

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 18 No. 43

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 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

ODD BITS OF NEWS

Harrisburg, Va. — Virginia McDonald, said to be the only four legged person to reach the age of 5 years, died of tonsillitis recently. She had four perfectly developed legs and four arms and was normal mentally.

Springfield, W. Va.—W. R. Smith found a freak potato in a garden. It had grown through a silver pipe stem band, and projected about three inches on both sides of the band. The band is embellished with a relief bust of President Taft.

Walnut Ridge, Ark.—Bobby Watson, a balloonist, fell from a height of 500 feet when he cut loose his parachute at the end of a balloon ascension at the Fall Festival. He fell through the sheet iron roof of a gin, struck a two by four and bounded off to the ground. He was picked up with a broken leg and several broken ribs, but will live.

San Francisco, Cal. — Miss Pauline Turner of Bremerton, Wash., entertained the Rotary club of Rochester, N. Y., by singing over the long distance tele-

phone. The club members in Rochester were furnished individual receivers and a special line was leased for the service.

Buffalo, Wyo.—Mrs. Martha Early, 94, at the wheel of an automobile, recently made a sixty mile trip from Sheridan and Buffalo.

Clarendon, Ark.—The Misses Sloan, one 85 and the other 83, made their first railroad trip the other day when they visited relatives in Oklahoma. The women are very feeble, neither has ever married and had never seen a railroad train until they made their first trip.

Sam Brown, who has been in Granette, Okla. for the past three months, has returned home. Sam says he met all kinds of people on his trip, and has concluded that the best people are still in Houston county, and returns with a good deal of satisfaction, inasmuch as he is back in "God's Country."

When sin enters the heart of man grace is necessary. When grace enters sin is no longer necessary.

SAN PEDRO NEWS ITEMS

Dec. 20.—We were glad to awake this morning and find that we would have another pretty day after Sunday being such a bad one.

Rev. Edge of Ft. Worth preached an interesting sermon at the church Saturday night.

We are having some sickness now. Dr. Stafford make a visit to Mr. Fowler's Friday night.

Mr. Norman Whitaker was visiting in the Hays Spring settlement Friday night.

Mr. Dan Whitaker and family were in Grapeland Saturday looking for Santa Claus.

Lonzy Tyer and family were also in Grapeland Saturday.

Miss Robbie Whitaker was shopping in Grapeland Saturday.

Tom Morgan was a Grapeland visitor Sunday.

W. A. Kleckley attended church in Grapeland Sunday.

Carl Gainey and wife were shopping in Grapeland Saturday.

A merry Xmas and Happy New Year to the Messenger and all its readers. Nero.

LOCAL NEWS FROM AUGUSTA

Dec. 20.—As Christmas is so near we all feel fine for Christmas is pleasure to us all.

Farmers are busy getting their farms in readiness for the 1916 farming.

We are glad to see Dr. Bolton in town more here lately for that says not so much sickness in the country.

Mr. Arch Holcomb and Miss Myrt Newman were married Sunday afternoon. Mr. Holcomb is one of Alto's prominent young men and Miss Newman is one of our home girls and we all love her dearly. Their many friends wish them good luck and happiness. Alixe.

A Profitable Resolution Everyone Should Make

The passing of Christmas week and the last days of another year, while carrying with them the regrets of all, have, like everything else, their brighter side. The death of one year means the birth of another, and with that birth comes inspiration for new resolutions and for new endeavors. The New Year resolution has come to be looked upon as too much of a joke. But they are still made, nevertheless. Few people there are who this week and next week will not be contemplating some change in their routine for the new year. A determination to be more thrifty, or economical, is a resolution with which countless thousands will begin the new year. They may not stick to it, but they will be better off for every week they do keep the resolution intact. The Messenger can be of great aid to you in preserving such a determination. Get the habit of reading its ads. The nickles and dimes they will save you will mean much.

THANKS!

I thank the people for their most liberal patronage extended to me during the time I have been in business in Grapeland, and as I have sold out to W. H. Long & Co., who will take charge Jan. 1st, it will not be my pleasure to serve you again.

I wish you a Merry Xmas. and a New Year of happiness and prosperity, and bespeak for my successors a very liberal share of your patronage.

CLAUD SADLER

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

Xmas! Xmas!

This is the time for us all to forget our troubles and join in the spirit that makes everyone happy.

Happiness comes from making others happy. Come to our store for your useful gifts, also toys for the children.

Our stock of candy is the best in town and fruits and nuts are of the finest quality. Merry Xmas. to one and all is our greeting.

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

FREE DELIVERY

BOTH PHONES

PREACHING AT SALMON

We are requested to announce services in the new church at Salmon Saturday night and Sunday morning. The public is invited.

The boys' basket ball team went to Ratcliff last Friday and played a game with the high school team of that place, losing the game by a score of 70 to 17. Ratcliff has a good team, and this makes two victories for them against our players.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Young man, young lady! If you are contemplating a course in a business college, it will pay you to see The Messenger, as we have two scholarships in a leading college we will sell at a discount.

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 RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE
By RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

COPYRIGHT
A. C. MESCLURE & CO.

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 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 reconnoiters.

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 XXVII.

The End of Defense.

I had no time for thought—action called me. Yet her last unfinished sentence rang in my memory. Could it be that she cared also? That out of this strange association there had grown an awakening interest? For a single moment I stood there motionless, my feet on the lowered trap, dimly conscious of the uproar about me, yet scarcely able to realize the imminence of the peril. They were pouring volleys into the front door—the roaring of discharge ending in the sound of splintered wood, and sharp cries of pain. Carbines cracked in response, and Harwood's voice sounded continually through the hideous discord.

"Get back, men! Get back! Ay, beyond the partition, you fellows in front there! No, don't leave the windows; they'll charge presently, and there is no use firing those carbines now—the range is too long. Load again—load! and stand ready. Wyatt!"

"Here, sir."
"Any work for you there?"
"No; only a half dozen Yanks in sight from this end."

"Bring all but two men, and come here! Wharton, stand ready to take a hand. Ah! there the blue-bellies come, lads—now give them the lead!

Fire! Damn you—fire!"

The little squad of us leaped down the aisle, and Wharton's men clambered over the benches, cursing and yelling. Already the smoke of the carbines filled the church, and we could see little except in the flash of the gunfire. The swirl of bodies hurled me to the right, away from where Harwood stood, and brought me in front of the opposite door. Through this opening and the narrow window beyond, I got a glimpse outside—at a black mass of men sweeping straight toward us, their guns gleaming viciously, their voices echoing in savage shout. It was a mere glimpse, an infernal vision, and almost at the same instant they came crashing against the shattered door, beating it down with their gun-stocks, and leaping through



I Hung Suspended Over a Rocky Ledge Staring Blankly Down.

into the maze of overturned benches littering the vestibule. The door fell in splinters. How they got through that tangle of death I know not. Into their very faces we poured our fire—our own men, caught within the narrow space, striking at them with clubbed guns—but they were too many to be held. Over the dead poured the torrent of living, firing, cursing, striking, jamming the few gray-jackets against the inner wall, and in two resistless streams, hurling themselves against both vestibule doors.

Wedged in the portals, I saw all this so clearly that each detail stands out in memory—the infuriated faces, the falling bodies, the disgusting bloodstains, the savage glint of steel. Those who came first were not soldiers—they were Cowan's men, gaunt, rough fellows, bearded and dirty, their fierce curses sounding above the uproar. And they fought like fiends, driven by Cowan's voice, and pressed remorselessly forward by the cavalrymen behind. I saw him once, a blood spot on his cheek, and I fired over the heads of those between us, but though he fell, he came to his feet again and was swept to one side by the rush of men. I saw all this, and no more; it was like a flash on the screen—and then everything became an indistinct blur.

They were upon us, jammed in the narrow doorways, each man fighting for life. I used gun and revolver. In the red mist before me were black shapes, hateful faces. Twice I lost foot and fell, but was up again, fronting them. I stepped on dead bodies, slipped in pools of blood; falling men caused me to stagger; a slug of lead tore burning through my shoulder; a glancing knife blade ripped my forearm. I had no time, no room, in which to reload; my hands gripped the hot carbine barrel, and I swung the stock like a flail.

Inch by inch they won through the door; we could kill, but not stop them, and they hurled us back, stumbling over the dead, clambering across overturned benches, but unable to stem the increasing tide. We were all together now—Harwood, Wharton—the sole handful left, and we made a fight of it, the best we could. There was a moment's pause, the merest instant in which to breathe, and my eyes met Harwood's. He was naked to the waist, hatless, blood dripping from a cut over one eye, the stock of his carbine shattered.

"Ah, gunner of Staunton," he called out cheerily, although his voice

cracked with dryness. "Didn't I tell you if you wanted a good time to jine the cavalry?"

"Forward, men, forward!" It was Fox's voice, although I saw nothing of him. "Once more, and it's over with—forward!"

"Now, lads, meet them!" burst out Harwood. "About me, Thir'd Kentucky—here they come!"

They drove us in so as to encircle us, yet the jumble of benches served as some protection to our rear. Perhaps the fact that there were Yankees between us and the pulpit prevented firing for we met hand to hand in a death grapple. I have seen battles, yet nothing like that; it was as though beasts of the jungle fought; men struggled with naked hands, struck death blows, fired into each other's faces, trampled over writhing bodies, cursing, or yelling defiance as they fell. We scarcely knew friend from foe, blue from gray. I cannot even tell what occurred to myself in those breathless moments. I know I fought madly, blindly—again and again sweeping a space clear with my weapon; hands gripped my throat, my hair, and I tore loose; fingers clutched at my legs, but I kicked free. I was conscious of blows, of wounds; I knew when Harwood fell, and was trampled under foot; I heard others scream; I saw the hated face of Anse Cowan in the ruck and leaped for him, but whom my mad blow struck I could not tell. Some rush, some quick pressure of bodies, hurled me sideways, caught me in a vise; I tripped over a dead man, staggered to my feet again. I got footing on the pulpit platform, and held it for an instant, my gun-barrel crashing into the mass of faces below. Wharton joined me, a bull mad with rage; I saw him rend the pulpit stand from the floor and hurl it with all his strength into the ruck. Then twenty hands gripped him, hauling him down, a clubbed musket descended, and the sergeant pitched forward like a log of wood. There was a shot, the blow of a rifle barrel, and I went down, the very breath of life seemingly knocked out of me.

I fell on the platform, back of where the pulpit desk had stood, and a body lay across me. If I lost consciousness it was for no more than an instant, yet my whole body felt numb and useless. I could scarcely move my fingers to unclasp them from the gun barrel, and every breath I drew was in pain. Still I realized all that happened, distinguished voices, and the shuffling of feet on the puncheon floor. I heard Fox shouting orders, as the mad hubbub ceased.

"That's enough! That's enough, men! It's all over with. Here, sergeant, round up those prisoners; God knows there are few enough of the poor devils left. Guard those able to walk outside. Now, Herzog, carry the wounded over here. What? Why, of course, you idiot, we are not savages—those fellows fought like men, and are to be treated decently. No distinction, mind you. Let the dead lie where they are till daylight, but don't overlook a wounded man. Where's Cowan? Does anybody know?"

"Shot, sir; he's here in this pile somewhere."

"See if the fellow is alive. Who is his lieutenant?"

"I am, sir; my name's Kelly."

"Well get your damn crew of scoundrels out of here, what's left of them. Do you hear! This is soldier work, and I want you fellows outside."

"You used us all right when thar was fightin' ter do—"

"That's enough, Kelly. I didn't use you—Moran did; and you can go to him with your complaints. I know how you treat prisoners, and would hang the whole of you, if I had my way. Now get out, and don't answer me—those are your orders. Lieutenant Raymond."

"He was here a minute ago, sir," a voice answered from the vestibule, "but he went outside. I think he was touched a little in one arm."

"Pity it wasn't in the mouth; has anyone seen a woman?"

No one answered.

"No! That's strange! Here Green, take a couple of men, and feel your way along the walls; Jasper, make a light of some kind—who wants me? Colonel Moran? Tell him I am the only officer present, and I can't leave. By God! The place is a shambles!"

The searching party was to the right of me, against the black shadow of the wall. This was my chance, my one and only chance to slip away unobserved. In five minutes more the searching party would find me there, and bear me along with the others. I wriggled out from under the weight of the body lying across my legs, and groped about in the dark until my fingers encountered the ring embedded in the floor. The light of the sputtering torch still left the pulpit platform in shadow; Fox was at the other end of the church, his sharp voice rasping out orders. I got to my knees, and lifted the trap barely far enough to squeeze through. There was a gleam of light below; sufficient to reveal the dark outline of the steps leading down. Some eye might distinguish the glimmer, yet I thrust my body through the

narrow opening noiselessly, and lowered the cover to the floor level.

There was no cry, no sound indicating that the movement had been observed. I waited an instant, crouched breathlessly on the upper step, listening. My eyes surveyed those contracted surroundings curiously. The candle, a mere fragment, burned dimly in one corner, revealing what appeared to be the interior of a huge box, with a platform built half across it, its outer edge protected by a low rail. A small wheel ingeniously arranged to operate a lever, occupied one end of the platform, and directly across was an opening in the side wall next the floor, barely large enough for a man's body to squeeze into. Nothing else was visible; no evidence left of the two who had already passed that way.

I slipped down the steps, lowered my body silently to the damp floor. I entered the hole head first, dragging and pushing with hands and feet, eager to get quickly into the open. Almost before I realized the possibility, my head and shoulders emerged into the outer air and I hung suspended over a rock ledge, staring blindly down into the unknown depths of a ravine. The ledge itself was barely wide enough to afford foothold, yet I succeeded in creeping out upon it, and then in standing upright. The shoulder of the hill was sufficiently steep and high to shut out all view of the log walls of the church, while below was a black void, out from which arose the faint splashing of distant water. But the church itself must have been lit up by this time, for a reddish glow of light tipped the bank above, and bridged the dark ravine. The rock ledge extended to the right, a fairly smooth path, and I followed it cautiously, finding no other available passage. It led gradually downward, until it seemed to merge into a beaten track, running directly south through a tangle of underbrush not far above the stream. The way was intensely black, yet not difficult to follow by the sense of touch, while the incessant roar of the nearby water blotted out all sound from above. Once I heard the crack of guns, but they sounded at a distance, and, looking up, I could perceive the red reflection on the trees lining the bank far above. But for these I was plunged in a black solitude, through which I must grope my way, each step liable to plunge me into uncertain peril. A hundred yards, two hundred, and the trail swerved more to the right, and began to mount upward, zig-zagging among the trees. Slowly, cautiously, my head arose above the crest, and the moon, just peering out from behind the edge of a cloud, gave me glimpse along the level plateau.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

With Nature's Weapons.

To the right of where I lay was the outline of the church, the windows alight, several blazing torches, bobbing about within, revealing passing figures, although the distance was too great to permit any sound of voices reaching my ears. The rear door, however, stood wide open, and a considerable body of men were grouped there. Straight across from me, a squad of horsemen were moving northward, and a single rider was spurring rapidly between them and the church. The grove of trees where I was to meet Nichols and Noreen was to the left. It was dark and silent, a shapeless shadow, and the forest growth of the ravine extended far enough over the crest to hide my approach. Satisfied that no searching parties were near by, I advanced swiftly along the edge of this fringe of trees, yet taking every precaution. 'Twas well I did, for suddenly the horseman swerved, and rode straight toward me, through the moonlight. I sank down into the brush, revolver in hand, and waited. Once he stopped, and called out something; then came on along the edge of the wood, walking his horse slowly. The rider was not a soldier, but beyond that fact, evidenced by lack of uniform, I could make no guess as to his identity, although I believed him one of Cowan's guerrillas. A gun, poised and ready, forked out beside his horse's neck, and he leaned forward in the saddle, peering into the shadows. A few feet beyond me, he suddenly reined in his horse, and called again:

"That you, Lieutenant?"

A single figure seemed to emerge from among the trees—a mere shadow, formless and silent.

"Yes; who are you?"
"Kelly—Dean told me you, were here; the damn fellow has got away, and the gurl with him."

"How do you know?"
"We've looked over every dead body, the wounded and prisoners, and searched every inch of the church—they're not thar, sir."

"By God! Where could they have gone! They were there; he was anyhow, for I heard his voice. Did you talk with any of those living?"
"There ain't many ter talk ter. The Reb lieutenant is a goin' ter pull thro', I reckon, but he's hurt too bad ter talk. Enyhow Fox wouldn't give me no chance fer ter git nigh him. I

asked a sojer, a young feller, an' he sed Wyatt an' the gurl was both in thar; he seed 'em together just afore we charged. But I'll be damned if they're thar now."

Raymond muttered something, a smothered oath no doubt, and then burst forth:

"Well, good God, man! They are both flesh and blood. If neither are there then they must have found a way of escape. We had every side of the church guarded so a mouse couldn't get through in this moonlight—I saw to that myself."

"There were no guards on the east."
"Because there was no room to post any. The church walls are on the edge of the ravine; Cowan said there were none needed there."

"Wall," insisted the other, half angrily. "I didn't think so neither, no mor'n Anse did; but I reckon that's whar we made a mistake. Them two's skeddaddled, an' thar warn't no chance



"We Meet Again," I Said Coldly.

fer 'em enywhar else. That's plain 'nough, ain't it? I don't know nuthin' 'bout what's thar, fur I never ain't been 'long that edge, but if them two ever got out inter thar thar ravine they're thar yet, fer thar's no way leading out 'cept along thar trail yonder."

"What trail? Where?"

"Back thar, 'bout a hundred feet, I reckon—an ol' hog trail that leads down ter the crick. Thar couldn't nobody cum up it without yer seein' 'em from here."

"And so you think they're down there yet?"
"Sure; 'less they got wings they couldn't a come up no other way."

The lieutenant strode forward, and grasped the rein of the horse. I could see him clearly now, the moonlight on his upturned face.

"Then we've got them, all right," he asserted, a new confidence in his voice. "You know the way down, don't you, Kelly?"

"Hell, yes; I hid out thar fer six weeks onct. They call it the Devil's

glen, an' I reckon tain't a bad name neither."

"All right then; I've got three men here who'll go with you. That will be enough. I'll stay up here, so if the fellow slips by I'll nab him. Jones—all of you come here. Come, Kelly, there's a hundred dollars in this for you."

"By God! It's worth it, fer somebody's liable ter get shot." He rolled out of the saddle, but with evident reluctance. "I reckon I'll let one o' them sojers go ahead. Yer must want that Reb powerful bad, lieutenant?"

"I do," grimly, "dead or alive."

Three other figures joined them; they were on foot, but I could see the guns in their hands, and the gleam of buttons in the moonlight. Raymond spoke swiftly, pointing with one hand, but his voice was lowered so the words did not reach me. No doubt he was briefly explaining the plan, and giving orders. Kelly added a gruff sentence, and then the whole five tramped past me, the lieutenant leading the horse, and Kelly coming so close to where I lay I could have touched him with an extended hand. Scarcely venturing to breathe I watched their passage along the edge of the bluff, until they halted at the point where I had come up the trail. They remained grouped there for a moment, talking earnestly; then the shadow formed disintegrated, and Raymond and the horse alone remained distinguishable. I knew the others had disappeared in the blackness of the ravine, and that they were destined to search its depths in vain, for what little trail I might have left in my crawl upward could never be deciphered in that darkness. I waited motionless for what I believed to be ten minutes, anxious that the fellows get far enough down to be safely beyond earshot. At first I could hear them slipping and stumbling along the steep, stony path, but these sounds

grew fainter and finally ceased. The lieutenant led the horse back a few yards, and fastened his rein securely to the limb of a tree; then took his own position within the brush shadow, where he could watch the head of the trail. From where I crouched I could no longer see the fellow.

I had no thought of going on and leaving him there on guard. Not only did I feel an overwhelming desire to punish the man for his treachery and insolence, but I wished to gain possession of the horse. Such an opportunity as this was the gift of God, and I was only too eager to accept it. The wide plain in front of us was deserted, the cavalry troop having disappeared. The glare of torches had disappeared from within the church, which was now a mere shapeless shadow in the moonlight. My vision did not extend to the road in front, but there were sounds indicating that the Federal forces were either going into camp, or preparing to resume their march. Satisfied that my own way was clear, I crawled out to the edge of the line of brush, and arose silently to my feet. To reach Raymond I would have to pass where the horse was tied, and to approach on hands and knees would be liable to frighten the animal. Trusting that the lieutenant's whole attention would be devoted to the trail, and that he would anticipate no approach from behind, I walked straight forward and laid hand on the horse's head. He smelt of me curiously, but made no noise, and, looking across his back, I could dimly perceive the man a few paces beyond. He stood erect, his back towards me, perfectly motionless, his entire consciousness concentrated on his guard. I stole forward step by step, noiselessly. I was actually within reach of him before some sense told him of my near presence, and he wheeled about only to find a leveled revolver staring him in the eyes.

"We meet again," I said coldly, "and it seems to be my luck to hold the cards."

"You! Good God! I thought—" "I know what you thought, for I was within ten feet of you when you talked to Kelly. Put up your hands, Raymond! Yes, of course, but don't attempt any play—I only need an excuse to hurt you."

He glared at me savagely, yet his hands went up, although I could see him glance backward over one shoulder into the darkness of the ravine.

"You might make the jump," I said, drawing a revolver from his belt, "but to my best judgment there is a hundred foot sheer drop right here, and it would damage you some to take it. See," and I tossed the weapon over the edge, and we heard the sound as it struck on the rocks below. "I guess you'll not try that trick. And so you want me so badly you offer a reward, dead or alive? Isn't it rather my wife you want?"

"I don't believe she is your wife." "Not after she gave you her word! That is hardly complimentary to the lady, lieutenant. However I haven't any reason to be jealous of you—Noreen knows you too well by this time; you proved yourself a treacherous cur in Lewisburg. Now turn around!"

There was no other weapon in his belt, and it never occurred to me that he might possess another secreted in his jacket; nor did I realize the desperate hatred of me which gave him reckless courage. What to do with the fellow obsessed my mind; I possessed nothing to securely bind him with; I could not leave him free, nor had I any desire to take him along with me. He settled the problem himself. Suddenly, his arms above his head, his eyes on mine, he kicked viciously, the heavy shoe striking my wrist, sending the revolver I held spinning into the grass a dozen feet away. With almost the same movement he was tugging at his jacket pocket. I saw the gleam of steel, and

gripped his fingers just in time; my other hand, numbed by the blow dealt me, was, for the instant, useless, yet I struck him with my elbow full in the face. I had no grip that would hold, yet it tangled the revolver in the folds of cloth so he could not draw, and, with a snarl of baffled rage, he tore his fingers loose, and clutched at my throat with both hands. Back and forth we swayed on the very edge of the ravine, kept from plunging down into the black depths by the intervening fringe of trees, savagely contending for the mastery. That he was a trained athlete, acquainted with every wrestler's trick, I knew in a moment, yet this gave me little fear—for this was to be a fight, no wrestling game. Strong, quick, agile as the man was, I never doubted I was his match, and, as I felt strength come back into my hand, and realized that I could clench it again, I felt coldly confident. Once, twice, I drove my knuckles into his exposed face, compelling him to loosen grip, and throw up his hands in protection. And then I had him; not that he was devoid of skill as a boxer—sooth he possessed tricks of defense unknown to me—but his was the professional knowledge of the West Point gym, while I had graduated from the rough school of the camp; where he had trained for points, for fancy mili-

ing, I had fought to win against desperate opponents. The difference told, for I beat him down, caring nothing for what blows reached me, so that I smashed in through his guard, and landed. Again and again I feinted with my right, and drove my left straight to the exposed jaws. I gave him no time to cry out, to even catch a full breath. There was no sound to be heard a hundred feet away. I became a machine, grimly determined, a desire to punish throbbing in my veins. He fought catlike and fowl, but I only laughed, and angered him. I drove him out into the open where I could see better. I was fighting now, with no thought of protecting myself, only of hurting him. I tried for a knockout, but he blocked me, clinging desperately to my arm. I tore loose once more, flinging him aside bewildered and breathless.

"Now, Raymond," I said, "that trick doesn't work a second time. Stand up to it, you coward! You wanted a



Stared Down at Him, Panting. Scarcely Realizing What Had Occurred.

fight, and you are going to have one. What! The gun again? I guess not."

He had jerked it out before I reached him, but my hand closed over his—the hammer fell, digging into the flesh of my thumb, and the pain maddened me; he staggered back from the impetus of my body, and I tore loose, the iron still imbedded in my flesh, and struck him. The pearl handle crashed to the side of his head, tearing my hand in jagged wound, but he went over, dropping to the grass as if dead. He gave no moan, no sound; for an instant his limbs twitched, and then he lay there, curled into a ball. I stared down at him, panting, scarcely realizing just what had occurred. An instant before he had been fighting like a tiger cat, now he was a motionless, grotesque shadow. Blood streamed from my lacerated hand, and I bound up the wound in a neckerchief stripped from around my throat, hardly conscious of the pain, my breath steadying, my muscles growing tense. Then I bent down, and straightened the man out, upturning his face to the moon. He was not dead—there was a beat to his pulse; but the gash on his head was an ugly one; he would have a scar there while he lived. He lay like a dead man, his face ghastly, his thin lips drawn back from his teeth, and seemingly breathless. But for that faint, barely perceptible throb of the pulse, I would have thought him killed.

And now what? Kelly, and his followers, would not be gone long exploring the depths of the ravine—an hour at most would take them over every inch of it. We must have more of a start than that. There were troops yonder. Fox would never worry over the disappearance of Raymond, but Moran might; and he was in command. There was a squad of horsemen out there now, beyond the corner of the church, and riding southward—they might be in search of the missing lieutenant and his three troopers. I dare not leave the fellow where he was to recover consciousness, and give an alarm, or be discovered by others. There were two things possible to do—to roll the body into the ravine, or bear it with me. The first would be murder; the second a tax upon my physical strength which I might not

withstand. Yet there was no other way, but to try the experiment.

I tossed the discarded revolver into the bushes, and struggled with the limp body until I was able to rise to my feet with the unconscious man dangling across my shoulder. He was of good girth and weight, but I succeeded in staggering the few yards necessary with the burden, and then hoisted him across the saddle, head and heels dangling. The horse snorted and circled to get away, frightened at his unusual burden, but I soothed the animal, and finally he snuffed at the man's legs, and stood still.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Trail to Covington.

As I gripped the horse's rein and turned him slowly around I heard a single shot fired in the gorge below, the sound echoing among the rocks and a spark of fire gleamed through the darkness. It was far enough away to give me little concern, yet the report must have been heard by the cavalry squad now well out in the open, for they wheeled their horses and rode straight toward the ravine. Their course would bring them higher up, just to the rear of the church, yet, with suspicions once aroused, 'twas likely they would patrol the banks, seeking for some passage below. Confident the distance between us was sufficient to hide my movements so long as I kept well back in the shadow of the trees, I led the horse forward, advancing as rapidly as I dared to travel, using one hand to steady Raymond's body swaying across the saddle. It must have been a quarter of a mile, or more, to where the forest spread out from the bank into a dark tangle of trees, extending half across the ridge. The winding of the ravine took me out of sight of the body of horsemen above, yet I knew they had galloped to the edge of the gorge, and were calling to whoever was below. I could hear the shouts, without catching the words, and even imagined I distinguished a faint cry in return. By slipping the lieutenant's belt over the saddle horn, thus preventing his limp body from sliding off, I urged the animal to a sharp trot.

What was before us in those dark woods was all conjecture—but I possessed infinite confidence in Noreen. The very silence, coupled with the fact that no sign of the two fugitives had been met with along the way, convinced me that they had safely attained the rendezvous, and were now there, anxiously awaiting my arrival. The time had not been long, and the girl would never consent to proceed alone with Nichols, until she had lost every hope of my joining her. He might not remain willingly in such close proximity of danger, but I could count on her to keep the fellow there until the last possible moment. We went down into a shallow gully, and then climbed the opposite bank, having to force a passage through thick scrub, I pressing the branches aside to prevent their scratching Raymond's face. He gave utterance to a groan, and I lifted his head, supporting it on my shoulder as we topped the rise. The horse shied, I caught glimpse of a shadow flitting across an open space. "Noreen!"

"Is it really you? I could not tell—the horse; the something across the saddle."

She came forward with a swift spring, not satisfied until her hand actually touched me.

"Oh, I am so glad—you are not even hurt?" "Not seriously; battered up a bit—Nichols?"

"Yes, he is here; there beside the tree. Tell me what has happened! What have you here? Why it is a man," she shrank back, "a—a dead man!"

"No, not dead," I hastened to explain, unbuckling the belt, and lowering the still limp body to the ground. "Here, parson, don't let the horse stray. We cannot waste many minutes here; there are cavalrymen scouting the edge of the ravine yonder, and they may come as far as this. That is why I brought the fellow along—to keep him from being found. Do you recognize the face, Noreen?"

It was dark and shadowy where we were and she was compelled to bend low to distinguish the features. Her lips gave a startled, half-suppressed cry:

"Why it is Lieutenant Raymond! You—you fought together? How did he come here?"

"I think he suspected we might manage to escape from the church. He was more anxious to capture me than he was to fight evidently, for I caught no glimpse of his face during the melee. But he, and three troopers, were hidden at the edge of the woods watching where the trail comes up from the ravine."

"Yes," breathlessly, "we saw them come across, just after the torches began to flare up inside the church. Then later another man rode along there."

"That was Kelly; he brought word that we had got away. I was within ten feet of them when they met. The lieutenant swore at the news, and sent the four men down the trail to search—he offered one hundred dollars for me, dead or alive."

She arose to her feet, but the darkness prevented my seeing the expression on her face.

"He did! This man?" she exclaimed, the horror of the thought visible in the tone. "Why, what is it to him? I do not understand why he should exhibit such bitterness—he was determined to convict you from the first. There was no feud between you two, was there?"

"Only Noreen Harwood," I answered, speaking softly, "But—look! The cav-

alry squad just passed across that open space; they are riding this way. Raymond will revive presently, and some of his men will find him here; Kelly will search as soon as he discovers the man is missing. Nichols, fasten the belt about his arms—yes, buckle it behind; a notch tighter. You know the trail?"

"I've been over it enough," rather sullenly. "Is Anse Cowan dead?"

"Yes; but that doesn't affect you at present. You are going to guide us to Covington. Hold the horse. Now Noreen."

She gave me her hand, and I helped her into the saddle. A horse neighed in the distance, but my fingers closed on the nostrils of the animal beside me in time to prevent response. Nichols stood motionless, a tall, shapeless figure, gazing back over the tops of the bushes. I drew my revolver, and touched him with it sharply on the arm.

"Go on," I said quietly, yet with a threat in my voice. "Attempt to run, or play any trick, and I drop you in your tracks."

He turned without a word, and silently pushed a passage through the scrub into more open woods, and I followed, grasping the horse's rein. A hundred yards farther along we came into a beaten track, and began to mount upward along a rocky ridge, where the moon gave me good view. It was a scene of silent desolation. I took one glance backward, but trees shut off all glimpse of the church, and the plateau. I thought I heard a voice, or two, calling afar off, perhaps the cavalrymen again signaling Kelly in the ravine, but we had little to fear from them. Our trail could never be followed before morning, and dawn would be three hours away. I slipped my weapon back into my belt, confident Nichols would make no attempt to desert. He was slouching forward, muttering something to himself as he walked, and never even turned his head to glance behind. I stole a look upward at the lady in the saddle, but did not venture to address her. She sat erect, her face slightly averted, but her thoughts appeared to be elsewhere, and I plodded on, my heart grown heavy. Beyond doubt she realized now what the end was to be. In the rush and excitement of the past few days, her natural desire to save me from the death of a spy, she had found no time for thought, for consideration. She had merely obeyed the swift impulse of the moment. But now, riding this dark mountain trail, all immediate peril left behind, she was facing the future—and regret. Her father's death, her sudden abandonment of home and friends, her disloyalty to the cause with which her sympathies were enlisted, her forced marriage, came fresh to her memory like haunting phantoms. Once, I thought, she lifted a hand, and dashed a tear from her eye; and her head sank lower, as though she would hide her face. She was evidently ashamed, regretful, unhappy; if ever she had cared for me, even in ordinary friendship, that feeling had changed into dislike—probably into actual hatred. I seemed to feel the change; to comprehend the growing horror with which she confronted the future. I wanted to tell her that I understood; that I sympathized; that I would never consent to stand between her and happiness. Plan after plan flashed through my mind—she should be free; she should go to

her own friends, and never see me again. I would arrange to drop out of her life as suddenly as I had come into it. But the impetuous words died unuttered on my lips. Steadily we pushed on through the darkness, no word exchanged between us, slipping and sliding along the rocky trail, following Nichols down into a black valley, and then up again to a steep, narrow ridge. All about us was the night, and the silence.

Then the dawn broke, the black

gloom fading into gray, the clouds of fog in the deep valley below us rising slowly until the rays of the rising sun lifted them to the mountain tops, reddening the mist into grotesque beauty, and revealing the green glades beneath. It was a wild, desolate scene, and we paused on the edge of what seemed a sheer precipice to gaze. Even Nichols stopped, and looked down, pointing to the ridge of rock along which the barely perceptible trail ran. "You'll hav' ter pick yer way mighty careful 'long thar," he said slowly. "Tain't jist safe fer a hoss, nohow, but I reckon he'll pick his own way all right. Thar's a cabin 'round behind that bend whar we mout git a bite ter eat."

"Who lives there?"

"A fellar named Larrabee; but I reckon thar won't be noboddy ter hom' but the ol' woman—Bill's conscripted."

"Go on down," I said after a moment, "and we'll follow slowly. How far away is Covington?"

"'Bout twenty mile—in the next valley beyond them hills."

He disappeared around a sharp ledge, and Noreen and I were alone—alone, it seemed to me, in all the world. I dare not even look at her, as I helped her out of the saddle. Tired from the long hours of riding along the rough trail, she staggered slightly on her feet, and her hands clasped my arm. Our eyes met, and in the depths of hers was the mist of tears.

"Tom," she said earnestly, her voice faltering. "I cannot stand this any longer. I—I must know—what—what I am to you?"

"To me!" I echoed, the blood leaping in my veins. "Do you not know? Can you feel the slightest doubt?"

"Doubt! It is all doubt. You have spoken no word to guide me. You married me to save me from Anse Cowan. You permitted me to come with you because I would consent to nothing else. I do not even know that it is your choice that I go on beside you into the valley."

"Noreen," and I had her hands in mine. "It is my choice that you go with me all the way through life—dear girl, I love you."

The long lashes hid her eyes, but her cheeks were crimson; then I looked down into the blue depths, through the tear mist, and read my answer.

gloom fading into gray, the clouds of fog in the deep valley below us rising slowly until the rays of the rising sun lifted them to the mountain tops, reddening the mist into grotesque beauty, and revealing the green glades beneath. It was a wild, desolate scene, and we paused on the edge of what seemed a sheer precipice to gaze. Even Nichols stopped, and looked down, pointing to the ridge of rock along which the barely perceptible trail ran. "You'll hav' ter pick yer way mighty careful 'long thar," he said slowly. "Tain't jist safe fer a hoss, nohow, but I reckon he'll pick his own way all right. Thar's a cabin 'round behind that bend whar we mout git a bite ter eat."

"Who lives there?"

"A fellar named Larrabee; but I reckon thar won't be noboddy ter hom' but the ol' woman—Bill's conscripted."

"Go on down," I said after a moment, "and we'll follow slowly. How far away is Covington?"

"'Bout twenty mile—in the next valley beyond them hills."

He disappeared around a sharp ledge, and Noreen and I were alone—alone, it seemed to me, in all the world. I dare not even look at her, as I helped her out of the saddle. Tired from the long hours of riding along the rough trail, she staggered slightly on her feet, and her hands clasped my arm. Our eyes met, and in the depths of hers was the mist of tears.

"Tom," she said earnestly, her voice faltering. "I cannot stand this any longer. I—I must know—what—what I am to you?"

"To me!" I echoed, the blood leaping in my veins. "Do you not know? Can you feel the slightest doubt?"

"Doubt! It is all doubt. You have spoken no word to guide me. You married me to save me from Anse Cowan. You permitted me to come with you because I would consent to nothing else. I do not even know that it is your choice that I go on beside you into the valley."

"Noreen," and I had her hands in mine. "It is my choice that you go with me all the way through life—dear girl, I love you."

The long lashes hid her eyes, but her cheeks were crimson; then I looked down into the blue depths, through the tear mist, and read my answer.

(THE END.)

CANADA'S GREATEST SOLDIER



Gen. "Sam" Hughes (in uniform) is probably the most famous soldier in the Dominion of Canada. He is the minister of militia and defense, and the part Canada has played at the front is due in large measure to the manner in which he organized and maintained the militia of his country. General Hughes recently inspected the Canadian troops in France and later attended the Eistedfodd celebration in Wales.

Tough. "My dear, did you make this Christmas pudding out of the cookery book?"

"Yes, love." "Well, I thought I tasted one of the covers."

That's Why. "Why should they tell us there is a Santa Claus if there isn't?"

"Mother and father want someone to lay the blame on if we don't get the presents we want."

WINNERS of the GOLD WATCH PRIZES

in Darsey's Big Popular Contest

MAN'S WATCH	LADIES' WATCH
	District Number One
Talmadge Hodge	Miss Katie Cherry
	District Number Two
George McCorkle Jr.	Miss Ava Skidmore
	District Number Three
Grady Finch	Miss Ola Willis
	District Number Four
Willis Shaver	Miss Florence Pennington
	District Number Five
Pete Jones	Miss Katie Caskey
	District Number Six
Henry L. Teems	Miss Lila Dennis
	District Number Seven
H. W. L. Shepherd	Victoria Dailey

Total Number of Votes Turned in by Each Contestant:

District No. 1	District No. 3	District No. 6
LADIES	LADIES	LADIES
Miss Katie Cherry..... 30,685	Miss Ola Willis..... 44,474	Miss Lila Dennis.....91,205
Miss Ruth McDonald..... 21,925		Miss Glennie Bush.....71,375
Miss Annie Lee Mills... 21,635	MEN	Miss Ellen Bridges.....49,365
Miss Bamma Cunningham..... 8,580	Grady Finch..... 75,065	Miss Norma Montgomery.....23,710
MEN	Wood Spence..... 39,975	
Talmadge Hodge..... 51,960	Dudley Ellis..... 30,145	MEN
Ed Mosely..... 30,230	Quincy Chandler..... 27,535	Henry L. Teems.....33,250
Willie Taylor..... 7,955		Pat Taylor.....31,280
Eldridge Weisinger..... 4,970	District No. 4	J. W. Neely..... 7,605
	LADIES	W. J. Moore..... 4,030
District No. 2	Miss Florence Pennington.....102,145	
LADIES	Miss Ruth Stevens..... 83,485	District No. 7
Miss Ava Skidmore..... 53,890	Miss Pearl Clark..... 75,755	LADIES
Miss Helen Owens..... 33,055		Victoria Dailey.....114,435
Miss Lizzie Ingram..... 14,845	MEN	Elizabeth Leonard..... 1,995
MEN	Willis Shaver..... 104,145	
George McCorkle, Jr.....105,555	District No. 5	MEN
Arwine Skidmore..... 93,400	LADIES	H. W. L. Shepherd.....62,865
Howard Whitaker..... 12,130	Miss Katie Caskey301,125	A. W. Walker.....41,025
	Miss Polly Pridgen.....133,970	Marshall Henry.....17,200
	MEN	E. Henry.....13,940
	Pete Jones.....110,325	Eddie Marshall..... 7,355
	F. M. M. Smith..... 21,580	Carlton Campbell..... 7,260
		Louis Hall..... 3,105

NOTICE---All contestants who have as many as 10,000 votes, and who have not heretofore received a premium, will be given a nice premium as a reward for the interest they have shown. All winners will please call at the store and receive their premiums.

Our Store will be Closed Christmas Day

We will also be closed Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, December 29, 30 and 31, taking inventory. We thank you heartily for the generous patronage given us this year and wish each and every one of you a merry Christmas and happy new year.

GEORGE E. DARSEY

A BIG LINE OF Holiday Goods

At Very Reasonable Prices

The famous unbreakable dolls, at a big discount. Don't miss the Golden Opportunity to secure one of these popular dolls.

SOME VERY FINE SILVER SETS
PIECES of CUT GLASS AND THE BEST
Line of Jewelry in Town

The Peoples Drug Store

WADE L. SMITH

W. R. Campbell of Salmon called at this office Saturday morning and left the editor a good portion of old time country sausage. Mr. Campbell had good luck this year with his meat hogs. About a year ago he purchased a bred sow from Ford Newman, paying therefor \$8.00. He raised three pigs and when killed they weighed out in dressed pork 1,050 pounds. They were ten and one-half months old at killing time, and one of them tipped the beam at 257 pounds after being dressed. Mr. Campbell says \$5.00 in cash will cover the expense of feeding, and he raised them principally on peanuts.

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.

N. C. Tims, who has been spending the past six months at Buffalo Gap and Headley with his sons, returned last Thursday night and Friday morning went to his home at Augusta. Mr. Tims went west for his health, and first improved considerably, but for the last month his health has not been so good.

LOCAL NEWS

John Harlow of Oakwood spent Sunday here with his friend, Jim Ryan.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Anthony of Ft. Stockton are here to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Anthony.

Joe King of Eldorado came in Sunday night and will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Smith at Reynard.

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

Some work has recently been done on the road leading north of town, and it is now in good shape as far as John Pelham's.

Mrs. S. W. Grant of Armarillo was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Howard, the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lively and daughter, Miss Mary, of Waneta, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Tims at Buffalo Gap, returned home last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hollingsworth and son, Jot Davis, of Livingston, are here to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John A. Davis.

NOTICE WOODMEN

There will be no meeting of the Lodge Saturday night, which is Christmas.

M. E. Bean, C. C.

NOTICE

Mrs. Jennie Dotson is authorized to solicit subscriptions for the Messenger, both new and renewal, and any favors shown her will be appreciated by us. She will appreciate your subscription, and if not convenient to see her, write her Grapeland, Route 1.

Many Thanks!

Again it is our very great pleasure to extend our sincere thanks to the generous hearted people of this community for the increased patronage with which we have been favored in 1915. as well as in former years.

Our gratitude goes out to you in unstinted measure, and with it the hope that all this world of ours may be kind and generous to you in the many years we trust are yet before you.

We express the hope that you will remember us in the future as you have done in the past, and assure you our constant endeavor will be to meet your wishes in an acceptable manner in every case.

D. N. Leaverton

The Leading Druggist
Grapeland, Texas

LOCAL NEWS FROM EPHEBUS

Dec. 20.—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! What a deep thought those words embrace! When we think of the fleetpassing of time, of the short duration of our material existence, our memory wanders back o'er the scenes of the past. We think of the pleasant days of our childhood, of the sweet ties that once bound us, of the garden that once bloomed around us, and the leaves of that last rose which are now scattered on a dear one's grave; the walls expand, the roof rises and the house becomes a temple,—but, then this is a news report.

Our Sunday School is progressing nicely. A large and appreciative congregation usually attends the Sunday services.

We are told that Mr. Tom Platt is in a critical condition. The doctors have pronounced his ailment pneumonia and say his recovery will be somewhat deferred as a result of exposure. However, the highest hope of his recovery is cherished.

Mr. Deckert Anderson returned Saturday from Leon county, where he has been visiting his sister, Mrs. W. R. Revel.

There was an enjoyable entertainment at the home of Mr. Luther Goolsby Friday night. Music was furnished by Mr. Ed McQueen.

"Peace on earth, good will to men." Correspondent.

OUR HONOR ROLL

Those remembering the Messenger the past two weeks are as follows:

- Laney Johnston, Cleve Sadler, Mrs. E. V. Rawls, A. E. Owens, Grapeland.
- W. J. Starkey, O. P. Brown, Route 1.
- Geo. McCorkle, Route 2.
- J. W. Ellis, Route 3.
- Douglass Beazley, T. D. Zackary, Route 4.
- H. I. Stedman, Ed Music, J. R. Taylor, Alton Baker, A. R. Baker, Elkhart, Jim Music Rt. 2.
- Martin Baber, Frank Luce, Elkhart.
- W. T. Payne, J. D. Trimble, N. C. Tims, Jake Sheridan, Augusta.
- Miss Elna Horn, Dumas.
- Joe King, Eldorado.

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.

GREETINGS

I take this method of thanking my friends and customers for the liberal share of patronage extended me during the year 1915, and hope to merit a continuance of some in the future year. I wish you a Merry Xmas and a New Year of unbounded prosperity.
Yours truly,
Frank Allen.

To My Friends and Customers

I wish to thank you for the portion of your trade given to me during the year of 1915, and wish you all a Merry Xmas and a prosperous New Year, and solicit your future patronage.
Very truly,
J. J. Brooks.

J. D. Yarbrough of Spring spent Sunday here.

Geo. E. Darsey Jr., is home from school at Georgetown to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Leaverton announce the arrival of a girl baby, born last Friday afternoon.

Most people do not properly appreciate peace and recreation. While most people know that rest is a necessity they fail to fully recognize the value of the home that affords shelter and gives rest and quiet.

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.

The first quarterly conference of the M. E. church for the Grapeland work was held Sunday afternoon. Sunday morning, Presiding Elder Shettles preached to a large and appreciative audience.

Mr. Sam Garrett, formerly a citizen of Grapeland, but now of Coleman, Texas, is spending the week here with relatives and seeing his old friends. He moved from here in 1904, and this is his first visit back.

\$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 catarh. Catarh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarh 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 Catarh 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.

GREETINGS of the SEASON

AND THANKS FOR YOUR PATRONAGE

Greetings of the season and best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous 1916 to you all! And may you have many such in the years to come.

We thank you sincerely for the liberal patronage we have received during the past twelve months. You have been generous, indeed, which is the best of all evidence that "the Store for Everybody" is nearest of all stores to your heart.

We have endeavored at all times to serve you conscientiously and acceptably in the past, and the future will see us putting forth greater efforts to this end. We hope to see you all throughout the new year, which we trust is to be one of many blessings to our people.

HEARTY GREETINGS from the Management
- - and Clerks of - -
"THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY"

KENNEDY BROTHERS

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 his 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. 23, 1915

LOYALTY PAYS A DIVIDEND

We read much in the public press today of "loyalty to our country."

It is well, for if any man on earth has reason to feel loyal to his country for benefits conferred, that man is the American citizen.

But there is another loyalty which ranks side by side with that of country, and that is loyalty to home and home people.

We have a community here in which any people might feel a just pride, and we have a people wholly on a par with the community though there are times when we are neglectful of our interests and unmindful of the disintegrating consequences which invariably ensue.

Loyalty always pays its dividend, but loyalty to home and home people pays a double dividend.

Let us be loyal to country by all means, but let us be doubly loyal to our home people and our home institutions, for it is by this means only that we may thrive, and flourish, and grow as a collective unit in the marts of the world.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK

Observing our usual custom, there will be no issue of the paper next week. This week is always set aside for recreation, cleaning up the office and getting things in shape for the new year.

In this connection, we wish to thank everyone who has contributed to the success of the Messenger in 1915, which has been a very good year with us, and wish all a merry Christmas and happy and prosperous new year.

Henry Ford has only two more days left in which to take the soldiers out of the trenches.

In a few more days we will be ushering in a new year to bless and a bunch of bills to cuss.

Go to church Sunday. It's good for you and won't hurt the church.

Even Christmas has its drawbacks. The bills must be paid. But that's better than a Christmas in the trenches.

His Fordship and his peace party reached the other side without a "blow-out," but 'tis said there was dissension on board among the delegates over a resolution condemning Wilson's policy of preparedness. Therefore, we presume that some of the tail feathers were plucked from the dove of peace.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

January 1st, we will abandon the custom of giving free subscription to advertisers. The increased cost of production, the constant advance in the price of material and the high cost of living generally makes this move imperative. It is in keeping with the same principle that when we go into your stores and purchase a shirt you do not throw in a collar, or if a suit of clothes is bought an extra pair of pants is not thrown in, etc. Every paper we put out costs us something and every paper given away detracts that much from our revenue. On your December bill will be added a year's subscription for the coming year.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

When you cannot find the right kind of a Christmas gift to send to your friend who resides out of town, we suggest that you send them a year's subscription to the Messenger. In all modesty we can truthfully say that there are many who appreciate and enjoy it fully as much as they would some token that would cost you many more times than the paper.

Take for instance, your friends or relatives in a distant state who once lived in or near GrapeLand and who retain a fondness for old acquaintances. Don't you think they would find much satisfaction and get a great deal of pleasure out of reading a copy of the Messenger once a week during the coming year? And wouldn't they be grateful to the person who was thoughtful enough to send them the paper.

If you want to make a gift that will be enjoyed during the entire twelve months of the year, a subscription to the Messenger is the thing. And then, too, it is not expensive.

The celebration of Christmas is presumed to be in honor of the birth of Christ, but quite often we slip a mental cog and it becomes a wild jamboree in the service of the devil.

Villa has about decided to quit the game in Mexico and come to the United States and hit the lecture platform. As the American people like to be buncoed, he would have a rich field to operate in.

THE JENNINGS SHOW

The Jennings show came in Monday morning, although they did not expect to arrive until Wednesday. The show opened Monday night with the "Village Minister," and was witnessed by a good crowd. They did not give a performance Tuesday night on account of the lyceum attraction at the auditorium, but showed Wednesday night and will be here the balance of the week.

The Jennings show is now on its 8th annual tour. They have a bunch of good actors and give good clean performances. The band and orchestra concert every night at 7:00 until the curtain rises is a good feature of the show. Mr. Jennings has cut the price of admission to 15 and 25c, which enables everyone to attend.

Good for Constipation.

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

NEWS ITEMS FROM GLOVER

Health of this community is very good with the exception of a few chills.

It seems as though moving is the order of the day here.

Mr. W. T. Craig has rented land from Mr. Gus Richardson over at Augusta and is going to move some time soon. When we get a good neighbor among us we hate to see them move off from us, but we can't keep people from moving around. Mr. Craig has been living on Mr. Weaver's place for the past two years, so he decided he might better himself by moving where he could raise more cotton. Look-out now, Mr. Craig, that you don't wish that you were back on Davis Creek.

Mr. Grady Cook and wife spent the day with Mrs. R. R. Thames last Sunday.

Mr. Weaver and Richard Thames took dinner with Mr. W. T. Payne Sunday.

Mr. Lonzo Thompson and family spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sloan last Sunday.

Mr. W. T. Craig left for Houston Monday. He will be gone a month or two.

Mr. W. T. Payne gave a singing at his house last Friday night in honor of his brother, Mr. Louis Payne of Crockett. All reported a nice time.

Mr. J. T. Breeze of Helmic, Trinity county, spent the night at Mr. R. R. Thames' Sunday night.

Success to the MESSENGER and all its readers. Also a merry Xmas. Crab Apple.

AT THE UNIVERSITY

Houston County is represented at the University of Texas this year by the following students:

David Clinton Cannon, Beasley Denny, Grace Denny, John Leighton Denny, Waiter Coleman English, Alice Almira Foster, Hale Alton LeMay, Burke Elias Lockey, Wm. Herbert Massey, Willie Mae Patton, Harry Leland Richardson, Milton G. Thomas, Crockett; Charles Dudley Eaves, GrapeLand; Mildred Collins, Norman H. Moore, William Howard Norwood, Love-lady.

Of these, Beasley Denny, Charles Dudley Eaves, Mildred Collins, Norman H. Moore, and William Howard Norwood are candidates for degrees, and will probably be graduated next June.

The University is now in its 33rd session and has registered a larger attendance than at any previous time in its history. It is likely that the total registration before the end of the session will exceed 2800. Twenty-three hundred students are now enrolled at the Main University at Austin (810 girls) and 300 at the Medical Department at Galveston. Of course these figures take no account of the 1200 students taking work in the University by correspondence.

Texas thus has, easily, the largest registration of any university in the South.

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus: I want you to bring me a doll that will go to sleep, a little broom, some fruits, nuts and candy. Your little friend, Annie Lou Brown.

On His Way



Photo by Frank Fourster.

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

Have You Read the Ads?

YOU CAN'T DODGE THIS QUESTION

We all want to make money and prosper, but the question is how? Sometimes two heads are better than one.

WE ARE WILLING TO ADVISE AND ASSIST in every way possible in any legitimate undertaking. We are always glad to see you at

Farmers & Merchants State Bank
A GUARANTY FUND BANK

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-15

WHEN MAN RENEGES

It is an inevitable fact that the social and moral standard of society depends upon woman alone. Man reneges, fails to assume his share of the responsibility and does not use the same measure upon himself that he requires woman to use, which causes the greater part of the burden to rest upon the frail shoulders of woman.

Man expects woman to uphold virtue and goodness at all times, regardless of circumstances and the temptations with which she is confronted. When she fails in her undertaking, or even wavers in her efforts to maintain the highest standard, she is scorned, condemned and cast aside as chaff; notwithstanding the fact that she has encountered many temptations, and many times is the victim of circumstances. Why does she fall? Because man, in utter disregard of his duty to assist her, passes her by, with unseeing eyes as to her condition, and a deaf ear to her appeal for a lift, that would help her regain her footing upon the high pinnacle from which she had fallen, in her struggles to hold up under a weight that is too heavy to bear alone, and which is crushing her frail physique to earth and exhausting her strength.

A man may fall to the depths of hell in sin and degradation, and rise again as a prodigal, apologize to society with the air of a Chesterfield, repent of his action, and in a short time he will be welcomed back to the place he forfeited, cajoled and commended for his determination to extricate himself from the meshes in which he had become entangled. Woman forgives him, and in her unselfish nature and a great love, prompted by mother intuition, she reaches down from her throne of virtue to grasp his hand and pull him upward, often to be dragged down with him. She has fallen in trying to raise one for whom she had sympathy and pity. In his struggles in the quirky mire, he clutched the frail hand that was extended to him, mindful of the fact that he was too deep for her strength to extricate him from the cess pool into which he was sinking. He snatched from the crown of virtue, one of its brightest jewels, and sank into oblivion with it clutched in his vice-like grip.

A woman may fall, but she does not find in man, the ready rescuer he should be. He stands at the edge of the "suck-hole" calmly watching her sink from her once magnanimous state of morality. He does not condescend to reach out a hand and give her the lift she once gave him, for fear of being criticised by his fellow-men. And even after her extradition, her apologies to society, her humble repentance, he considers her unfit for his association. In his biased views he does not consider it his duty to help her blot out the stigma upon her character. When she tries to regain her position upon the social ladder, he is found a few rungs ahead, pushing her back with an iron arm and a vile tongue, ready to obstruct her path with every obstacle that will be hard for her to overcome, making it impossible for her to come back.

Man demands the highest moral standard of woman, excusing his own imperfections, with the theory that it was never intended for man's moral standard to be the same as the moral

FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS
Pains in the Back or disturbances in the Urinary Organs, there is no remedy more powerful and effective than

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is an exceptionally fine restorative for ailing kidneys. Inflammation of the kidneys, Bright's Disease in the early stage, Diabetes, and all irregularities in the urinary organs yield to its great tonic and renovating influence. Weak, nervous people who suffer from pains in the back, too frequent calls to pass urine, torpid liver or constipated bowels, need this admirable cleansing stimulant because it contains the necessary medicinal properties for correcting these debilitating diseases.

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

D N LEAVERTON

standard of woman. Woman has grown to accept this theory and has relaxed in her requirements of man's moral character. If she had, for the past century demanded of man, the same moral standard that he has demanded of her, the scales which weigh the standards of both would be more equally balanced, and the standards of both would be higher. J. R. O.

A THOUGHT WORTH CONSIDERING

Parents when selecting a school for their son or daughter to attend or young men and women depending upon their own judgement, should take into consideration the moral surroundings in which they will be placed when attending school. Our large cities are full of saloons and their accompanying evils. The business college located in these cities cannot control their students when out of the school room, therefore they are left to roam the streets at will and get into all kinds of company. The Tyler Commercial College is located in the beautiful and healthy city of Tyler, Texas, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, with no saloons or their accompanying evils. Our large crowd of 2000 students annually are controlled with perfect ease, both while in and out of school. The school is opened each morning with exercises that strengthen the moral character of every student within its walls. Lectures by prominent business men from various parts of the U. S. upon the necessity of truthfulness and honesty in a true business education; lectures by some of America's greatest orators, men of extensive travel

and careful study. These morning exercises are made interesting, inspiring and encouraging. They cause our student body to determine to be honest, to be upright, to be industrious, to be ladies and gentlemen who will make the brightest type of citizenship. A business education without the proper moral training is a failure, yet there is not another business college in the state that spends five minutes on the moral training of its students. The moral training given by the Tyler Commercial College has been indorsed by various religious bodies, by prominent business men and presidents of railroads; it is the aim of this institution to see that every student leaves morally strengthened as well as with a practical knowledge of Book-keeping, Shorthand, Cotton Classing, Business Administration and Finance and Telegraphy. Write for our large beautifully illustrated free catalogue. Read it carefully and obtain full particulars. It costs no more to place your son or daughter in America's largest and most successful business college than it does in some small, inferior institution with all the temptations of the larger cities.

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.

"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

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

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

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

A. E. Owens

NOTARY PUBLIC

Legal Documents
Correctly Drawn

Grapeland, 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

NOTICE TO TRUSTEES AND TEACHERS

I take this means of making a suggestion concerning the period of time to be given for the Xmas. vacation. I am of the opinion that the schools should be dismissed on Thursday evening, Dec. 23rd, and the greatest time to be allowed for the vacation to extend to Monday Jan. 3, 1916. This will be giving six school days and in all, including two Saturdays and two Sundays, ten days. Any school desiring to begin before the suggested time may do so, however, it would be better for all schools to begin on the above date as it will coincide with the following suggestion as to the days to make out reports.

In line with the above suggestion, I further suggest that all white teachers make their reports three weeks after opening schools on January 3, including the four days taught before Xmas. and not reported.

The negro schools may close as is suggested above, bringing in their reports on Friday for the nineteen days taught this month and same will be approved also it is intended that the negro schools shall open on the date above suggested and shall teach four weeks before bringing in reports.

The above suggestions are made in good faith on my part and I shall expect the same to be carried out in like manner. I am not in favor of losing too much time for the Christmas Holidays, for to do so will deprive a great many children in our schools of the same amount of time in the spring.

J. N. SNELL,
County Sup't.

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.



NEWS ITEMS FROM SALMON

Dec. 19.—As it has been some time since Salmon has been heard from, we will attempt to give a few of the news items.

Health of the community is all we could ask for at the present, however, Mr. Will Parker's baby has been dangerously ill with dyptheria, but glad to report that it is fast recovering. Also glad to report that Miss Mollie Guenther is back home. Miss Mollie underwent and operation for appendicitis. We understand it was a very serious case.

Mr. Henry Guenther has returned home to spend Xmas with homefolks. He has been attending the Baylor University at Waco, and says that he is well pleased with the school, and if we are capable of judging he has certainly been making good. Mr. Guenther has been making violin music a specialty. It would certainly be a treat to anyone to hear him pull the bow.

Mr. Will Smith is moving out two miles east of Grapeland, on what is known as the Oscar Edge place, which now belongs to Mr. Smith.

Mr. Odie Killian is moving to Mr. Smith's place.

Mr. John Laseter has moved into our community. He has purchased what is known as the Price place, one mile west of Salmon.

As far as we know, these are all the changes that will be made.

Our Sunday School, we can still report, is the best to be found in most any country church, same being organized six years ago, and we have only missed three Sundays during the six years, twice on account of funerals and once on account of bad weather. According to our way of thinking, this is a very good record.

With the exception of casing up a few windows and putting in the doors, our church house is completed. It is not such a fine house, but we can boast of having one of the most substantial houses to be found anywhere. C. A. Campbell was general "boss" and he has certainly proven himself equal to the occasion. However, we had Mr. Charlie Jones of Crockett to do some of the work for us. We put our church house on the county line for the reason that it was the only suitable place the committee could find, and everybody that is directly interested in the church house and the welfare of the community are

highly pleased with our location. Below is a list of the names, and amounts of all who kindly remembered us with their contributions. We take this method of thanking everyone contributing to this worthy enterprise. In after years we believe that everyone will be proud to know that they had a part in building this neat little house.

GRAPELAND

- A. H. Luker, \$2.50; U. M. Brock, 2.50; C. L. Haltom, 5.00; McLean & Riall, 2.50; John Penic, 1.00; Wade L. Smith, 1.00; C. L. Cromwell, 2.50; Kennedy Bros. 10.00; Wright Pridgen, 1.00; W. R. Wherry, 2.50; Traylor Bros., 1.00; Frank Leaverton, 50c; T. H. Leaverton, 2.50; Dr. Kennedy, 2.50; Prof. Sims, 50c; Jno. A. Davis, 1.00; Lewis Herod, 1.00; Tom Morgan, 50c; C. D. Butler, 1.00; Prof. Driskel, 1.00; W. D. Granberry, 2.50; Earnest Matthews, 1.00; B. R. Guice, 1.00; W. W. Spence, \$1; L. A. Finch, \$1; W. B. Dubose, 1.00; S. W. Duitch, 2.50; Dr. Hill, 1.00; Peter Bridges, 2.50; R. D. Parker, 1.00; J. L. Kennedy, 50c; J. D. Caskey, 1.00; Ford Newman, 1.00; W. P. Kyle, 1.00; Mrs. Julia Taylor, 1.00; Smith Harrison, 1.00; H. Brown, 1.00; Will Holcomb, 1.00; Prof. Brewton, 50c; Wm. Brown, 1.00; Bob L. Pridgen, 1.00; J. O. Edington, 1.00; C. Walling, 50c; J. E. Hollingsworth, 1.00; W. A. Kleckley, 50c; Keeland Bros., 1.00; W. H. Lively, 50c; A. E. Owens, 1.00; M. E. Darsey, 1.00; George E. Darsey, 5.00; M. S. Spence, 1.00; Olan Davis, 1.00; C. E. Brooks, 1.00; Miss Adelle Mansell, 2.00; J. J. Brooks, 2.50; J. W. Howard, 1.00; I. N. Whitaker, 1.00; Miss Addie Hill, 1.00; J. A. Bean, 1.00; S. W. Edge, 1.00; J. S. Morris, 1.00; G. R. Murchison, 1.00; T. S. Kent, 1.00; Mrs. W. D. McCarty, 50c; Dr. Stafford, 1.00; M. S. Pelham, 1.00; W. H. Richards, 1.00; Will Selkirk, 50c; Dimple Cromwell, 2.50; Web Finch, 1.00; Ben Brooks 1.00; H. M. Brown, 50c; Rube Weisinger, 1.00; G. W. Weisinger, 2.00; Josiah Caskey, 1.00; Caskey & Denson, 1.00; Jesse Jones, 1.00; J. J. Guice, 1.00; Nathan Guice, 1.00; A. W. Streetman, 50c; Tom Dailey, 1.00; A. B. Spence, 1.00; M. P. Herod, 2.00; W. J. Chaffin, 1.00; John Elisor, 50c; D. Haltom, 1.00; Jessie Walling, 1.00.

There are others that have subscribed but as yet have not paid. Their names will appear later. We purposely omitted the names of any members of our church, but will say however, that some of our members have certainly been loyal. We have

quite a number of names that contributed largely in work. Again we thank each and every one. W. R. C.

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.

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Reynard, Texas.

Dear old Santa: We think it so nice in the Messenger man to give the children space in his paper for them to write you a letter. Now, we have a world of children down this way and for fear none of them write you I am going to write in their behalf. We are going to put up a nice tree at the church and would like for you to put the presents on it; want you to bring all of them something, the bad ones as well as the good ones, for that is the way the "boss" would do. We are sure you take the Messenger, for every body takes it except Mr. Growler and Mr. Grumbler. Now, you may bring them a present, too, for they are good folks—just got a bad habit.

From one who wants every body to have a good time in a good way.

We Thank You! We wish to thank our many friends and customers for the liberal and very much appreciated patronage for the past year and hope for a continuance of same. We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Traylor Brothers Keep the Price Down

John Willis and his mother of the Rock Hill community left Tuesday for their old home in Florida, where they will spend Christmas with relatives and friends.

Mr. Henry Ivey, an old and respected citizen of the San Pedro community, died Monday and was buried Tuesday afternoon in the Lockout cemetery. He had been in ill health for quite awhile.

Season's Greetings I wish to thank each and everyone of my friends and customers for your liberal patronage and courtesies extended to me during 1915 and former years, and wish you a very Merry Xmas. and a most prosperous New Year! Please bear in mind, that, in the future years to come, as in the years that have passed into history, I shall endeavor at all times to please you, and extend every courtesy and accomodation at my command. Also remember that I will try to merit a continuance of your patronage and good will, by continuing to carry a line of merchandise of the VERY HIGHEST QUALITY and a line that will supply your every need in the home and on the farm. T. S. KENT

A New Model Typewriter! Buy It Now The Standard Visible Writer OLIVER 9 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 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 whs 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