHAPTER XI.

The plaza at Fortuna, ordinarily so peaceful and sleepy, was alive with hurrying men when Bud and Phil reached town. Over at the station a special engine was wheezing and blowing after its heavy run and, from the train of commandeered ore cars behind, a swarm of soldiers were leaping to the ground. On the porch of the hotel Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was making violent signals with his hands, and as they rode up he hurried out to meet them.

"My gracious, boys," he cried, "it's a good thing you came into town! Bernardo Bravo has come over the mountains and he's marching to take Moctezuma!"

"Why, that doesn't make any difference to us!" answered Phil. "Moctezuma is eighty miles from here—and look at all the soldiers. How many men has Bernardo got?"

"Well, that I do not know," responded Don Juan; "some say more and some less, but if you boys hadn't come in I would have sent a man to fetch you. Just as soon as a revolution begins the back country becomes unsafe for Americans. Some of these low characters are likely to murder you if they think you have any money."

"Well, we haven't," put in Bud; "but we've got a mine—and we're going to keep it, too."

"Aw, Bernardo Bravo hasn't got any men!" scoffed Phil; "I bet this is a false alarm. He got whipped out of his boots over in Chihuahua last fall, and he's been up in the Sierra Madres ever since. Probably come down to steal a little beef."

"Why, Don Juan, Bud and I lived right next to a trail all last year and if we'd listened to one-tenth of the revoltoso stories we heard we wouldn't have taken out an ounce of gold. I'm going to get my denouncement papers tomorrow, and I'll bet you we work that mine all summer and never know the difference. These rebels won't hurt you any, anyhow!"

"No! Only beg a little grub!" added Bud scornfully. "Come on, Phil; let's go over and look at the soldiers—it's that bunch of Yaquis we saw up at Agua Negra."

They tied their horses to the rack and, leaving the solicitous Don Juan to sputter, hurried over to the yard. From the heavy metal ore cars, each a rolling fortress in itself, the last of the active Yaquis were helping out their women and pet dogs, while the rest, talking and laughing in high spirits, were strung out along the track in a perfunctory line.

If the few officers in command had ever attempted to teach them military discipline, the result was not apparent in the line they formed; but any man who looked at their swarthy faces, the hawklike profiles, and deep-set, steady eyes, would know that they were fighters.

After all, a straight line on parade has very little to do with actual warfare and these men had proved their worth under fire.

To be sure, it was the fire of Mexican guns, and perhaps that was why the officers were so quiet and unassertive; for every one of these big, upstanding Indians had been captured in the Yaqui wars and deported to the henequen fields of Yucatan to die in the malaria and heat.

But they had come from a hardy breed and the whirligig of fortune was flying fast—Madero defeated Porfirio Diaz; fresh revolutions broke out against the victor and, looking about in desperation for soldiers to fill his ranks, Madero fell upon the Yaquis.

Trained warriors for generations, of a race so fierce that the ancient Aztecs had been turned aside by them in their empire-founding migration, they were the very men to whip back the rebels, if he could but win them to his side.

done before them.

And so, with a thousand or more of his men, the crafty old war chief had taken service in the federal army, though his mind, poisoned perhaps by the treachery he had suffered, was not entirely free from guile.

"It is the desire of the Yaquis," he had said, when rebuked for serving under the hated flag of Mexico, "to kill Mexicans. And," he added grimly, "the federals at this time seem best able to give us guns for that purpose."

But it had been a year now since Bule had passed his word and, though they had battled valiantly, their land had not been given back to them. The wild Yaquis, the irreconcilables, who never came down from the hills, had gone on the warpath again, but Bule and his men still served.

Only in two things did they disobey their officers—they would not stack their arms, and they would not retreat while there were still more Mexicans to be killed. Otherwise they were very good soldiers.

But now, after the long campaign in Chihuahua and a winter of idleness at Agua Negra, they were marching south toward their native land and, in spite of the stern glances of their leaders, they burst forth in weird Yaqui songs which, if their words had been known, might easily have caused their Mexican officers some slight uneasiness.

It was, in fact, only a question of days, months, or years until the entire Yaqui contingent would desert, taking their arms and ammunition with them.

"Gee, what a bunch of men!" exclaimed Bud, as he stood off and admired their stark forms.

"There's some genuine fighters for you," he observed to Phil; "and a giant Yaqui, standing near, returned his praise with a smile."

"Wy, hello there, Amtgo!" hailed Bud, jerking his head in a friendly salute. "That's a feller I was making signs to up in Agua Negra," he explained. "Dogged if I ain't stuck on these Yaquis—they're all men, believe me!"

"Good workers, all right," conceded De Lancey, "but I'd hate to have 'em get after me with those guns. They say they've killed a lot of Americans, one time and another."

"Well, if they did it was for being caught in bad company," said Hooker. "I'd take a chance with 'em any time—but if you go into their country with a Mexican escort they'll kill you on general principles. Say," he cried impulsively, "I'm going over to talk with Amigo!"

With a broad grin on his honest face he advanced toward the giant Yaqui and shook hands ceremoniously.

"Where you go?" he inquired in Spanish, at the same time rolling a cigarette and asking by a sign for a match.

"Moctezuma," answered the Indian gravely. Then, as Bud offered him the



"You Live Here?" inquired the Yaqui.

makings, he, too, rolled a cigarette and they smoked for a minute in silence.

"You live here?" inquired the Yaqui at last.

"Come here," corrected Bud. "I have mine—ten miles—over there."

He pointed with the flat of his hand, Indian fashion, and Amigo nodded understandingly.

He was a fine figure of a man, standing six feet or better in his well-cut sandals and handling his heavy Mauser as a child would swing a stick. Across his broad chest he wore a full cartridge belt, and around his waist he had two more, filled to the last hole with cartridges and loaded clips. At his feet lay his blanket, bound into a tight roll, and a canteen and coffee cup completed his outfit, which, so far as impedimenta were concerned, was simply itself.

But instead of the cheap linen uniform of the federals he was dressed in good American clothes—a striped shirt, overalls, and a sombrero banded with a bright ribbon—and in place of

(Continued on next page)

the beaten, hunted look of those poor conscripts he had the steady gaze of a free man.

They stood and smoked for a few moments, talking briefly, and then, as the Yaquis closed up their ranks and marched off to make camp for the night, Bud presented his strange friend with the sack of tobacco and went back to join his pardner.

That evening the plaza was filled with the wildest rumors, and another train arrived during the night, but through it all Bud and Phil remained unimpressed. In the morning the soldiers went marching off down the trail, leaving a great silence where all had been bugle-calls and excitement, and then the first fugitive came in from down below.

He was an old Mexican, with trembling beard and staring eyes, and he told a tale of outrage that made their blood run cold. The red-flags had come to his house at night; they had killed his wife and son, left him upon the ground for dead, and carried off his daughter, a prisoner.

But later, when the comisario questioned him sharply, it developed that he lived not far away, had no daughter to lose, and was, in fact, only a crazed old man who told for truth that which he feared would happen.

Notwithstanding the denouement, his story stirred the Mexican population to the depths, and when Bud and Phil tried to hire men to push the work on the mine, they realized that their troubles had begun. Not only was it impossible to engage laborers at any price, but on the following day Cruz Mendez, with his wife and children and all his earthly possessions on his burros, came hurrying in from the camp and told them he could serve them no more.

"It is my woman!" he explained; "my Maria! Ah, if those revoltosos should see Maria they would steal her before my eyes!"

So he was given his pay and the fifty dollars he had earned and, after the customary "Muchas gracias," and with the faithful Maria by his side, he went hurrying off to the store.

And now in crowded vehicles, with armed men riding in front and behind, the refugees from Moctezuma and the hot country began to pour into town, adding by their very haste to the panic of all who saw them.

They were the rich property owners who, having been subjected to forced contribution before, were now fleeing at the first rumor of danger, bringing their families with them to escape any being held for ransom.

In half a day the big hotel presided over by Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was swarming with staring-eyed country mothers and sternly subdued families of children; and finally, to add eclat to the occasion and compensate for the general confusion, Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios came driving up to the door with his wife and the smiling Gracia.

If she had been in any fear of capture by bold marauders, Gracia Aragon did not show it now, as she sprang lightly from the carriage and waited upon her lady mother. Perhaps, after a year or more of rumors and alarms, she had come to look upon impending revolutionary conflicts as convenient excuses for a trip to town, a long stop at the hotel, and even a dash to gay Gadsden in case the rebels pressed close.

However that may be, while Don Juan exerted himself to procure them a good room she endured the gaze of the American guests with becoming placidity and, as that took some time, she even ventured to look the Americans over and make some comments to her mother.

And then—or so it seemed to Bud—the mother glanced up quickly and fixed her eyes upon him. After that he was in less of a hurry to return to the mine, and Phil said they would stay inside for a week. But as for Don Cipriano, when he came across them in the crowded lobby he glared past them with malignant insolence and abruptly turned his back.

At La Fortuna he was the lord and master, with power to forbid them the place; but now once more the fortunes of war had turned against him, and he was forced to tolerate their presence.

The band played in the plaza that evening, it being Thursday of the week, and as the cornet led with "La Paloma," and the bass viol and guitars beat the measure, all feet seemed to turn in that direction, and the fear of the raiders was stilled.

Around and around the band stand and in and out beneath the trees the pleasure loving maidens from down below walked decorously with their mothers; and the little band of Fortuna Americans, to whom life for some months had been a trifle burdensome, awoke suddenly to the beauty of the evening.

And among the rest of the maidens, but far more ravishing and high-bred, walked Gracia Aragon, at whom Bud in particular stole many secret glances from beneath the broad brim of his hat, hoping that by some luck the insurrectos would come upon the town, and he could defend her—he alone. For he felt that he could do it against any hundred Mexicans that ever

breathed.

CHAPTER XII.

In its inception the Fortuna hotel had not been intended for the use of Mexicans—in fact, its rates were practically prohibitive for anyone not being paid in gold—but, since most of the Americans had left, and seven dollars a day Mex was no deterrent to the rich refugee land owners, it became of a sudden international, with a fine mixture of purse-proud Spaniards and race-proud American adventurers.

Not a very pleasing combination for the parents of romantic damsels destined for some prearranged marriage of state, but very exciting for the damsels and most provocative to the Americans.

After the promenade in the plaza the mothers by common consent preempted the upstairs reception-room, gathering their precious charges in close; while the Americans, after their custom, foregathered in the lobby, convenient to the bar. Hot arguments about the revolution, and predictions of events to come served to pass the early evening, with many scornful glances at the "Mexican dandies who went so insolently up the stairs. And then, as the refugees retired to their apartments and the spirit of adventure rose uppermost, Phil De Lancey made a dash out into the darkness and came back with a Mexican string band.

"A serenade, boys!" he announced, as the musicians filed sheepishly into the hotel. "Our guests, the fair señoritas, you know! We'll make those young Mexican duds look like two spots before the war is over. Who's game now for a song beneath the windows? You know the old stand-bys—'La Paloma' and 'Teresita Mia'—and you want to listen to me sing 'Me Gustan Todas' to Gracia, the fairest of the fair! Come on, fellows, out in the plaza, and then listen to the old folks cuss!"

They adjourned then, after a drink for courage, to the moonlight and the plaza; and there, beneath the shuttered windows and vacant balconies, the guitars and violins took up "La Paloma," while Phil and a few brave spirits sang.

A silence followed their first attempt, as well as their second and third, and the comisario of police, a mild creature owned and paid by the company, came around and made a few ineffectual protests.

But inside the company's concessions, where by common consent the

militant rurales kept their hands off, the Americans knew they were safe, and they soon jollied the comisario into taking a drink and departing. Then De Lancey took up the burden, and the string band, hired by the hour, strummed on as if for eternity.

One by one the windows opened; fretful fathers stepped out on the balcony and, bound by the custom and convention of the country, thanked them and bade them good night. But the two windows behind which the Senor Aragon and his family reposed did not open and, though the dwindling band stood directly under their balcony, and all knew that his daughter was the fairest of the fair, Don Cipriano did not wish them good night.

Perhaps he recognized the leading tenor—and the big voice of Bud Hooker, trying to still the riot—but, however it was, he would not speak to them, and De Lancey would not quit.

"Try 'em on American music!" he cried, as everyone but Bud went away in disgust, "the latest rag from Broadway, New York. Here, gimme that guitar, hombre, and listen to this now!"

He picked out a clever bit of syncopation and pitched his voice to a heady twang:

"Down in the garden where the red roses grow,

Oh my, I long to go!
Flick me like a flower, cuddle me an hour,
Lovie let me learn the Red Rose Rag!"

There was some swing to that, and it seemed to make an impression, for just as he was well started on the chorus the slats of one of the shuttered windows parted and a patch of white shone through the spaces. It was the ladies, then, who were getting interested! Phil wailed on:

"Sweet honey-bee, be sweet to me!
My heart is free, but here's the key!"

And then, positively, he could see that patch of white beat time. He took heart of grace at that and sang on to the end, and at a suggestion of clapping in dumb-show he gave an encore and ragged it over again.

"Ev'rybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it!" he began, as the shadow dance ceased.

"Honey, I declare, it's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear!" he continued temptingly, and was well on his way to further extravagancies when the figure in white swiftly vanished and a door slammed hard inside the house.

Several minutes later the form of Don Juan appeared at the lower door, and in no uncertain tones he requested them to cease.

"The Senor Aragon informs me," he said, "that your music annoys him."

"Well, let him come to the balcony

and say his 'buenas noches,'" answered Phil resentfully.

"The gentleman refuses to do that!" responded Don Juan briefly.

"Then let him go to bed!" replied De Lancey, strumming a few syncopated chords; "I'm singing to his daughter."

At that Don Juan came down off the porch in his slippers and they engaged in a protracted argument.

"What, don't I get a word?" demanded Phil grievously, "not a pleasant look from anybody? 'Sweet



Gracia Waved Him Good-Night.

honey-bee, be sweet to me!" he pleaded, turning pathetically to the lady's balcony; and then, with a sudden flourish, a white handkerchief appeared through the crack of the shutters and Gracia waved him good night.

"Enough, Don Juan!" he cried, laying down the guitar with a thump; "this ends our evening's entertainment!"

After paying and thanking the stolid musicians Phil joined Bud and the pair adjourned to their room, where, in the intervals of undressing, Phil favored the occupants of the adjoining apartments with an aria from "Beautiful Doll."

But for all such nights of romance and music there is always a morning afterward; and a fine tenor voice set to ragtime never helped much in the development of a mine. Though Bud had remained loyally by his friend in his evening serenade he, for one, never forgot for a moment that they were in Fortuna to work the Eagle Tail and not to win the hearts of Spanish-Mexican señoritas, no matter how attractive they might be.

Bud was a practical man who, if he ever made love, would doubtless do it in a perfectly businesslike way, without hiring any string bands. But at the same time he was willing to make some concessions.

"Well, go ahead and get your sleep,

then," he growled, after trying three times in the morning to get his pardner up; "I'm going out to the mine!"

Then, with a saddle-gun under his hip, he rode rapidly down the road, turning out from time to time to let long cavalcades of mules string by. The dead-eyed arrieros, each with his combined mule-blind and whiplash swinging free, seemed to have very little on their minds but their pack-lashings, and yet they must be three days out from Moctezuma.

Their mules, too, were well loaded with the products of the hot country—fanegas of corn in red leather sacks, oranges and fruits in hand-made crates, panoches of sugar in balanced frames, long joints of sugar-cane for the dulce pedlers, and nothing to indicate either haste or flight.

Three times he let long pack-trains go by without a word, and then at last, overcome by curiosity, he inquired about the revoltosos.

"What revoltosos?" queried the old man to whom he spoke.

"Why, the men of Bernardo Bravo," answered Bud; "the men who are marching to take Moctezuma."

"When I left Moctezuma," returned the old man politely, "all was quiet—there were no revoltosos. Since then, I cannot say."

"But the soldiers!" cried Bud. "Surely you saw them! They were marching to fight the rebels."

"Perhaps so," shrugged the arriero, laying the lash of his topojo across the rump of a mule; "but I know nothing about it."

"No," muttered Bud, as he continued on his way; "and I'll bet nobody else does."

Inquiry showed that in this, too, he was correct. From those who traveled fast and from those who traveled slow he received the same wondering answer—the country might be filled with revoltosos; but, as for them, they knew nothing about it.

Not until he got back to Fortuna and the busy federal telegraph wire

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

did he hear any more news of rapine and bloodshed, and the light which dawned upon him then was gradually dawning upon the whole town.

It was a false alarm, given out for purposes of state and the "higher politics" with which Mexico is cursed, and the most that was ever seen of Bernardo Bravo and his lawless men was twenty miserable creatures, half-starved, but with guns in their hands, who had come down out of the mountains east of Moctezuma and killed a few cows for beef.

Thoroughly disgusted, and yet vaguely alarmed at this bit of operabouffe warfare, Bud set himself resolutely to work to hunt up men for their mine, and, as many poor people were out of employment because of the general stagnation of business, he soon had ten Mexicans at his call.

Then, as Phil had dropped out of sight, he ordered supplies at the store and engaged Cruz Mendez—who had spent his fortune in three days—to pack the goods out on his mules.

They were ready to start the next morning if De Lancey could be found to order the powder and tools, and as the afternoon wore on and no Phil appeared, Bud went on a long hunt which finally discovered him in the balcony of their window, making signs in the language of the "bear," as a man who flirts with a woman in Mexico is called.

"Say, Phil," he hailed, disregarding his pardner's obvious preoccupation; "break away for a minute and tell me what kind of powder to get to break that schist—the store closes at five o'clock, and—"

He thrust his head out the door as he spoke and paused, abashed. Through the half-closed portal of the next balcony but one he beheld the golden hair of Gracia Aragon, and she fixed her brown eyes upon him with a dazzling, mischievous smile.

"O-ho!" murmured Bud, laying a compelling hand on De Lancey and backing swiftly out of range; "so this is what you're up to—talking signs! But say, Phil," he continued, beckoning him peremptorily with a jerk of his head, "I got ten men hired and a lot of grub bought, and if you don't pick out that mining stuff we're going to lose a day. So get the lady to excuse you and come on now."

"In a minute," pleaded Phil, and he went at the end of his allotted time, and perhaps it was the imp of jealousy that put strength into Hooker's arm.

"Well, that's all right," said Bud, as Phil began his laughing excuses; "but you want to remember the Maine, pardner—we didn't come down here to play the bear. When they're any love-making to be done I want to be in on it. And you want to remember that promise you made me—you said you wouldn't have a thing to do with the Aragon outfit unless I was with you!"

"Why, you aren't—you aren't jealous, are you, Bud?"

"Yes, I'm jealous!" answered Hooker harshly; "jealous as the devil! And I want you to keep that promise, see?"

"Aw, Bud—" began De Lancey incredulously; but Hooker silenced him with a look. Perhaps he was really jealous, or perhaps he only said so to have his way, but Phil saw that he was in earnest, and he went quietly by his side.

But love had set his brain in a whirl, and he thought no more of his promise—only of some subtler way of meeting his inamorata, some way which Bud would fail to see.

(To be Continued)

COTTON CARNIVAL, GALVESTON, JULY 30--AUG. 9.
THREE POPULAR EXCURSIONS VIA I. & G. N. RY.

Season tickets on sale July 29, to Aug. 7, inclusive; return limit, August 10. For particulars as to these and various other rates, see Ticket Agent, I. & G. N. Ry. (Advertisement.)



The KITCHEN CABINET

TO BE happy is a fine thing to do.
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue.
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing.
And just being happy is brave work and true.

SUGGESTIVE HELPS.

If you wish mustard to be pungent, whether it is to be used medicinally or at the table, mix it with cold water. The pungency of mustard is due to a volatile oil which is more pronounced when wet with cold water. When whipping cream add an unbeaten egg to the cream if it does not get thick; the flavor will not be noticed and it increases the quantity also.

A pretty as well as a wholesome salad may be made by filling the halves of hard cooked egg whites with seasoned peas, and the yolks may be highly seasoned, mixed with salad dressing, and served as a garnish. Place two halves of eggs on a lettuce leaf.

A small kindergarten chair is a most handy piece of furniture, as it is light, easy to handle, and may be used as a seat or as a step ladder.

Old-fashioned beef stew will be found to develop into a dish of real elegance if a half cupful of stuffed olives, a dash or two of paprika and a sprinkling of parsley is added just before taking up.

Add a cupful of cold coffee to a custard and save the coffee, at the same time flavor the custard.

Many a good meal is thrown into the garbage can. Cold vegetables can always be used in vegetable soup, combined with meat broths or as a cream soup. Or they may be served with lettuce as a salad.

The bone of boiled ham cooked with cabbage, turnip, carrots and other vegetables make a most appetizing boiled dinner.

Nellie Maxwell.

JUST THOUGHTS

It's all right to look ahead, but don't be too previous.

Many a man's popularity begins and ends with himself.

The fellow who has a free foot has no business to be a kicker.

The office that seeks the man generally stacks up against a pretty good dodger.

We all have some good in us, but sometimes it takes a lot of coaxing to bring it out.

Tact is sometimes merely the art of seeming to be interested in other people's troubles.

Make the most of yourself if you don't want some other fellow to make the most of you.

Things are seldom what they seem. It isn't always the forward child that comes out ahead.

Heaven won't seem like home to some people unless there is something to complain about.

The only people who can afford to be perfectly frank are those who don't care whether they have any friends or not.

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. H. LUNER, - - Editor and Owner

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

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

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

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

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

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

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

THURSDAY, AUG. 6, 1914

If it be true, as scientists tell us, that a person invariably becomes like things upon which he allows his mind to dwell, what horrid thoughts some people evidently have the habit of entertaining!

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

We are inclined to believe it was both.

A farmer sends us the following wail: "It's scarcely any wonder that lines are on my brow; it's hard to make a living as things are going now. I plant nice potatoes and sit down to watch them grow; then comes the frost a whooping and lays the blame things low. I plant

some little seedlets to raise some succotash; my neighbors hens come over and knock them all to smash. I had a little arbor in which to snooze and rest; a cow came in and climbed it and sent it gally west. I bought a dozen egglets, (which cost so much I cried); they hatched a lonely chicken and it went off and died. The insects ate the cabbage, the worms have nailed the corn, my horse has got the glanders, my cow has lost a horn, my pig has got the measles and squeals unseemly tunes, my ducks are hunting water and I am full of prunes."—Ex.

Very often after the paper has been issued, we find that some local news has been omitted. Our ambition is to let no item escape us, however we cannot be everywhere at the same time, and we would appreciate it very much if our friends would hand or send in local items.

Keep Your Liver Active During The Summer Months--Foley Cathartic Tablets for Sluggish Liver and Constipation

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

C. M. Streetman, Dock Weisinger and O. P. Brown attended the county convention at Crockett Saturday.

BIG TENT MEETING

The Messenger is requested to announce that a big tent meeting will begin at Rock Hill, Friday night, August 7th., to be conducted by Rev. R. L. Brooks. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Remarkable Cure of Dysentery

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

Rev. I. N. Mainer filled Bro. Harris' appointment at the Baptist church Sunday morning and night. Bro. Mainer was formerly pastor of this church, and his many friends were glad of the opportunity to again hear him preach.

Costly Treatment

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

Vocational Schooling Is Strongly Favored
By DR. R. R. REEDER, New York

Why do boys play truant? They love to play, of course, to go fishing and swimming. These are the things in which they are interested. But it is likewise true that a great deal of the work in the schools is not of a sort to interest restless young people. Some children are born to education in letters by a line of cultured ancestry; some achieve education by a response to an environment surcharged with it, and others—by far the greater number—have it thrust upon them in the antiquated curriculum of our public high schools. This curriculum has come down to us from the days when to know rather than to do was the test of the educated man or woman.

What possible interest can an active, growing boy have in the intricacies of Latin construction, in cramming conjugations and declensions or memorizing the formulae of algebra, especially a boy whose parents or grandparents consumed no midnight oil over these subjects? Industrial life is throbbing all about these boys. The parents and older children of the family are absorbed in this workaday, economic world; each is holding down a job, earning a substantial wage, wearing nice clothes on Sunday, and in the estimation of those about him really doing something worth while.

The only possible way in which a school curriculum can compete with such attractions is so to relate itself to the demands and possibilities of the industrial field as to make it a decidedly practical advantage to the worker to achieve certain tasks set for him in school.

Not only to serve as a preventive of truancy, but for even more practical reasons, vocational education ought to become general.

To The People of Houston County

I desire to thank the people of Houston County for all favors and courtesies shown me during the past four years, and, although I was defeated by a small majority last Saturday I wish to thank every man who voted for me for his assistance. I have tried to give the people good service during the time I have been your County Clerk, and although I shall soon again become a private citizen, I shall always be found ready to assist my people in fighting for those things that are high and noble for our country. To those who have misunderstood or slandered me, will say that an all-wise God will deal

justly toward us all.

My ambition is to so live that when this life is done, I can meet my God and hear him say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

O. C. GOODWIN,
County Clerk.
July 30th, 1914.

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

B. T. Masters and family, who have been visiting in the GrapeLand community, returned to their home near Lovelady Saturday.

Attractive Prices on Summer Merchandise

We have yet practically two months of summer weather and the goods here offered are the best values on the market

1-4 off on all Men's and Boys' Suits

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.

- Men's \$12.50 suits.....\$ 9.40
- Men's \$15.00 suits.....\$11.75
- Men's STYLEPLUS \$17 suits.....\$12.75
- Boys' \$5.00 suits.....\$ 3.75
- Boys' \$6.00 suits.....\$ 4.50
- Boys' \$7.50 suits.....\$ 5.65
- Boys' \$10.00 suits.....\$ 7.50
- Men's \$3.00 straw hats.....\$2.25
- 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

Low Quarter Shoes for Men and Women

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.

- All men's \$5.00 low quarter shoes.....\$4.25
- All men's \$4.50 low quarter shoes.....\$3.90
- All men's \$4.00 low quarter shoes.....\$3.50
- Men's tan rubber sole English walking low quarter shoes.....\$3.25
- All ladies 3.50 low quarters.....\$2.90
- All ladies 3.00 low quarters.....\$2.50
- All ladies 2.75 low quarters.....\$2.40
- All ladies 2.50 low quarters.....\$2.10

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

Arch Stringer came in from Dallas Saturday and is visiting his parents at Percilla.

Dadley Eaves has returned home from Austin where he has been attending school.

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

A gasoline lighting system has been installed in the Christian church.

Mr. and Mrs. Octa Hollingsworth of Kingsville are here on a visit to relatives and friends.

Some of the greatest bargains you ever saw in cheap homes. See or write S. E. Howard. adv

Dr. Wm. Kirkpatrick has returned from a visit to relatives at Bynum and has gone to his home at Augusta.

B. R. Eaves returned Tuesday from Groveton, where he had been on a visit to his sister, who is sick.

Mrs. McKemie and daughter, Miss Bula, of Magnolia, Ark., are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gilbert.

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

If you want a home in town, or a farm in the country at a bargain, I have it for you. Adv. S. E. Howard.

Rev. M. L. Williams requests the Messenger to correct a report in circulation to the effect that the joint meeting between Reynard and Daly's has been called off. The meeting will begin next Sunday, and Bro. Williams will be assisted by Rev. H. E. Harris of Lovelady.

CATTLE STRAYED

About eight or ten head, all branded Bar W., on left side. If found, any information as to their whereabouts will be liberally rewarded. Address W. S. Walter, Grapeland, Route 4. adv

Dr. Sam Kennedy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Leaverton's Drug Store
Main Street

Mrs. A. M. Inman and children are visiting relatives in Mineola.

W. A. Kleckly and Will Irwin went to Teague last week on business.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen?

An ad in the Messenger will answer the question.

Mrs. S. N. Boykin and children and Mrs. Loye Stowe have returned from Galveston.

Geo. Calhoun spent several days in Ft. Worth last week on business.

Mrs. Sam Howard Jr., and children are visiting relatives in Houston.

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

Mrs. A. O. Riall and daughter, Miss Lucrecia, of Tyler are visiting relatives here and at Augusta.

Miss Johnnie Holcomb of Augusta returned Saturday from Huntsville where she has been attending the summer normal.

J. R. Richards and daughters, Misses Georgia Belle and Rena Ross, left Saturday night for Galveston to spend a few days.

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

Miss Mae Pridgen of Daly's came home from Crockett Saturday, where she attended the summer normal.

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

Speer Darsey spent a few days last week in Galveston. Speer says he took a dip in "the finest surf bathing in the world," and met "Miss Galvie Stone."

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

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ellis are spending the week in Grapeland.

Attorney Joe Adams of Crockett was here Tuesday on business.

Kennedy Bros. bought the two business lots next to the Grapeland Hotel, which were sold at auction last Friday. The price paid was \$760 for each lot.

Class No. 7 of the Methodist Sunday school, Mrs. A. H. Luker teacher, enjoyed a picnic Tuesday on beautiful Ellshart creek four miles south of town.

Mrs. Bob Wright and baby returned to their home in Palestine Sunday night, after spending several days here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade L. Smith and baby have returned home from Crockett. They will be here several weeks before going to Kennard, where Mr. Smith will teach school.

A team comprised of Latexo and Hays Spring base ball players crossed bats with the Grapeland team Saturday on the local diamond and were defeated by a score of 8 to 4.

Rev. H. A. Matney left Monday for Larue to conduct a revival meeting. As he will be out of town Sunday, there will be no preaching at the Methodist church.

J. E. McFarland, editor of the Cherokee County Banner, Jacksonville, his wife and daughter, and G. W. Keisow, passed thru Grapeland Monday morning en route to Houston and Port Arthur on a pleasure trip. Mr. McFarland stopped long enough to call on the Messenger force. They are making the trip in a car, and made 50.9 miles in five and one-half hours.

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.

To The Ginners of Houston County

I am in a position to save you money on your bagging and ties. I bought last month while cheap. It will pay you to buy now, but will pay you better to see me before you buy.

H. G. Patton,
Wholesale Broker,
Crockett, Texas.

To The Citizens of Houston County

I take this means of expressing my thanks and appreciation for the many courtesies extended to me and my opponent during the recent campaign, and for the opportunity given me to dedicate myself during the next two years to the perfecting of our school system and the education of our children.

Adv. John Snell.

FARM FOR SALE

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

B. T. Masters,
Lovelady, Texas.

MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

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

WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS

DO YOU
DREAM
OF
FORTUNE



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



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, . . . TEXAS

Are You Going to St. Louis or Chicago



"The Only Best Way"

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

ROUND TRIP SUMMER TOURIST TICKETS ON SALE DAILY

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

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

WHEN YOU NEED MONEY



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

The GUARANTY STATE BANK
GUARANTY FUND BANK

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.

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

Ed Moore and sister, Miss Della, of Crockett were the guests of friends here Sunday.

It is being circulated in Grapeland that J. C. Estes has filed a contest in Commissioners' Precinct No. 2 against G. R. Murchison. Mr. Murchison's plurality was only three votes, having received a total of 184 and Mr. Estes received 181.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dockery and Miss Pauline Shipper and Master George Shipper have returned to their homes in Shreveport and DeRidder, La., after spending several weeks here with relatives.

When you have a languid, stretchy feeling, aches sensations in the legs, sallow complexion, bad breath, disordered stomach, constipated bowels and you feel "no account," blue and discouraged, **LOOK OUT FOR CHILLS**

You Have the Symptoms and If You Do Not Do Something You Will Surely Have the Disease.

HERBINE

IS THE REMEDY YOU NEED.

It is a medicine of marvelous power in ridding the system of Malarial germs. It acts promptly: the first dose brings improvement, a few days use drives out the disease completely. As a Chill remedy, Herbine is vastly superior to the old style syrups which sicken the stomach. It contains no quinine or poisonous ingredients. Its anti-periodic effect is derived purely from herbs which destroy the germs that have found their way into the system, and, through the admirable purgative effect of the medicine, they are driven out of the body. In all Malarial disorders the Liver is the starting point. It is torpid, and as a result the system is full of bilious impurities—a condition in which the malarial germ thrives. Under the influence of Herbine the Liver becomes active again, the system is cleansed of disease germs, bile and impurities, the digestion is strengthened and the bowels regulated. When the vital organs are purified and working freely there can be no Chills, Malaria, Low Spirits or Sallowness. The body is full to overflowing with a fine feeling of vigor, strength and cheerfulness.

Price 50c per Bottle.

JAMES F. BALLARD

PROPRIETOR

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

IN MEMORIAM

Death has again visited our home, claiming as its victim our dearly beloved mother, Mrs. Lizzie Dotson, who departed this life June 10, 1914.

After eight days of most intense suffering, borne with the most heroic patience, she passed into eternity, prepared to meet her companion, John Dotson, who died April 14, 1911.

Our dear mother left in death a memory of unquestioned trust in the infinite Father, who comes as a solace in the sad hours of her children.

Just a few days before her death she assured us all she was prepared to go; that death had no fears for her.

Mother reared eight children to be grown and during all her motherhood she was kind, affectionate and dutiful, not only to her family, but was a good neighbor, and was constantly doing something to relieve suffering or giving good cheer where needed.

She possessed largely of the qualities of sincerity, tenderness, gentleness, and having a keen sense of honor, thus making her a good mother and neighbor.

Mother joined the Methodist church at the age of eighteen and was, throughout life a consistent and worthy member, dying at the age of 61 years, 1 month and 15 days.

Mother is gone; there is no one to take her place, no one to fill her vacant chair, no one to soothe the hair from our faces and wipe our childish tears away, or to be constant watch over us while we sleep.

We miss her, though we would not have her return from her rest, but to stay as one to wel-

come home her wandering children. We will never meet in the old home again, where for thirty years was hallowed in association they are recalled, but when life is over we are determined to meet mother and other loved ones on the golden streets of the new Jerusalem to dwell forevermore. Respectfully,

Her Daughter,
Adv. **RETTIE HENDERSON.**

DON'T TAKE CALOMEL HERE'S A BETTER REMEDY

Taking calomel is mighty risky and often times dangerous.

You ought to get along without taking calomel yourself or giving it to your family, when you can get a remedy that takes its place. Dodson's Liver Tone is an agreeable vegetable liquid that starts the liver to action just as surely as calomel does. But, unlike calomel, Dodson's Liver Tone does not stimulate the liver too much. It gives relief gently. Calomel acts so strongly that it may leave you worse than you were at first, and calomel also sometimes causes salivation. Dodson's Liver Tone works well and never harms.

A large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone is sold for fifty cents by A. S. Porter. It always has given such perfect satisfaction that your money will be given back to you with a smile if you buy a bottle and are not perfectly satisfied with it in every way. (Advertisement.)

How The Trouble Starts

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

CONCENTRATE

Don't spatter a pint of brains over the vast field of art, science and literature. Don't think that a smattering of Greek and Latin, Analytics and college yells make one a learned man or fits him for business, and don't hitch a business brain to a Greek lexicon. Many a man becomes nothing by trying to become all. The shot gun uses much more ammunition than the rifle, but it isn't half as effective except on little game.

The professions are all over crowded; it requires half a life time for one to succeed in them and half a fortune to begin success. With business it is not so. The average business man earns \$27,000 more than the professional man in the average earning period of a man's life.

Get busy; do things; life's too short for business men to spend effort on dead languages and other things two thousand years old, when living issues and golden opportunities are calling them on.

The things that business men want you to know are not taught in a university. They must be learned in a practical business training school like the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas. A school that has for years studied the demands of the business world, and with its own special prepared text books and "learn to do by doing" methods of teaching, are meeting them.

Their courses of business administration and finance, Book-keeping, Shorthand and Telegraphy are thorough and complete and meet the demands of the business office. Young friends, there is no walk of life that you can pursue as successfully without a business training as with it.

Next week this paper will publish statements from many of America's greatest statesmen and business men as to the value of a business training. adv

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

Mrs. Odell Faris and son have returned to their home in Lake Charles, La.

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

Printing

of the
Quality
Kind

**LET US KNOW YOUR
PRINTING WANTS**

**WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A
SATISFACTORY MANNER
AND QUICKLY**

The Messenger

CHILDREN CRY

Frequently and for no apparent reason when they have worms.

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

Is the remedy needed.

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

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

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

Caskey and Denson Barbers

*Your Business
will be
Appreciated*

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

Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

ABSTRACTS

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

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE
ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF
HOUSTON COUNTY
ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

**Full Advertising Value
For Every
Advertiser's Dollar**

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

Are You a Woman?

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

I. N. Whitaker

WATCHMAKER and
PHOTOGRAPHER

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

I repair watches, clocks, guns and sewing machines.



FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for Backache,
Rheumatism,
Kidneys and
Bladder.

Sold by D N Leaverton

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

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

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

Hygeia

NURSING BOTTLE

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

D. N. Leaverton

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

THE MESSENGER.

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.

1-6

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



Drink this and be refreshed!

Coca-Cola

Sip by sip here's pure enjoyment—cool comfort—a satisfied thirst—a contented palate.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

Send us your Subscription Today

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

The Southwest is a small town section, New Orleans, La., being the only city with over one hundred thousand population, according to the Federal Census of 1910.

There are but few Southwestern cities large enough to attract patronage from a distance, practically all of the smaller towns and villages depending upon local trade for existence and growth.

If we want this town to grow, and the country around it to develop, we must patronize our local commercial establishments.

Our merchants here can handle identically the same brands of merchandise to be found in the finest big-city stores, at identically the same prices.

People bringing money into this territory for investment purposes, as well as people seeking employment, are naturally attracted to live-town communities, and it's safe to say that home-trading is essential to live communities.

We very often hear it said that: "Blank Town will never be any larger than it now is—it is too close to Blank City." While it is true that many small

town people prefer to shop in the larger cities nearby, there is no reason for so doing, except in instances where the articles to be purchased are not handled locally.

We people who live here and have investments in this community should do everything within our power to promote the growth and welfare of this town and surrounding trade territory. Patronizing our local stores will do much toward accomplishing this desired end.

We don't ask you to spend your money with our local merchants unless you can do so to as good advantage as elsewhere, but we do ask you to investigate and compare qualities, styles and prices of the goods they carry with those to be secured elsewhere. These things being approximately equal you should favor them.

The Southwest is a producer of raw materials, most of which are rendered into a finished state in the North and East. It is up to us to spend the money at home that we get in exchange for our products, otherwise we cannot hope to attract manufacturers to this territory.

BOOKKEEPING FOR FARMS IS URGED

Simple Bookkeeping Will Enable Farmer to Check Cost.

Farming is the only business which has not developed standard bookkeeping methods. The majority of farmers keep no books at all, and still they are engaged in a business which demands constant attention and accurate knowledge of the day to day progress. The division of Public Welfare of the University of Texas Extension Department recently undertook a study of marketing farm products, and naturally desired to know the cost of production of farm products. Owing to the fact that few farmers keep an intelligible set of books, this important data is very difficult to obtain.

This bookkeeping can be made very simple and the record kept without difficulty. Such record will consist of all the items, which show what has been paid in the way of rent for land, wages for labor, and interest on capital used. If such record is checked up from day to day, recording the amount of land used and such items as the use of machinery and the number of days labor given to the crop, it will be found that it is easy to determine about what it costs the farmer to produce his product.

If any considerable percentage of farmers kept accurate books, the study of marketing problems, as well as problems in efficiency of farm management would be greatly facilitated. The Division of Public Welfare of the State University undertakes to suggest a simple method of keeping a farm record to any farmer who cares to apply for such information.

Movement Started For Better Babies

Texas Takes Steps in the New Program of Race Development.

Better corn, better cotton, better hogs, and better this and better that have been preached enthusiastically in Texas during the past few years, but there is no "better movement" so enthusiastic as the "better babies" movement.

So far it has taken the form of contests, scientifically judged

by competent people. The contest furnishes not only an inspiration to those exhibiting their products, but it is educational in that it enforces upon the mind of the fond parents just what are the points of excellence in a baby, and just what characteristics are counted as defects.

The Better Babies Contest is really a popular, yet scientific movement to insure better babies and a better race. It consists of entering, examining and awarding prizes to children of three years or less on exactly the same basis or principles that are applied to live-stock shows. Mere beauty does not count. Physical and mental development only are considered. The Better Babies Contest insures a better race of Americans, because it teaches parents how to improve the physical condition of children. It arouses interest in the conservation of child life and health in all forms of child welfare. It forges a connecting link between parents and teachers, it promotes civic interest in children of the community, their schools and their recreations.

The Child Welfare Department of the University of Texas, believes that, by the interest aroused in these contests, the attention of parents may be called to many needs of young children, both as to the care of their bodies and of their minds. Miss Jessie P. Rich, of this department, therefore, is offering to cooperate heartily with any persons interested in the Better Babies Movement, and will cheerfully supply information as to how to hold these contests, how to secure score cards, etc. Also, whenever possible, a special child welfare lecturer will be sent from the University at Austin to assist in the county contests.

Nine hundred and eighty young men and women attended the University of Texas Summer School in 1913.

One hundred and seventy-two young women received lessons in domestic economy in the University of Texas during the session of 1914.

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

Democratic Nominees

For District Attorney, Third Judicial District:

J J Bishop
of Henderson County

For County Clerk:

A S Moore

For Sheriff:

R J (Bob) Spence

For Tax Collector:

Geo H Denny

For District Clerk:

Jno D Morgan

For County Attorney:

B F Dent

For County Treasurer:

Ney Sheridan

For County Judge:

E Winfree

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:

John Snell

For Tax Assessor:

John H Ellis

For Representative:

J R Hairston

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 1—

Eugene Holcomb

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—

G R Murchison

For Justice of Peace, Prec't. 5:

Jno A Davis

For Constable Prec't. 5:

C R (Bully) Taylor

For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2:

Clyde Story

For Constable Precinct No. 2:

J L Scarbrough



**PHONE US YOUR
ORDER FOR**

**Beef, Hams, Bacon
Sausage**

WE DELIVER PROMPTLY

**We are here to Serve you.
Your Business Appreciated**

City Meat Market
Farmers Union Phone

Good Reason For His Enthusiasm

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

Misses Annie Lois Taylor, Carrie Murchison, Arline Howard, Sallie Mae Kent, Lura Mae Owens Esther Davis, and Winnie Davis have returned home from Crockett, where they attended the summer normal.

