

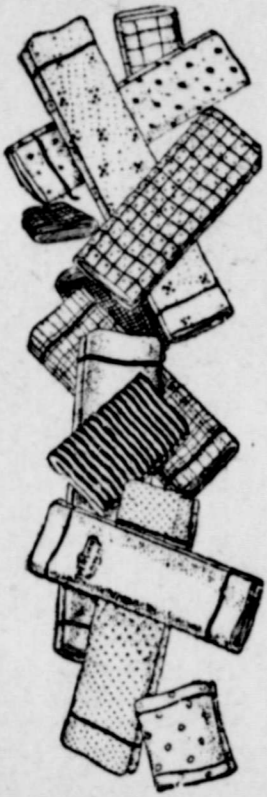
The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 17 No. 31

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCT. 8, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

**FOR YOUR
CONSIDERATION
WE HAVE JUST
RECEIVED
THE FOLLOWING:**



Messalines
Silk Poplins
Wool Goods
Linen--all colors and prices
Cotton Suitings--all colors
Poplins and Pongees in all colors
French Cambric
Ginghams
Percales
Calicoes
Outings in all colors
Brown Domestic
Cheviots
Shirtings and Cotton Checks

In fact, we have a complete stock for you to make your selection. Pay us a visit and see our goods. They

Priced Right

Men's Wearing Apparel

We have any item that goes to make a man's wardrobe complete; can fit you from head to foot for less money than most people charge you. Pay us a visit and allow us to show you what you want.

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

—Edited By—
ROBERT SADLER
Assistant Editors:
Leonidas Brooks
Jack Marchison

THE SCHOOL NEWS

Interesting Items of Grapeland's School

General good order and excellent lessons have prevailed so far. Prof. Jackson has shown himself equal to every emergency.

The coolers presented to the school by the Mothers Club are very greatly appreciated by the pupils and teachers as well. Before this time only about half of the pupils have been able to get a drink, and what they got was hardly fit to drink. Under present conditions the water system is very sanitary.

Some time was spent last Friday drilling the pupils at marching. The pupils now march in good order. The teachers owe much to the music teachers for their aid, both in chapel and drilling the pupils.

A desk has been installed in the superintendent's office through the courtesy of Mr. Dave Leaverton, and we hope to have the office fitted out soon as a reading room.

Calhoun Mitchell has been tardy once, but this is excusable as Cal has to ride seven miles and he would have been here on

time if his mule had not taken the "don'ts."

Mrs. Will Musick presided over the little folks last Monday. Mrs. Logan was absent on account of the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Walton.

Quite a number of new scholars were present last Monday. Some of them were members of this school last year and some were not.

Bro. Harris conducted chapel exercises Monday morning. We always appreciate these visits and we hope for more of them in the future. We also hope other ministers will visit us.

The high school girls received their basket ball Monday and will be playing soon. The junior basket ball team has also reorganized and are making preparations for playing.

Last Friday ended the first school month. Report cards were handed out Monday and Tuesday. The cards show that everyone is striving hard to attain that element so necessary toward the making of a man—education.

MRS. MATNEY DEAD

Mrs. H. A. Matney, wife of Rev. H. A. Matney, pastor of the Methodist church in this city, died at her home Tuesday afternoon about two o'clock. Her death came as a great shock to our people, as she had been sick only a few days, and was thought to be much better until Tuesday morning when a turn for the worse came and death soon followed. Her daughter, Mrs. Wilson, and her brother of Madisonville came in Monday night.

The remains were shipped Tuesday night to Madisonville to be interred Wednesday. Bro. Matney, Dr. W. D. McCarty and W. R. Wherry accompanied the corpse and the rest of the family left early Wednesday morning for Madisonville in automobiles.

The entire citizenship of the town will join the Messenger in deep sympathy for Bro. Matney and family in this hour of grief.

Notice!

There will be a special conference of the Oak Grove church next Sunday, October 11. All members are urged to be present as there is some deferred business to attend to.

Walter Freeman, Mod.
O. Z. Bean, C. C.

J. N. Tyer was in town Tuesday transacting business and took time to pay the Messenger office an appreciated visit. He had with him a sample of his fine pears which he left with us to try and we can testify that they are the best we ever tasted. Mr. Tyer stated that he had put away 720 dozen of these pears, and when they get ripe he will place them on the market. Mr. Tyer stated that he had purchased two bales of cotton for 10¢ per pound on the buy-a-bale plan and would buy two or three more.

AN OLD CITIZEN DEAD

Mr. W. M. Stowe died at his home in the San Pedro community Wednesday of last week, aged 79 years old. He had been in ill health since early spring.

Mr. Stowe was born in Mississippi, but came to Texas when 6 years of age and settled in Houston county in the San Pedro community, where he lived ever since. He was a good and true man in every sense of the word and will be greatly missed by his friends and neighbors.

He was a member of Augusta lodge, A. F. & A. M., having been a mason 55 years. His remains were laid to rest by the Augusta lodge last Thursday morning in the Lockout cemetery.

He leaves a wife and several children—all married—J. E. Stowe of Colorado city; W. W. and J. L. Stowe of Waco; Preston Stowe of Galveston; Mrs. Earl Singletary and Mrs. Gargett Holcomb of Alto; Mrs. J. L. Monk and Mrs. Calvin Beeson of Crockett, and Mrs. Carl Gainey of the San Pedro community.

The Messenger joins friends in extending sincere sympathy to the entire family.

PEACE DAY OBSERVED

Obedying the proclamation of President Wilson, designating Sunday, October 3, as a day for prayer for peace in Europe, the people of Grapeland met Sunday night at the Baptist church in union service. Bros. Harris and Trimble conducted the services and both made appropriate talks. Several prayers were offered for the war-stricken countries in the east and for early and lasting peace.

The Cash Grocery Company

HEADQUARTERS FOR STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES

A full line of fresh fruits and vegetables, nice fat breakfast mackerel, Armour's sausage in oil. Bring your bill to us and save money. One trial will convince you.

See Us For Texas Red Rust Proof
Seed Oats

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

Buying

Knowing How to Buy and When Means a Great Deal More than we Sometimes Think

We feel that we have bought well and that the merchandise we have in our house means DOLLARS SAVED TO EVERYONE WHO SPENDS MONEY WITH US. Not because we propose to undersell every merchant in town, but because of the longer and more satisfactory service one gets from what he buys from us. Bear the above thoughts in mind when you need DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, in fact, for anything you need. Give us the opportunity of serving you and you will always be our customer

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

The Secret..

of our success is that we always give you good goods for good money. We always keep a full line of all drug store articles and have arranged our prices at the lowest notch consistent with quality.

WE SELL FOR CASH ONLY

D. N. Leaverton

LEADING DRUGGIST
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Patronize The Messenger's Advertisers

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

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

As the sun, after a passing storm, comes forth all the more gloriously, so the joy of their new-found friendship changed the world for Bud and Gracia. The rainbow that glowed against the retreating clouds held forth more than a promise of sunshine for them, and they conversed only of pleasant things as they rode on up the trail.

The dangers that still lay between them and the border seemed very remote now, and neither gave them a thought. There was no one in all the wide world but just these two, this man and woman who had found themselves.

Twenty miles ahead lay the northern pass, and from there it was ten more to Gadsden, but they spoke neither of the pass nor of Gadsden nor of who would be awaiting them there. Their talk was like that of children, inconsequential and happy. They told of the times when they had seen each other, and what they had thought; of the days of their childhood, before they had met at Fortuna; of hopes and fears and thwarted ambitions and all the young dreams of life.

Bud told of his battle-scarred father and their ranch in Arizona; of his mother and horse-breaking brothers, and his wanderings through the West; Gracia of her mother, with nothing of her father, and how she had flirted in order to be sent to school where she could gaze upon the upstanding Americans. Only Bud thought of the trail and scanned the horizon for rebels, but he seemed more to seek her eyes than to watch for enemies and death.

They rode on until the sun sank low and strange tracks struck their trail from the east. Bud observed that the horses were shod, and more tracks of mounted men came in beyond. He turned sharply toward the west and followed a rocky ledge to the hills, without leaving a hoof-print to mark the way of their retreat.

Those hoof prints brought Bud back from the land of dreams in which he had been wandering to a realization of the dangers that lurked about them. But a little way ahead was the pass they must cross, and he suddenly realized that they could not safely do so in the broad light of day. He must not take such chances of losing his new found happiness.

By the signs the land ahead was full of bandits and ladrones, men to whom human life was nothing and a woman no more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some one on the way, and if the base revoltosos once set eyes on Gracia it would take more than a nod to restrain them.

So, in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and while Gracia slept, the heavy-headed Bud watched the plain from the heights above.

As he watched he dreamed of a home in which this woman now sleeping beside him was the queen. He dreamed of years to come with unbounded happiness throughout all of them. Thoughts of Phil and duty to his partner were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness. As far as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which they were fleeing, and from both of which he must guard her. Again they were in a world that was all their own, an Eden with but one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music far away.

When she awoke and found him nodding Gracia insisted upon taking his place. Now that she had been refreshed her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see. The long watching by night and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen, with lids that drooped in spite of him. If he did not sleep now he might doze in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he made her promise to call him and lay down to rest until dark.

The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his

hair, but she reassured him with a word and led him up the hill to their lookout. It was then that he understood her silence. In the brief hours during which he had slept the deserted country seemed suddenly to have come to life.

By daylight there had been nothing to suggest the presence of men. But now as the velvet night settled down upon the land it brought out the glimmering specks of a hundred camp-fires to the east and to the north. But the fires to which Gracia pointed were set fairly in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadsden.

"Look!" she said. "I did not want to wake you, but the fires have sprung up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Hooker, his head still heavy with sleep. "Have they been there long?"

"No; only a few minutes," she answered. "At sundown I saw those over to the east—they are along the base of that big black mountain—but these flashed up just now; and see, there are more, and more!"

"Some outfit coming in from the north," said Bud. "They've crossed over the pass and camped at the first water this side."

"Who do you think they are?" asked Gracia in an awed voice. "Insurrectos?"

"Like as not," muttered Bud, gazing from encampment to encampment. "But whoever they are," he added, "they're no friends of ours. We've got to go around them."

"And if we can't?" suggested Gracia.

"I reckon we'll have to go through, then," answered Hooker grimly. "We don't want to get caught here in the morning."

"Ride right through their camp?" gasped Gracia.

"Let the sentries get to sleep," he went on, half to himself. "Then, just before the moon comes up, we'll try to edge around them, and if it comes to a showdown, we'll ride for it! Are you game?"

He turned to read the answer, and she drew herself up proudly.

"Try me!" she challenged, drawing nearer to him in the darkness. And so they stood, side by side, while their hands clasped in promise. Then, as the night grew darker and no new fires appeared, Hooker saddled up the well-fed horses and they picked their way down to the trail.

The first fires were far ahead, but they proceeded at a walk, their horses' feet falling silently upon the sodden ground. Not a word was spoken and they halted often to listen, for others, too, might be abroad. The distant fires were dying now, except a few where men rose to feed them.

The braying of burros came in from the flats to the right and as the fugitives drew near the first encampment they could hear the voices of the night guards as they rode about the horse herd. Then, as they waited impatiently, the watch-fires died down, the guards no longer sang their high falsetto, and even the burros were still.

This was their opportunity. If they were to get through that line of sleeping men it must be done by stealth. Should they be discovered it would mean one man against an army to protect the woman, and the odds, great as they were, must be taken if need be.

It was approaching the hour of midnight, and as their horses twitched restively at the bits they gave them the rein and rode ahead at a venture.

At their left the last embers of the fires revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the herders. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silhouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail.

With ears that pricked and swiveled, and delicate nostrils snuffing the Mexican taint, he plodded along through the greasewood, divining by some instinct his master's need of care. The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up in the saddle, when suddenly the watchful Copper Bottom jumped and a man rose up from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled, swaying sleepily above his gun, and Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growled impatiently. "I am going to the pass." And as the sentry stared stupidly after him he rode on through the bushes,

neither hurrying nor halting until he gained the trail.

"Good luck!" he observed to Gracia, when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never saw you at all."

"No, I flattened myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He thought you were leading a pack-horse."

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass."

They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety.

The waning moon came out as they left the wide valley behind them, and then it disappeared again as they rode into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narrow defiles and into moonlit spaces, and still they did not mount the summit.

In the east the dawn began to break and they spurred on in almost a panic. The Mexican paisanos count themselves late if they do not take the trail at sunup—what if they should meet some straggling party before they reached the pass?

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a series of cat steps; Gracia's roan came scrambling behind; and then, just as the boxed walls ended and they gained a level spot, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a camp of Mexicans—men, saddles, packs, and rifles, all scattered at their feet.

"Buenos días!" saluted Bud, as the blinking man rose up from their blankets. "Excuse me, amigos, I am in a hurry!"

"A donde va? A donde va?" challenged a bearded man as he sprang up from his brush shelter.

"To the pass, señor," answered Hooker, still politely, but motioning for Gracia to ride on ahead. "Adios!"

"Who is that man?" bellowed the bearded leader, turning furiously upon his followers. "Where is my sentinel? Stop him!"

But it was too late to stop him. Bud laid his quirt across the rump of the roan and spurred forward in a dash for cover. They whisked around the point of a hill as the first scattered shots rang out; and, as a frightened sentinel jumped up in their path Bud rode him down. The man dropped his gun to escape the fury of the charge and in a mad clatter they flung themselves at a rock-slide and scrambled to the bench above. The path was rocky, but they pressed forward at a gallop until, as the sun came up, they beheld the summit of the pass.

"We win!" cried Bud, as he spurred up the last incline.

As he looked over the top he exploded in an oath and jerked Copper Bottom back on his haunches. The leader of a long line of horsemen was just coming up the other side—there was no escape—and then back at the frightened girl.

"Keep behind me," he commanded, "and don't shoot. I'm going to hold 'em up!"

He jumped his horse out to one side and landed squarely on the rim of the ridge. Gracia drew her horse in behind him and reached for the pistol in her holster; then both together they drew their guns and Bud threw down on the first man.

"Go on!" he ordered, motioning him forward with his head; "pr-r-ronto!" He jerked out his rifle with his left hand and laid it across his lap.

"Hurry up now," he raged, as the startled Mexican halted. "Go on and keep a going, and the first man that makes a break I'll shoot him full of holes!"

He sat like a statue on his shining horse, his six-shooter balanced to shoot, and something in his very presence—the bulk of his body, the forward thrust of his head, and the burning hate of his eyes—quelled the spirits of the rebels. They were a rag-tag army, mounted on horses and donkeys and mules and with arms of every known make.

It was just such an army as was overrunning all northern Mexico, such an army as had been levying tribute on the land for a century. They spread terror throughout all that great country south of the American border.

The fiery glances of the American made them cringe as they had always cringed before their masters, and his curses turned their blood to water. He towered above them like a giant, pouring forth a torrent of oaths and beckoning them on their way, and the leader was the first to yield.

With hand half-raised and jaw on his breast he struck spurs to his frightened mule and went dashing over the ridge.

The others followed by twos and threes, some shrinking, some protesting, some gazing forth villainously from beneath their broad hats. As they looked back he whirled upon them and swore he would kill the first man that dared to turn his head.

After all, they were a generation of slaves, those low-browed, unthinking peons, and war had not made them brave. They passed on, the whole line of bewildered soldiery, looking in vain for the men that were behind the American, staring blankly at the beautiful woman who sat so courageously by his side.

When the last had gone by Bud picked up his rifle and watched him around the point. Then he smiled grimly at Gracia, whose eyes were still round with wonder, and led the way down the trail.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The high pass and the insurrectos were behind them now and the rolling plains of Agua Negra were at their feet. To the northeast the smoke banners of the Gadsden smelters lay like ribbons across the sky, and the line was not far away.

Yet, as they came down from the mountains, Bud and Gracia fell silent and slackened their slashing pace. The time for parting was near, and partings are always sad.

But ten miles across the plain lay Gadsden and Phil—Phil to whom Gracia was promised. There had been no thoughts of him from the time they sat together under the horse-blankets waiting for the rain to pass until now that the dangers were virtually over, and but a short time more would place them beyond the reach of either rurales or rebels. Bud thought of the duty he owed his partner, even though that partner had played him false. Great as was his longing for Gracia, he could not forget that duty. Their companionship had been but a thing to forget if he could, or at best he could only remember the sweetness of it, and must forget the dreams he had dreamed as he watched beside Gracia in the hills. He was taking her to Phil, and all else must be sacrificed for duty.

Bud looked far out across the valley to where a train puffed in from the south, and the sight of it made him uneasy. He watched still as it lay at the station and, after a prolonged stare in the direction of Agua Negra, he reined sharply to the north.

"What is it?" asked Gracia, coming out of her reverie.

"Oh, nothing," answered Bud, slumping down in his saddle. "I see the railroad is open again—they might be somebody up there looking for us."

"You mean—"

"Well, say a bunch of rurales." He turned still farther to the north as he spoke and spurred his jaded horse on. Gracia kept her roan beside him, but he took no notice, except as he scanned the line with his bloodshot eyes. He was a hard-looking man now, with a rough stubble of beard on his face and a sullen set to his jaw. As two horsemen rode out from distant Agua Negra he turned and glanced at Gracia.

"Seems like we been on the run ever since we left Fortuna," he said with a rueful smile. "Are you good for just one more?"

"What is it now?" she inquired pulling herself together with an effort. "Are those two men coming out to meet us? Do you think they'd stop us?"

"That's about our luck," returned Hooker. "But when we dip out of sight in this swale here we'll turn north and hit for the line."

"All right," she agreed. "My horse is tired, but I'll do whatever you say, Bud."

She tried to catch his eyes at this, but he seemed lost in contemplation of the horsemen.

"Them's rurales," he said at last, "and heading straight for us—but we've come too far to get caught now. Come on!" he added brusquely, and went galloping up the swale.

For two miles they rode up the wash, their heads below the level of the plain, but as Bud emerged at the mouth of the gulch and looked warily over the cut bank he suddenly reached for his rifle and measured the distance to the line.

"They was too foxy for me," he muttered, as Gracia looked over at the approaching rurales. "But I can stand 'em off," he added, "so you go ahead." "No!" she cried, coming out in open rebellion. "Well, I won't leave you—that's all!" she declared, as he turned to command her. "Oh, come along, Bud!" She laid an impulsive hand on his arm and he thrust his gun back into the sling with a thud.

"All right!" he said. "Can't stop to talk about it. Go ahead—and flay the hide off of that roan!"

They were less than a mile from the line, but the rurales had foreseen their ruse in dropping into the gulch and had turned at the same time to intercept them. They were pushing their fresh horses to the utmost now across the open prairie, and as the roan lagged and faltered in his stride Bud could see that the race was lost.

"Head for that monument!" he called to Gracia, pointing toward one of the international markers as he faced their pursuers. "You'll make it—they won't shoot a woman!"

He reached for his gun as he spoke. "No, no!" she cried. "Don't you stop! If you do I will! Come on!" she entreated, checking her horse to wait for him. "You ride behind me—they won't dare shoot at us then!"

Bud laughed shortly and wheeled in behind her, returning his gun to its sling.

"All right," he said, "we'll ride it out together then!"

He laid the quirt to the roan. In the whirl of racing bushes a white monument flashed up suddenly before them. The rurales were within pistol-shot and whipping like mad to head them. Another figure came flying along the line, a horseman, waving his hands and motioning. Then, riding side by side, they broke across the boundary with the baffled rurales yelling savagely at their heels.

"Keep a going!" prompted Hooker, as Gracia leaned back to check her horse; "down into the gulch there—them rurales are liable to shoot yet!"

The final dash brought them to cover, but as Bud leaped down and took Gracia in his arms the roan spread his feet, trembled, and dropped heavily to the ground.

"He'll be all right," soothed Bud, as Gracia still clung to his arm. Then, as he saw her gaze fixed beyond him, he turned and beheld Philip De Lancey.

It was the same Phil, the same man Bud had called partner, and yet when Hooker saw him there he stiffened and his face grew hard.

"Well?" he said, slowly detaching Gracia's fingers and putting her hand away.

As Phil ran forward to greet them he stepped sullenly off to one side. What they said he did not know, for



Gracia Watched Them With Jealous Eyes.

his mind was suddenly a blank; but when Phil rushed over and wrung his hand he came back to earth with a start.

"Bud!" cried De Lancey ecstatically, "how can I ever thank you enough! You brought her back to me, didn't you, old man? Thank God you're safe—I've been watching for you with glasses ever since I heard you had started! I knew you would do it, partner; you're the best friend a man ever had! But—say, come over here a minute—I want to speak to you."

He led Hooker off to one side, while Gracia watched them with jealous eyes, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"It was awful good of you, Bud," he whispered, "but I'm afraid you've got

(Continued on next page)

in bad! The whole town is crazy about it. Old Aragon came up on the first train, and now they've wired that you killed Del Rey. By jove, Bud, wasn't that pulling it a little strong? Captain of the rurales, you know—the whole Mexican government is behind him—and Aragon wants you for kidnapping!"

"What's that?" demanded Gracia, as she heard her own name spoken. Bud looked at Phil, who for once was at a loss for words, and then he answered slowly.

"Your father is down at the station," he said, "looking for you."

"Well, he can't have me!" cried Gracia defiantly. "I'm across the line now! I'm free! I can do what I please!"

"But there's the immigration office," interposed Phil pacifically. "You will have to go there—and your father has claimed you were kidnaped!"

"Ha! Kidnaped!" laughed Gracia, who had suddenly recovered her spirits. "And by whom?"

"Well—by Bud here," answered De Lancey hesitatingly.

Gracia turned as he spoke and surveyed Hooker with a mocking smile. Then she laughed again.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll fix that. I'll tell them that I kidnaped him!"

"No, but seriously!" protested De Lancey, as Bud chuckled hoarsely.

"You can't cross the line without being passed by the inspectors, and—well, your father is there to get you back."

"But I will not go!" flung back Gracia.

"Oh, my dear girl!" cried De Lancey, frowning in his perplexity, "you don't understand, and you make it awful hard for me. You know they're very strict now—so many low women coming across the line, for—well, the fact is, unless you are married you can't come in at all!"

"But I'm in!" protested Gracia flushing hotly. "I'm—"

"They'll deport you," said De Lancey, stepping forward to give her support.

"I know it's hard, dear," he went on, as Bud moved hastily away, "but I've got it all arranged. Why should we wait? You came to marry me, didn't you? Well, you must do it now—right away! I've got the license and the priest all waiting—come on before the rurales get back to town and report that you've crossed the line. We can ride around to the north and come in at the other side of town. Then we—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Gracia, pushing him impulsively aside. "I am not ready now. And—"

She paused and glanced at Bud. "Mr. Hooker," she began, walking gently toward him, "what will you do now?"

"I don't know," answered Hooker huskily.

"Will you come with us—will you?" "No," said Bud, shaking his head slowly.

"Then I must say good-by?"

She waited, but he did not answer. "You have been so good to me," she went on, "so brave, and—have I been brave, too?" she broke in pleadingly.

Hooker nodded his head, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "You have heard what Phil has said. I wish now that my mother were here, but—would you mind? Before I go I want to—give you a kiss!"

She reached out her hands impulsively and Hooker started back. His eyes, which had been downcast, blazed suddenly as he gazed at her, and then they flitted to Phil.

"No," he said, and his voice was lifeless and choked.

"You will not?" she asked, after a pause.

"No!" he said again, and she shrank away before his glance.

"Then good-by," she murmured, turning away like one in a dream, and Bud heard the crunch of her steps as she went toward the horses with Phil. Then, as the tears welled to his eyes, he heard a resounding slap and a rush of approaching feet.

"No!" came the voice of Gracia, vibrant with indignation. "I say no!" The spat of her hand rang out again and then, with a piteous sobbing, she came running back to Bud, halting with the stiffness of her long ride.

"I hate you!" she screamed, as Phil came after her. "Oh, I hate you! No, you shall never have the kiss! What! If Bud here has refused it, will I give a kiss to you? Ah, you poor, miserable creature!" she cried, wheeling upon him in a sudden fit of passion. "Where were you when I was in danger? Where were you when there was no one to save me? And did you think, then, to steal a kiss, when my heart was sore for Bud? Ah, coward! You are no fit partner! No, I will never marry you—never! Well, go then! And hurry! Oh, how I hate you—to try to steal me from Bud!"

She turned and threw her arms about Hooker's neck and drew his rough face down to her.

"You do love me, don't you, Bud?" she sobbed. Oh, you are so good—so brave! And now will you take the kiss?"

"Try me!" said Bud.

THE END.

THE RURAL CHURCH

THE FARMERS THE CUSTODIANS OF THE NATION'S MORALITY.

Co-Operation of Church, School and Press Essential to Community Building.

(By Peter Radford.)

The church, the press and the school form a triple alliance of progress that guides the destiny of every community, state and nation. Without them civilization would wither and die and through them life may attain its greatest blessing, power and knowledge. The farmers of this nation are greatly indebted to this social triumvirate for their uplifting influence and on behalf of the American plowmen I want to thank those engaged in these high callings for their able and efficient service, and I shall offer to the press a series of articles on co-operation between these important influences and the farmers in the hope of increasing the efficiency of all by mutual understanding and organized effort. We will take up first the rural church.

The Farmers Are Great Church Builders.

The American farmer is the greatest church builder the world has ever known. He is the custodian of the nation's morality; upon his shoulders rests the "ark of the covenant" and he is more responsive to religious influence than any other class of citizenship.

The farmers of this nation have built 120,000 churches at a cost of \$750,000,000 and the annual contribution of the nation toward all church institutions approximates \$200,000,000 per annum. The farmers of the United States build 22 churches per day. There are 20,000,000 rural church communicants on the farm and 54 per cent of the total membership of all churches reside in the country.

The farm is the power-house of all progress and the birthplace of all that is noble. The Garden of Eden was in the country and the man who would get close to God must first get close to nature.

The Functions of a Rural Church.

If the rural churches today are going to render a service which this age demands, there must be co-operation between the religious, social and economic life of the community.

The church to attain its fullest measure of success must enrich the lives of the people in the community it serves; it must build character; develop thought and increase the efficiency of human life. It must serve the social, business and intellectual as well as the spiritual and moral side of life. If religion does not make a man more capable, more useful and more just, what good is it? We want a practical religion, one we can live by and farm by as well as die by.

Fewer and Better Churches.

Blessed is that rural community which has but one place of worship. While competition is the life of trade, it is death to the rural church and moral starvation to the community. Petty sectarianism is a scourge that blights the life, and church prejudice saps the vitality of many communities. An over-churched community is a crime against religion, a serious handicap to society and a useless tax upon agriculture.

While denominations are essential and church pride commendable, the high teaching of universal christianity must prevail if the rural church is to fulfill its mission to agriculture.

We frequently have three or four churches in a community which is not able to adequately support one. Small congrega-

tions attend services once a month and all fail to perform the religious functions of the community. The division of religious forces and the breaking into fragments of moral effort is oftentimes little less than a calamity and defeats the very purpose they seek to promote.

The evils of too many churches can be minimized by co-operation. The social and economic life of a rural community are respective units and cannot be successfully divided by denominational lines and the churches can only occupy this important field by co-operation and co-ordination.

The efficient country church will definitely serve its community by leading in all worthy efforts at community building, in uniting the people in all co-operative endeavors for the general welfare of the community and in arousing a real love for country life and loyalty to the country home, and these results can only be successfully accomplished by the united effort of the press, the school, the church and organized farmers.

TENNYSON'S LUCKY STROKE

Indolence of Examiners and His Own Ambiguity Won for Him Coveted Newdigate Prize

The story of how Lord Tennyson won the Newdigate prize at Oxford is worth telling again. Three examiners were selected to pass judgment on the competitors' efforts, and the last of these, to whom Tennyson's poem, "Timbuctoo" was submitted, being of an indolent disposition, and seeing what he took to be the letter "g," signifying "good," appended to several lines, affixed, without troubling to judge for himself the merits of the work, a similar mark of approval, and thus secured for the future laureate the coveted prize. That same evening the three examiners met.

"Whatever," abruptly demanded he whose task it had been first to read the poem, "made you think so highly of young Tennyson's effort?"

"Why," cried the others, in unimilarity of surprise, "we only followed your lead. You were forever marking the lines with a 'g.'"

"A 'g'!" cried their colleague. "That wasn't a 'g'—that was a note of interrogation to signify that for the life of me I couldn't make out what the fellow meant."

HYDROPHOBIA AMONG PIKE.

"Fish with hydrophobia," is the delightful caption on a report in the German Anglers' News of an extraordinary mania affecting huge pike in the River Sieg and other confluents of the Rhine. The pike rise to the surface and swim around in the greatest excitement, which bears all the signs of absolute terror.

Anglers state that pike thus affected when caught snap more fiercely than the others. The disease is believed to have some connection with the recent floods. Local societies and the riverine authorities invite anglers to come and help rid the streams of these diseased fish.

DOUBTFUL

"Have you any taste for eugenics, Mrs. Comeup?"

"I've never tried 'em. Do they taste best fried or boiled?"

PROMISING.

"Your nephew is quite a promising young man, isn't he?"

"Well, he hasn't done anything else as yet."

GENUINE ALTRUISM.

Rich Magnate—Great wealth is the heaviest of burdens.

Obliging Friend—Ah, let your friends help you bear your burdens.

NONCOMMITTAL.

"Do you know what the students are after those freshmen for?"

"I have just a haze-y idea of what it's all about, sir."

Saved Girl's Life

"I want to tell you what wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Thedford's Black-Draught," writes Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky.

"It certainly has no equal for la grippe, bad colds, liver and stomach troubles. I firmly believe Black-Draught saved my little girl's life. When she had the measles, they went in on her, but one good dose of Thedford's Black-Draught made them break out, and she has had no more trouble. I shall never be without

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

in my home." For constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, and all similar ailments, Thedford's Black-Draught has proved itself a safe, reliable, gentle and valuable remedy.

If you suffer from any of these complaints, try Black-Draught. It is a medicine of known merit. Seventy-five years of splendid success proves its value. Good for young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.

A Man Feels Better

IN A TAILOR MADE SUIT

Because it fits him all over and not in spots. Because there are no wrinkles and bulges to advertise it as a "hand-me-down." Because it is better made, will last longer and give better satisfaction in every way than a ready made suit. Because it is made to fit his figure, and not a dummy representing a thousand different figures and shapes. Because successful men are known to have a partiality to tailor made suits, and every man likes to be considered successful. Of course people prefer tailor made suits. Call in and see the new fall designs.

M. L. CLEWIS, The Tailor

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

Ballard's Snow Liniment

It is a Wonderful Pain Cure and Healing Remedy.

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

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

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

JAMES F. BALLARD PROPRIETOR ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stephens Eye Salve is a safe and speedy remedy for Sore Eyes.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

Avoid Sedative Cough Medicines

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia use cough medicines that contain codine, morphine, heroin and other sedatives when you have a cough or cold. An expectorant like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is what is needed. That cleans out the culture beds or breeding places for the germs of pneumonia and other germ diseases. That is why pneumonia never results from a cold when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It has a world wide reputation for its cures. It contains no morphine or other sedative. For sale by all dealers. adv.

Chronic Dyspepsia

The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicine I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Mattison, No. 7 Sherman St., Hornellsville, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. adv.

They Make you Feel Good

The pleasant purgative effect produced by Chamberlain's Tablets and the healthy condition of body and mind which they create make one feel joyful. For sale by all dealers. adv.

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

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

Subscribers offering 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, OCT. 8, 1914

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

We have recently mailed out statements to subscribers whose subscriptions have expired and notices to those whose subscriptions will expire in the near future and we hope everyone will be prompt in attending to the matter. During these tight times the Messenger wants to be just as lenient with its subscribers as possible and do not want to stop the paper of any subscriber who actually wants it, but circumstances force us to place our business upon a cash basis as near as possible. If you want the paper continued and cannot pay for it just at this time let us know it and we'll make arrangements to carry you awhile longer, but please do not treat the statements and notices with silence—let us hear from you so we will know who wants the paper and who does not. Do it now while it is fresh on your mind.

Why is war, anyhow?

"Bought at home and used at home" is also a good slogan.

Men exhibit battle wounds and call it glory. If the cow kicks them they cuss.

Don't be afraid of the other fellow. You may look just as big to him.

We long to see the day come—and hope it will be in the very near future—when the farmers will be free from debt and can stay out of debt. Then they can snap their fingers at the money kings and tell them they can (deleted by censor.)

Fashion note: Old clothes will be very stylish and much in demand this season.

A young man about town wants to know how to improve his physique. We suggest a woodpile.

Hold cotton until prices justify selling and cut the acreage half next year is about as good advice as we've seen given.

A Chicago judge must read one million pages of proofs, arguments, briefs, etc., before he can give a decision in a case now before him. And a decision must be handed down before death overtakes him.

The present crisis in the cotton situation will result in more cotton factories being established in the south. Already companies are organizing in Texas to build cotton factories. Of course it will not give relief now, but in the future we can dispose of a great deal more of our cotton at home.

Willis, to the south of us, will go into the tomato business next spring, and will market their crop through the Jacksonville people. Why can't we grow tomatoes profitably here? We can join the same association, and if there is to be anything made in growing tomatoes the Jacksonville people can get it. Let's investigate this proposition.

The Messenger does not print anonymous communications, and people who are in the habit of sending them in might as well save their time and stamps. We must know the name of people who send in articles for publication. We received one last week signed by "A Farmer of Houston County," and if the writer will authorize us to sign his name to it we'll gladly print it.

Realization that good business always follows—must follow—persistent advertising ought to make our local business then start a vigorous campaign for the fall and winter trade. Now is the time to begin. Right now while you may be figuring on a contract for advertising space, some one is buying a suit of clothes, some one is buying a stove, women are buying suits and coats and dress goods and shoes. To delay making your announcements to the public will mean to announce yourself after many have already bought. There is no time like the present to advertise. If you have anything the public wants, tell it so. If you do not somebody else will.



Styleplus \$17
Clothes

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the world over."

Fall Clothes Shown at Their Best—This is Styleplus Week

And we are making a special display of these famous medium priced clothes. From Maine to California tongues are wagging about the great values the makers have been able to produce by specializing on this one suit and overcoat.

All wool fabrics plus expert workmanship, plus the styling of a renowned fashion artist—all for \$17.

Please be free to come and inspect the clothing achievement of our generation.

See the two page advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post. See our windows. We want you to surely remember that we are the Styleplus Store.

Geo. E. Darsey

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, the Omnipotent in His wisdom and mercy has seen fit to remove from earthly surroundings the spirit of our beloved brother, Morgan H. Salmon, who departed this life on the afternoon of September 6th, 1914, and

Whereas, Grapeland Lodge No. 473, A. F. & A. M., recognizes in the death of Bro. Salmon the loss of one of its most beloved members, a good man, and a true one, who practiced the principles and tenets of masonry in his daily life, therefore, be it

Resolved 1st, that notwithstanding this apparently stern and inexorable dispensation of the Divine Will, to it, as Masons, we humbly bow, abiding in the eternal hope that it will in some mysterious way redound to our welfare and happiness. And, we trust that the state of infinite joy and even ecstasy to which our our worthy brother has attained, and which we are hopeful to believe is in store for us, will, by reason of the contrast to the bitter pangs preceding it, appear the more complete and perfect thereby.

2nd, That we convey to the sorrowing widow and children of our beloved brother our sincere sorrow and sympathy in this, their sad hour of trial, and commend them to the protecting care and mercy of Him who is the "Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow," who knoweth all things and

doeth all things well.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the lodge, a copy be sent the widow of the deceased, a copy be handed the Grapeland Messenger for publication and that the lodge room be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Chas. L. Haltom
A. E. Owens
A. H. Luker

Committee.

Quick sales, small profits and the Golden Rule applied to business.—Wherry. adv

STATEMENT

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

Name of editor, managing editor, business manager, publisher: A. H. LUKER, Grapeland, Texas.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.) Not a corporation. A. H. Luker sole owner.

Known bond holders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: NONE.

(Signed) A. H. LUKER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1914.

(SEAL) Notary Public, Houston County, Texas.
(My commission expires June 30, 1915.)

Junior League Program.

Subject, Act 1:8; 2 Car. 3:2.
Leader, Adabelle Leaverton.
Song No. 87.
Reading, Dorothy Clewis.
Duet, Alta Kershner and Beatrice Parker.
Talk on the subject by Supt.
Prayer in concert.
Recitation, Mildred Lee Traylor.
Song, Melba Brock, Owena Johnston and Thelma Lee Clewis.
Reading, Bees Boykin.
Recitation, Joe Wherry.
Closing song, No. 44.

THERE'S SAFETY IN TRADING HERE

Porter Says:—

Prescription filling requires study, effort, integrity, precision, and work--lots of work. PORTER GIVES YOU ALL--then some.

Porter's Drug Store

Prescription Specialists
Everything in the Drug Line

LOCAL NEWS

No advance in flour at Wherry's. adv

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

Thos. Self of Crockett was here Friday on business.

Call on Wherry for dry goods and groceries. adv

Miss Maude McCarty visited in Crockett a few days last week

Miss Carnie Murchison, who is teaching at Reynard, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

G. B. Kent and J. H. Beazley, merchants at Reynard, were here Monday on business.

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

Stokes Pelham left Saturday for Lovelady. He will teach at Antioch, near Lovelady, the coming term.

Cleanse the liver and bowels and regulate the system by using Prickly Ash Bitters. It creates and sustains energy. A. S. Porter, special agent. adv

Chas. Royall, who has served nearly four years in the U. S. army, and for the past six months located at Texas City, has returned home to stay.

BRICK FOR SALE

Large quantity on hand at \$10 per 1000, four miles north of Grapeland at Leach. adv
Walling & Cox.

Strengthen the tired kidneys and purify the liver and bowels with a few does of Prickly Ash Bitters. It is an admirably kidney tonic. A. S. Porter, special agent. adv

J. E. Stowe, of Colorado City, who was called here on account of the death of his father, W. M. Stowe of the San Pedro community, returned home Monday.

A good remedy for a bad cough is Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It heals the lungs and quiets irritation. Price 25c, 50c and \$1 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

We call your attention to the splendid club offer we are making this week with Farm & Ranch and Holland's Magazine. You get \$3.00 worth of reading matter for only \$2.00. Tell your neighbors of this splendid offer.

Hon. Nat Patton was here Sunday mingling with his friends. Mr. Patton has been in Austin attending the special session of the legislature, leaving there last Thursday night to come home to take charge of the school at Augusta, which opened Monday.

Foley Cathartic Tablets.

You will like their positive action. They have a tonic effect on the bowels, and give a wholesome, thorough cleaning to the entire bowel tract. Stir the liver to healthy activity and keep stomach sweet. Constipation, headache, dull, tired feeling never afflict those who use Foley Cathartic Tablets. Only 25c. D. N. Leaverton. adv

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

Miss Lura Mae Owens is visiting in Elkhart this week.

Claude Leaverton left last week for Galveston to enter the state medical college.

S. H. Long of Augusta was a pleasant caller at the Messenger office Tuesday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Ney Sheridan and children of Crockett were the guests of relatives here Sunday.

W. S. Johnston of Houston is here looking after some business matters and meeting his many old friends.

Pay your subscription to your local paper. Most anybody can rustle a dollar. The local paper is your best friend.

Car Just Arrived.

Wherry bought a car of flour before wheat advanced. Why does he sell new flour at the old price? Read Matt. 7:12. adv

In the chill season see that your liver is active. Any derangement in that organ opens the door for malarial germs. An occasional dose of Herbine is all that is necessary to keep the liver in sound working condition. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

Three papers for the price of two is what The Messenger offers you in the club rate with Farm & Ranch and Holland's Magazine. Read the announcement elsewhere in this issue. Tell your neighbors who are not subscribers about this great offer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fitchett left last week for Tyler, where they will make their home in the future. During their residence in Grapeland, Mr. and Mrs. Fitchett made many warm friends who regret very much to see them leave, but join the Messenger in wishing them contentment in their new home.

J. J. Guice was in to see us Tuesday, and we are glad he came for two reasons—he paid his subscription and left with us two stalks of fine ribbon cane, one measuring eight feet and one seven in length. Mr. Guice has one and one-half acres in cane which is as good as the samples he left here. He irrigated by ditching and turning in water from a nearby branch.

Stop Those Early Bronchial Coughs.

They hang on all winter if not checked, and pave the way for serious throat and lung diseases. Get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and take it freely. Stops coughs and colds, heals raw inflamed throat, loosens the phlegm and is mildly laxative. Best for children and grown persons. No opiates. D. N. Leaverton. adv.

The Messenger is requested to announce that the Woodland Hall school will begin next Monday, October 12. The trustees of this school, Messrs. J. L. Smith, C. E. Brooks and R. D. Parker, urge every patron to see to it that their children start in the first day—if possible—and make the school a success from the start.

PASSING OF AN OLD CITIZEN

Mr. J. H. B. Guice died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jeff Keen in the Guiceland community last Saturday night, Oct. 3. Mr. Guice was born Oct. 22, 1830 being 84 years of age.

He lived practically all his life in the community known as Guiceland, which was named after him, and his remains were laid to rest Sunday afternoon in the cemetery that he gave to the community. Rev. J. E. Bean conducted the funeral services, it being the request of Mr. Guice as he and Bro. Bean were life-long friends. A large number of people were present at the funeral, several of them from Grapeland, to pay their last tribute of respect to a man who was beloved by all. Of the old-time citizens in the Guiceland community, only two are now left—W. F. Brooks and R. E. Pennington, both of whom were present at the funeral of their friend and old comrade with whom they had worked and wrought for a lifetime.

Mr. Guice is survived by six children, Messrs. A. B., B. R. and J. J. Guice; Mesdames. E. P. Bean, Sam Dutch and Jeff Keen.

WE APPRECIATE THIS

Alto, Texas, Oct. 5.

Editor Messenger:—

Enclosed find check for \$1.00 for which send the paper another year. I do not want to do without it. It is like getting a letter from home once a week. What has become of the Rock Hill correspondent?

Yours truly,

J. A. Hughes.

(That reminds us that we would like to have regular correspondents at Rock Hill, Hays Spring, Guiceland, Livelyville and Latexo. We want all the news of the Grapeland country.—Editor.)

DEATH OF MRS. WALTON

Mrs. Susan Walton, wife of H. H. Walton, died on the evening of October 4th, at 8 o'clock, at the age of 77 years. Mrs. Walton was born in Monroe county, Georgia, April 5, 1837. She married H. H. Walton, August 6, 1858, and there was born to them three sons and seven daughters; all lived to be grown but three. Bro. and Sister Walton joined the Methodist church in 1862, but after moving to Texas in 1879, united with the Christian church and since have lived consistent members in that church.

Mrs. Walton had been growing more and more feeble for some months, but her sudden death was unexpected to her husband, children and friends. She only complained of weakness and had only been confined to her bed since the day before, when she had a chill but no fever nor pain. She died like one going to sleep—calmly, peacefully. After a long, useful and devoted life, her kind, loving and gentle spirit will always be remembered by those who knew her, and "Grandma Walton," as she was familiarly called, still lives in the hearts and minds of not only her children and grand-children, but scores of friends who knew her for her loving kindness and faithful service, and has at last gone to her reward, for "blessed are they who die in the Lord."

Her remains were laid to rest in the Davis cemetery last Monday evening.

"In Time of Peace Prepare for War"



AND IN times of prosperity prepare for the future.

Both admonitions are imperative and the hero is the man who does his duty.

The GREATEST of all HEROES

Is the man who provides for his family and makes them happy. No man has failed if he made his family happy. Start an account with our bank and

BE A SUCCESS

FARMERS & MERCHANTS
STATE BANK

PAY YOUR BILLS WITH CHECKS

THE MANY CONVENIENCES

which we offer to our customers are not exceeded by any other bank. How much more convenient it is to

WRITE OUT A CHECK

when you pay a bill than to carry around a big roll or a bag full of money. We will be pleased to talk with you if you think of opening a bank account.

The GUARANTY STATE BANK
GUARANTY FUND BANK

\$15.00

Take Your Choice!

500 Made-to-Order Suits

IN GRAPELAND

October 12-13

Just from Chicago--best proposition there.
Will have EXPERT TAILORS with me

LEO C. JEFFUS
EAST TEXAS TAILOR

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to take this method of extending to our friends and neighbors our sincere thanks for their kind attention during the last and fatal illness of our beloved husband and father, and assure them that their kind words of condolence and sympathy did much to strengthen us in this hour of bereavement. May God's blessings rest upon all of you.—Mrs. W. M. Stowe and children. adv.

Joe Adams of Crockett was here Tuesday.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, 5—Spinning wheel invented, 1530.
Tuesday, 6—First German immigrants arrive, 1683.
Wednesday, 7—First horse power railway in United States, 1826.
Thursday, 8—Chicago fire, 1871. New York's greatest rainfall, 1903.
Friday, 9—Chicago fire continues. Saturday, 10—First overland mail, 1858.
Sunday, 11—Padlock invented, 1540.

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES

It is a sure sign that something is wrong with your kidneys, you should take

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A POWERFUL KIDNEY REMEDY

It is a kidney tonic and liver stimulant of the highest order. It relieves the strain on the suffering kidneys, puts new life in the torpid liver, helps digestion, eases the aching back and makes you feel well and strong again.

Sold by Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

A. S. PORTER, SPECIAL AGENT

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

It is only human to get into a rut and do things exactly as our forefathers did. We are all such creatures of habit. For example, we have thought for centuries that there was but one way to finish the inside walls, and partitions of our houses and other buildings, just as our ancestors did by plastering, despite the fact that as soon as the walls "settled" great, ugly cracks appeared in the plaster. Then we awoke to the fact that there was a better way, and now we have more modern methods that are revolutionizing building plans.

Great-Uncle David and Great-Aunt Mehitabel used to drive an entire day or more to do their "marketing" and "shopping." They had to, for there were no rural free deliveries, no telephones, no telegraph, parcels post, automobiles or motorcycles to enlarge their radius both from a purchasing and farming standpoint. Today it is different. The farmer has the same needs for clothing and the actual necessities of life as his city brother, but unlike his forefathers he spends less time going after them. In other words, he does not care to go to the mountain, he requests the mountain to come to him.

In the first place, the modern farmer is an up-to-date individual. He is well informed, and in

many cases is a college graduate. He knows how to "shop" by telephone or mail. If he did not his efforts would be about as disappointing as hunting for the pot of gold that is supposed to be hidden at the end rainbow.

If he wants collars or shirts or trousers, rakes, plows or harrows, it is all the same. He can speed an order to his merchant by phone or mail and by asking for standard brands with which he is familiar he knows that his purchases will be satisfactory in every way. He is not looking for "bargains" or "price-cut" brands inferior in quality and workmanship. He wants only the best and is willing to pay for the best. He wants what he wants when he wants it, and will take no substitute.

Even though he has never sold collars or rakes or plows, he has perhaps spent years perfecting a seedling strawberry plant that bears his name, or breeding cattle that he has individualized, and he has been up against competition so hard that he knows the game. You cannot fool the farmer, for he no longer bears the opprobrium of "Hayseed."

Being accustomed to think and act for himself, he is not so susceptible to substitution on the part of the dealer, for his tastes have been educated to the better things.

READERS BEGINNING

TO WONDER JUST WHO OUR "OBSERVER" IS

By "Observer"

People are beginning to wonder who I am. Some think I do not exist at all, and still others think I am several people.

Just a day or two ago I was in a local grocery and heard two women talking about "Observer." One of them was real sore over my article on whipping children. She was positive she knew who "Observer" was and that I was Mr. Soandso; for he has a kid of his own that ought to be licked every day and never gets one. I have been flattered by being called woman, minister, teacher and office devil—have even discussed my articles with local people and some times had to cough pretty hard to hide my identity.

It was while in the grocery mentioned above that I got my idea for this article—what seems to me to be a foolish waste of money in spreading a luncheon that may range anywhere from a sandwich to a banquet every time we have a neighbor step in. To use a little slang, I, myself, have hitched my mouth to the grub stake in so many different

spots that whenever my stomach begins to yearn for food it wants to turn in at the first house I chance to pass. I have coiled my stomach around enough sandwiches to feed the Russian army for a month, while the cake and other delicacies I have destroyed would make the mountain as high as the price of gasoline. No wonder there is a famine somewhere all the time. What keeps me guessing is how the rest of the world lives at all. Why, it's getting so you have to carry something to eat around with you on the street if you want to halt a man long enough to tell him his house is on fire. "Refreshments" is coming to be the permanent password into all society and organizations of every kind.

While all of the above is, of course only burlesque, it is true that we spend too much foolishly. We are unconsciously permitting our own pleasure to breed socialism. The man who is broke and without a job can never be made to believe times are hard for everybody when there is a wanton waste all about him.

And yet, where is the woman brave enough to attempt entertaining without the "eats?" How far would she get?

LOCAL INSTITUTE PROGRAM

The first local teachers' institute will meet with the Porter Springs school, beginning on the night of October 16 and continuing to the night of the 17th. The program is as follows:

Friday night, October 16.

Exercise in reading, the pupils. A book review, Mrs. G. R. Taylor.]

Educational Address, County Sup't., J. N. Snell.

Saturday a. m., 9 o'clock. Address of Welcome, Mr. T. R. Cook.

Response, Mr. N. A. Gant. Vocational training in the rural schools, Mr. B. F. Freeman.

Necessary relation between teacher and trustees, Mr. C. W. Butler.

Need of centralization, Mr. R. J. Dominy.

Saturday p. m., 1:30 o'clock.

Why teach nature study in the lower grades? Miss Pearl Aidy. Round table and question box on various educational topics.

The recitation, Mr. John Gilbert.

Dramatic reading, a pupil.

Saturday night, 8 o'clock. Arithmetic recreations.

Benefits to be derived from a literary society, J. E. Dominy.

It is hoped that lots of the teachers will interest themselves in the important business of having local institutes and in making them serve the purpose for which they are organized. Let each of us come to this meeting with an educational, progressive spirit and with sufficient strength and enthusiasm that we may impart some of it to each other and to our people.

Our school wagon will leave the courthouse in Crockett at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning, carrying as many teachers, and other visitors as will be on hand to go out in it. Porter Springs is ten miles from town and the road is a pike all the way. The wagon is arranged for comfort in all kinds of weather, so you can not fail to have an agreeable trip.

Our school, through aid from the State, has lately established an agricultural department. We are supplying ourselves with complete apparatus for teaching agriculture and other scientific subjects.

Hope you will come out and see the many good things within reach of the country school.

Very respectfully,
J. H. Rosser.

A Marvelous Escape

"My little boy had a marvelous escape," writes P. F. Bastians of Prince Albert, Cape of Good Hope. "It occurred in the middle of the night. He got a very severe attack of croup. As luck would have it, I had a large bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. After following the directions for an hour and twenty minutes he was through all danger." For sale by all dealers. adv

The key to health is in the kidneys and liver. Keep these organs active and you have health, strength and cheerful spirits. Prickly Ash Bitters is a stimulant for the kidneys, regulates the liver, stomach and bowels. A golden household remedy. 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

Children that are pale, sickly and peevish, with dark rings under the eyes, tickle appetite, and who appear to get no nourishment from the food they eat are surely suffering from worms. Give them White's Cream Vermifuge and note the wonderful improvement. They soon take on flesh and are rosy, active and cheerful. Price 25c 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.



The Best Medicine Made for Kidney and Bladder Troubles

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder.

Sold by D. N. Leaverton

Buyers Are the People Who Read Advertisements.

They Know Their Wants, but Want to Know Where to Supply Them.

THE MESSENGER.

A LIBERAL OFFER

That You Should Take Advantage of

All Three for \$2.00 for One Year



Are You Aware That You Can Buy Happiness?

It is Possible to Purchase Happiness, Sunshine, Wider Vision and Increased Knowledge in great quantities at a price entirely within you reach.

Does This Mean Anything to You?

HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE, appearing every month, is a veritable ray of sunshine to every member of the household. Each number contains plenty of wholesome, inspiring stories for the grown-ups, a well maintained Children's Department, a section devoted to practical help along the lines of cooking, sewing, embroidery, and various other lines of housekeeping. "The Mail Bag," containing letters on subjects of public interest from readers all through the South, is eagerly watched for from month to month. Every one that appreciates the real worth of a truly good magazine knows the value of Holland's.

EVERY MAN interested in farming, whether as a profession or as a pastime, will find much of interest and profit in Farm and Ranch. Besides being of real value in the solving of his many problems and

offering to him new and practical ideas in the carrying out of his work, the paper is a catalogue of nationally advertised goods that may be relied upon. Each number contains a department called "Our Farmer's Directory," which is a market and exchange place of Southwestern farm needs and products, and is watched by half million readers weekly.

THIS family newspaper will keep you posted on all the local happenings. Telling you of the joys and sorrows of your friends and neighbors, and in fact, serving as a medium of information about everything going on in this community. Such state and foreign news as we think will be of interest is also published, and no home is complete without a copy of this paper each week.

If subscribed to singly the subscription price of the above three publications is \$3.00
Order now and we will send all three of them to you regularly one year for only \$2.00

CAN YOU AFFORD TO NEGLECT THIS OPPORTUNITY?

The Grapeland Messenger

Better Biscuits Baked With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.

Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

Various methods have been suggested to prevent wakefulness when sleep should be indulged in. To count imaginary sheep jumping over fence, counting the ticks of the clock or merely counting "one, two, three, etc." until sleep comes, are familiar suggestions. These remedies are claimed to be inferior to a simple method recently suggested by a physician, which is based on the theory that taking in a full deep breath slowly and expelling it suddenly is conducive to sleep. Of course in drawing the breath in, no air should be allowed to enter through the nose. It is said sleep can be induced in a very short time by this method.

W. T. Hutchons, Nicholson, Ga., had a severe attack of rheumatism. His feet, ankles and joints were swollen, and moving about was very painful. He was certainly in a bad way when he started to take Foley Kidney Pills. He says, "Just a few doses made me feel better, and now my pains and rheumatism are all gone and I sleep all night long." D. N. Leaverton. adv.



"LITERARY CONVULSIONS"

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

Copyrighted 1914 by the Foster Service

OCTOBER

October always has been a busy month in history. In this month three years ago Madero was elected president of Mexico. Since then that country has sometimes had half a dozen presidents and sometimes none. In October of 1871 occurred the disastrous fire in Chicago, but to see the city now one would not think anything had ever been destroyed there. The first overland mail was dispatched in October, 1868, traveling probably thirty-five miles a day. We now shoot it around underground at a rate of seventy miles an hour and still wonder why the mails are so slow. Columbus discovered America some five hundred years ago this month and his countrymen have been swarming into it ever since.

The first newspaper in New York City was printed in October 1725. Now there is a paper

for every two hundred residents in the town. The first pocket watch was made in October 1510, was about the size of a skillet lid in diameter and even larger in actual value. Now we have a watch for ever member of the family except when the tax assessor is due.

With chilly winds and changing skies October spreads before our eyes great fields of golden colored hues, and yet we men have got the blues. We realize the scenery's great, but something in our minds of late drive out the songs of nature's lyre—we must get up and build the fire.

Though poets sing of autumn and the artists lend their aid, it doesn't help us any when in nighties we parade from the bedroom to the kitchen in a chilly, mad desire to keep our bone together while we're starting up the fire.

REYNARD NEWS

October 5.—"I don't know what the people are going to do?" I'll venture you have heard it five hundred times and the hard times are on ahead yet, and I am sore and tired of it but have a mighty poor way of helping myself and it will take a Christian Scientist to see otherwise.

We have lots of cotton to open yet and there will be picking for a month or more.

Mr. Editor, I am going to suggest that you hit up "Old Dan" and take Mrs. Luker and spend a day with each of your correspondents. It would do them good and maybe you, but for goodness sake, if you come to see me let me know beforehand and bring along a chunk of 18c bacon and we will give you for dinner a big pot of turnip greens and pot licker and kill a kershaw and then in turn you give us a banquet and let's get together. There's no money in it, buy my, what a time! Now we are not joking but mean it, so will look for you soon and will see to it that you have a nice time.

What has become of the possum walk and the county fair? Gone like Ward's ducks I guess.

Mrs. J. A. Allen spent Saturday night with her folks.

Miss Carnie Murchison made the homefolks a visit Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. West went to Crockett yesterday evening. Mrs. West and baby will make a protracted visit of a week or so.

Mrs. Jessie Eaves and Julia Lee spent Thursday at the Meriwether home.

Mrs. J. H. Beazley and daughter spent the evening the same day.

Pledger Chiles of the lock and dam was at home a few days and says they are bolting things down with red hot bolts and he had the signs of fire about him.

Another baby came into our community last week and took up his abode at Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Riels'.

Out of neighborhood visitors last week were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denton and family and Mr. and Mrs. Bobbitt of Grape-land, W. J. and Ed Clark and families of Hays Springs, and B.

L. Tyon of Groveton.

Persimmons are getting ripe, 'taters' are bursting the ground and possums are getting fat and there is a good time coming by and by. Zack.

The Young Man's Opportunity. A Splendid Salary working for Uncle Sam.

The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, makes a specialty of preparing young people to pass the Civil Service examinations as stenographers, typists and bookkeepers. This class of Civil Service work pays \$900 a year and upward; our students seldom start at less than \$1000 for the first year. This line of Civil Service work is about the safest work that a young person could pursue. With us they are sure of being able to pass the examination; when they have passed the examination, they are sure of the position; when they have the position, they are sure of a good salary; they are also sure of easy hours and promotion. Make your arrangements now.

The Tyler Commercial College is not a mere business college, it is a commercial training institution that fits one with a thorough, practical education that enables him to enter the business world on a broad plan. Regardless of wars, our government must have stenographers, bookkeepers and operators. Then again, there is plenty of demand for help in all parts of the country with the exception of the cotton raising districts. We have been getting many calls for help from the grain states as the crops were good and the war has caused an advance in price. A graduate from our institution is not confined to any one section of the state or to any one state. He can go where there is plenty of business and take care of himself during almost any adversity. The president of our institution, Mr. Byrne, has just returned from Europe where he went as a member of the American Commissions of Municipal Executive and Civic Leaders. He is confident that the European war is

GOING AT ACTUAL

---COST---

As I have decided to change my business somewhat, I want to entirely close out some lines I am now handling. Therefore I am going to sell at actual wholesale cost all ladies, mens and children shoes. Everything in heavy underwear. Men's, and boys' hats, caps, suits and extra pants

GOING AT COST

Everything in ladies, men's and children's sweaters will sell at actual cost. All enamel and tinware will go at cost. The above prices will continue as long as they last, so it will pay you to come early and take advantage of these prices as it will be a great saving to you.

—YOURS FOR BUSINESS—

J. J. BROOKS

EAST SIDE

GRAPELAND, TEXAS

going to prove a commercial blessing in disguise for the United States, and that there never was a better time than now for young people to prepare themselves for a broad, active business career.

Write for catalog and full particulars. If you cannot enter for personal instructions, take our course by correspondence; it is practical, it is thorough; guaranteed to be as recommended or it costs you nothing. For full particulars address Civil Service Dept. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas. State course interested in.

A MODERN NECESSITY

The value of advertising is felt at three ends—the merchant, the consumer, and the publisher.

Through the medium of his advertisements, the merchant acquaints the consumer with the wares he has for sale, with their values and their attractive features, and is himself constantly in touch with the consumer.

The consumer reads of the goods he wants, learns where to find them and saves the time of fruitless hunting from place to place.

The publisher is the go between, the medium of communication between the buyer and seller, a sort of public convenience. Strange as it may seem, he, too, has his uses.

Advertising accomplishes more good and better results for all people than any one feature in commercial life.

It is a modern necessity made so by the constantly increasing demand of a discriminating public.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ink spots can be removed from wood with sweet spirits of niter—when the wood turns white wipe it off with a soft cotton rag. A second application may be necessary.

When silk is spotted with grease rub it with French chalk or magenta then hold the spotted portion near the fire. The chalk

will observe the grease and can be brushed off, taking the grease with it.

To soften new ropes that are extremely troublesome because of their stiffness, the following is excellent: Cover the ropes with water and heat the water until it almost boils, straighten and dry them. Ropes treated in this manner work satisfactorily as soon as dry.

Use paraffine oil in place of furniture polish. It is twenty cents a pint, and a pint will last for months. It may be used on the best of furniture. Use very little on cloth. It will remove the greasy streaks often left on highly polished furniture, and certainly costs less than any furniture polish.

Positively Masters Croup.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound cuts the thick choking mucus, and clears away the phlegm. Opens up the air passages and stop the hoarse cough. The gasping, strangling fight for breath gives way to quiet breathing and peaceful sleep. Harold Berg, Mass. Mich., writes: "We give Foley's Honey and Tar to our children for croup and it always acts quickly." D. N. Leaverton. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Parker left Saturday night for Big Springs, having been called there on account of the illness of Mrs. Parker's father.

Joints that ache, muscles that are drawn or contracted should be treated with Ballard's Snow Lament. It penetrates to the spot where it is needed and relieves suffering. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

A farmer in town for the day at Athens, Texas, recently made the statement that he had already sold over \$200 worth of peas this season and had \$10 worth more yet to sell. This is equal to nearly five bales of cotton at 10 cents a pound. He has also a good cotton crop, but is able to hold it until he can get a fair price.