

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

CHRISTMAS EDITION

Thursday, December 16, 1915



GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Are you in doubt about your Christmas purchases? Come to the "People's Drug Store" and permit us to help you solve the problem. We have a general line of holiday goods and are selling them only at a very reasonable profit. The following list will give you an idea of what we have in stock. **BUY IT NOW.**

WHAT TO GIVE

For the Girls and Ladies



Vanity Cases
Pin Trays
Manicure Sets
Music Rolls
Box Paper
Jewel Cases
Toilet Sets
Pie Sets
Plates—assorted
Pictures
Mirrors
Cameo Rings
Lavalliers
Cut Glass
China Vases
Gold Covered China
Sterling Silver Pieces
and Perfumes

For the Little Folks



Dolls of all kinds
Doll Furniture
Doll beds
Doll Buggies
Toy Dishes
Blocks
Linen books
An Assortment of Story
Books
Silver sets of knife,
fork and spoon
Brush and
Comb Sets

For Decorating Purposes

Tree Ornaments Garlands Bells
Candles and Holders Holly Paper Ribbonzene

We have other things not listed. Call at our store and let us show you through.

For Boys and Men

Collar Boxes	Button Boxes	Tie Racks
Tie Boxes	Ink Stands	Checker Boards
Shaving Mugs	Hair Brushes	Clothes Brushes
Military Sets		

For the Boys

Foot Balls	Whips	Toy Watches
Scout Pistols	National Pistols	Horns
Drums	Tool Chests	Toy Violins
Cannons	Trains	Knives
Flash Lights	Various kinds of wind up toys	
Fire Works of all kinds		

GOOD BOOKS—Including the Henty series

We wish to call attention to our

Jewelry

It is new and the
best that money can buy

WE KINDLY WISH EVERYONE A
MERRY CHRISTMAS

The People's Drug Store

WADE L. SMITH

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 18 No. 42

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1915

\$1.00 PER YEAR

|| NOW || Is The Time The Bargain Store

Is The Place

There has never been such bargains offered in Grapeland as you will find at **The Bargain Store** from now until January 1st. I want to reduce my stock before taking inventory. If you need it, now is the time to buy, but if you don't need it don't buy. Always remember that nothing is cheap unless you need it.

Big Money Saved on Shoes, Dry Goods and Notions

If you are going to buy any Christmas foolishness get it from us and get a chance at the doll in our window.

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

W. R. WHERRY

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

Headquarters for Santa Claus!

Big Line of Xmas
Goods

Dolls and Toys on
Display

Big Xmas Sale

Lasts Until

December 24

BIG REDUCTION ON

Rocking Chairs

Dressers

Iron Beds

Mattresses

Springs and

Bridge-Beach Stoves

Our line of Hardware, Enamelware, Tinware, Woodenware, Glassware and all kinds of ware that will wear, is complete, all to go at sale prices.

Groceries at sale prices.

Come early and get first choice.

Keeland Brothers

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY HEADQUARTERS FOR Candies, Fruits, Nuts and Fireworks

For the Holidays we are handling

The Washington Winesap Apple
Popular Prices---15 20 and 25c a doz.

A Full Line of Christmas Candies

Better get that flour while the price is low. You are sure to pay more money

Special Prices on Sugar, Coffee, Rice and Lard

See Us and Save Money

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

LOCAL NEWS FROM EPHESUS

Dec. 13.—The people of this community are at present enjoying the blessings of good health, though the sick list has recently been graced with the names of several.

Our school, under the competent management of Prof. George Manning, is making rapid progress toward a good winter's work. Miss Lura Mae Owens is proving herself an extremely splendid instructor also. The pupils in her care are accomplishing a great deal. Both teachers are now giving absolutely perfect satisfaction.

The winter seems reluctant to put in its appearance. However, let us not complain—it may be due to some unseen purpose of the Creator, who's plans are ever for the best.

Mr. Lee Graham has his new residence complete and has taken up his abode therein.

There was a delightful entertainment at the home of Mr. John Nealy last Saturday night, the 11th. Music was furnished by Mr. Deckert Anderson.

Mr. Johnnie Graham, who resided last year in Coleman county, has decided, like many others who "go west," that old Houston county is good enough for him. At any rate, he is making preparations to make his home here. Three cheers for old Houston county! Correspondent.

COTTON REPORT

There were 20,760 bales of cotton ginned in Houston county, from the 1915 crop prior to December 1, 1915, as compared with 21,130 bales ginned prior to December 1, 1914.

Happiness is but another name for perfect health. Use Prickly Ash Bitters and be happy. It keeps the vital organs healthy and well regulated. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

THE NEXT LYCEUM NUMBER

The big attraction of the Lyceum Course is coming to the school auditorium next Tuesday night, December 21. Colangelo's Musicians is the most expensive attraction booked by the local committee and should be greeted by a full house. It is very seldom that such an attraction visits such a small place and it was by accident they were secured by the committee. They play at Henderson Monday night and happened to be open for an engagement Tuesday night.

Colangelo's Italian Band and Orchestra is the company you are looking for if you want "something doing" musically from the time the first note is played until the last selection is finished. The program will include selections for the band with brass and reed instrument solos, orchestral groups with songs by the soprano and tenor, novelties by the Colangelo brothers. The company will afford not only an evening of rare entertainment but will be of great benefit musically to the community.

The admission charged will be 35c for children and 50c for adults, which is a very low price for such an attraction.

NOTICE TO LAUNDRY PATRONS

On account of Christmas day coming on Saturday, next week we will send the laundry basket off on Tuesday morning instead of Wednesday morning so it will return Friday, the day before Christmas. Please have your bundles ready Tuesday morning when the boy calls.

Caskey & Denson.

The kidneys ache when they are overworked and the trouble gets serious unless promptly removed. Prickly Ash Bitters is a reliable kidney tonic and bowel regulator. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

LOST TO RATCLIFF

The High School girls basketball team went to Ratcliff last Saturday and played a game of basketball with the girls' team of that school, losing the game to them by a score of 14 to 18. Sup't. Sims accompanied the team, and spoke in the highest terms of the royal treatment accorded them by the opposing team and the hospitable people of Ratcliff. The game was refereed by Miss Smith of Ratcliff, who won the admiration of our players for her impartial decisions. Of course the girls regret losing the game, but feel well repaid for the trip by the uniform courtesy shown them and the kindly manner in which they were treated by the people of Ratcliff.

CARD OF THANKS

We, the husband and children of Mrs. Argin Baber, desire to thank friends and neighbors of Rock Hill community for the valuable service rendered us in our late bereavement in the death of our wife and mother.
I. M. Baber and Children.

DEBATE AT ELKHART

On Thursday night, December 23, beginning about 7:30, there will be a debate between B. B. Walston of Elkhart and W. R. Durnell of Antrim on the question of equal suffrage. The question will be discussed both from a political and scriptural standpoint. The debate will take place in the school auditorium in Elkhart. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

BUCKNER'S ORPHANS HOME DAY AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

We cordially invite everybody to come to our services next Sunday. At the close of the Sunday school, which will open promptly at 9:45. We have a short program consisting of songs and recitations by the children, and some talks on "The Home" by the Superintendent and others. Bro. Edge will then preach for us. Come and join us in a good service and make a good offering in money for the Orphans. Committee.

A nice line of counterpanes and blankets at Darsey's.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS By C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the Staunton artillery is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar by General Jackson.

CHAPTER II—Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor, with whom he rides to a house beyond Hot Springs.

CHAPTER III—In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Noreen and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to bed while the two other men talk. Wyatt becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped.

CHAPTER IV—Wyatt changes to the U. S. cavalry uniform he has with him, and rides away in the night, running into a detachment of Federal cavalry, to whom he identifies himself as Lieutenant Raymond, Third U. S. cavalry, by means of papers with which he has been provided. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body and follows Taylor's trail.

CHAPTER V—Fox and Wyatt believe Taylor to be old Ned Cowan. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's apparently deserted home.

CHAPTER VI—Wyatt finds Noreen Harwood alone in her home. She does not recognize him, and he introduces himself as Lieutenant Raymond.

CHAPTER VII—Parson Nichols comes to the house and tells Noreen of her father's death.

CHAPTER VIII—Wyatt forces Parson Nichols to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anse Cowan, who proposes to marry Noreen at once, and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father.

CHAPTER IX—Anse Cowan and his gang arrive and find the preacher bound in a closet. Wyatt and Noreen have concealed themselves in the attic.

CHAPTER X—The Cowan gang ransacks the house but fails to find the hidden couple. Wyatt tells Noreen who he is.

CHAPTER XI—Wyatt and Noreen return to the second floor and await the next move of the gang, forcing the preacher to silence.

CHAPTER XII—Unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor and around the house, Wyatt proposes to marry Noreen to protect her from Cowan. She accepts and Wyatt forces the preacher to marry them.

CHAPTER XIII—Cowan's gang is driven off by Federal troops, one of whose officers is the real Lieutenant Raymond. Wyatt is trapped, though Noreen attempts to defend him.

CHAPTER XIV—Wyatt is taken to Lewisburg for trial as a spy.

CHAPTER XV—The camp commandant and Captain Fox visit Wyatt in his cell in the courthouse basement. He refuses clemency in return for information, and uses his boyhood's knowledge of the building to prepare a way of escape.

CHAPTER XVI—Captain Fox again visits Wyatt, and tells him that Noreen has interceded for him unsuccessfully, and that Raymond, jealous, is pushing the case against him.

CHAPTER XVII—Wyatt escapes to the attic and thence to the sheriff's office by means of a disused, old-fashioned chimney, washes off the soot and changes clothes in the deserted washroom, and renounces.

CHAPTER XVIII—Wyatt surprises Raymond and his camp commandant, holds them up, and with the aid of Noreen, gets out of headquarters room in the courthouse.

CHAPTER XIX—Wyatt and Noreen win clear of the courthouse and Noreen decides to accompany him in his flight.

CHAPTER XX—Wyatt and Noreen obtain horses and escape from Lewisburg.

CHAPTER XXI—They meet old Ned Cowan in a deserted cabin, and in a fight Cowan is killed.

CHAPTER XXII—They agree to a separation when they are safely out of their present danger.

CHAPTER XXIII—They come to the Cane Ridge meeting house and find it occupied by Confederate cavalry, who have captured Preacher Nichols.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Trap Closes.

The lieutenant's fingers gripped my shoulder.

"By the Lord Harry, the fellows make noise enough for an army," he whispered. "I reckon they are all there."

"No doubt of it—how is your ammunition?"

"Sixty rounds to a man," he chuckled. "It will cost them something to get through these log walls. Still, we haven't much chance in the end," he added thoughtfully, "for they're bound to get us. Generally I pray for a fight, but now I hope those Yanks will be kind enough to ride by."

"And so do I," I answered soberly, feeling the quick pressure of Noreen's fingers. "There they come, Harwood—see! two horsemen ahead."

They were merely black shadows outlined against the white road, but as they drew somewhat closer the moonlight gave them substance. One was slender, sitting straight in the saddle, but the other slouched awkwardly over his pommel, a larger, more shapeless figure. In the distance, down the sharp slope of the hill, appeared the deeper shadow of an advancing column of mounted men. The

only sound was the impatient pawing of a horse's hoof and Noreen's whisper in my ear:

"The bigger one is Anse Cowan."

"And the other Raymond," I returned in the same low tone. "The two have apparently got together."

"It looks mighty odd to me," said a voice suddenly, clearly audible through the night, "that fellow being in Reb uniform. What could he be doing here?"

"A scout, I reckon," grumbled a reply, barely distinguishable. "Just a stray we run into, but it mout be best ter take a look along this yere ridge afore we ride on."

"All right," asserted the other. "I'll wait here until Fox and Moran come up. Let some of your men ride back as far as those woods over yonder;



"He Has Told You the Truth," She Answered Quietly.

and say, it wouldn't do any harm to take a look inside the church. You didn't stop coming out?"

"Naw; we didn't stop fer nuthin'. We thought the way you fellers was a-ridin' yer hed a hot trail, an' so we rode like hell ter git in at the death. 'Tain't likely thar's anyone inside the meetin' house, but I reckon we may as well be sure as long as we're here. No damn fool would hide this close ter the pike. That you, Kelly?"

There was a meaningless growl from an advancing group of horsemen, and Anse swore, spurring his horse forward to meet them.

"By God, Kelly; I've had enough of your damned grouch. Either you'll do as I say, or I'll cave the side of your head in, and have done with it. I've had enough, do you hear? I reckon I'm just as interested in overhaulin' that cuss as you are. Now you obey my orders, an' be quick about it; give me another line of back talk, you Irish bastard, an' I'll blow the whole top of your head off! You're what? Joking! Well, let up on that kind, will you? I'm in no humor for it. Take three or four men, and ride over the ridge, back as far as the rock. The sojers are goin' ter halt yere a minute."

Kelly and his little squad trotted past us, circling the end of the building, the remainder of the group of horsemen, evidently composed of Cowan's gang of cutthroats, scattering along the roadside, with no semblance of military discipline. Raymond touched spur to his horse's flanks, and went trotting back down the road, as though intending to intercept the advancing column, which was not yet visible. Cowan looked after him with a sneer.

"The d—d dandy," he growled to a man just behind, gesturing with one hand. "I don't take orders from nothin' like that. Would you, Jem?"

"I should say not," responded the other, spitting into the road. "Whatever got us tied up yere with these Yankees, Anse, anyhow? I done thought as how we was fightin' against the blue-bellies a bit ago; an' now we're as thick as two fleas. Did yer git yer price?"

Cowan laughed grimly.

"Thar ain't no occasion fer yer ter worry, Jem," he confided, evidently willing the others close about should hear. "We ain't tied up with no Yanks, 'cept fer maybe a few hours.

Hell! thar wasn't nothin' else ter do, but be friendly. Thar was thirty o' us runnin' kerbump inter that bunch o' cavalymen, with ther wagon train a-comin' a hundred yards away.

"We weren't in no shape fer ter fight about a hundred an' fifty sojers. I reckon, tho', we'd a had to if that young popinjay hed been in command. He ain't got the sense of a dried louse. But Cap Fox, he rode out, an' we sorter talked it over. He don't feel very blame kind toward me since our fracas tother night, but he's a sojer, an' he knows what Ramsay wants. That's what I banked on, fer I knew the ginerel had give his orders ter use every means possible ter git us ter help out the Yanks. So I just up an' told ther cap that we was out huntin' fer ther same feller he was; that my father had been killed, an' I reckoned the Reb spy did it, an' ther frum now on we was goin' fer ter fight on ther side. I don't reckon as how he believed much o' what I sed, but all ther same, he had ter pretend he did, an' let us go 'long without no fightin'. So he done sent us on ahead, an' sent that young snip along fer ter watch me. That's the how it happened."

"I see, an' ter morrow we leaves ther holdin' the bag—Hullo, Anse! look thar—It's Kelly comin' back, an', by jinks! he's leadin' two hosses."

Anse swung down to the ground, and ran his hands over the animals, fingering the equipment.

"Didn't the lieutenant say that the spy an' the gurl got off on horses hitched by the hotel?"

"I didn't hear tell."

"Well, I did; anyhow they wasn't army horses they took. By God! I believe they're hidin' now in that church. Here, you Kelly," a new, exultant tone in his voice, "scatter your men out around ther whol' buildin'; we've treed our game, I reckon."

The guerrillas came forward on foot, running, and scrambling up the incline, but inclined to keep well back from the silent church. Jem was clattering down the pike, the clang of his horse's hoofs dying away in the distance. Harwood dropped his gripping hand from off my shoulder, and stepped back from before the window.

"Sergeant."

"Here, sir," and Wharton moved slightly in the darkness, so as to signify his whereabouts.

"You attended to the door?"

"Yes, sir; we found an old iron bar to fit across; they'll have to crush in the wood to get through."

"Let Johnson and McIlvaine join me here; what is the name of that lad I was going to recommend for corporal?"

"O'Hare, sir; Jacob O'Hare."

"Put him in command of the south side, and you take the north; place benches to stand on under the windows, but keep your men down until you get the word. There is to be no firing until I give the order. Tell them they have got to fight for their lives. You understand?"

"Yes, sir; we'll do that, sir."

"Then get to your stations. Now, Wyatt, you command at the other end; there are two windows and a door. Here, take this gun and belt; I can get another." He stopped, and drew in a quick breath, glancing out again through the window.

"Friend Cowan—if that be his name—seems to be waiting for the military to come up," he commented mockingly. "Prefers to let the Yanks pull his chestnuts out of the fire. Perhaps he has known you a long while—hey, Wyatt?"

"The acquaintance has been rather brief, but warm."

"No doubt; well, I'll help make it warmer presently."

"Fair cousin, I do not know where to hide you in safety. This is going to be a real fight, or I am greatly mistaken, and bullets fly wild through the dark."

"If it is left to me," she said quietly, "I prefer to go with Tom Wyatt."

"But you do not understand," I broke in hastily, my pulses throbbing at her unexpected decision. "They may attack—"

"Oh, yes, the lady does, Wyatt," chuckled the lieutenant, his reckless good nature in no wise lost by the desperation of our position. "She is a Harwood, that's all. Hullo! here comes the cavalry! Now, men, to your posts—and stand up to the music."

I caught her hand in mine.

"You—you mean that, Noreen?"

"Yes; do not refuse. I am not afraid," she implored. "Take me with you."

We came to the platform, and felt our way up the steps. It was darker here, yet my eyes, accustomed to the gloom, caught glimpse of crouching figures beyond the pulpit. Outside, sounding some distance away, Kelly's sharp, penetrating voice shouted an order, accompanied by an oath. One of the kneeling figures rose slowly until his eyes were even with the window sill.

"Men," I said quietly, barely loud enough to reach their ears. "I am a sergeant in the Staunton horse artillery. Your lieutenant has just assigned me to take command at this

end of the church. How many are there of you?"

"Ten, sir," answered the one nearest, after a pause, turning his head slightly. "Three at each window, and four at the door."

"You have a prisoner, I understand."

He gave a muffled sound, as though stifling an incipient laugh.

"Nuthin' ter worry 'bout; he's lyin' over thar in the corner with Jack Gold a-guardin' of him. I reckon the cuss likes prayin' better ner fightin' any day o' ther week."

"All right." I dropped my voice to a whisper. "Noreen, it will give us an extra fighting man if you will keep an eye on Nichols, and we'll need them all. I shall be less a coward if I believe you out of danger."

"A coward—you! Yes, of course, I will go."

I stepped across the platform, holding her arm.

"Gold, the lady will watch the prisoner; you join the others at the door."

He moved off, evidently glad enough to be relieved, and I stood erect where I could gaze out through the nearby window into the moonlight night without. I had a moment in which to think, to gather my scattered wits together, to face the situation. Behind me the tramp of approaching horsemen sounded along the pike, the gruff tone of an occasional voice, the clang of accoutrements. Then this noise ceased, as the head of the cavalry column came up to where Cowan and his men waited. I could barely make out the murmur of voices in explanation, muffled by the sound of approaching wheels, signifying the slower advance of the guarded wagons. I heard no orders given, yet the moonlight revealed more numerous figures in the line stretching across the open space.

"Thar's sojers out thar now, sir," whispered the man next the window, fingering his gun nervously, "a slew o' 'em. Do yer know how many they got?"

"Only to guess at it—a couple of hundred altogether, I should say—enough to make it interesting."

I leaned forward, attracted by the sight of two figures standing together in the full gleam of the moon—Cowan and Raymond. So they were to command the rear attack, while Fox and the infantryman remained out in front.

"Have you counted the fellows out there?" I asked.

"'Bout fifty, near as I kin make out; they're movin' 'round some, an' the light is damned bad."

"Then the main body is still in front, and that is where the fight will likely begin. Pass the word no firing until you get the order."

I stepped back, whispering a word to Noreen as I passed, and took place beside the pulpit, where I could see and hear something of what was about to transpire.

CHAPTER XXV.

We Drive Them.

It was silent enough within—not a movement, not a sound. Outside there was scarcely any more noise audible—the occasional pawing of a horse, a distant thud of feet where some infantrymen were being hurried into position, and now and then an indistinct voice. The caution shown, the force displayed about the church, surprised me. Surely no such effort would be made merely because of a vague suspicion that a man and girl might be hidden within. The leaders all knew that I was not likely to surrender without a fight, and that I was armed, yet this could hardly account for such preparation.

Could it be they really had a faint glimmer of the truth—that they realized the possibility of a Confederate raiding party in the neighborhood? They had shot Harwood's picket, and knew him to be a southern cavalryman from the uniform he wore. This might account for the display of force with which they invested the church before demanding admission. No doubt the heavy log walls looked formidable and mysterious in the moonlight. But, if they really suspected a garrison within, why should their line be thus extended, within easy musket shot of the windows? The conclusion I arrived at was that Fox made this open display of force in the hope of avoiding bloodshed. He desired to capture instead of kill, and wished above all else to protect Noreen from danger. If we were alone within the church, escape was clearly impossible, and the probability strong that no resistance would be attempted.

The silence, the long wait, got upon my nerves. I could see little, and the few sounds reaching my ears conveyed no information of value. What were those fellows doing? What could cause their delay? The soldier behind me was humming softly; a foot scraped on the floor to the right; I caught the soft swish of Noreen's skirt as she changed position; the moonbeams glimmered on a lifted rifle barrel, there was all about a suppressed sound of breathing. Good Lord! would they never move! What could they possibly be doing out there? A half dozen blows rang sharp on

the wood of the outer door. Not a sound answered from within, although I could feel the men straighten up and sense the sharp intake of breath. Again the blows crashed, as if struck by the butt of a musket.

"Open up in there!" roared a voice, so muffled as to have no familiar



"Thar's Sojers Out Thar Now," Whispered the Man Next to the Window.

sound, "or we'll break down the door. Come, Mr. Spy, we's got you trapped." "Sergeant Wyatt, the lieutenant wants yer," the whispered words swept down the line of waiting men, and I hurried forward. Harwood was in the dark vestibule close beside the big door.

"That you, Wyatt?" he asked, uncertain as to my identity. "They are after you, and have no idea anyone else is here. You answer, and warn them what they're up against. I don't mind a fight, but am hardly ready to commit murder."

"Do you hear me in there, Wyatt?" the gruff voice without called. "This is your last chance; come, don't be a fool. We know you are there, and there couldn't a rat get out and not be seen."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Is Captain Fox there?"

"Yes—here, Fox; the fellow wants to talk with you."

There was a sound of movement without, the murmur of a word or two spoken in subdued tones; then Fox's voice raised to carry through the intervening wood.

"Sorry this happens to be my job, Wyatt," he said. "For Miss Harwood's sake I hope you will not attempt to fight; we've got a total force out here of over two hundred men."

"So I see," I answered coolly, "including Cowan and my old friend, the lieutenant. Quite a compliment to send half a regiment after one man."

"Our having such a force is largely accident," he responded somewhat stiffly. "But that is neither here nor there; your escape is impossible."

"I am not considering escape," and I spoke loud enough to be heard clearly. "This is going to be a fight, Captain Fox—a real fight."

"A fight! What, you alone?"

"Oh, no; there are men enough in this church to make it quite interesting. That is why I warn you—we are soldiers, not murderers."

"What, you think that bluff will work?"

"Captain Fox," broke in Harwood bluntly, his voice nervously sharp, "I command Troop C, Third Kentucky cavalry. This is no bluff, sir. I give you fifteen minutes to withdraw your men; at the expiration of that time we open fire."

The surprise, the shock of this unexpected development and threat was plainly evident. I heard Fox step back from the door and speak earnestly to someone; Moran swore savagely.

"What force have you?" he roared, the insane question causing Harwood to laugh outright.

"Come and find out," he answered mockingly. "Better go back to the other end now, sergeant," he added in lower voice, and gripped my hand. "The ball is about to open. Where is my lady cousin?"

"I put her on guard over the prisoner. She will be out of range there, and have something to do."

"And gives you another fighting man—I see. Queer duck, that preacher—a bit of a knave, to my notion, and one of the finest lars I have ever heard; he'll bear watching. Ah! our friend the major has come to his senses—look yonder! They are moving back out of range."

"Ay! and concentrating a heavier body of men this way."

"Of course; the first assault will be from the front. Tell Wharton to spare me two or three more men, and send a couple from your end. They may make a rush from all directions, but the real fight will be here; they are going to try us out, that is certain."

I walked back to my station. The line of men threatening this end of the building had been drawn aside, out of direct rifle range, and seemed to be grouped opposite each corner, and were so closely bunched together as to make any estimate of their numbers impossible. They were only shapeless shadows, with moonlight gleaming from their weapons, and an occasional voice breaking the ominous silence. There remained nothing to do but await their action, ready for whatever might occur. I passed along the wall from man to man, assuring myself each was at his station, with loaded weapon, and well-filled cartridge belt.

"The fight will begin in front," I whispered, unable to distinguish faces, "and no firing here until I give the word."

In the darker corner where the prisoner sat motionless against the log wall, my eyes could distinguish nothing.

"Noreen."

"Yes," and she stood up. "Couldn't you see me?"

"Not the faintest shadow. I—I wanted to thank you for the choice you made."

"You mean my coming with you? You are glad I did?"

"Yes, very glad," I said earnestly, "for you are just as safe here, and—and I would rather have you near me. This may prove a desperate struggle; we are terribly outnumbered—and—and, well, you know, you—you trusted yourself to me—you are under my protection."

There was no answer; perhaps I had said too much. Suddenly a volley roared out, startling in the stillness—a shout of command—the sharp bark of carbines—then a grim, threatening yelp of voices. One leap brought me to the window, with gun barrel thrust forward across the sill. The two black shadows were breaking up in headlong rush toward the door at the south corner. I saw figures, not faces, a gleaming of poised weapons, a huddle of leaping bodies.

"Fire!" I roared, my voice rising above the hideous din. "Give it to them!" and pulled trigger.

I have no clear knowledge of what followed—it was all so quickly over with; a mere mad moment crowded with vague glimpses, vanishing and changing in the lurid light of the guns. The whole interior of the church blazed and echoed, the smoke choking us with its fumes, the noise stunning our ears. I heard the chug of bullets flattening against the logs, smothered oaths, the crash of an overturned bench, a scream as shrill as a woman's, that made my heart leap, and Harwood's voice calling out the same word again and again. But although I heard all this, I hardly knew it, my whole thought riveted on those black figures in front of me—those reckless devils we had to kill or drive back.

And we did it! From every window, from every hastily smashed pane beside the door, we poured our fire—the carbines spitting into the dark, their sharp barking incessant. Barrels grew hot, the smoke drove back choking into our faces, but we pulled triggers, aiming as best we could in the moonlight, now changed to a red mist. They stopped; hung for a moment motionless, the ground dotted with the dead; then tried again. There was a roar of musketry, the crack of rifles; bullets chugged into the logs, and came crashing through the windows. Glass showered upon us, and the man next me went over like a log; someone struck me across the face with a bloody hand, and a shot splintered the stock of my gun, numbing my arm to the shoulder. I gripped another weapon out of the stiffening fingers of the man on the floor, firing again blindly into the smoke cloud. For an instant I could see nothing but that white vapor tinged with red and yellow flame; then some breath of air swept it aside, and the attackers were drifting back, running and stumbling.

"Stop firing!" I cried, "they've had enough. Pass the word to those men at the door."

The fight at the front held longer, yet it was scarcely five minutes when the last gun cracked, and a strange silence took the place of that hideous uproar. For an instant not even a cry from the wounded broke the stillness, the men leaning out of the windows watching the disorganized retreat. Then someone gave an exultant yell, and voice after voice caught it up, the old church echoing to the wild battle cry of the South.

"Steady, men, steady!" shouted Harwood from the door of the vestibule, his voice cleaving the din like the blade of a knife. "This is only the first act. Load!"

The light of the moon streamed in through the south windows, revealing the overturned benches, the moving figures along the walls, the smoke cloud drifting upward to the rafters. The lieutenant picked his way down the narrow aisle. He was bareheaded and coatless, and even in that dim light I could perceive a dark stain, like oozing blood, on the front of his shirt.

"You are wounded?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing to worry over," he re-

plied easily, his eyes laughing, "a mere touch in the shoulder, which, however, has put my left arm out of commission. Ah! fair cousin!" and he held up his hand in sudden greeting. "We who are about to die salute you."

"Do not say that," she pleaded. "Surely the victory is ours."

"Ay! we win the first round, but it has cost heavily. I doubt if we have such luck again. What loss have you, Wyatt?"

"Two wounded and one killed," I answered soberly. "We had Cowan's guerrillas to meet out there."

"Yes, I know; the infantrymen stormed the front, and the troopers peppered the side windows. Wharton has three down, while they got five of my lads. The front doors are fairly riddled. They'll consolidate next time, trust to the weight of numbers, and break through. They respect us now, but we haven't licked the fight out of them by a long chalk. I'm going to take three of your men."

He whispered a word to her, some good-natured pleasantry, I thought, as he bowed over her hand as though they parted in a gay parlor; then turned laughing away, and picked his passage down the aisle, a slender, debonaire figure, whistling a gay camp tune. I stared after him, scarcely able to comprehend such gay-spirited recklessness, when he stopped suddenly, and faced about.

"Do what you can for your wounded, Wyatt," he called back, his voice instantly serious, "and keep my fair cousin out of the ruck."

Several figures fell in behind him as he went forward—the men he had asked for from Wharton and O'Hare—all disappearing within the blackness of the vestibule. Leaving one man alone posted at each opening, I had the others of my small company bear the two wounded men to the farther corner, making them as comfortable as possible. The dead man was laid out on one of the benches, and then the three selected for that duty were sent to join the lieutenant. This depletion of force left me a window to defend alone against the second attack, the opening to the left of the pulpit, next to the corner in which lay the wounded men and the prisoner. As I crossed the platform and took my place, Noreen arose from beside one of the bodies and her hands grasped my arm.

"The soldier who was shot in the chest," she said, her voice trembling, "he—he tried to tell me something. I tore my skirt and bound it up, but there was no water. I—I wish he wouldn't groan so."

Her face, white in the moonlight, was uplifted; I even thought I could see the glint of tears in the eyes. Suddenly a great wave of sympathy, of regret, seemed to sweep over me, and I leaned the carbine against the wall, and clasped both her hands in mine.

"We grow accustomed to groans in war," I said swiftly, "but what unmanly me is your being here exposed to all this danger."

"Oh, no one will hurt me; I am not afraid for myself—truly I am not. Captain Fox would never permit them to harm me."

"True; if Fox comes through alive; but Cowan and Raymond are both here, and I know not which I distrust the more. I did wrong to permit your ever coming with me; to risk your life in so desperate a game."

"Do not say that, Tom," her voice eager and earnest. "I am no worse off here than I would be if you had left me in Lewisburg. It was my choice, and ever now I would rather be here with you. Why," she paused, drawing in a quick breath, "if—if I had remained behind I might be helplessly in the grip of Anse Cowan! Have—have you forgotten that?"

"No, I had not forgotten; but there is danger enough here—more than you realize. You have never seen men mad with battle lust, crazed from victory. They see through a red mist, and forget sex. They are coming in here presently, firing and killing, smashing their way through from wall to wall. Your cousin is not the kind to ever raise a white flag—he'll go down fighting, and his men beside him. I've been thinking of it all, my girl, and there is one thing I want you to do now, before the final assault comes."

"What?"

"Let me send you out under flag of truce to the protection of Captain Fox. He'll guard you as he would his own daughter."

"And—and leave you men in here to die?"

"To take our chances, of course; that is a part of the trade. Your remaining with us cannot change the result, whatever it may prove to be—and, with me, it is merely a choice between bullet and rope."

She buried her face in her hands, but there was no sound of sobbing. I waited, ashamed of my inconsiderate words, yet when her eyes were again lifted they were tearless.

"I know," she said, "and you feel that it will be best for you—for you, if I go?"

"Yes, Noreen," earnestly. "The very knowledge that you are here saps my

courage. Surely you can understand why this should be so, for the more desperate our defense the more ruthless our enemies will prove in the hour of victory. The very knowledge of what the result may be would almost lead me to surrender, and to a less degree, your presence here must affect your cousin."

"The lieutenant! Why to a less degree?"

"Because," I broke forth swiftly, "you are less to him. There is no tie between you, except a distant relationship, that is all. His solicitude is merely for the protection of a woman, while I cannot forget that you are my wife."

"A temporary matter, a mere form. So you wish to forget?"

"I did not say that, and have never thought it."

"Yet you regret?"

"Only because of the danger—here comes Harwood."

"Ah! my bold gunner of Staunton," he exclaimed as he stepped on to the pulpit platform, "and is everything



She Buried Her Face in Her Hands.

still quiet here? Now you know what it means when they sing if you want a good time fine the cavalry. Let me get a glimpse without."

He stooped forth into the moonlight, and our eyes took in the same scene. Except for the dead bodies lying in the open, there was little to see, although a few figures, apparently of men, moved back and forth at a distance well beyond range.

"As I thought, Wyatt," said the lieutenant, finally turning about. "They are massing their forces again at the front. My lady, you will witness some real war presently."

"They may delay the next attack till daylight."

"No such luck; those fellows are soldiers, not Indians, and are anxious to get through with the job."

"I have been urging your cousin to let us send her out under flag of truce," I said quietly, "to the protection of Captain Fox."

"That is really what I came back here for," he admitted, "and we haven't any time to spare. What say you, fair cousin?"

She stood between us, and before she answered her eyes sought both our faces.

"My choice is to stay." Suddenly I felt her hand on mine. "You will not refuse me this privilege, Tom?"

"No," reluctantly; yet at the same time strangely delighted at the prompt decision, "but I thought the other best."

Harwood laughed lightly. "Again the blood," he said gayly. "Bah! so far as I was concerned the asking was mere form; the answer was already in the lady's eyes. But I must go back to my lambs."

"You have secured the door?"

"The best we can; braced it with benches solid to the wall. The wood will not resist long, but 'twill make an ugly abatis for the Yanks to clamber in over."

He lifted his cap gallantly, and turned away, humming some gay tune softly as he felt his way along the moonlit aisle. His very light-heartedness left me sober and depressed. She must have realized all this, for her handclasp tightened.

"You are sorry? You wished me to go?"

"I hardly know, Noreen; I have every confidence in Fox—who is making that noise? Is it the preacher?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

One Way of Escape.

He was propped up against the wall, not far from us, and I bent over, noting how he was bound. Instantly I cut the cords and began rubbing the man's wrists to restore circulation.

"I never noticed you were strung up like that, Nichols," I said earnestly. "Who did the job?"

"The sergeant," he answered, chok-

ing. "I tried ter speak as soon as I saw you an' the lady yere, but I couldn't git the gag out er my mouth. Bend down a bit lower; I don't want none o' them sojers ter hear."

"All right—what is it?"

"Yer ol' Jedge Wyatt's boy, ain't yer?"

"Yes."

"An' she's the darter o' Major Harwood?"

"This is Noreen Harwood."

"I thought so, but thar ain't hardly light 'nough fer me ter be sure. I married yer over cross ther mountings—an' is Anse Cowan along with them Yanks out thar?"

"Yes, and all the gang, excepting old Ned, who was shot last night."

"You shot him?"

"Well, it was my pistol; we were fighting together." Suddenly a thought swept through my mind. "See here, Nichols, you are in as bad shape as we are. Anse has treated you like a dog, and he will never forgive you for that marriage, even if it was performed to save your life—"

"It wasn't," he chuckled. "I wa'n't afeerd yer would shoot. I was thet mad at Anse I didn't care; but I reckon he'll 'bout skin me alive if ever he ketches me yere."

"Do you know of any way out?"

He glanced about cautiously, to assure himself that no soldier was within earshot.

"The baptistry under the pulpit; this is a Baptist church, and ther is an opening in the floor just back of where you are. Feel a little to the left—yes, about thar—don't you touch an iron ring? What? Well, thar's one thar, an' it lifts two puncheon slabs spiked together."

"Yes, but what is below—just a tank?"

His voice trembled with eager excitement, and he gripped me tightly. "I ain't afeerd ter tell you, 'cause I knew both yer daddies, an' I reckon yer'll take me 'long with yer, won't you? Yer won't leave me yere fer ter face that Anse Cowan? Ye'll promise me that?"

"Of course, Nichols," I said soothingly, the man's cowardice almost disgusting. "If you show us a way of escape we'll go together if the chance comes—what is it? Speak quick?"

"I—I know the ol' trail over the mountings down ter Covington; I reckon as how you couldn't never git thar without me. I—I thought it all out while I was lyin' yere trussed up like a turkey, but they never giv' me no chance fer ter get loose. Now if you folks will cut this yere rope offen my legs I'll show yer how fer ter git out—an' nobody'll never know nuthin' 'bout it."

"Explain first," I said shortly. "As far as trust goes, I have confidence in you, Nichols. Just so far as I can see, you. What is below?"

"Five steps leadin' down inter a wood tank," he explained slowly, realizing that his only hope of release lay in a full description. "It's empty now, an' dry as a board; ain't been a baptistry yere in six months. The place whar' the water runs out is at the south side, right down 'gainst the bottom; ther cover ter the opening is screwed tight by a wheel. Ol' Ned Cowan made ther contraption, an' yer kin stand on ther upper step an' open an' shut the thing, an' never git yer feet wet."

"And how big is the opening?"

"Wal, I don't jist know, but I've crawled through thar fixing a leak, an' if I did it onct, I reckon I kin again. 'Taint mor'n 'bout six feet beyond ther wall till it hits the edge o' ther ravine. Thet's why the Yanks didn't make no attack on thet side o' ther church—thar ain't no room."

The whole situation lay clear before me. I had no thought of utilizing this unexpected opportunity myself, for I meant to stay with the others, and perform my part of the fighting to the end. But here was protection, and possible escape, for Noreen. Yet could the preacher be trusted? Would he play fair if I released him, and left them alone together? Did not his interests also lie in getting away safely? What act of treachery could he commit, and, besides the girl was armed.

"How do you light this church?"

"Candles mostly," surprised at the question, "yer ain't goin' fer ter light up, are you?"

"Not here—no; but below; where is ther one?"

"I reckon on thet thar shelf in the pulpit yer'll find a dozen er so."

"Bring a couple here, Noreen."

She slipped across silently, and came back with two in her hand.

"You are going to try to get away?" she whispered cautiously.

"No, not now. An opportunity may come later. If it was possible to slip all these men out I would gladly do so—but it is already too late for any such attempt. But there is a chance for you, and it is even barely possible that, when all hope of defense is over, I may find some way of joining you."

"You—promise that?" she asked.

"If I consent to go, you—you will come later if you can?"

"Yes; I will pledge myself to accept every chance, when I can do no more fighting. I'll come to you, if I live.

Now, Nichols, listen—I am going to set you free, and permit you to slip down through that trap door with this lady. She is armed, and she knows how to shoot. Attempt one treacherous trick and you pay the penalty."

"I ain't thet kind," he whined.

"Oh, yes you are; but it will never pay this time. Don't take your eyes off him, Noreen; the moment that trap door closes light the candle, and keep the revolver ready. Make him unscrew the cap, and leave it off out of the way. Set the candle down in one corner as far back as possible. You better go out first."

"I—I am not to wait for you?" he bewildered.

"Not in there—no; outside, for they might fire the building. Nichols, where is the best place for the two of you to hide so I could find you?"

"In the woods to the west; there is a trail half way down the ravine a climbin' up—an' ol' hog trail."

My fingers touched his throat, and I bent lower staring straight into his eyes.

"Now, mark well what I say, Nichols. I am going to release you, and give you a chance to get away. But you stay with the woman—do you hear! Stay with her until you both reach the Confederate lines at Covington. If I ever get out of here alive, and learn you have attempted any trick, I'll run you down, Nichols, if it takes ten years. Now I'll cut the rope, and you creep over to where that ring is in the floor, and wait my order."

Evidently his limbs were numb from the tight cord, for he crept the few feet painfully, and then sat up rubbing the afflicted parts with both hands. I swept one glance out through the window, and then about the dim interior, endeavoring to locate the men nearest us. Only one stood close enough to observe our movements, and I sent him with a message to the sergeant.

"Now, Noreen," I whispered swiftly, "this is the best time. Take these papers; they are for Jackson; give them to the first Confederate officer you meet, and have them forwarded at once. Don't trust Nichols for a single moment out of range of your revolver."

"You will not come?"

"Not now; you would not wish me to desert my comrades—would you?"

"Oh, I do not know! I do not know, it is so hard to decide. You really wish me to go? It will please you?"

"Yes."

"And you will come if—if you can? I am to wait, and—and hope for you?"

"I pledge you my word, dear girl." She clung to my hands, her face uplifted in the moonlight.

"I—I am your wife," she said softly, and I—I want you to—"

Three shots rang out clear and distinct without, and a voice shouted hoarsely.

"Stand to it, lads!" cried Harwood from the dark vestibule. "The Yanks are coming!"

I swung her light form across the platform to where Nichols crouched.

"Quick now, both of you! Careful; don't fall, Noreen! Go on, man; I'll close the trap—and God help you if you don't remember!"

(To be Continued)

Cough Medicine for Children.

Mrs. Hugh Cook, Scottsville, N. Y., says: "About five years ago when we were living in Garbutt, N. Y., I doctored two of my children suffering from colds with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and found it just as represented in every way. It promptly checked their coughing and cured their colds quicker than anything I ever used." Obtainable everywhere.

We as farmers have not been as independent and self-reliant as our occupation permits. We have as busy people engaged in production given too little thought to government, leaving such questions as political affairs and economic discussions to others whom we have considered more capable to deal with such questions. As a result our interest has not been protected as it should be and the authority we have delegated to others no more competent than we has sometimes been abused. Why not think, act and work for ourselves and demand a fair dealing from others?—Farm & Ranch.

Nervous Women.

When the nervousness is caused by constipation, as is often the case, you will get quick relief by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. These tablets also improve the digestion. Obtainable everywhere.

Staple Goods

Outings—the heaviest that money buys, all colors, clearance price per yard—**8c**
 Brown domestic, 36 ins. wide, the best 12 1/2c ever bought, clearance price—**9c**
 Brown domestic 36 ins. wide, regular price by every body 10c, clearance price—**7c**
 Cotton flannel, the best grade, a good heavy one, regular price 12 1/2c, clearance price **9c**

Silk Goods

Brocaded shantung, 26 ins. wide colors light blue, old rose, brown, gray and red, regular price 35c and 50c, clearance price—**20c**
 Embroidered taffeta, 36 inches wide, colors blue and pink, regular price 50c, clearance price—**43c**

White Goods

Now is a good time to buy your white laces—all laces reduced.
 Grenadine brocade, 27 ins. wide, regular price 25c, clearance price—**17c**
 Poplin in white and cream, 27 inches wide, regular price 25c, clearance price—**15c**



In black, regular price 13.50, clearance price—**8.75**
 Few ladies' coats in brocaded effects, trimmed with fur on collar and cuffs, regular price 13.50, clearance—**6.45**
 Ladies' black astrochian coats, only, that formerly sold for 13.50, clearance price—**6.45**
 Ladies' gray astrochian coat, regular price 10.00, clearance price—**6.45**
 Only 1 ladies' brown coat, regular price 8.00, clearance price—**5.75**

Men's and Boys' Clothing

1 lot men's tan and plaid suits, regular price 12.50, clearance price—**8.25**
 Men's gray all-wool suits, regular price 13.50, clearance price—**10.75**
 1 lot men's suits in plaids only, regular price 16.50, clearance price—**13.45**
 6121 in blue serge and gray—the best values in America at only—**15.00**
 1 lot men's blue worsted suits for \$10, clearance price **6.95**
 See these suits for you will miss the opportunity of your life. If you want a suit and do not see this one.



men's **Coats** pants are over that money ever bought, at 2.50, 3.50 and 5.00. We will save you money.

Boys' Pants

Here is where we are overstocked and must move them. Every pair of pants in this department must be moved and to do this we realize we must make a price on them. Ask to see them.

Rain Coats

Men's rain coats in tan only, regular price 5.00, clearance price—**4.00**
 Ladies' rain coats, tan only, regular price 5.00, clearance price—**3.75**

The Hat Table

When we say "the hat table" we mean a hat table that has hat values on it—a table that offers them for less money than you can buy them elsewhere.

Shoe Department

All hats on this table that formerly sold for 2.50 and 3.00, clearance price—**1.75**
 We are going to offer you a few items in shoes that are money savers.



clearance price—**1.93**
 1 lot Eber's shoes, No. 3564 that sold for 2.25, clearance **1.95**
 We have many other values in shoes but can't list them.

Furniture

Not having room to handle a full line of furniture we are closing out what we have at some very low prices.
 Dressers regular price 12.50 now—**\$7.95**
 Bed springs, regular price 2.25, now—**1.65**
 Mother'ses, regular price 3.50, now—**2.75**
 Cane bottom chairs, regular price 65c, now—**55c**
 Baby rockers, regular price 75c, now—**65c**
 Kitchen safes, regular price 5.00, now—**3.25**

Stoves! Stoves!

When we say Stoves! Stoves! that means that we have bought two cars of stoves this fall. We have enjoyed a nice stove business this fall, but we have a few more stoves we want to move before January 1st, to do so we are offering
 Regular 35.00 stoves for—**\$27.00**



Simmond four cutter saw—**\$3.25**
 Blue grass axes, the best—**1.25**
 Diskon, regular 2.50 hand saw—**1.95**
 Double barrel shot gun—**3.00**
 Single barrel shot gun—**2.50**
 Single barrel shot gun—**4.25**
 22 long or short rifle—**6.00**
 25 long or short rifle—**6.50**
 Air rifles, for the boys Xmas present—**3.00**
 Boys wagons. Give the boy a present that he will be proud of. Range from 1.00 up to—**1.75**

Drugs

Wine of Cardui
 1.00 bottle for—**70c**

Plows

We want to remind you that we have a full supply of G. A. Kelly Plows. Anything that has Kelly's name on it in the shape of a plow we have it.

Grocery Department

The largest and most complete stock that has ever been carried in Grapeland, both staple and fancy. We are going to reduce this stock before January 1st,



flour in town per sack—**1.60**
 Extra high patent flour per sack—**1.50**
 Our best high patent flour per sack—**1.45**
 We have good flour at per sack—**1.25**
 8 lbs best green coffee for—**1.00**
 10 lbs good green coffee for—**1.00**
 9 lbs good roasted coffee for—**1.00**
 7 lbs extra good coffee for—**1.00**
 One half bushel of coffee for—**1.75**
 2 1/2 lb bucket good luck baking powder for—**20c**
 8 packages success soda for—**25c**
 9 bars silk soap for—**25c**
 8 bars Clarette soap for—**25c**
 6 bars Crystal white soap for—**25c**
 4 10c cans lye for—**25c**
 Brown mule tobacco per pound—**30c**
 Brown mule tobacco 3 plugs for—**23c**
 Peach Snuff per bottle—**15c**
 Garret Snuff per bottle—**19c**



For want of space ask for what you want

Grapeland **KENNEDY BROTHERS** **Texas**



Letters to Santa Claus

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915.
Dear Santa:
Please bring me a doll, doll bed, doll house, candy, nuts, set of dishes. Don't forget my sister. So bye bye, Santa Claus. From a little friend,
Maude Owens.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13.
Dear Santa Claus:
We have been good boys and girls. I wish that you would come and see us. I want some apples and some toys.
Frank Montgomery.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am writing you to tell you what I want for Christmas. I want a doll, doll buggy, a little stove, and some fruits and nuts. Be sure and bring Mrs. Santa with you. As ever your little friend.
Lois Murchison.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a doll, tea set, also some fruits, nuts and candy; also bring Miss Louise, my teacher, some cut glass. Your little friend,
Loye Yarbrough.

Grapeland, Texas
Dear Santa:
Please bring me an air gun, shot for it, and a cap pistol, fire crackers, roman candles, and all kinds of fruit and all kinds of nuts, and don't forget little sister.
John Chilton Alsop.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a doll with long hair and pink dress, a doll bed, a harp, some apples, nuts, and candy, and I want a bracelet, too, and be sure to bring my baby sister a doll with long hair and a blue dress—one that can open and shut its eyes, a harp, some apples, nuts and candy. I write for her as she is too little to write. Your little friend,
Pearl Murchison.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a big doll, doll stove, doll buggy, and candy, nuts, apples, oranges, nice little tea set and a little rocker. Santa, bring sister a little doll that has long hair; bring brother an air gun and a little horse and saddle; bring mama a nice dress. Well, daddy is hard to please, so bring him a chew of tobacco. Don't forget my sisters and my little brother. I guess I had better write for my little sisters for they can't write for themselves. So bye bye, from
Your loving friend,
Luella Muaddock.

Dear Santa Claus:
We have been good little boys and girls and want you to come to see us. Please bring me a pump air gun and some shells, a water pistol, an erector set, fireworks, nuts, fruits and candy, and anything else you want to bring. Don't forget the poor little children.
Your little friend,
Willie Gray Darsey.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 10.
Old Santa Claus,
Dear Sir:
As Xmas is drawing near and we are two little cousins living in the same home, we write you and ask you to be kind enough to bring us a little violin a piece, a pop gun and a horn like those at Smith's drug store and other little toys as you see fit to give little boys.
Your little friends,
Mulkey Owens and Elton Parker.



After a Strenuous Christmas Day

Elkhart, Texas, Dec. 10.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me some nice books about boys, also some fire crackers and some roman candles and nuts. Bring my cousin Leland a harp. By by.
Ed Earl Musick.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 4.
Dear Old Santa:
Please bring me an air gun, an automatic pistol, a little wagon and some nuts and candy.
Jack Goodnight.

Augusta, Texas, Dec. 9.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a little wagon, an air gun, some fruits and some fire works. Your friend,
John Smith Sloan.

Grapeland, Texas.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy 6 years old and I have been a real good boy for a long time. I want you to bring me a water pistol, a book, some nuts, apples, oranges, roman candles and fire crackers. Your little friend,
Jim Kennedy.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me an engine, an automobile, candy, nuts, fruit and raisins. Don't forget Mama, Papa and Aunt May.
Your little friend,
Guy Ed Bruton.

Grapeland, Texas, Nov. 29.
Dear Santa Claus:
I have been a good girl and have minded my mother and want you to come and see me this Christmas and bring me a doll, a wash board, all kinds of nuts, fancy and stick candy, a doll buggy, a cradle and a set of tin dishes and cups. So that is all.
Your truly,
Ruth Kennedy.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 4, 1915.
Dear Santa:
Please bring me a doll, dresser, dishes and table, some nuts and candy.
Laura May Goodnight.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 8.
Dear Santa:
I wish you would bring me a foot ball, a building set, some B B shot for my air rifle, a bow and arrow set, roman candles, cannon crackers, fire crackers, nuts of all kinds and candies of all kinds. I live in the little brown cottage around the corner. Don't forget to bring my sister and Miss Louise something nice, too.
Your little boy,
Starley Boykin.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a toy piano, a toy dresser, a little set of dishes, and a doll table, and bring some apples, oranges, raisins and candy. Bring Lemoine a doll so he wont want my new one.
Your friend,
Salena Bess Irwin.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a doll and doll buggy, and bring me a pair of gloves, a book satchel, a little iron, some fruits, nuts and candies. Your little friend,
Grace Richards.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13.
Dear Santa Claus:
It will soon be Christmas again and I will try to be a good boy. Bring us all something nice. Bring mother a tea-cart. Bring sister a set of cut glass. Bring the baby a ball and a carriage rocker. Daddy is hard to please. Bring him a chew of tobacco. I want a story-book, a wind-mill, a foot-ball and a horn. I'd like some roman candles and some fire-crackers. I want some candy, fruits and all kinds of nuts.
Your little friend,
C. W. Kennedy, Jr.

Dear Santa Claus:
We have been good little boys and girls and want you to come to see us. Please bring me an air gun, a water pistol, an erector set, a bugle, fireworks, fruits, nuts and candies of all kinds.
Dewitt Richards.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please send me a rain coat, sand-mill, fruits, candies and fireworks, or any other nice present. Don't forget my little sisters. Your little friend,
Lenard Allen.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915.
Santa Claus:
North Pole.

Dear Santa Claus:
I know you are awfully cold away up there and will be glad when Christmas comes and you can come down here where it is pleasant. I am going to be a good little girl and you must not forget me when you are making your rounds. I want you to bring me a doll, a doll bed, a doll buggy and a set of doll dishes. Please bring me some candy and fruits too. Your friend,
Marguerite Sullivan.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a pig with a saddle on, some marbles, a cart with a mule to it, and a drum. Also oranges, apples raisins and bean candy. Your friend,
Mac Neal Irwin.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a good little boy, five years old, and want you to be sure to remember me Christmas. I am going to hang up my stocking and hope you will bring me an air gun, a tricycle, some firecrackers and roman candles. Your friend,
Buckshot Sullivan.

Augusta, Texas, Dec. 9, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy 10 years old. I live in the country about a half mile from Augusta. I will tell you what I want: An air gun, a pistol, a bugle, a little red wagon, and some fruit and some fire works. I will close.
Your friend,
Johnnie Powell.

Oakgrove, Dec. 12, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
We would like for you to bring us some nice presents, as we are going to have a Christmas tree. We would like to have a nice little doll, some fruits and candy; some nuts, in fact anything except money—that would scare us. Just come on and bring anything you have to spare as we are not hard to please.
Your little friends,
Mollie and Ella Parker.

Salmon, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
I do not go to school, as I am only four years old. Now listen and I will tell you what I want you to bring me. I want a doll that will open and shut its eyes, some apples, oranges and candy. Now Santa, if you will bring me this I will be pleased and let you carry the other poor boys and girls something. So bye bye,
Agnes Campbell.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 11, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
I want you to please bring me a little wagon with a little mule hitched to it, and a harp, and a little tricycle, and some oranges and nuts, and bring little brother, J. B., some nuts and candy and apples. Santa, I am four years old and little brother is two years old. Your little friend,
Charlie Mack Streetman.

Grapeland, Texas.
Dear Santa:
Please bring me a big doll and a nice black board. I will be 4 years old January 3, 1916.
Grace Evelyn Edington.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 8, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
I want you to bring me a little breast pin, and some candy and oranges and nuts, so good bye. I am a little girl seven years old.
Katie Cherry.

Augusta, Texas, Dec. 5, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am going to write you about what I want Christmas. Please bring me a saddle and bridle for my colt, an air gun, fruit and some nuts and fire works. I've tried to be a good boy.
Sincerely,
Octa Newman.

Augusta, Texas.
Dear Santa Claus:
Bring me some oranges, apples, nuts, raisins, candy, a doll and a doll stove, and anything else that you think would be nice for a little girl. Bring something for mama and papa.
Your little girl,
Lillian Grey Sheridan.

Augusta, Texas, Dec. 5, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a little doll that can go to sleep, a little stove, and fruit, candies and nuts. I have a little brother, O. D., who wants you to bring him a halter for his coat, a pistol and nuts, fruit and candy.
Lovingly yours,
Zenobia Dennis.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 8, 1915.
Dear Old Santa:
I will write and tell you what I want. I want a pistol and lots of caps and some candy, apples, oranges and nuts. O, yes, I want a nice little knife and my brother wants a rubber ball. I am a little boy ten years old.
Reagin Cherry.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 6, 1915.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a tricycle, nuts, a story book, fire crackers, roman candles, apples, oranges, candies, pop-gun and a rubber ball. I live at New San Pedro, about six miles from town. My name is Lawson Kleckley.

Grapeland, Texas, Dec. 13.
Dear Santa Claus:
I want you to bring me an air gun and some shot for it, and a water pistol, some fireworks, and a few other things; some candy and nuts too. I want you to bring me a sky-rocket too. I will close,
Your little friend,
MANLEY JONES.

Percilla, Texas.
Dear Santa Claus:
I want you to bring me a doll and some apples, candies and nuts, and Santa, please bring my big brother a little toy fiddle and some apples and some candy and nuts. And bring my baby brother a little wagon with a horse to it, also apples, candies, nuts and bring all the other little children something. Wish you all a merry Christmas. Good bye. From Lola Bell Dickey.

Creek, Texas, Dec. 4, 1915.
Dearest Santa Claus:
Thought I would write you early so that you will have plenty of time to get down here, but be careful when you come cause you might fall in the river. Be sure to bring with you a bicycle, some games, fire works, fruit and candy. Remember my two little sisters. I live in the same house that I did last Xmas.
Your little friend,
Carrie Lois Taylor.

..OUR CONTEST..

CLOSES THIS WEEK

We will continue to give Cash Register Checks and extra FREE Votes up until the close of business Saturday December 18th, this week, at which time our contest closes.

TURN YOUR VOTES IN

All votes must be turned in to be counted not later than Monday Night mail, December 20th.

BE CAREFUL

Please be careful and write the name of contestant and his or her District on each package of votes turned in, so that we can place them where they belong, and turn them in to be counted not later than Monday Night, December 20th.

FREE VOTES: We will give extra FREE VOTES As Advertised this week.

Extra Free Votes

In Dry Goods Department, Beginning Thursday, Dec. 2nd and Continuing Until Saturday, Dec. 18.

With each ladies' coat suits we will give	1000
With each ladies' coat or dress skirt will give.....	500
With each man's suit we will give.....	1000
With each boy's suit we will give.....	500
With each man's Stetson hat we will give.....	500

These extra free votes in connection with big cut prices that we are making as advertised makes this the greatest of our offers.

Extra Free Votes

On stoves, furniture, shot guns and saddles, beginning Thursday, Dec. 2, and continuing until Dec. 18

We will give extra free votes as follows:

With each cooking stove.....	1000
With each saddle.....	1000
With each dresser.....	1000
With each double barrel shot gun.....	1000
With each bed stead.....	500
With each set Legget & Platt bed springs.....	500
With each single barrel shot gun.....	500
With each rocking chair.....	300
With each mattress.....	300

Extra Special:

For each of the ten contestants that have the largest amount of votes at our last call and who have not received a premium during this contest, we will give a nice premium at our last count. This offer covers all districts and means that we will give 10 additional premiums at our last call. We are giving extra free votes on several lines of goods, which, with the low prices that we are making, makes this a good chance for you to get your friends to help you in this last call.

GEORGE E. DARSEY

LOCAL NEWS

John B. Stetson hats in a big variety of shapes at Darsey's.

County Attorney Ben Dent was up from Crockett Saturday.

Men—see the new ties at Darsey's—25c to \$1.00.

Deputy Sheriff Will Musick of Crockett was here last Saturday.

Give useful gifts this Christmas. Buy them at Darsey's.

Dr. W. D. McCarty is having his residence recovered.

A big lot of 50c sweaters for men and boys at Darsey's.

Porter Fulton of Palestine spent Sunday here with his friends.

A big new lot of men's neckwear in beautiful holiday boxes. Darsey's.

Frank Luce and family of the San Pedro community moved to Elkhart the first part of the week.

\$8.90 buys a genuine all wool blue serge suit at Darsey's. We guarantee them to you. Other suits up to \$14.90.

G. W. North and family have moved to Grapeland to reside in the future. The Messenger extends them a hearty welcome.

We are in the market for sound dry black eyed peas, also small whites. Waller Grocer Co., Trinity, Texas.

Grapeland merchants are well prepared to handle the holiday trade. Bright new stocks of holiday goods greet you on every hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Music of the New Prospect community were very pleasant callers at the Messenger office while in town last Friday.

Manicure sets with pearl and French Ivory handles—\$2.50 to \$7.50 at Darsey's.

Hats cleaned and re-blocked, made to look new. New bands put on inside and outside. M. L. Clewis.

Don't overlook the big values in men's, boys and ladies clothing at Darsey's.

Keep the bowels active if you would preserve your health. A dose of Prickly Ash Bitters now and then does this to perfection. Told by D. N. Leaverton.

NOTICE--FOR SALE

1 brick building, 27x100, and entire stock of merchandise and five business lots in the town of Grapeland. Must sell. If interested see J. J. Brooks.

We have a car of brick now on hand. If you need any, get them now, while they can be bought for 80c per 100, \$8.00 per 1000. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

Men's Suits—\$8.90 to \$14.90 until Christmas. Everyone is guaranteed. No cheap stuff or hard styles forced on you at these prices. Blue serges and fancy worsteds. Buy your Xmas suit from Geo. E. Darsey.

LOOK OUT

For 1 bay mare about 15 hands high, about 10 years old, scar on left shoulder; taken from Richard Pennington's farm last Friday night. \$5.00 reward for return. A. B. Spence, Grapeland, Texas.

Tuesday morning a fire alarm was turned in from North Grapeland. About seventy five men and boys made a run, and discovered that it was a negro cabin belonging to Mr. Julian Walling. When the bucket brigade arrived the flames had made such headway that it was impossible to put it out.

JENNINGS SHOW COMING WEDNESDAY

Mr. Jennings, manager of the Jennings show company, phones us that his company will be here Wednesday, Dec. 22, and will give the first performance Wednesday night. Some repairs had to be made on their cars in Palestine Monday, and on account of the Lyceum attraction at the auditorium Tuesday night, they will not be here until Wednesday night. Mr. Jennings says his show this year is better than ever—and our people may expect something real good for they have a good reputation for high-class plays. Remember the first performance will be Wednesday night, December 22, in their tent.

Just received two cars of cypress shingles, will sell at the old price of \$1.50 and \$2.50 per 1000, but they won't last long, and the next will cost you more because they are going up. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS VIA I&GN RY.

1-1-3 fare round trip tickets to Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Memphis on sale Dec. 18, 23, 24, 25, 26 and Jan. 1, limit Jan. 5. To Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, Washington, Baltimore, all points in southeast and several points in Colorado, sell Dec. 21, 22 and 23; limit Jan. 18. See Ticket Agent, I. & G. N. Ry.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

It Always Helps

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

I wish every suffering woman would give

GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

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

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

Get a Bottle Today!

Why Suffer and Die With Lung Trouble

When I have cured hundreds of others and can cure you? I also treat all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Your treatment absolutely free.

MODERATE CHARGE FOR BOARD AND NURSING

COME AND SEE US

G. W. NORTH

GRAPELAND, TEXAS

M. L. CLEWIS, Tailor

CLEANING

— and —

PRESSING

DONE THE SANITARY WAY

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Moderate Prices

TAILOR MADE CLOTHING A SPECIALTY
SEE OUR NEW FALL SAMPLES

"Competition Consists of More Than Quotation Marks."

MASURY

PURE MIXED HOUSE PAINTS

Have been made continuously for 75 years. (Est. 1853)—Has millions of users—the best known—Most Widely distributed—The BEST paint made.

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY

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

John Spence

Lawyer

Crockett, : : : Texas
Office Upstairs over Monzingo Millinery Store

VETINARY L. S. HARRIS

Crockett, Texas

Will visit Grapeland second Saturday in each month. At Bobbitt's Stable

Jim McLean returned last Friday from his annual deer hunt in Dimmit county. The party killed fifteen deer and Mr. McLean brought one large one home with him. He always "brings home the bacon" when he goes on these big hunts.

Do Your Shopping Here

Our Christmas Goods

ARE NOW ON DISPLAY

We earnestly request that you call and inspect our extensive line, which is comprised of a varied assortment of goods that are well suited for gift-giving and are moderately priced. We advise you to call soon because the "good ones" will go fast.

. D. N. Leaverton .

The Place to Buy Gifts

Take Hall's Chill Tonic EUCALINE

You will not have the best if you fail to get EUCALINE for Malaria, Chills and Fever. It acts on the liver and bowels and relieves the system of the cause, pleasant to take.

FIFTY CENTS by YOUR DRUGGIST
Take Hall's Chill Tonic

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

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

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

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

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

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

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

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

THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1915

A merry Christmas to you.

Many more merry Christmases, too.

And may they be more than merry.

Peace in America and goodwill to ourselves! The rest of the world is raising too much hell to be included.

The Jacksonville Banner says that Henry Ford's trip abroad to try to stop the war is the latest Ford joke.

Peace talk comes filtering across the briney deep, but as the differences between the belligerents just at this time seem irreconcilable, we do not look for or expect an early declaration of peace.

Dallas was denied the democratic national convention, but Dallas and Texas lost nothing by the game fight put up. Hereafter it means that Texas—the great heart of the Southwest and the home of big democratic majorities—must be reckoned with. Incidentally Dallas got a lot of good free advertising—and that is a consolation.

Speaking of what to buy for Christmas, the Bryan Eagle says: "Do not buy that which will force the one who receives it to buy something to go with it." Then we hope that none of our friends will give us an automobile for our Christmas present, because there would be blowouts, repair bills, gasoline bills to pay, and the madam would want an automobile hood, coat, and what not. No, we hope no friend of ours will give us a car.

Why not extend the Christmas spirit throughout the whole year? Why confine our good will and fellowship to a few days? If the Christmas spirit was carried out throughout the year, it would bind humanity together with an unbreakable cord of friendship. It would stop wars and alleviate suffering and make this old world radiate with happiness. Let your motto be, "Peace on earth good will to men" three hundred and sixty five days in the year.

All hail to Christmas day; it draws all the good forth from our natures until we really love our neighbor as ourselves. We rise out of our selfishness and seek to bless others, and we rejoice over another's joy. We are happy because others are happy and our happiness makes other hearts glad. We have a sorrow, but put it away; have we an ani-

mosity, we bury it; have we grudges, we pierce them with an arrow; have we an unforgiving spirit, we crush it; and come forth in newness of life this day into a new world ruled by love, ordered by love and permeated with love. A wonderful peace hallows all things, and kindness wells up in every heart throb, and our "Merry Christmas" carries with it so much of good will the whole atmosphere is filled with the music, and the re-echo of the Merry Christmas keeps returning as if it could never quite die out again, and so it goes ringing, ringing on, Merry Christmas, and we pass it along—to all a Merry Christmas.

Money spent lavishly for Christmas gifts is money wasted. A gift based upon friendship, though it be some simple thing, will be appreciated by the recipient more than some outlandish thing that is of no earthly value. Wholesale gift-giving—giving something with the expectation of getting something in return—is a crime and destroys the Christmas spirit. Be conservative with your gifts and give them with the sole idea of making the recipient happy.

John Owens, who has been in the employ of THE NEWS for the past two months, left Sunday for his home in Grapeland, where he has accepted a permanent position with THE MESSENGER. John is a good printer and an excellent young man and made many friends while here, who will regret his departure.—Rusk County News.

Thanks, Mr. Harris. We appreciate having had an opportunity to work for and with such clever people, and assure you that the time spent with you will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant periods of our career. We can tell the world that Henderson is a "corking" good town, inhabited by some of the best people it has ever been our pleasure to meet and know.

NEWSY LETTER FROM GLOVER

(Delayed)

Dec. 6.—Health is very good in this community.

School is progressing nicely with Miss Willie Arledge for our teacher. The children are learning fast and all like their teacher.

We regret that we are going to lose one of our neighbors, Mr. W. T. Payne, who has bought a place near Belott and will move some time in the near future. Our loss, but someone else's gain, for Dock is a good neighbor and a fine man.

R. R. Thames finished making up his syrup last week, making 277 gallons of as fine syrup as you ever saw.

Mr. W. T. Craig is at work at his cane this week. He thinks he will make about 150 gallons. Guess the people here will have plenty of syrup, bread, meat and potatoes for another year.

Guess Mr. Lonzo Thompson aims to keep warm this winter for he has just finished up his new chimney. Hurrah for you Lonzo, for their are more new chimneys needed in this community. Probably some one else will follow suit.

Guess Mr. Editor thinks Crab Apple is dead but not so yet, but have been too careless and indolent to write. Will do better after a rest. Crab Apple.

NEWS ITEMS FROM PERCILLA

Dec. 13.—We are having some fine weather at present.

Moving and getting ready for the 1916 crop is the order of the day, so lets not forget the slogan "Texas Feed Herself". We believe it was one of the causes of cotton bringing 12 cents per lb. So lets be sane another year and we will accomplish even more than the one just coming to a close. With plenty of feed in the barn for old Beck, Pide and the chickens on the yard, meat in the smokehouse, potatoes in the bank, and syrup in the jug; I want to say, with all of this at home, you will have a pretty hard time starving a fellow to death. We, as an educated people can have all of this if we will only make an effort. I say educated because I think the southern farmer has been taught a lesson which should be worth millions of dollars to him. The point I want to impress is this: Raise plenty of everything possible at home and if anything has to go hungry let it be the cotton market.

Rev. Hodges preached a fine sermon for us yesterday. Percilla has been added to the Porter Springs circuit and Rev. Hodges has charge of the work.

Our school is moving along nicely with over 100 enrolled.

O. L. Lively has moved to Elkhart. We are always sorry to give up our good neighbors, but we wish them success in their new home.

The teachers of Percilla school expect sometime in the near future to have an old fashion spelling match. They expect to use the old Blue Back Speller. Those that used to use the old Blue Back Speller are expected to take part in the spelling. Watch the Messenger for the date. You are expected to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Henderson of Ratcliff are visiting relatives here this week.

Trawl Fitchett visited his brother, Charlie at Jacksonville last week.

W. J. Branch is spending his time in Grapeland, helping McLain & Riall in their store.

Some of the stockholders of the telephone company are repairing the lines this week. Its kinder like the good old brother at the foot-washing—its a long neglected duty.

Percilla school was one of the schools the state passed favorably on, provided we make the necessary arrangements. When we have done this we invite you to come over and let us show you through.

There is a committee here that would be glad to have some of your spare change for the purpose of recovering the church and doing some other very necessary improvements on the church.

I will close by wishing the Messenger staff and all of its many readers a happy Christmas. JAMES R.

Good for Constipation.

Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent for constipation. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

A carload of brick just received. They are being sold at 80c per 100, \$8.00 per 1000. See us if you need any.

T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

ROYAL

BAKING

POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Contains No Alum

NEWS FROM OAK GROVE

Dec. 12.—Rev. Freeman filled his regular appointment here last night and today this will be his last sermon this year. This is his second year here as pastor of the Baptist church and has never failed to show up unless bad weather or sickness interfered, and the church has called him for the ensuing year, and I think the church appreciates his faithfulness.

Our school is going on as usual. They are talking of having a Christmas tree and it is hoped that the whole community will take an interest and make it a success. All are invited to take part who wish to do so.

There is but little being done in the way of farming. We don't hear much farm talk, but it is to be hoped that they wont plant all the fence corners in cotton and the garden for a side crop. Lets all plant plenty of land to make feed for man and beast and then some more feed stuff.

There has been some changes made up to date. Mr. J. R. Jones has moved to the Jim Smith place, one mile from town. Mr. J. W. Ellis takes his place and we understand M. E. Bean will move to the Kolb place where Mr. Ellis has lived the last two years.

Mr. Johnnie Clark will be a voter in Anderson County next year, as he has moved to Mr. W. J. Chaffin's place near Slocum. We hear that Josiah Caskey

has bought the John Clark place and will live there next year.

We have had plenty of rain and cold—enough to save meat.

Health is good. Wishing everyone a merry Christmas and a happy new year. As ever,

OLD TIMER.

ROCK HILL NEWS ITEMS

Dec. 13.—The weather is still cool and most everyone is killing their hogs. As there are lots of potatoes to go with the pork, we think we will have something to eat this winter.

Some of the patrons and pupils met at Rock Hill and cut wood for the school Saturday.


Mrs. Baber, who was sick at the last writing, died at about 7 o'clock Sunday night. She had been confined to her bed for several weeks. Mrs. Baber leaves a husband, four sons and a host of friends to mourn her death. Mr. and Mrs. Baber have been living in this community for about twenty eight years, they having moved from Missouri. They were married shortly after the civil war. Mrs. Baber will be buried at the Elkhart cemetery Tuesday.

Preaching at this place was called in Sunday on account of sickness. However, a small number met and had singing.

We will have singing in the evening next Sunday.

H. M. Streetman lost a fine young mule last week, which got cut in a wire fence a few weeks ago.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD BANK



Is appreciated by men of power, who began in early life to use the bank and through the help of same have gained prestige and power.

MEN OF POWER

BANKS AS PERSONAL HELPERS

There are many ways a Bank can help you. Our Bank is not merely a depository and lender of money. We can help you in many ways. Try us.

Farmers & Merchants

State Bank

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

OUR BIG DECEMBER CLEARANCE SALE IS IN FULL SWING!

An opportunity like this knocks at your door only once a year and we urge that you take advantage of this THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE SEASON and make your money buy more at this GREAT CLEARANCE SALE than at any other time in the history of Grapeland. "YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK!"

DON'T MISS THIS BIG SALE!---THE SALE OF ALL SALES!---THE ONE THAT ALWAYS SAVES YOU MONEY!

Dress Goods Dept.

1 piece brown satin jacourd, 36 inches wide, regular prc. **25c**, clearance price.....
 1 piece red satin jacourd, 36 ins. wide, regular price 50c, clearance price..... **25c**
 1 piece wool batiste, 36 inches wide, colors pink and old rose, regular price 50c, clearance price..... **38c**
 1 piece wool goods, silk brocaded 30 inches wide, regular price \$1, clearance price **73c**

Ladies' Coats

We are in a position to offer you a few coats but at prices that are closer than we can buy them today.
 1 ladies' black and white checked, trimmed with black velvet, regular price \$10, clearance price..... **7.50**
 1 ladies' coat in gray and green mixed, trimmed in black, regular price \$8.00, clearance price..... **6.50**

Boys suits in green mixed goods regular price 6.00, clearance price..... **5.25**
 1 lot boys' suits in gray only, regular price 2.75, clearance price..... **2.15**
 Boys blue casimers in all sizes, regular price 3.50, clearance price..... **2.45**
 Boys brown casimers, all wool, in any size you want, regular price 3.00, clearance price..... **2.15**

Curlee Pants

A table of ladies shoes, sizes 2 1/2 to 5, that sold regularly for 2.25 and 2.50, now we have one shipment of ladies button kid, cloth top, that sold for 2.00 and a value for that, clearance price... **1.50**

Men's Work Shoes

Men's work shoes No. 18 that sold regularly for 2.50 clearance price..... **2.10**
 1 lot Spurr Brand Shoes that everybody sells for 2.50, these---they must move **1.00**

Regular 30.00 stoves for... **24.00**
 Regular 25.00 stoves for... **21.00**
 Regular 20.00 stoves for... **16.75**
 Regular 18.00 stoves for... **15.25**
 Regular 16.00 stoves for... **13.25**
 Regular 15.00 stoves for... **12.25**
 Regular 12.50 stoves for... **10.25**
 Regular 9.00 stoves for... **7.00**
 Regular 8.00 stoves for... **5.75**
 Old time skillet and lid, no 12-1.00
 Heaters all sizes and all prices.

Hardware Department

and the way we are going to reduce is to reduce the price.
 100 lb sack granulated sugar for..... **5.50**
 51 lbs granulated sugar for..... **1.15**
 30 lbs brown sugar for..... **1.00**
 50 lb can lard for..... **4.80**
 Cooking oil best grade per gallon..... **60c**
 Cooking oil best grade in 5 gal lots per gal. **57c**

BIRDS' HOLIDAY DAINTIES

Yellow-Leg Snipe Travels Some 9,000 Miles for Christmas Dinner—Robins Like Holly Berries.

The yellow-leg snipe travels a matter of 9,000 miles to get his Christmas dinner. It is pretty nearly the longest journey made annually by any living creature, and the object of it seems to be to procure certain dainties in the way of aquatic insects and crustaceans appropriate for holiday fare.

One might say, however, that the most appropriate of Christmas dinners is eaten by the robins which at this holiday season feed largely upon the berries of the holly—particularly upon the berries of a kind of holly called the black alder, which are as bitter as quinine.

Another bird which has an interesting Christmas is the mockingbird. He is a planter of the mistletoe berries and mistletoe berries contribute largely to his Christmas dinner. Being particularly fond of them he incidentally, though without intention, carries the seeds to tree branches where they promptly fasten themselves and sprout. In this way the parasitic plant is widely propagated in Texas, which is the principal winter resort of the mockers.

The canvasback duck breeds in the far North, from Minnesota to the Arctic circle, in the interior. But the call of Christmas turns it southward, and it spends the holidays along the southern Atlantic coast, from the Chesapeake to Cuba. It feeds on various aquatic plants, but the piece de resistance of its Christmas dinners is wild celery—a succulent, water vegetable which gives to its flesh a flavor highly appreciated by the epicure.

The wild Canada goose goes all the way to Mexico in winter, spending Christmas among the lakes in that far southern latitude, where nutritious grasses and water plants are plentiful.

The chances are that at least the hinting for Christmas presents will be done early.

A Christmas Carol.
Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all and infinitely more. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him. . . . And it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed that knowledge.

May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one!

MISTLETOE.

We two stood near
The chandelier
With mistletoe upon it.
A lovely girl,
My head awhirl,
Her wrap—I'll help her don it.

A button caught;
I surely ought
To help, when she'd begun it.
A pause, a hush,
A kiss, a blush,
And now, by Jove, I've done it!
—Leigh Burr.

Great Process.

"I am glad to see you home, Johnny," said the father to his small son who had been away at school, but who was now home on his Christmas vacation. "How are you getting on at school?"

"Fine," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'Thank you' and 'If you please' in French."

"Good!" said the father. "That's more than you ever learned to say in English."

*At the sign of the candle
on Christmas Eve
Under our tree there
a gift you'll receive*

Christmas Evening.

To make the table pretty for the evening meal, let the shades of the candles. Use white candles in glass sticks. Wipe with a moist cloth and slip the candles in diamond dust.

What Santa Claus Brought Them



LETTER FROM OLD GRAY

December 5.—The farmers of this section are through harvesting their crops and most of them are through making their syrup.

Reviewing the condition of the country we find everything in a more prosperous condition than we expected. Most of the farmers have plenty of corn. A large forage crop has been cured, far more hogs than has been in the country for some years past. The potato crop is fine. We are told there will be enough ribbon cane syrup to supply the local demand. It looks now like the most of the farmers will be able to paddle their own canoe. Money is scarce, but with a good crop next year at a fair price, things will even up all around.

We were in Grapeland a few days ago. The merchants seemed to be doing a fair business.

Hundreds and even thousands of dollars are daily going to the mail order houses. This very money Grapeland should be handling. What is the cause? The people say that Grapeland is too high on her goods and they are bound to pinch their money and resort to Ft. Worth, Dallas and Chicago concerns.

Our accommodating and efficient rural carrier tells us that the money order business with him is enormous, running as high as five and sometimes six hundred dollars on a trip of 31 miles. This should cause the Grapeland merchants to get busy and if possible put a stop to the outgo of such large sums of money to northern institutions. A word to the wise is sufficient.

May Jones, one of our most enterprising farmers, has just completed an up to date barn. The stair case is quite a large one and stands as evidence that the owner is in a prosperous condition.

We notice that the Editor of the Houston County Herald says the Messenger has done and is still doing a great deal for Grapeland. We say Amen! And can further state that the Messenger has been a strong spoke in the wheel that has turned the great volume of trade to Grapeland. It goes without saying that a good newspaper can do a great deal towards the uplift of a town or country, that is, if the town and country will lend a helping hand. We hope that Grapeland's sun may grow brighter and that the whole country may bloom as the flowers do in May. — As ever,
OLD GRAY.

ALL THE NEWS FROM WANETA

(Delayed)

Dec. 6.—We have been having some real cold weather. We begin to think winter is with us.

Health of the community is very good at this writing.

Our school is progressing nicely. We have employed the third teacher and as the rooms are not crowded so much we can do better work.

Grandma Fortson, who has been visiting relatives at Slocum for several weeks, returned home last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lively and daughter, Miss Mary, of this place are visiting relatives at Buffalo Gap.

The literary society at this place was well attended last Friday night. Several visitors from other communities were present. We were glad to have you with us and invite you back again.

Mr. Chas. Tims entertained with a party Saturday night.

Mr. J. E. Shoemaker entertained with a dance last Friday night. A very nice time was had.

Miss Leona Hendricks was the guest of her Grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Hendricks of this place, Friday night.

Miss Myrtle Ward of near Grapeland is visiting her brother at this place.

A few of the young people enjoyed a singing at Miss Eunice Edmondson's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Shoemaker of this place is moving near Percilla today. We regret very much to see them move away.

Miss Cornelia Goff, accompanied by Mr. Cub Clabburn, was the guest of Miss Ruby Harrington Sunday afternoon.

Grandma Jackson and grand son of near Alto visited relatives here from Friday till Sunday.

Danger Signal.

If the fire bell should ring would you run and stop it or go and help to put out the fire? It is much the same way with a cough. A cough is a danger signal as much as a fire bell. You should no more try to suppress it than to stop a fire bell when it is ringing, but should cure the disease that is causing the coughing. This can nearly always be done by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many have used it with the most beneficial results. It is especially valuable for the persistent cough that so often follows a bad cold or an attack of the grip. Mrs. Thomas Beeching, Andrews, Ill., writes: "During the winter my husband takes cold easily and coughs and coughs. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best medicine for breaking up these attacks and you cannot get him to take any other." Obtainable everywhere.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS OMENS

Ancient and Curious Beliefs Regarding the Holiday—Miraculous Cures for Various Ailments.

In France, particularly, superstition dies hard, and there is probably no other country where the people still retain so many ancient and quaint beliefs in connection with Christmas day. Several of these relate to miraculous cures of all the ills which flesh is heir to. For instance, the chilly proceeding of bathing on Christmas day is supposed to insure one against both fever and toothache during the coming year, another preventive of fever being the abstention from all meat on December 25th, a great sacrifice for the average man; while a remedy for ulcers could be obtained by those who refrained from eating prunes on that day.

A cure for everything, however, can be found in the large loaf chiefly made in Provence, and called "Le pain de calende." It is very large and very white, and from it is cut a small piece, marked with a knife with three or four crosses. This is carefully preserved as a remedy, and used when required, the remainder of the loaf being divided among the family on the Feast of Epiphany.

With regard to bread, it is believed that loaves baked on Christmas eve remain fresh for ten years, and during the whole of the holidays a portion of bread was left out on the table night and day because the Madonna might come in to share it. But unless she wishes to bring misfortune on the entire family, it behooves the French housewife not to bake any bread between December 25th and the Festival of Circumcision.

Cattle can be kept in good health by giving them something to drink immediately after midnight mass on Christmas eve before entering the house. And a good harvest could be insured if the corn about to be sown is carried to its destination in the cloth used for the Christmas dinner.

If you visit a fountain or a well on New Year's day and place in it either an apple or a nosegay, the water will be rendered wholesome throughout the year. No Frenchman, however, will lend anything to anyone on January 1, for it is believed that by so doing he would bring ill luck upon himself for the ensuing year.

HOW HE DOES IT

It comes right down the chimney
When the Christmas bells are rung.
When little folks are fast asleep

And stockings all are hung;
All loaded down with pretty things,
With guns and dolls and drums;
So be sure to hang your stockings
Where he'll see 'em when he comes.

YOU might hear him swiftly coming,
Riding on the wintry blast;
His reindeer team a-jingling,
And their hoof beats falling fast.
His furs are black with chimney soot,
His beard is white as snow,
His sleigh is full of pretty toys,
You ought to hear him go!

HE lights upon the sleety roof
And doesn't stop a minute;
He jumps upon the chimney top,
And down he plumps within it;
He pauses on the hearthstone,
And he takes a little peep
To see if all the curly heads
Are safe in bed asleep.

HE goes about on tiptoe,
Nor makes a bit of noise,
He fills up all the stockings
With sugar plums and toys;
And then he gives a little laugh,
Pops up the chimney quick,
And off he jingles on the wind,
The jolly old St. Nick.

Find out something to make
you a smiling, sunny personality
around the home. Christmas is
a great day for shining.

CHRISTMAS JOYS.



"I suppose you will have a merry Christmas at your house?"
"Oh, yes," replied the sophisticated small boy. "We younger people will endeavor to make it so. You know, so much depends on the tactfulness of children. I always endeavor to make the holidays pleasant by showing an enthusiastic interest in the mechanical toys that afford grown people so much amusement."

Distributing His Presents



Our Big Home-Stretch Sale!

Begins Thursday, December 16, Closes Friday, December 24

Our stock is larger than we want it at this time of the year and in order to reduce it we are going to offer some values never before offered in Grapeland. We call special attention to our close-out list. In many instances we are offering seasonable merchandise cheaper than manufacturers cost--specials in men's and boys' clothing that we do not care to carry over

<p>Hats Hats</p> <p>The very Latest and Best you can Buy</p> <p>All 3.00 Thoroughbred hats for..... 2.30</p> <p>All 2.50 hats for..... 1.95</p> <p>All 2.00 hats for..... 1.35</p> <p>Look for our Hat Line of \$1.00 Hats. Some of these are regular \$3.00 sellers</p> <p>Dry Goods</p> <p>Best quality of gingham for..... 8c</p> <p>Best quality of outing for..... 8c</p> <p>Best quality of bleached domestic for..... 8c</p> <p>Best quality of brown domestic for..... 6c</p> <p>All 10c cheviots for..... 8c</p> <p>All 25c dress goods, all colors for..... 19c</p> <p>All \$1.00 silks and velvet corduroy for..... 76c</p> <p>\$1.50 ladies' union suits for..... 1.05</p> <p>\$1.00 ladies' union suits for..... 75c</p> <p>All Laces at One-Half Price</p> <p>Our Xmas goods are going fast. Be sure to get the children some Toys before the best are gone.</p>	<p>SPECIAL---TO CLOSE OUT!</p> <p>Clothing Clothing Clothing</p> <p>Kirchbaum clothes are the very best your money will buy at regular prices.</p> <p>All 15.00 and 20.00 suits for only..... \$10.00</p> <p>All 10.00 all wool blue serge suits for only..... \$7.25</p> <p>All 10.00 overcoats for only..... \$5.00</p> <p>All 8.50 overcoats for only..... \$4.75</p> <p>BOYS' CLOTHING</p> <p>2.75 values, age 5 to 8, for only..... \$1.75</p> <p>3.50 values, age 7 to 8, for only..... \$2.25</p> <p>4.50 values, age 9 to 13, for only..... \$3.00</p> <p>All 5.00 values, age 13 to 18, for only..... \$4.25</p> <p>All 6.00 to 8.00 values, age 13 to 18, for only..... \$5.00</p> <p>Men's Ide shirts, 1.50 values, for only..... \$1.15</p> <p>Men's Ide shirts, 1.00 values, for only..... 85c</p> <p>Men's regular 1.00 overalls for only..... 90c</p> <p>Boys' regular 50c overalls for only..... 45c</p> <p>MENS' PANTS</p> <p>All 3.50 values for only..... \$2.95</p> <p>All 3.00 values for only..... \$2.40</p> <p>All 2.50 values for only..... \$1.95</p> <p>All 2.00 values for only..... \$1.45</p> <p>BOYS' PANTS--All Ages</p> <p>All 75c values to go at..... 50c</p> <p>All 85c values to go at..... 65c</p> <p>All 1.00 values to go at..... 75c</p> <p>All 1.25 values to go at..... 95c</p> <p>All 1.50 values to go at..... \$1.15</p> <p>Shoes to Close Out</p> <p>We are indeed proud of our shoe business, but there is one line we are going to discontinue and in order to move them are offering most exceptional values.</p> <p>Lot No 140 men's tan work shoes 3.35 values for... \$2.65</p> <p>Lot No 183 men's tan work shoes 3.25 values for... \$2.55</p> <p>Lot No 130 men's tan work shoes 3.00 values for... \$2.45</p> <p>1 lot medium weight black shoes, sewed and pegged regular 2.50 seller for... \$1.90</p> <p>On all other shoes in stock we offer 10 per cent discount</p> <p>See Our Line of Stoves</p> <p>We want everybody to know that our cook stoves are unsurpassed and that everyone is sold under a strict guarantee. 15 year fire back. Satisfaction must be yours. Use our stove for 30 days and if we have misrepresented it bring it back and get your money back.</p> <p>15 inch square oven, 10.00 value for..... \$7.00</p> <p>17 inch square oven, 10.00 value for..... \$11.90</p> <p>20 inch square oven, 22.50 value for..... \$13.90</p> <p>18 inch square oven, 20.50 value for..... \$18.70</p> <p>20 inch square oven, 30.00 value for..... \$23.80</p> <p>---All Heaters at Actual Cost---</p>	<p>Groceries Groceries</p> <p>At all times you will find our line of STAPLE GROCERIES complete. We are going to offer you exceptional bargains in same.</p> <p>17 lbs. pure granulated cane sugar for..... 1.00</p> <p>7 lbs. (not the cheap grade) coffee for..... 1.00</p> <p>7 lbs. green Rio coffee for..... 1.00</p> <p>3 plugs of Brown Mule tobacco for..... 25c</p> <p>1 bottle of Garrett snuff for..... 20c</p> <p>Compound lard for..... 9c</p> <p>10 lb bucket of Snowdrift for..... 95c</p> <p>Blue Ribbon Flour per sack..... 1.60</p> <p>Our Xmas Line of Fruits, Nuts and Candies Are Here</p> <p>3 lbs mixed nuts for..... 50c</p> <p>4 lbs pecans for..... 50c</p> <p>2 1-2 lbs English Walnuts for..... 50c</p> <p>2 1-2 lbs Brazil nuts for..... 50c</p> <p>2 1-2 lbs Almonds for..... 50c</p> <p>Candies from per pound 15c to..... 35c</p>
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Headquarters for Christmas Shoppers



Our Christmas Line Has Arrived. Come in and Look It Over

Space prohibits us listing more, but come to us and get the best values ever offered. 32c per dozen for Eggs during this sale. Highest prices for Turkeys, Chickens and Bees' Wax

McLean & Riall

GRAPELAND -- TEXAS

GAS IN THE STOMACH

Is a symptom of impaired digestion. To neglect digestive trouble is to bid high for disease in the kidneys as these diseases all start in bad digestion. Take

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is a corrective medicine for all disorders in the digestive organs. It quickly checks sour stomach. Gas or wind in the stomach or bowels, heartburn, bloated feeling, belching, bad breath, dizziness, headaches and a constipated habit. If you have any weakness in your digestion, take Prickly Ash Bitters. It relieves all distress immediately and if used for a reasonable period it cures permanently.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.
Price \$1.00 per Bottle
 Prickly Ash Bitters Co.
 Proprietors
 St. Louis, Mo.

D. N. LEAVERTON

CASKEY & DENSON BARBERS

Your Business will be Appreciated

Shop on main street, the new brick building, next door to the Guaranty State Bank.

INEEDA LAUNDRY, Houston
 Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

Harry Long of Augusta is now in Grapeland with the Cash Grocery Co., familiarizing himself with the stock and getting acquainted with the trade. After January 1st he will assume management of this concern, which has been bought by W. H. Long and Co.

PARAGRAPHS

Pertaining to Community Prosperity—Clipped from FARM AND RANCH

Dishonesty is a bad policy, because the dishonest man finds humanity such a suspicious lot.

Nobody who is anybody ought to wish anybody any ill, even if it be only a nobody.

When we have bad news for our neighbor we should take our time; when good, call him by telephone.

Joy cometh in the morning and stays all day with him who makes much of his mornings.

Not all can be leaders; some must follow. It may be that you are eminently qualified to follow the leadership of some one. If so, follow gracefully. The follower is none the less honorable, none the less important, none the less admired. The leader has more responsibility resting upon him and must closely watch his efforts. Every one must do what he is best qualified to do and must do it willingly if we are to make progress in the rural community. It may be that instead of having no leaders, as the "uplifters" claim, we have too many leaders and not enough followers. Possibly that is the reason we are so hard to be "lifted up." Let us "lift up" ourselves by everyone doing his part.

The demand for shingles is great. We have two cars, but they will not last long, so get them now. Besides the next lot will cost you more—they are going up.

T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

W. R. Durnell of the Antrim community is a man after our own heart. He is a practical man and does practical things. For instance, he knows that an editor is a human being, and must have things to eat like other humans. He knows that they must eat to live and unless they get something to eat they go hungry—just like other folks. Therefore, when

W. R. started to town Saturday he loaded on a bushel of those fine sweet potatoes on the wagon and left them at the editor's home. Whoever did a more practical thing than that? We have managed for a piece of pork to go with those potatoes and business is going to pick up around our house. Thanks, Durnell. May you continue to be the champion potato raiser in Houston county.

MAIZE HEADS

I have a car load of maize heads to arrive this week. They are the best and cheapest feed stuff you can buy. Good for all kinds of stock and is excellent chicken feed. See me at once if you want any.
 J. W. Howard.

Danger Signal.

If the fire bell should ring would you run and stop it or go and help to put out the fire? It is much the same way with a cough. A cough is a danger signal as much as a fire bell. You should no more try to suppress it than to stop a fire bell when it is ringing, but should cure the disease that is causing the coughing. This can nearly always be done by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many have used it with the most beneficial results. It is especially valuable for the persistent cough that so often follows a bad cold or an attack of the grip. Mrs. Thomas Beeching, Andrews, Ill., writes: "During the winter my husband takes cold easily and coughs and coughs. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best medicine for breaking up these attacks and you cannot get him to take any other." Obtainable everywhere.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
 FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Jno R. Owens, who has been working for the News at Henderson the past three months, has returned to Grapeland and will hereafter fill his old place in the Messenger office.

We call your special attention in this issue to the page of greeting cards from the business men of Grapeland. Read everyone of them. They are unique and out of the ordinary.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Now

It will be much easier and you will get much better selections now than you will later on. Come to our store and look through our stock while it is yet unbroken.

Get our prices on anything you need in DRY GOODS, SHOES, HATS, CLOTHING AND GROCERIES before you buy. We are in a position to save you money on your purchases. Call to see us before purchasing your Christmas goods.

Traylor Brothers

Keep the Price Down

SUITS SUITS

A FEW MORE LEFT GOING AT A

BARGAIN

SEE THEM AT ONCE

Still selling \$1.00 Overalls at - 85c

Don't forget that we have the "Master Built Shoes"--built like a bridge--best on earth.

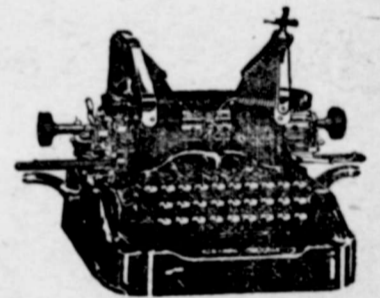
Plenty of Dry Goods and Groceries

REMEMBER QUALITY IS THE THING

T. S. KENT

A New Model Typewriter!

The **OLIVER** No. 9 Buy It Now



Yes, The Crowning Typewriter Triumph Is Here!

It is just out—and comes years before experts expected it. For makers have striven a life-time to attain this ideal machine. And Oliver has won again, as we scored when gave the world its first visible writing. There is truly no other typewriter on earth like this new Oliver "9." Think of touch so light that the tread of a kitten will run the keys!

CAUTION!

The new day advances that come alone on this machine are all controlled by Oliver. Even our own previous models—famous in their day—never had the Optional Duplex Shift.

It puts the whole control of 84 letters and characters in the little fingers of the right and left hands. And it lets you write them all with only 28 keys, the least to operate of any standard typewriter made.

Thus writers of all other machines can immediately run the Oliver Number "9" with more speed and greater ease.

WARNING!

This brilliant new Oliver comes at the old-time price. It costs no more than lesser makes—now out of date when compared with this discovery.

For while the Oliver's splendid new features are costly—we have equalized the added expense to us by simplifying construction.

Resolve right now to see this great achievement before you spend a dollar for any typewriter. If you are using some other make you will want to see how much more this one does.

If you are using an Oliver, it naturally follows that you want the finest model.

17 Cents a Day! Remember this brand new Oliver "9" is the greatest value ever given in a typewriter. It has all our previous special inventions—visible writing, automatic spacer, 6 1-2 ounce touch—plus the Optional Duplex Shift, Selective Color Attachment and all these other new-day features. Yet we have decided to sell it to everyone everywhere on our famous payment plan—17 cents a day! Now every user can easily afford to have the world's crach visible writer, with the famous Printype, that writes like print, included free if desired.

Today---Write for Full Details and be among the first to know about this marvel of writing machines. See who typists, employers, and individuals everywhere are flocking to the Oliver. Just mail a postal at once. No obligation. It's a pleasure for us to tell you about it.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
 OLIVER TYPEWRITER BUILDING, CHICAGO

Christmas Greetings

From the Business Men of

GRAPELAND

A MAGIC CURE



Are you awfully tired with play, little girl;
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do something for somebody quick.

The People's Drug Store
WADE L. SMITH

And keep at eve the faith of morn,
But they who do their souls no wrong,
Shall daily hear the angels' song—
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."
—James Russell Lowell

Herod & Brooks
Ginners and Millers

"Ever since Eve ate apples
much depends on dinner."
--Lord Byron.

We Can Supply the Dinner
The Cash Grocery Company
Claude Sadler, Proprietor

"Noah was six hundred years old before
he knew how to build an ark--don't lose
your grip."
--Elbert Hubbard

Caskey & Denson
Your Barbers
Laundry Agency Bath Room

We Thank You All

For the splendid business given us this
year, and trust that our future business re-
lations may continue as pleasant as in the
past.
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a
prosperous New Year.

The Guaranty State Bank

Don't Get Sorry for Yerself

Don't you go and get sorry for yourself.
That's one thing I can't stand in nobody.
There's always lots of other folks you can
be sorry for 'sted of yerself.
Ain't you proud you ain't got a hair-
lip? Why, that one thought is enough to
keep me from gittin' sorry fer myself.
---Mrs. Wiggs

McLEAN & RIAL
THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

A nice, easy exercise for Christmas day
is that of counting the change you have
left. It can generally be done with one
hand.
You'll have money left every time if
you purchase from us your

.....Christmas Candies.....
D. N. LEAVERTON
LEADING DRUGGIST

Ring out, O bells, 'tis Christmas Day,
The Christ-child comes adown this way,
And when'er He comes 'tis a King's
birthday.
---Agnes G. Fisher

Kennedy Brothers
The Store for Everybody

Let the howlers howl,
And the growlers growl,
And the prowlers prowl,
And the gee-gaws go it;
Behind the night there is plenty of light
And things are all right
And I know it.

The Grapeland Messenger

Reflect upon your present blessings of
which man has many; not on your past
misfortunes of which all men have
some.
---Charles Dickens

J. W. HOWARD
Buyer of Country Produce
Meal and Hulls for Sale

Sing a song of Christmas,
Carols in the street,
People going home with bundles
Everywhere you meet.
--F. P. Adams

Traylor Brothers
Keep the Price Down

Deck the world from pole to pole
And garland it and wreathe it,
Mistletoe above the whole--
Then kiss the world beneath it.
--C. S. Calverley

The Grapeland Bargain Store
W. R. WHERRY, Proprietor

"So Christmas giving is to best
Christmas living."
--Henry Van Dyke

MAKE YOUR GIFTS USEFUL
George E. Darsey
THE SERVICE FIRST STORE

SHAKE!

It's great to say "good morning"
It's fine to say "hello,"
Better still to grasp the hand
Of a loyal friend you know.
A look may be forgotten,
A word misunderstood,
But the touch of a human hand
Is the pledge of brotherhood.
--E. O. G.

O. W. DAVIS

To Our Customers

We take this opportunity to thank you all
for the very nice business you have given
us the past year and hope that the 1916
business with you will show a substantial
gain.
With compliments of the season, we beg
to remain, Yours very truly,
Farmers and Merchants
State Bank

Do Your Shopping Now!

Useful Christmas Gifts

THIS IS the real joy time of the whole year. It is the one season of the whole year in which our thoughts are not selfish, but of others. If you want to get the most joy and happiness out of Christmas, you can do so by giving useful gifts--something that is useful as well as appreciative. This store has a long established rule of selling things for Christmas that are serviceable, either for personal use or the home. With Christmas only a few days off, it behoves us all to do our shopping and this store offers unlimited opportunities to the careful buyer to save money.

OUR REDUCED PRICES WILL CONTINUE UNTIL CHRISTMAS

Gifts that Benefit the Whole Family



Or may be used individually, are even more appreciated than other kinds. We also mention gifts for the home—

- Parasols
- Leather Suit Cases
- Trunks
- Jewelry
- Silk Handkerchiefs
- Initial Handkerchiefs
- Table Lines, Table Covers
- Dresser Covers & Scarfs
- Rayo Lamps
- Bowls and Pitchers
- Cutlery
- Table Dishes
- Aluminumware
- Enamelware
- Dining Chairs
- Rocking Chairs
- All kinds of Furniture

We are showing a beautiful medium priced line of

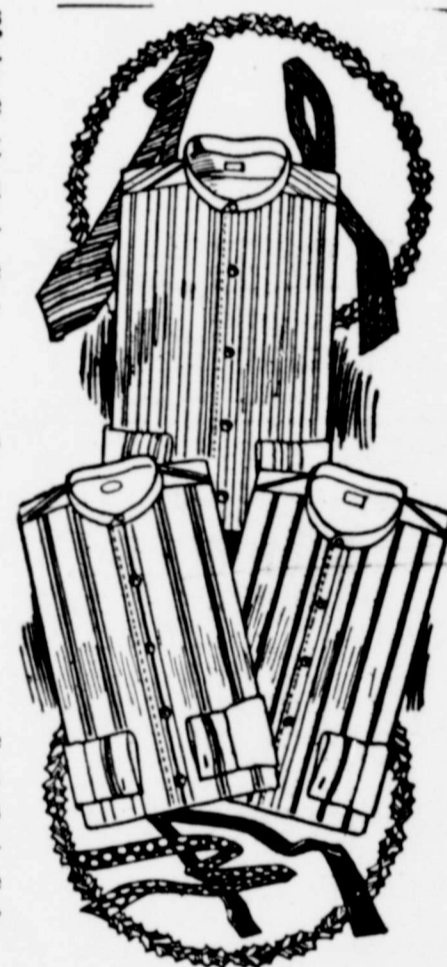
Art Squares and Rugs

and ask you to come early. Any selections made, will be tagged and put away and delivered Christmas eve.

Wearing Apparel for Men and Boys

If you are tired of seeing the "mere man" in your family wearing the same old clothes, we suggest that you remember him this Christmas with something to wear. Below we offer a few suggestions for men and boys:

- Hand laundered Shirts
- Wool Shirts, Hats and Caps
- Holiday Neckwear
- Belts, Shoes
- Suspenders
- Underwear
- Hose Supporters
- Gloves
- Sweaters
- Rain Coats



And if you want to treat the old rascal real nice, make him a present of a suit of clothes or an overcoat. We have other suitable gifts, and will be glad to have you visit our store.

Manicure Sets

We are showing a pretty line of Parisian Ivory and Pearl Handled Manicure Sets in a big range of sizes at.....\$2.50 to \$7.50

- | FOR WOMEN | FOR MEN |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Powder Boxes | Safety Razor Sets |
| Puff Boxes | Razors |
| Hair Receivers | Pocket Knives |
| Combs and Brushes | Cuff Buttons |
| Nail Buffers | Collar Buttons |
| Picture Frames | Combs and Brushes |

Wearing Apparel for Ladies and Girls

In this department we have a big lot of things that will make jim-dandy Christmas gifts. Among other things, we suggest—

- | | | |
|----------------|-------------|-----------|
| Kid Gloves | Rain Coats | Sweaters |
| Driving Gloves | Coat Suits | Scarfs |
| Hosiery | Long Coats | Knit Caps |
| Shoes | Dresses | Corsets |
| Underwear | Silk Waists | |



Christmas Goodies

For a number of years we have supplied hundreds of people with their Christmas goodies. We cater particularly to this part of the trade and solicit your trade.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Apples | Seeded Raisins |
| Candies | Oranges |
| Seeded Raisins | Fancy Candy |
| Brazil Nuts | Candied Figs |
| Stick Candy | English Walnuts |
| Prunes | Fire Works |
| Almonds | Evaporated Peaches |
| Evaporated Apples | |

Phone us your orders for Christmas groceries. We carry a fresh stock at all times. We sell Royal Baking Powder and other groceries equally as pure.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Our wish is simple, yet sincere—may all of our friends and customers have a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a most PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Geo. E. Darsey

The Useful Gift Store