

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 18 No. 45

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1915

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## New Year Resolutions

at the  
**BARGAN STORE**

Here goes for Low Prices, High Quality and a Better Life.

We will carry a full line of Dry Goods, Shoes, Notions and Groceries, and in connection with this we will run a FEED STORE.

**Car of Chops, Bran and Oats to Arrive Today**  
**Car of Alfalfa Hay Just Arrived**

We will Appreciate Your Trade

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

**W. R. WHERRY**

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND  
FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

Rev. J. W. Shockley of Ft. Worth, filled his regular appointment here Sunday and Sunday night, delivering very interesting discourses at both, the morning and evening services. He is a "live wire," with lots of enthusiasm, and the members of

the Christian church are to be congratulated on securing such a man.

Fletch Weisinger and family, who are now living at Tennessee Colony, visited relatives here during Christmas.

## Our Resolution

IS TO

**Serve you Better**

And in order to do so we are going to keep our stock right up to the minute. We have replenished our stock since the holiday rush and especially call your attention to

**Bargain Counter of 5, 10, 15 and 25c Goods**

During 1916 we are going to sell at very close prices for cash, and when you need some item in groceries, hardware or furniture, it will always pay you to come and get our prices before you buy.

WE WISH YOU A PROSPEROUS  
NEW YEAR

**Keeland Bros.**  
THE PRICE IS THE THING

## NEW PROSPECT NEWS ITEMS

Jan. 2.—Well, Christmas has passed and all seemed to have had a nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bridges and children and Mr. and Mrs. Edd Music and son, visited Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey Bridges of near Palestine, visited relatives here Christmas.

Mr. Milliken and sister, Miss Ruth, spent Christmas at their home at Lovelady.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Herod and son, spent Christmas at their home with Mr. and Mrs. Herod.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bridges and children enjoyed a nice turkey dinner at Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kennedy's.

There is a good deal of moving taking place. Mr. Joe Hudson and wife have moved into our community. Mr. Rose will live where Mr. David Caskey lived. We hear that Jim McKnight will move to Byron Keen's place.

Our school is progressing nicely, considering so much sickness. Mr. Webb Finch's children and Mr. Bob Parker's children have been absent on account of sickness. Hope they will soon be back in school.

Mr. Ford Newman's folks have been sick, but are better at this writing.

Bro. Florence of Elkhart preached us a good sermon here Sunday.

Well, the farmers of this community have begun to get their land in shape for another year. This being the beginning of a New Year we all ought to set new resolutions to do better in the future than we have in the past. A READER.

## LOCAL ITEMS FROM EPHEBUS

Jan. 3.—The health of the community is very good at present, but Mr. Frank Graham and Mr. Deckert Anderson were deprived of much of the enjoyment the holidays usually bring, having been sick recently.

Our Sunday School is progressing nicely. No new officers have been elected. The former ones, Mr. W. E. Allen, Supt., and Miss Linda Turner, Sec'y. and Treas., have given such satisfaction that the people seemed reluctant to give them up. The same offices have been conferred on them for another year. Among the many visitors who were present at Sunday School on the 2nd., we note Mr. Dolly McCarty, who not only showed his appreciation of our good work by attending the service, but also rendered some needed and highly appreciated assistance to the cause.

Religious services were conducted at Ephesus School House last Sunday morning by Rev. Durnell, a Baptist minister of Antrim. CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller and baby of Palestine were Grapeland visitors a few days during the holidays, the guests of G. W. North and family.

## Special Notice

We wish to announce to the public that we now own the Cash Grocery Store, which formerly belonged to Mr. Claude Sadler, and will continue to run it by the same name under the management of Harry Long, assisted by Marvin Gilbert.

We are making a special effort to please each customer that comes to our store. Our motto is, "Satisfaction Guaranteed."

We also want to buy your produce and will always pay the highest market price.

Not only do we want to sell you goods and save you money, but we want to make friends and be sociable. We extend you a special invitation to call and see us and give us a trial on your next bill of groceries.

**W. H. LONG & COMPANY**

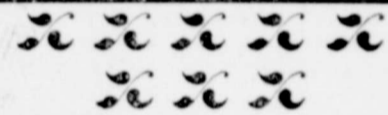
## THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY

HARRY LONG, Manager

FREE DELIVERY

Phone us Your Orders

## NEW YEAR GREETINGS



Father Time has taken away from us 1915--1915 with all its sorrows and its many joys, and indeed we are grateful for the many favors shown us by our friends and customers.

We appreciate every kindness shown us during the year that has gone.

Now that the New Year has arrived with new hopes, new ambitions, renewed energy and strength, we extend to everyone a hearty invitation to come to our store and give us a generous portion of your business.

In advance we assure you of our very best efforts to take care of whatever may be entrusted to us.

Let's all try to wrestle with "Old Man Time" and make 1916 the very best year ever lived.

## McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

FREE DELIVERY

BOTH PHONES

### 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.

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

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

### 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.

### CIRCLE MEETING

The W. O. W. Circle will hold a meeting at the hall this Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. All members are requested to be present.





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CHAPTER I.

Troyon's.

Troyon's occupied a corner in a jungle of side streets, well withdrawn from the bustle of the adjacent boulevards of St. Germain and St. Michel, and in its day was a restaurant famous with a fame jealously guarded by a select circle of patrons. Its cooking was the best in Paris, its cellar second to none, its rates ridiculously reasonable; yet Baedeker knew it not. And in the wisdom of those who did know this was well; it were a pity to lose upon so excellent an establishment those swarms of tourists that profane every temple of gastronomy on the right bank of the Seine.

The building was of three stories, painted a dingy drab, and trimmed with dull-green shutters. The restaurant occupied almost all of the street front of the ground floor; a blank, non-committal double doorway at one extreme of the plate-glass windows was seldom open and even more seldom noticed.

A medieval maze of corridors, long and short, complicated by many unexpected steps and staircases and enigmatic doors, running every which way, and as a rule landing one in the wrong room, linked together some two-score bedchambers. There were no salons or reception rooms, there was never a bathroom, there wasn't even running water aside from two hallway taps, one to each story.

With such accommodations the guests of Troyon's were well content. One did much as one pleased there, providing one's bill was paid with tolerable regularity and the hand kept supple that operated the cordon in the small hours of the night. Papa Troyon came from a tribe of innkeepers and was liberal-minded; while as for madame, his wife, she cared for nothing but pieces of gold.

To Troyon's on a wet winter night in the year 1893 came the child who, as a man, was to call himself Michael Lanyard. He must have been four or five years old at that time; an age at which consciousness is just beginning to recognize its individuality and memory registers with capricious irregularity. He arrived at the hotel in a state of excitement involving an almost abnormal sensitiveness to impressions; but that was soon drowned deep in dreamless slumber of healthy exhaustion; and when he came to look back through a haze of days, of which each had made its separate and imperative demand upon his budding emotions, he found his store of memories strangely dulled and disarticulate. And the child soon gave over his instinctive, but rather inconsequence, efforts to retrace his history—life at Troyon's furnished him with compelling and obliterating interests. Madame saw to that.

It was madame who took charge of the child when the strange man dragged him crying from the cab through a cold, damp place gloomy with shadows and upstairs to a warm, bright bedroom; a formidable body, this madame, with cold eyes and many hairy moles, who made odd noises in her throat while she undressed the little boy with the sound standing by, noises meant to sound compassionate and maternal, but, to the child at least, hopelessly otherwise.

Then drowsiness stealing upon one over a pillow wet with tears—oblivion.

And madame it was who ruled with iron hand the strange new world to which the boy awakened.

The man was gone by morning, and the child never saw him again; but inasmuch as those about him understood no English and he no French, it was some time before he comprehended the false assurances of madame that his father had gone on a journey, but would presently return. The child knew positively that the man was not his father, but when he was able to make this correction the matter had faded into insignificance—life had become too painful to leave time or inclination for the adjustment of such minor and incidental questions as that of one's parentage.

The little boy soon learned to know himself as Marcel, which wasn't his name, and before long was unaware he had ever worn another. As he

grew older he became known as Marcel Troyon; but by then he had forgotten how to speak English.

It was a few days after his arrival that the warm, bright bedchamber was exchanged for a cold, dark closet opening off madame's boudoir, a cupboard furnished with a rickety cot and a broken chair, lacking any provision for heat or light and ventilated solely by a transom over the door; and inasmuch as madame shared the French horror of drafts and so kept her boudoir hermetically sealed nine months of the year, the transom didn't help matters much. But that closet formed the boy's sole refuge, if a precarious one, through several years; there alone was he ever safe from kicks and cuffs and scoldings for faults beyond his comprehension; but he was never permitted a candle, and the darkness and loneliness made the place one of haunted terror to the sensitive and imaginative nature of the growing child.

He soon learned an almost uncanny cunning in the art of effacing himself when she was imminent, to be as still as death and to move with the silence of a writhing. Not infrequently his huddled immobility in a shadowy corner escaped her notice as she passed. But it exasperated her beyond measure to look up, when she fancied herself alone, and become aware of the wide-eyed, terrified stare of the transfixed child.

That he was privileged to attend school at all was wholly due to a great fear that obsessed madame of doing anything to invite the interest of the authorities. She was an honest woman, according to her lights, an honest wife, and kept an honest house; but she feared the gendarmerie more than the wrath of God. And by ukase of government a certain amount of education was compulsory. So Marcel learned, among other things, to read, and thereby took his first blind step toward salvation.

Before Marcel was eleven he had read "Les Miserables" with intense appreciation. His reading, however, was not long confined to works in the French language. Now and again some departing guest would leave an English novel in his room, and these Marcel treasured beyond all other books; they seemed to him, in a way, a part of his birthright. He called himself, secretly, English in those days, because he knew he wasn't French—that much, at least, he remembered. And then some accident threw his way a small English-French dictionary. He was able to read English before he could speak it.

Out of school hours a drudge and scullion, the associate of scullions and their immediate betters, drawn from that caste of loose tongues and looser morals which breeds servants for small hotels, Marcel at eleven—as nearly as his age can be computed—possessed a comprehension of life at once exact, exhaustive and appalling.

By fifteen he had developed into a long, lank, loutish youth, with a face of extraordinary pallor, a sullen mouth, hot, black eyes, and dark hair like a mane, so seldom was it trimmed. He looked considerably older than he was, and the slightness of his body was deceptive, disguising a power of sinewy strength. More than this, he could care very handsly for himself in a scrimmage—la savate (fighting with the feet) had no secrets from him, and he had picked up tricks from the Apaches quite as effectual as any in the manual of Jujitsu.

Paris he knew as you and I know the palms of our hands, and he could converse with the precision of the native-born in any one of the city's several odd argots. To these accomplishments he added that of a thoroughly practiced petty thief.

His duties were by day those of valet de chambre on the third floor; by night he acted as omnibus in the restaurant. For these services he received no pay and less consideration from his employers—who would have been horrified by an innuendo that they countenanced slavery—only his board and a bed in a room on the ground floor at the back of the house boasting a small window overlooking a narrow alley.

He was routed out before daylight, and his working day ended, as a rule, at ten in the evening—but once back in his kennel, its door closed, Marcel

was free to squirm out of the window and roam and range Paris at will. And it was thus that he came by most of his knowledge of the city.

But for the most part Marcel preferred to lie abed and read himself half blind by the light of purloined candle-ends. Books he borrowed as of old from the rooms of guests or else pilfered from quayside stalls. But now and again the guests would pay further, if unconscious tribute, through the sly abstraction of small coins. Your true Parisian, however, keeps track of his money to the ultimate sou, an idiosyncrasy which obliged the boy to practice most of his speculations on the fugitive guest of foreign extraction.

In the number of these, perhaps the one best known to Troyon's was Bourke.

He was a quick, compact, dangerous little Irishman who had fallen into the habit of "resting" at Troyon's whenever a vacation from London seemed a prescription apt to prove wholesome for a gentleman of his kidney; which was rather frequently, arguing that Bourke's professional activities were fairly onerous.

Having received most of his education in Dublin university, Bourke spoke the purest English known, or could when so minded, while his facile Irish tongue had caught the trick of an accent which passed unchallenged on the boulevards. He had an alert eye for pretty women, a heart as big as all outdoors, no scruples worth mentioning, a secret sorrow, and a pet superstition.

The hue of his hair, a clamorous red, was the spring of his secret sorrow. By that token he was a marked man.

His pet superstition was that as long as he refrained from practicing his profession in Paris, Paris would stand toward him as an impenetrable tower of refuge. The world owed Bourke a living, or he so considered, but Paris was tax-exempt as long as Paris let him alone.

Not only did Paris suit his tastes excellently, but there was no place, in Bourke's esteem, comparable with Troyon's for peace and quiet. Hence his visits were unpunctuated by trials of rival hostelry, and Troyon's was always expecting Bourke for the simple reason that he invariably arrived unexpectedly, with neither warning nor ostentation, stopped as long as he liked, whether a day or a week or a month, and departed in the same manner.

His daily routine, as Troyon's came to know it, varied but slightly—he breakfasted abed, about half after ten, dined early and well, but always alone, and shortly afterward departed by cab for some well-known bar on the Rive Droite; and the hour of his return remained a secret between himself and the concierge.

On retiring Bourke would empty his pockets upon the dressing table, where the boy, Marcel, bringing up Bourke's petit dejeuner the next morning, would see displayed a tempting confusion of gold and silver and copper, with a wad of banknotes, and the customary assortment of personal hardware.

Now inasmuch as Bourke was never wide awake at that hour, and always, after acknowledging Marcel's "bonjour," rolled over and snored for glory and the saints, it was against human nature to resist the lure of that dressing table. Marcel seldom departed without a coin or two.

He had yet to learn that Bourke's habits were those of an Englishman, who never goes to bed without leaving all his pocket money in plain sight and—carefully catalogued in his memory.

One morning in the spring of 1904 Marcel served Bourke his last breakfast at Troyon's.

The Irishman had been on the prowl the previous night, and his rasping snore was audible even through the closed door when Marcel knocked and, receiving no answer, used the pass key and entered.

At this the snore was briefly interrupted; Bourke, visible at first only as a flaming shock of hair protruding from the bedclothes, squirmed an eye above his artificial horizon, opened it, mumbled inarticulate acknowledgment of Marcel's salutation, and passed blantly into further slumbers.

Marcel deposited his tray on a table beside the bed, then moved quietly to the windows, closed them, and drew the lace curtains together. The dressing table between the two windows displayed, amid the silver and copper, more gold coins than it commonly did—some eighteen or twenty louis altogether. Adroitly abstracting in passing a piece of ten francs, Marcel went on his way rejoicing, touched a match to the fire ready laid in the grate, and was nearing the door when, casting one casual parting glance at the bed, he became aware of a notable phenomenon—the snoring was going on lustily, but Bourke was watching him with both eyes wide and filled with interest.

Startled, and, to tell the truth, a bit indignant, the boy stopped as though at word of command. But after the first flush of astonishment his young face hardened to immobility.

Only his eyes remained constant to Bourke's.

The Irishman, sitting up in bed, demanded and received the gold piece, and went on to indict the boy for the embezzlement of several sums running into a number of louis.

Marcel, reflecting that Bourke's reckoning was still some louis shy,



The Boy Stopped as Though at Word of Command.

made no bones about pleading guilty. Interrogated, the culprit deposed that he had taken the money because he needed it to buy books. No, he wasn't sorry. Yes, it was probable that, granted further opportunity, he would do it again. Advised that he was apparently a case-hardened young criminal, he replied that youth was not his fault; with years and experience he would certainly improve.

Puzzled by the boy's attitude, Bourke agitated his hair and wondered aloud how Marcel would like it if his employers were informed of his speculations.

Marcel looked pained, and pointed out that such a course on the part of Bourke would be obviously unfair; the only real difference between them, he explained, was that where he filched a louis Bourke filched thousands, and if Bourke insisted on turning him over to the mercies of Mme. and Papa Troyon, who would certainly summon a sergent de ville, he, Marcel, would be quite justified in retaliating by telling the prefecture de police all that he knew about Bourke.

This was no chance shot, and went home. When, dismayed, the Irishman blustered, demanding to know what the boy meant by his damned impudence, Marcel quietly advised him that one knew what one knew—if one read the English newspaper in the cafe, as Marcel did, one could hardly fail to remark that monsieur always came to Paris after some notable burglary had been committed in London; and if one troubled to follow monsieur by night, as Marcel had, it became evident that monsieur's first calls in Paris were invariably made at the establishment of a famous fence in the Rue des Trois Freres; and, finally, one drew one's own conclusions when strangers dining in the restaurant—as on the night before, by way of illustration—strangers who wore all the hallmarks of police detectives from England, catechized one about a person whose description was the portrait of Bourke, and promised a hundred-franc note for information concerning the habits and whereabouts of that person, if seen.

Marcel added, while Bourke gasped for breath, that the gentleman in question had spoken to him alone, in the absence of other waiters, and had been fobbed off with a lie.

But why—Bourke wanted to know—had Marcel lied to save him, when the truth would have earned him a hundred francs?

"Because," Bourke explained coolly, "I, too, am a thief. Monsieur will perceive it was a matter of professional honor."

Now the Irish have their faults, but ingratitude is not of their number.

Bourke, packing hastily to leave Paris, France, and Europe by the first feasible route, still found time to question Marcel briefly, and what he learned from the boy about his antecedents so worked with gratitude upon the Irishman's sentimental nature that when, on the third day following, the Cunarder Carpathia left Naples for New York, she carried among her first-class passengers not only a gentleman whose brilliant black hair and glowing pink complexion rendered him a bit too conspicuous for his own comfort, but also, in the second cabin, his valet, a boy of sixteen who looked eighteen.

The gentleman's name on the passenger list didn't, of course, in the least resemble Bourke. His valet's was given as Michael Lanyard.

The origin of this name is obscure; Michael, being easily corrupted into good Irish Mickey, may safely be attributed to Bourke; Lanyard has a tang of the sea which suggests a reminiscence of some sea tale prized by the pseudo Marcel Troyon.

In New York began the second stage in the education of a professional criminal. The boy would have searched far to find a preceptor of more sound attainments than Bourke. It is, however, only fair to say that Bourke would have looked far for an apter pupil.

Under his tutelage Michael Lanyard learned many things; he became a mathematician of considerable promise, an expert mechanic, a connoisseur of armor plate and explosives in their more pacific applications, and he learned to grade precious stones with a glance. Also, because Bourke was born of gentlefolk, he learned to speak English and what clothes to wear and when to wear them, as well as the cultivated use of knife and fork at table; and because Bourke was a diplomatist doomed to blush unseen, he acquired the knack of being at ease in every grade of society—he came to know that a self-made millionaire, taken the right way, is as approachable as one whose millions date back even unto the third generation; he could order a dinner at Sherry's as readily as drinks at Sharkey's. Most valuable accomplishment of all, he learned to laugh.

By way of by-products he picked up a working acquaintance with American, English and German slang—French slang he already knew as a mother tongue—considerable geographical knowledge of the capitals of Europe, America and Illinois, a taste that discriminated between tobacco and the stuff sold as such in France, and a genuine passion for fine paintings.

Finally Bourke drilled into his apprentice the three cardinal principles of successful cracksmanship—to know his ground thoroughly before venturing upon it; to strike and retreat with the swift precision of a hawk; to be friendless.

And the last of these was the greatest.

"You're a promising lad," he said—so often that Lanyard would almost wince from that formula of introduction—"a promising lad, though it's sad

I should be to say it instead of proud as I am. For I've made ye—but for me you'd long since have matriculated at La Tour Pointue and graduated with the canaille of the Sante. And in time you may become a first-chop operator, which I'm not and never will be; but if you do, 'twill be through fighting shy of two things. The first of them's woman, and the second is man. To make a friend of a man you must lower your guard. Ordinarily 'tis fatal. As for woman, remember this, m' lad: to let love into your life you must open a door no mortal hand can close. And God only knows what'll follow in.

"If ever you find you've fallen in love and can't fall out, cut the game on the instant, or you'll end wearing stripes or broad arrows—the same as myself would, if this cursed cough wasn't going to be the death of me. No, m' lad: take a fool's advice (you'll never get better) and when you're shot of me, which will be soon, I'm thinking, take the lonesome road and stick to the middle of it. 'He travels the fastest who travels alone' is a true saying, but 'tis only half the truth: he travels the farthest into the bargain. Yet the lonesome road has its drawbacks, lad—it's damned lonely!"

Bourke died in Switzerland of consumption, in the winter of 1910—Lanyard at his side till the end.

Then the boy set his face against the world—alone, lonely and remembering.

CHAPTER II.

Return.

His return to Troyon's, although an enterprise which Lanyard had been contemplating for several years, ever since the death of Bourke, came to pass at length almost purely as an affair of impulse.

He had come through from London by the afternoon service—via Boulogne—traveling light, with nothing but a brace of handbags and his life in his hands. Two coups to his credit since the previous midnight had made the shift advisable, though only one of them, the later, rendered it urgent.

Scotland Yard would, he reckoned, require at least twenty-four hours to unlimber for action on the Ombre affair; but the other, the disappearance of the Huysman plans, although not consummated before noon, must have set the chancelleries of at least three powers by the ears before Lanyard was fairly entrained at Charing Cross.

Now his opinion of Scotland Yard was low; its emissaries must operate gingerly to keep within the laws they serve. But the agents of the various continental secret services have a way of making their own laws as they go along—and for these Lanyard entertained a respect little short of profound.

He would not have been surprised



had he run foul of trouble on the pier at Folkestone. Boulogne, as well, figured in his imagination as a crucial point—its harbor lights, heaving up over the grim, gray waste, peered through the deepening violet dusk to find him on the packet's deck, responding to their curious stare with one no less insistently inquiring. But it wasn't until he reached the Gare du Nord itself that he found anything to shy at.

Dropping from train to platform, he surrendered his luggage to a ready factor and followed the fellow through the crush, elbowed and shouldered, offended by the pervasive reek of chilled steam and coal gas and dazzled by the brilliant glare of the overhanging electric arcs.

Almost the first face he saw turned his way was that of Roddy.

The man from Scotland Yard was stationed at one side of the platform gates. Opposite him stood another decorative official from the prefecture de police. Both were scanning narrowly every face in the tide that churned between them.

Wondering if through some fatal freak of fortuity these were acting under late telegraphic advices from London, Lanyard held himself well in hand. The first indication of an intent to hinder him would have proved the signal for a spectacular demonstration of the ungentle art of not getting caught with the goods.

And for twenty seconds, while the crowd milled slowly through the narrow exit, he was as near to betraying himself as he had ever been—nearer, for he had marked down the point on Roddy's jaw where his first blow would fall and just where to plant a coup de savate most surely to incapacitate the minion of the prefecture; and all the while he was looking the two over with a manner of the most calm and impersonal curiosity.

But beyond an almost imperceptible narrowing of Roddy's eyes when they met his own, as if the Englishman were struggling with a faulty memory, neither police agent betrayed a sign of recognition.

And then Lanyard was outside the station, his porter introducing him to a ramshackle taxicab.

"Troyn's!" he told the cocher. When at length his conveyance drew up at the historic corner Lanyard, alighting, could have rubbed his eyes to see the windows of Troyn's all bright with electric light.

Somehow, and most unreasonably, he had always believed the place would go to the hands of the house wrecker unchanged.

A smart portier ducked out, seized his luggage and held an umbrella. Lanyard composed his features to immobility as he entered the hotel, of no mind to let the least flicker of recognition be detected in his eyes when they should encounter familiar faces.

And this was quite as well—for again the first he saw was Roddy's!

The man from Scotland Yard had just surrendered hat, coat and umbrella to the porter in the lobby, and was turning through swinging doors to the dining room. Again taking in Lanyard, his glance seemed devoid of any sort of intelligible expression; and before quitting the lobby Roddy paused long enough to order a fire laid in his room.

So he was stopping at Troyn's—and didn't care who knew it!

His doubts altogether dissipated by this discovery, Lanyard followed his natural enemy into the dining room with an air as devil-may-care as one could wish and so impressive that the maitre d'hotel abandoned the detective to the mercies of one of his captains and himself hastened to seat Lanyard and take his order.

This last disposed of, Lanyard surrendered himself to new impressions—of which the first proved a bit disheartening.

However impulsively, he hadn't sought Troyn's without definite intent, to wit, to gain some clue, however slender, to the mystery of that wretched child, Marcel. But now it appeared he had prearranged a fatal time and change had left little other than the shell of the Troyn's he remembered. Papa Troyn was gone; madame no longer occupied the desk of the caisse; inquiries, so discreetly worded as to be uncompromising, elicited from the maitre d'hotel the information that the house had been under new management these eighteen months; the old proprietor was dead, and his widow had sold out lock, stock and barrel, and retired to the country. It was not known exactly where. And with the new administration had come fresh decorations and furnishings and a complete change of personnel—not even one of the old waiters remained.

"All are gone, the old, familiar faces," Lanyard quoted in vindictive melancholy—"damn 'em!"

Happily it was demonstrated that the cuisine was being maintained on its erstwhile plane of excellence—one still had that comfort!

Other impressions, less intimate, proved puzzling, disconcerting and paradoxically reassuring.

Lanyard commanded a fair view of Roddy across the waist of the room. The detective had ordered a meal that

matched his aspect well, both of true British simplicity. He was a square-set man with a square jaw, cold blue eyes, a fat nose, a thin-lipped trap of a mouth, a face as red as rare beef-steak.

His dinner comprised a cut from the joint, boiled potatoes, brussels sprouts, a bit of cheese, a bottle of Bass. He ate slowly, chewing with the doggedness of a strong character hampered by a weak digestion, and all the while kept his eyes fixed to an issue of the Paris edition of the London Daily Mail with an effect of concentration quite too convincing.

Now one doesn't read the Paris edition of the London Daily Mail with intense excitement. Humanly speaking, it can't be done.

Where, then, was the object of this so sedulously dissembled interest?

Lanyard wasn't slow to solve this riddle to his satisfaction—in so far, that is, as it was satisfactory to feel yet more certain that Roddy's quarry was another than himself.

Despite the lateness of the hour, which had by now turned ten o'clock, the restaurant had still a dozen tables or so in the service of guests pleasantly engaged in lengthening out an agreeable evening with dessert, coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes. The majority of these were in couples, but at a table one removed from Roddy's sat a party of three; and Lanyard noticed, or fancied, that the man from Scotland Yard turned his newspaper only during lulls in the conversation in this quarter.

Of the three, one would pass for an American of position and wealth—a man of something more than sixty years, with an execrable accent, a racking cough, and a thin, patrician cast of countenance clouded darkly by the expression of a soul in torment, furrowed, seamed, twisted—a mask of mortal anguish. And once, when he looked up and casually encountered Lanyard's gaze, the adventurer was shocked to find himself staring into eyes that were as the eyes of a dead man—eyes of a gray so light that at a little distance the color of the iris blended indistinguishably with their whites, leaving visible only the round,



"The Lone Wolf? Who Is That?"

black points of pupils abnormally distended and staring, blank, fixed, passionless, beneath lashless lids.

For the instant they seemed to explore Lanyard's very soul with a look of remote and impersonal curiosity; then they fell away, and when next the adventurer looked the man had turned to attend to some observation of one of his companions with a smile that fairly transfigured his face, the smile of a charming child.

On his right sat a girl who might be his daughter, for not only was she, too, obviously American, but she was far too young to be the other's wife. A demure, old-fashioned type, well poised but unassuming, fetchingly gowned, and with sufficient individuality of taste, but not conspicuously; a girl with soft, brown hair and soft, brown eyes; pretty, not extravagantly so when her face was in repose, but with a slow smile that made her scarcely less than beautiful—in all, Lanyard thought, the kind of woman who is predestined to comfort mankind, whose strongest instinct is the maternal.

She took little part in the conversation, seldom interrupted what was practically a duologue between her putative father and the third member of the little party.

This last was one whom Lanyard was sure he knew, though he could see no more than the back of M. le Comte Remy de Morbihan.

And he wondered with a thrill of amusement if it were possible that Roddy was on the trail of that tremendous buck. If so, it would be a chase worth following—a diversion rendered the more exquisite to Lanyard by the spice of novelty, since for

once he would figure as a dispassionate bystander.

The name of Comte Remy de Morbihan, although unrecorded in the Almanach de Gotha, was one to conjure with in the Paris of his day and generation. He claimed the distinction of being at once the ugliest, one of the wealthiest and the most-liked man in France.

As to his looks, good or bad, they were said to prove infallibly fatal to women, while not a few men, perhaps for that reason, did their possessor the honor to imitate them. The revues burlesqued him; Sem caricatured him; Forain counterfeited him extensively in that inimitable series of Monday morning cartoons for Le Figaro—one said "De Morbihan" instinctively at sight of that stocky figure, short and broad, topped by a chubby, moon-like mask with waxed moustache, womanish eyes, and never-falling grin.

A creature of proverbial good nature and exhaustless vitality, his extraordinary popularity was due to the equally extraordinary extravagance with which he supported that latest Gallic fad, "le sport." The Parisian Rugby team was his pampered protegee; he was an active member of the tennis club, maintained not only a flock of automobiles but a famous racing stable, rode to hounds, was a good field gun, patronized aviation and motor-boat racing, risked as many maximums during the Monte Carlo season as the Grand Duke Michael himself, and was always ready to whet rapiers or burn a little harmless powder of an early morning in the Parc aux Princes.

But there were some ugly whispers in circulation about the sources of his fabulous wealth. Lanyard, for one, wouldn't have thought him the properest company or the best Parisian cicerone for an all-American gentleman blessed with independent means and an attractive daughter.

Paris, on the other hand—Paris who forgives everything to him who contributes to her amusement—adored Comte Remy de Morbihan.

But perhaps Lanyard was prejudiced by his partiality for Americans, a sentiment the outgrowth of those several years he had spent with Bourke in New York. He even fancied that between his spirit and theirs existed some subtle bond of sympathy. For all he knew, he might himself be American.

(To Be Continued)

MRS. GEORGE E. DOWNEY



Mrs. Downey is the wife of George E. Downey of Indiana, comptroller of the currency, who has been appointed by President Wilson to fill the vacancy on the bench of the United States court of claims.

HEIR SCORNS SMALL FORTUNE

Another Case of Mysterious Disappearance Is Solved—Becomes Hermit in Oregon.

Danville, Ind.—Another case of mysterious disappearance has just been solved by the finding of Elias McDaniel, heir to an estate here, who dropped out of existence more than twenty-five years ago, so far as this community knew. McDaniel was located in the West by Levi Brown, administrator of the McDaniel estate, after a long search. The man had turned hermit and trapper and was found living in a lonesome cabin in a forest near Portland, Ore.

When told that his father and mother were both dead and that he was heir to about \$7,000 worth of property, he evinced no feeling whatever, but flatly refused to return and take possession.

He was finally persuaded to go into town and sign papers giving Mr. Brown authority to sell the property and send him the proceeds. No one has even been able to fathom the cause of the estrangement between father and son.

THE AMBER BEADS

By ELDREDGE HOLT.

He was a traveling salesman for a toothpowder concern.

She was prescription clerk in a cut-rate drug store. Besides that, she had a creamy, fair complexion and light-brown eyes, shaded, it is true, by a pair of rimless, gold-bowed spectacles. But that was because the light in the pharmacy of the cut-rate drug store was not of the best and there were many prescriptions to fill.

He had met her at the school where they make young men and here and there a young woman into druggists, so they both had their diplomas and would some time have a little drug store of their own, and they would not have to keep a clerk, because, no matter what happened, Alice—that was her name—could manage to tend store for a few hours a day. You know there is a regulation that says that every drug store must have a graduate pharmacist in constant attendance during the day and part of the night to put up prescriptions.

Of course one man cannot be at the post all of the time. Alice and Paul—that was the toothpowder agent's name—had it all arranged that they could save money from the first, for since she was a registered pharmacist she could substitute in the store for the few hours that Paul would need to take off. Oh, yes, they were very matter of fact and businesslike about it and had talked over their plans for the future quite frankly.

In the meantime Paul was vending toothpowder, trying to save enough money to buy his own little drug store and by careful skimming, with what savings Alice could add, it would take two years before this purchase could be made. A long time, you think? Yes, but if you had seen the steady, soft light in Alice's bespectacled eyes and the lovely blush that came into her creamy, pale cheeks when those eyes met Paul's, you wouldn't have wondered that he was willing to wait.

Moreover, to Alice and Paul, marriage was, besides being a beautiful adventure and the one and only romance, something of a business undertaking as well.

And there was no reason whatever to be rash and hasty about it. Still, at times when Paul was on the road with his suitcase full of samples and work grew very heavy at the cut-rate drug store Alice's brown eyes grew moist and she had to take off the gold-bowed spectacles and wipe away the tears, tears not of discontent, but just of loneliness and a little impatience. For Alice's mind was full of imagining their new home—it would probably be a little flat over the drug store to begin with—and two nights a week she was taking cooking lessons at the Y. W. C. A. so that she would be able to concoct puddings as well as plasters. And Paul sometimes snarled a little at the necessity that made him wait so long, and when sales were not as good as usual—that meant smaller commissions for him—he would write a letter of impatience to Alice.

One particularly lovely autumn day Paul sauntered into the cut-rate drug store. He had unexpectedly come to town and he wanted to surprise Alice. Alice dropped the test tube she was holding when she heard his voice, and, slipping out of her all-enveloping linen apron, ran out to the counter outside.

"I've had a hurry call to New York, Alice," he told her, "and I've only a few minutes between trains. But I stopped over to see you. And, say, Alice, I've had a specially good run of luck. That new patent cap top on the powder makes a big hit. And I am going to be extravagant. I want to get you something from the big city. I can't afford the engagement ring I ought to have got you, but tell me what piece of jewelry that doesn't cost so very much—say ten or fifteen dollars—you would most like."

Alice clasped her hands before her and thought for a second.

"A string of amber beads," she said at last. "I have always wanted them." Paul's face showed his disappointment. Somehow he had always associated amber beads with the fact that some old woman he had known about wore them around their necks to ward off chills and fever. If Alice had said a gold-link bracelet, with a heart-shaped padlock and a key, he would have been entirely satisfied with her choice. But Alice stuck to her plea for amber beads. "I love the color of amber so," she said, "and all my life I have dreamed of having them some time."

In ten days Paul returned one morning, and, going straight to the cut-rate drug store, found Alice and gave her the beads. Again there was short connection between trains, and in a few minutes he was off again. "I don't really like those beads," he said, "and I can take them back and get the money if you say so. I'll tell you frankly that they cost twelve dollars. I got them at a pawnshop I happened to be passing. I tried to jew the man down, but he wouldn't listen to a cent less. You might take them to some

regular jeweler and find out whether I was buncoed or not. Maybe they are only glass."

Alice held the beads up to the light and revealed in the soft, golden radiance that shone through them. "I am sure they are real amber," she said. "They are beautiful. But perhaps you had better take them back. Twelve dollars would be just so much more toward the store."

"That's right," said Paul, "but I'm no Indian giver. They're what you wanted and they're what you shall have." And in another minute he was

off with his suitcase full of samples for the next train.

At noon that day Alice hurried her sandwich and hot chocolate, hastily taken at the fountain counter of the cut-rate drug store, and with her beads in her hand she went to a neighboring jeweler—not the best in town, but one who was reliable.

"I am pretty sure they are real amber," she said, "still if it would not be too great a favor may I ask you to examine them and tell me what I should have paid for them?" The jeweler looked at the beads, but apparently shared none of the joy in their golden radiance that Alice's eyes indicated.

"Where did you get them, may I ask?"

"Oh, not in town. It was in some pawnshop in New York. I suppose we should have known better than to trust such a place. But they were so bright and pretty I thought they were real amber."

The jeweler eyed her narrowly.

"Your idea is to sell them?" he asked. "No, I just wanted to see what they are worth. I thought you would tell me."

The jeweler lowered his voice. "I can't tell you just the maximum price that you might be able to get for them. Of course in Europe they would pay more, but traveling is dangerous. I would be willing personally to pay you five thousand dollars for them, perhaps a little more. Of course, if you went to New York you might get more, but then there would be the risk, and you might find a dishonest dealer."

Alice thanked the jeweler and fairly staggered out of the store, clasping her precious beads in her hand. She hardly knew whether the man had been teasing her, making fun of her glass beads, or whether she had been insane, or at least dreaming. She made her way to the most conservative and most expensive jeweler in town, unmindful that the clock on the corner pointed five minutes to the time that she ought to be back at the prescription counter.

Ten minutes later she was in the darkened examination room with two jewel experts. She seemed to come to a full realization of the situation when she heard one of them explaining: "If you will look through this bead you will see the first letter. Now hold this bead up to the light and see the next letter—marvelous, marvelous. I need no further proof. They are royal amber, one of a few strings of beads that Louis XV had made for his favorites. They are found only in the largest museums now. Perhaps the full value of this string has not been known for a hundred years or more. I will be willing to let you have six thousand dollars for the beads. Of course in Europe they might fetch more. If you wish to accept my offer we will have the check sent to your bank tomorrow or give it to you personally. Of course, in making such a large transaction we have to go through the form of consulting the treasurer of the concern. He is out at luncheon at present."

Somehow Alice got back to her post. She was 15 minutes late—unheard-of breach of office regulations—but she did not explain. That afternoon she sent a telegram to Paul asking him to return at once to hear the good news.

And that is why Alice and Paul didn't have to wait two years. In fact, they waited only long enough to find just the coziest little drug store for \$5,000 that you could imagine. And the amber beads—when they have been restrung and properly mounted—will be on exhibition in one of the big museums, although to any but an expert they look much like any other string of amber beads.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

His One Hope.

"I suppose you have high ambitions for your boy?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly, but I do hope that he won't turn out to be the male assistant to a female dancing teacher."

No Mortgage There.

"I have found out that the Gaddys do not own their house."

"How did you find it out?"

"Why, they haven't bought an automobile yet, have they?"

All Threadbare.

Bill Collector—See here, this bill I've been bringing here so often is getting worn out and so is my patience.

Debtor—Well, your welcome has been worn out long ago.



## 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—2-3c 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, JAN. 6, 1915

## LONG---DAVIS

One of the prettiest weddings in the history of GrapeLand occurred Wednesday evening, December 29th, when Mr. Harry Long, recently of Augusta, and Miss Ina Davis of this city were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Davis, in South GrapeLand.

At seven-thirty the guests were assembled in the parlor, in one corner of which had been erected an arch covered with evergreens, carrying out the general decoration scheme of green and white, from the center of which was suspended a silver heart. An aisle, guarded by white ribbons, was then made from the door to the arch, down which the bridal party marched.

Mrs. Wade L. Smith, sister of the bride, wearing a dress of white charmeuse with pearl trimming, and with a corsage bouquet of pink roses and ferns, sang "Because," accompanied on the piano by Miss Eula Riall Hollingsworth. Miss Hollingsworth, dressed in blue crepe meteor and a picture hat to match, with bouquet of white carnations, played Lohengrin's Bridal Chorus, to strains of which the bridal party marched to the arch, where the ceremony was performed by Rev. B. C. Ansley, the bride's pastor.

First appeared the attendants, Mr. Arthur Owens of this city and Miss Gertrude Stout of Brady, Mr. Reagan Long, brother of the groom and best man, and Miss Esther Davis, sister of the bride and maid of honor, then the bride and groom. The bride was dressed in a beautiful creation made of Duchess satin, trimmed with pearls and lace, with the bride's veil and long satin train, and carried a bouquet of lillies of the valley, a gift of the groom. The maids were dressed in pink crepe de chine, combined with Georgette crepe, trimmed with pearls, and carried bouquets of white carnations. The groom and his attendants were dressed in conventional black and white, making the bridal party altogether a very pretty picture.

After the ceremony, the bridal pair, preceded by little Miss Imogene Pitts, dressed in a white lingerie dress, who scattered flowers ahead of them, marched to the hall, where they were the recipients of many good wishes and congratulations.

Later, refreshments consisting of chocolate and cake, fruit salad and olives, were served to the company in the dining room,

the time honored custom of cutting the wedding cake being entered into with the usual happy spirit. Numerous and valuable gifts were on display in the library.

The Messenger and the many friends of the happy couple unite in extending them their best wishes for a long, happy and useful life.

Mr. Long, having bought out the Cash Grocery Company of this city, will be engaged in business here. The couple will be at home to their friends, after January 15, as they will then occupy their residence in South GrapeLand.

## OUR HONOR ROLL

Old Santa Claus evidently put it into the hearts of our subscribers to treat the editor kindly during the holidays, consequently many have come forward and renewed, to all of whom we extend thanks:

T. S. Kent, J. J. Brooks, Traylor Bros., J. W. Howard, T. H. Leaverton, F. & M. Bank, McLean & Riall, Geo. E. Darsey, W. R. Wherry, Guaranty State Bank, Connor Denson, D. N. Leaverton, Claude Sadler, Kennedy Bros., W. H. Dotson, J. E. Hollingsworth, Speer Darsey, Mrs. M. B. Allen, Stovall White, Dr. Kennedy, Lewis Lea, Henry Richards, M. E. Darsey, Dr. W. D. McCarty, Mrs. Josie Taylor, GrapeLand; E. E. Clark, Route 1; A. A. Webb, Leslie Neel, J. A. Mason, P. H. Williams, Route 2; Lewis Herod, Web Finch, Jess Luce, Route 3; Hosea Anthony, Ft. Stockton; F. A. Faris, Lake Charles, La.; O. O. Hollingsworth, Kingsville; J. L. Jackson, Austin; W. M. Gray, Lovelady; Fletch Weisinger, Tennessee Colony; Robert Miller, Palestine; C. W. Fitchett, Jacksonville; E. C. Lively, Percilla; Mrs. H. F. Newman sends the paper to W. C. Bush at Colorado City.

Colored: Pete Jackson, Route 4.

## FROM FAR AWAY SIBERIA

Mr. E. W. Davis, cotton weigher at GrapeLand, is in receipt of a letter from Mr. E. H. Jones of Vladivostok, Siberia, enclosing one of Mr. Davis' cotton tags. Mr. Jones and his wife were walking down the street together and saw the tag lying on the ground. He said he picked it up eagerly, like meeting an old friend. Mr. Jones says: "I expect a lot of cotton is going to the front to be made into powder and explosives and no doubt this is where your bale went after it lost its tag, but how the tag came in that part of the city we could not say. Perhaps some Chinese coolie thought it was American money."

Mr. Jones' home is in San Antonio and he is in Siberia representing a New York firm that is supplying goods to the Russian government. He says he and his wife expect to come home next June and that they will be glad to get back to dear old Texas.

## CARD OF THANKS

To my friends and those who helped me win the beautiful watch in the Geo. E. Darsey contest: This is to say that I cannot express my gratitude in words to you for your support in same and only hope that the day is not far hence, when I may amply repay all who helped.

Yours for a successful and happy New Year.

H. W. L. Shepherd.  
R. F. D. 4.

## START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

This store is the place for you to do your 1916 trading. We bid for your business with High Quality merchandise at right prices. We get behind everything we sell and guarantee it to be worth the money. We thank you for past patronage and trust we merit a continuance of same.

## LET US SERVE YOU

## Midwinter Merchandise

This is the time of the year that demands the greatest care and attention. We invite you to come to our store and see our lines.

Work Shoes for men, women and children.  
Dress Shoes for men, women and children.  
Men's suits, Boys' Suits, Ladies' Suits.  
Underwear, Dress Goods, Outings, Cotton Flannel.  
Shirts, Collars, Neckwear, Hosiery, etc.  
We have a big line of trunks and suit cases.

## George E. Darsey

## To My Friends and Customers:

I wish to thank my friends and customers for their liberal patronage to me while I was with Mr. Claude Sadler for the past year.

I have accepted a position with Mr. Long, who now owns the Cash Grocery Store, and will appreciate any trade you can give me.

I hope you have had a Merry Xmas, and that this New Year will bring you many healthful days and much prosperity.

Respectfully,  
MARVIN GILBERT.

## Found a Sure Thing.

I. B. Wixon, Farmers Mills, N. Y. has used Chamberlain's Tablets for years for disorders of the stomach and liver and says, "Chamberlain's Tablets are the best I have ever used. Obtainable everywhere."

## HOGS WANTED

I will ship hogs in the next thirty days and will buy a few more big hogs. See me for prices.  
Geo. Calhoun.

The little four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Keen died last Friday with dyptheria. The Messenger sympathizes with them in this sad misfortune.

Misses Callie and Mary Belle Hill, after spending the Christmas holidays here with home-folks, left Saturday for Forney to resume their school work.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fitchett and children, who are now living at Jacksonville, visited their many friends and relatives here and at Percilla last week.

Misses Thelma and Gladys Wright of Palestine, were the guests of their cousins, Misses Winnie and Eula Mae Davis Saturday and Sunday.

## TAKE TIME

What great things we would do if we only had the time. We would study music, or learn stenography, or write a book; we'd find out about this, look up that, answer the long past one better, go to see that neglected cousin, aunt or grandmother—we would all of us do some of these and some of us all of them if we only "had the time." How many of our failures and shortcomings do we shroud in that excuse about having the time. When we fail to post that letter, when we fail to call up somebody as promised, when we fail to do this errand or that favor "we didn't have the time" glides easily and speciously out of our mouths. How many heartaches has it caused and many failures.

Consider the poets in the embryo who have not "had the time" to develop their art to a proper expression; or the artists who "have not had the time" to study the technique necessary to the painting of a great picture or the dramatist who falls a little short of being successful because he has not had time to learn the essentials of his craft. It is a long list that would be extended indefinitely to the business man who makes a failure of his enterprise because he has not had the time to give to it, or the brick mason who loses his job

because he never had the time to learn his trade properly.

It is a convenient excuse we all use for failures, large or small, and oddly enough, the busiest man is the man who uses it least. The number of men of affairs who find time to study French, play golf, grow roses and read the newspapers is legion while the whittler in the grocery store has never had the time to learn to read. One road to success seems to be to "take the time."—Indianapolis News.

Kirby Keeland of New Waverly is visiting here.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidneys, regulates the liver and purifies the bowels. A valuable system tonic. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

Mrs. P. A. Murphy, aged 77 years, died Monday, Dec. 27, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. N. H. Montgomery, east of town. She had been sick for several weeks. The remains were shipped to Lorena for interment, accompanied by Mrs. Montgomery and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hooper, who were here from Lorena.

Irregular bowel movements lead to chronic constipation. Prickly Ash Bitters is a reliable system regulator; cures permanently. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

## DO YOU WANT TO BE CURED?

Are you a sufferer of lung trouble? If so, I probably can cure you. Have helped others and can help you. My treatment is simple yet effective. Treatment is free. A reasonable charge for board and nursing is made. I am now located in GrapeLand, and would be glad to meet you and talk over your condition. I also treat successfully chronic diseases. By permission I can give you names of people you know whom I have treated and cured.

Call on me.

G. W. NORTH,

GrapeLand, Texas



## THE REALIZATION OF A MUCH CHERISHED AMBITION

It is very gratifying to me when I look back over the growth of my business during the past six months. To say that I am thankful for the steady and healthy growth of my business, and your patronage as well as the many favors you have shown this sore, is putting it in very mild terms.

I have made a most careful study of the wants of the people, and the patronage I am now receiving encourages me to continue my efforts in this direction and make "THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE" a store where your every want can be supplied.

I trust that the year 1916 will be a prosperous and happy one to all.

### The Peoples Drug Store

WADE L. SMITH

### LOCAL NEWS

Jim Ryan visited his old home at Centerville Christmas.

Arch Stringer was home from Dallas during the holidays.

W. S. Johnston of Houston is visiting here.

M. L. Clewis has returned from a business trip to Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Selkirk spent Christmas day with Will's brother, Ainsworth, at Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Kennedy were the guests of relatives in Crockett Christmas day.

Mr. Milburn Doss of Colorado City, spent a few days here last week, the guest of friends.

Dr. C. L. Cromwell and little son, Lewis, visited relatives in Henderson last week.

Miss Sarah Mac Crook of Crockett visited the family of Geo. E. Darsey last week.

Mrs. W. P. Traylor and children visited Mrs. Traylor's parents in Magnolia last week.

Misses Cora and Fannie Woodard, now of Ft. Worth, spent the holidays here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. R. H. Lacy and children have returned to their home in Crockett after a pleasant visit here with relatives.

Miss Arline Howard, who has been teaching near Roundrock, has resigned and accepted a position with Kennedy Bros.

Garrett Richards, who has been in the western part of the state for the past year, located at present at Sweetwater, spent the holidays here with homefolk.

# 1916!

May it be one continuous round of joy, happiness and prosperity for you and yours.

We wish to thank you heartily for the generous patronage of the past and solicit your future favors. We will always treat you right.

## D. N. Leaverton

The Leading Druggist  
Grapeland, Texas

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the democratic primary:

For District Judge, 3rd Judicial District:

BH Gardner  
Anderson County

For County Treasurer:

W M (Willie) Robison

Miss Miltie Hill of Eldorado, and Mrs. M. H. Fite of Jacksonville, were the guests of T. S. Kent and family last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herod Parker of the Oak Grove community are the proud parents of a girl baby, born Dec. 31.

Miss Vera Sims spent the holidays here with her parents, Prof. and Mrs. C. T. Sims. She has charge of the music class in the school at Winona.

Prof. J. L. Jackson, superintendent of the Grapeland school last term, now in Austin at the State University, spent Christmas here with his many friends.

T. S. Goodnight returned recently from a trip to South-west Texas where he went to look over the country with a view of buying some property.

#### 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.

Bob Scarbrough has heard the call of "back to the farm," hence has resigned his position with Geo. E. Darsey and will follow agricultural pursuits during 1916.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Miss Eola Totty of Palestine was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Leaverton Sunday.

O. D. White and family, who have been here awhile, have removed to Duncan, Ok.

Pack Traylor of New Waverly is here this week visiting his brothers, and many friends.

M. L. Williams has returned from Huntsville, where he has been doing relief work as operator.

Lewis Lea has returned to Grapeland, after several months absence in other parts of the state.

H. S. Harrison, who left here several weeks ago in search of a location, has settled at Eldorado, in west Texas.

Mrs. Holmes and daughter, Miss Eula, of Carthage, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Driskell during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Selkirk and baby of Troup, were the guests of their parents here last week.

Wyatt Driskall and family of Arp, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Driskell during the holidays.

Miss Lois Ballenger, of Henderson, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Edington last week.

Miss Helen Long, who is teaching at Apple Springs, vis-homefolks at Augusta during the holidays.

Mrs. B. F. Hill and children spent Christmas day in Crockett the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leediker.

#### FOR SALE OR RENT

My place in southeast Grapeland. See me at once.

W. S. Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Faris, of Lake Charles, La., were the guests of relatives and friends here last week. Mr. and Mrs. Faris formerly lived here, moving to Lake Charles four years ago. This is Mr. Faris' first visit back, and their many old friends were glad to see them.

#### Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Most Effectual.

"I have taken a great many bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and every time it has cured me. I have found it most effectual for a hacking cough and for colds. After taking it a cold always disappears," writes J. R. Moore, Lost Valley, Ga. Obtainable everywhere.

#### 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.

#### The Habit of Taking Cold.

With many people taking cold is a habit, but fortunately one that is easily broken. Take a cold sponge bath every morning when you first get out of bed—not ice cold, but a temperature of about 90 degrees F. Also sleep with your window up. Do this and you will seldom take cold. When you do take cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and get rid of it as quickly as possible. Obtainable everywhere.

Mrs. C. F. Stockbridge spent a very delightful Christmas at Houston with her brother, and also visited her aunt in Galveston.

# New Year's Greeting 1916

We hereby extend to the people of Grapeland and vicinity our heartfelt appreciation of their confidence, support and liberal patronage bestowed upon us during the year 1915.

If close attention to business, ethical methods, superior service and best quality of goods at reasonable prices count for anything, we hope to merit your continued confidence, support and patronage throughout the New Year 1916, and many years to come.

We have built our business upon the idea, "Every customer makes a friend," and we hope to add many more to the number.

With best wishes to one and all for a year of happiness and prosperity, we are, Sincerely,

## KENNEDY BROTHERS AND FORCE



**LOCAL NEWS  
FROM CROCKETT**

Crockett, Texas, Jan. 3.—The Christmas holidays have passed, bringing to some joy and gladness, to others sorrow and trouble. Three prominent citizens passed away within a very few hours of each other. The first was Mr. W. P. Harris, proprietor of the Harris Racket Store who died Monday morning, aged thirty three years. He went hunting Xmas day, but when he arrived at the ground, he had a severe chill and was forced to take his bed. He returned to this city, and when he had the second chill, more severe than the first, he passed away. His remains were shipped to Lufkin for interment. He was a member of the Masonic, Woodmen and Knights of Pythias fraternities, was highly thought of and had many friends.

G. B. LUNDY

Hon. G. B. Lundy also answered the last summons at six o'clock in the evening, dying sitting in a chair; heart failure was the cause of his demise. He was a member of the firm of Lundy and Thompson of this city, and many years ago had charge of the store of the Texas Co-Operative Association, when that organization had a business at Galveston. He was seventy five years old, was prominent in social and religious circles and numbered his friends by the score. He had been in failing health for many years, but being a man of wonderful vitality, kept up and at his post of duty. He was a Democrat of the Old School, an elder in Presbyterian church, and a Mason, by which fraternity he was buried Tuesday. He leaves a widow, one sister Miss Betty Lundy of this city, two sons, Messrs R. G. Lundy of this city and Quin Lundy of Evansville, Texas, one daughter, Mrs. John LeGory of this city.

J. R. SHERIDAN

Mr. J. R. Sheridan also passed away the same day at the age of fifty five years. He had been confined to his bed for many weeks and his death was not unexpected; an affection of the heart caused his death. For many years he occupied the office of Tax Collector, making a courteous, obliging and efficient official, retiring voluntarily from the office. At the time of his death, he was in the employ of the United States Government as Census Enumerator of cotton gins. He was a kind and indulgent father, faithful to every trust imposed in him and above all, true to his friends. He was a member of the Christian church and of the Knights of Pythias fraternity, by which his remains were interred in Greenwood cemetery. He leaves an aged father, Capt. W. N. Sheridan of Grapeland, a widow, one son J. D. Sheridan, one daughter Miss S. Sheridan, both of this city, one brother Z. C. Sheridan, one sister Mrs. H. Power, both of Elkhart, two half sisters, Miss Sculah Sheridan and Mrs. Etta Mitchell of Grapeland.

MARRIAGES

The first to occur during Xmas week, was that of Miss Edward Keene of this city to Mr. Jake Waters of Houston, occurring December 25th at 7 o'clock a. m., the bridal party leaving immediately after the ceremony on train for visits to relatives and friends at Huntsville and Houston. A

Rev. Mr. Matthews of Huntsville performed the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Mr. A. C. Keene of this city, and always took a prominent part in social affairs of the town.

TRUBE-GOSSETT

The next to occur was that of Mr. Harry Trube of Galveston to Miss Mattie Gossett, the daughter of Mrs. Bettie Gossett of this city, taking place December 26th, Rev. S. F. Tenney of the Presbyterian church performing the ceremony. The groom is a young business man of Galveston, and while a comparative stranger to our people, has made a favorable impression with those he has met. The bride is noted for her gentle disposition and spirit and for the friends that she always makes.

MARRIAGE LICENSE ISSUED

The following were among those issued during the holidays: Ed Story and Miss Jewel Brashears, both of Crockett; Thomas Turner and Miss Edna Meek, both of Porter Springs; Harry Long (Augusta) and Miss Ima Davis (of Grapeland); Lawrence Dawson (Crockett) and Miss N. Bell Sims (Latexo); Frank Butler (Percilla) and Miss Jetty Oliver (Grapeland). The one last mentioned was issued Saturday January 1st, marriage was to have taken place Sunday 2nd.

PERSONAL MENTION

Though Crockett was filled with visitors during the holidays, there was not a single social function attended by the general public. Nearly all the home boys and girls that had been away at school, came home for a few days. Miss D. Farris of Smithville was the guest of Mrs. J. R. Foster; Mrs. H. G. Patton visited her mother at Ft. Worth; Mrs. Grace Simpson of El Paso visited relatives here; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bowman were at Columbus, Mo; Mrs. C. E. Hayes at Houston; Miss Estella Bromberg was here for a week, the guest of her aunt, Miss Lena Bromberg.

**"A FAMILY REUNION"**

Christmas was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Fitchett of Percilla by a family reunion. The following enjoyed a delightful turkey dinner: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fitchett and sons, John and Joe, of Jacksonville; Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Lively and daughter, Ida Delle, of Elkhart; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Watts of Guthrie, Okla.; Mr. C. E. Dickey and daughter, Jessie Mae; Messrs. Seth and Trawl Fitchett, Miss Mae Ola Fitchett, Mrs. H. A. Rice, (sister of I. W. Fitchett) of Crockett; and Mrs. Amanda Elliott.

The occasion had been looked forward to for many months by the guests and great preparations had been made by the host and hostess for their comfort and pleasure.

Old Santa Claus did not fail to come in with his share, as all were made to rejoice Christmas morning when they found their stocking filled with many good and useful gifts, which occupied their time until 1 p. m., when the bountiful dinner was served.

The afternoon was spent in pleasant conversation, sweet music and reading.

The guests remained until Monday leaving with happy hearts for their respective homes.

Otis Lively, who has been visiting his brother, Luther, and sister, Mrs. Hardin Pennington, has returned home to Memphis.

**NEWS FROM  
HAYS SPRING**

Jan. 2.—The people of this community are enjoying good health at present so far as we know.

Our school started again Monday, Jan 3, after the Christmas vacation.

Among the visitors to this neighborhood during the holidays were: Mrs. Dona Sims and two daughters of near Latexo, who visited her brother, T. B. Spence. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Story of Wesley Chappel, visited his brother, C. A. Story and other relatives.

Ed Willingham of west Texas visited his father Ike Willingham.

Otis Lively of Memphis, Texas is visiting his brother, Luther Lively.

A. W. Hughes has taken up his abode in his new residence, which he has just completed.

Luther Lively has just about completed his new house.

Christmas passed off very quietly and we should be thankful for what the Lord has done for us during the past year, and we should work and look to him to guide us in the next twelve months. BIGFOOT.

**THE IONIAN  
SERENADERS**

The Ionian Serenaders, fourth attraction of the lyceum course, will appear at the school auditorium next Saturday night, January 8th.

This company is composed of four young ladies who sing, read and play very skillfully together and in individual selections. The program will be varied and entertaining. A feature of the program is an accordian quartet. This old-time instrument has almost been unrecognized the past few years, but older people know what sweet strains of music can be produced with it in the hands of one who knows how to handle it.

The Ionians are among the best entertainers on the lyceum course, and those who attend may expect to hear something good. The price of admission will be the same as for the other attractions—50c for adults and 35c for children.

**SOME INTERESTING FIGURES**

Just to give the public an idea of the magnitude of the scope of influence and protection extended through Elberta Camp No. 2124, W. O. W., at this place, Camp Clerk A. E. Owens gives us the following figures: There are 161 active members of the Camp, on whose lives the W. O. W. carries a total insurance, in favor of the wives, mothers and children of these Choppers, of \$183,500.00, at a total monthly expense to these Woodmen of only \$188.87. In addition to this protection, the Woodmen erect a handsome monument costing \$100.00 over the grave of every deceased member. Also, one has but to look about him to see the many worthy acts of charity performed by these Woodmen, which, though never heralded abroad to the general public, cannot all escape the public eye. Mr. Owens also tells us that the camp is figuring on a burial benefit which will amount to about \$75.00. But, aside from all these benefits, the spirit of true fraternalism included in the teachings of Woodcraft inspires right living in the true Woodman.

**Happy New Year!**



**M**AKE IT ONE in fact by opening the year 1916 with an account with this bank, where you receive courtesy, accommodation, protection and good fellowship. Take your rightful place among the substantial men and women of this great community and pay your bills by check. It is the modern way, the better way and the safest of all ways. Talk to us today.

**Farmers & Merchants  
State Bank**  
A GUARANTY FUND BANK

**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

**Three More Nights**

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

**The Lone Star Minstrels**

**20 People 20**

For One Week, Beginning  
Monday Night, Jan. 3.

High Class, Clean Comedy, New songs and the latest jokes, interspersed with good dancing. Good band and orchestra. Start the new year by enjoying a good laugh.

**Admission:**

Adults - 25c Children - 15c

**Have You Read the Ads?**



# STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS

Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die.

I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good.

I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit

taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it.

I have now been taking Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it.

I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me."

Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest.

Get a package today.

Only a quarter.

## "JENTLE JABS"

By Jno. R. Owens

Bad cold? Yes, of the distemper variety.

Some men may live to love, but there are others who just love to live.

Probably one drawback to adopting a "Pay-for-it-in-January" plan, is the "bent" condition of the financial wherewith.

Well, kiss a dollar good-bye, and subscribe for the Messenger so you can keep up with the candidates.

We liked the way 1916 was welcomed in, but hanged if it wasn't a shame to "shoot up" 1915 so bad.

We still contend that it is perfectly proper for elderly men to count the stripes on the "new-fangled" ladies' hose—when they are in a show window.

While we are forced to take a good many slides as we face the obstacles in life, there is at least one consoling thought—the more we slide the slicker we get.

The reason Eve didn't sue Adam for a divorce, was probably because there were no other good looking men to rescue her from "grass-widow-hood."

After all there are some wives who will tie a string around their husband's finger to remind him to post a letter, and forget to give him the letter.

While we feel a little indignant upon learning that the nickname of Texans is "Beef-heads", we deeply sympathize with the unfortunate natives of Georgia, who are called "Buzzards."

Now that the cold weather has killed the weeds that adorned the streets of Grapeland all last summer, we will not be bothered with them again until next spring.

Here is a motto we would like to see everyone adopt for 1916:

Early to bed, and  
Early to rise;  
Use your head  
And advertise.

And now it will be common to see the "soft handed" politician, "pokin'" his paw into that of the sturdy soil tiller and becoming deeply concerned about him and his. "It has to be did"—every two years.

Germany has made it a rule for every outsider who enters that country to furnish them with a photograph. Another possible reason why Henry Ford returned to America without stopping the war.

The state of New York has granted permission to the butchers of that state to slaughter horses after they have gotten too old to work and use the meat for food. That's a "hoss" on New York.

With the death of the year 1915, comes the birth of 1916, and although we cannot see what it has in store for us, let us start it off with an ear-to-ear smile. Though the clouds may be heavy and seem minus the "silver lining," but if we just keep smiling through them they will have to disappear.

The fact that Henry Ford says that he will be accompanied by his wife on his return to Europe, causes us to imagine that none of Europe's titled damsels attracted the old man's "flirting eye."

It is to be hoped that the majority of the U. S. citizens have become accustomed to the wailing of the war prophets, and will clearly understand that these prophetic outbursts are harmless.

Ex-Gov. Campbell announced that he would be a candidate for the Senate and received a little donkey from the Y. M. B. L. of Waco. He may ride it to victory alright, but we fear that its legs will get "wobbly" and its breath will grow short before it anchors him in the Senatorial harbor.

We will soon see the army of disappointed June brides assembling together for a ferocious charge on the innocent bachelors, who managed to steer clear of the "matrimonial rock" during 1915. We hope the watchman will not be caught napping and will sound the "trumpet of warning" in time to save them from the invasion.

Chicago is starting a movement to train "Christian detectives," whose duty will be to uncover moral conditions in advance of revival meetings. We hope Houston will not inaugurate this plan, as it would make it necessary to secure the services of Billy Sunday, who would pull Houston's leg for a very large sum, and it would require a whole column in the Houston Post for Col. Geo. Bailey to tell the people of Texas all the bad names Billy would call the Houstonians.

## IF YOUR FOOD DOES NOT DIGEST

You feel a hot burning sensation in the throat, fullness or bloated feeling in the stomach, belching, sour risings and a loss of your usual vim and energy. You need the help of

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is an admirable digestive stimulant. It cleanses the stomach of fermented food, cools and tones the digestive organs, drives bilious impurities into the bowels where its excellent cathartic properties force the bowels to operate thus ridding the body of the disturbing matter. It acts quickly and thoroughly, checks heartburn in a few minutes, restores the appetite, comfortable digestion and cheerful spirits.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle  
Prickly Ash Bitters Co.  
Proprietors  
St. Louis, Mo.

D. N. LEAVERTON

## John Spence Lawyer

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

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Eaves had with them during the holidays their sons, Lee, teaching at Ratcliff, Warner, teaching at Gouldbusk, and Dudley, who is attending the State University at Austin.

## Program

For Fifth Sunday Meeting of the old Neches River Association to be Held at Weches, Beginning Thursday Night Before 5th Sunday in Jan. 1915

- 7:00; Devotional—W. R. Campbell.
  - 7:30; Sermon—P. B. Pyle.
  - FRIDAY—9:30-10; Devotional—Billie Starkey.
  - 10:00; How does the Scripture Teach we are Saved?—H. E. Crawford.
  - 10:30-11; Being Saved, How are we Kept?—M. L. Shepherd.
  - 11:00; Can the Devil Overthrow the Lord's Work?—T. N. Mainer.
  - 11:30-12—In what way does the Devil Affect the Christian Life?—N. S. Herod.
  - 2:00; Devotional—A. E. Davis.
  - 2:30-3—Should Church Members Engage in Revelry?—H. E. Harris.
  - 3:00; What is Revelry?—R. E. Watson.
  - 3:30-4—Should Members be Dealt with who Engage in Revelry?—Rev. Sims.
  - 7:00; Devotional—W. H. Kolb.
  - 7:30—Sermon—W. A. Reagan.
  - SATURDAY—9:30-10—Devotional—J. E. Bean.
  - 10:00; What do the Scriptures Teach on Missions?—J. L. Kee.
  - 10:30-11—Should all Members Support Missions?—Ben Morrison.
  - 11:00—How can all Members be Enlisted?—N. S. Herod.
  - 11:30-12—Why is the Ministry so Poorly Supported?—W. A. Reagan.
  - 2:00—Devotional—J. A. Bricker.
  - 2:30-3—What is the Duty of the Pastor to the Church?—R. E. Watson.
  - 3:00—What is the Scriptural Plan of Giving?—J. D. Kee.
  - 3:30-4—Is there any Promise to the Church that fails to do its Duty?—P. B. Pyle.
  - 7:00—Devotional—H. E. Crawford.
  - 7:30—Sermon—J. L. Kee.
  - SUNDAY—10:30—Song Service.
  - 10:30-11—How does the Sunday School Help our Church Work?—W. A. Reagan.
  - 11:00—Our Associational Needs—H. E. Harris.
  - 3:00—All of our Denominational Work—R. E. Watson.
  - 7:00—Do the Baptist Stand for anything that the Bible does not Teach?—M. L. Shepherd.
- All of these subjects are open for discussion by all that are present, so all make a special effort to be present.  
W. R. Campbell and Billie Starkey will have charge of the song service.  
C. A. CAMPBELL,  
For Committee.

"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

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS  
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## I'LL BET YOU HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT IN JUST THIS WAY

Had it ever occurred to you that you had as well try to be a successful physician without attending a medical school, or a successful lawyer without attending a law school, or a successful minister without attending a theological school, as to try to be a successful banker or merchant or business man of any kind without first getting a practical business training? If you wanted to make a first class doctor, lawyer or minister, you would attend a university with a reputation. Why not use the same good judgement in selecting a business school in which to secure your training? The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, is the business university of the South; it enrolls more students annually for Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Stenotypewriting, Cotton Classing, Business administration and Finance and Telegraphy than any other similar school in America. Its students have come from 29 different states; its graduates are holding the very best of positions in the leading cities of the United States.

If you will spend from \$100 to \$150 for tuition, board and books for a course of Shorthand, Stenotypewriting, or Bookkeeping or Telegraphy, or Cotton Classing, or Business Administration and Finance, or better still, spend \$175 to \$200 and complete any two of these courses, you will have made the best investment of your life. What young man or woman with grit and determination cannot raise this amount? Hundreds of students who borrowed every cent of their money to attend our school or gave us their note on tuition have found it the best venture of their lives; They were soon able to pay back the borrowed money, continue holding their good job or go into business for themselves, with assurance of success. If you always remain where you are you will always be what you are. Think this statement over seriously. I'll bet you hadn't thought of it in just this way. More than 100 students will enroll before this month closes. Why not you be among the number? You can enter any day and take up the work. For large free catalogue, verifying the above claims, and more, fill in and mail.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Course Interested in .....



## NEWS FROM AUGUSTA

Jan. 3.—We are glad to see the New Year, for each new year makes us feel as if we could take a new start in life.

Misses Mable Bolton, Helen Long, Mary Lou Scarbrough, Mary Belle and Johnnie Holcomb, Misses Emry and Sam Long, were all at home from their schools to enjoy the holidays with homefolks.

Jessie Cruice is visiting his children who live with their grandfather, Ira Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Holcomb are visiting Mrs. Holcomb's mother, Mrs. J. S. Newman this week.

Misses Gertrude and Winnie Stout were visiting relatives and friends here a few days last week.

Harry Long of this place and Miss Ima Davis of Grapeland were married last week. They will make their future home in Grapeland. We hate to see Mr. Long leave our little town, but as he must go we wish him success and happiness.

The weather has been so warm and disagreeable for the last few days until there are lots of us with colds and La grippe.

Wishing the Messenger success through the year.

ALIXE.

### RIALL--McMURPHY

Mr. W. A. Riall of this city and Miss Frances McMurphy of Pine Bluff, Ark., were married Dec. 25th, in Pine Bluff. After the ceremony, they left for Oklahoma to visit the groom's parents. They arrived in Grapeland Friday night, and are now domiciled for the present with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Moore, in north Grapeland.

The bride formerly lived in Tyler, and is an accomplished and talented young lady.

The groom is one of our leading young business men, and has scores of friends, who join the Messenger in wishing for them, much happiness and prosperity through life.

## SAN PEDRO NEWS ITEMS

Jan. 3.—Christmas is over and a new year is here and we all should turn over a new leaf and hope for a better year in 1916 than 1915.

Health of this community at present is very good.

I. N. Whitaker and family visited relatives in Groveton during the holidays.

Mrs. Garrison and children, J. C. Kleckley and family, W. F. Kleckley and family and Misses Hattie and Zollie Kleckley, all of Crockett, visited their father, W. A. Kleckley during the holidays.

J. F. Fulmer and daughters visited Mr. Fulmer's parents at Mineola the past week.

W. A. Kleckley and wife were in Crockett Monday.

Mrs. Ethel Gainey is visiting in Alto this week.

W. R. Brown is visiting his son in Houston. He will probably return the latter part of the week. NERO.

### MRS. M. E. COOK DEAD

Rock Hill, Jan. 2.—Mrs. M. E. Cook died at the home of C. M. Streetman, Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 12:30 a. m.

She was laid to rest in the Antrim cemetery Thursday at 3:30 p. m., services being conducted by Bro. C. A. Campbell. She had been afflicted with rheumatism for the past fourteen years. During these years she was helpless most all the time. Dropsy set up about six weeks ago, which hastened her demise.

She was born in Tolbert Co., Ga., September 2, 1833, and lived in Georgia until 1888, moving to west Florida and resided there until 1905. The remainder of her life was spent in Texas. She was baptized into the Free Will Baptist Church at the age of fifteen and has lived a true Christian life. She has made her home with C. M. Streetman, her son-in-law, for a number of years.

She leaves a daughter, two sons, and a host of grandchildren and friends to mourn her loss.

## GARDNER FOR DISTRICT JUDGE

Hon. B. H. Gardner of Palestine authorizes the Messenger to announce his candidacy for judge of the third judicial district, composed of Houston, Anderson and Henderson counties, subject to the action of the democratic primary.

Judge Gardner needs no introduction at our hands because he is well known throughout this section. He formerly filled this office two terms, retiring four years ago of his own accord. During his tenure of office he made a fair and impartial judge, discharging his duties faithfully and in accordance with the law. He is an able jurist, and has been eminently successful as a lawyer. The following articles are taken from the Palestine papers regarding his candidacy:

We present today the name of Judge B. H. Gardner as a candidate for the office of district judge of the 3rd judicial district of Texas, an office he filled most acceptably for eight years. It is not precedent with us to write editorially of the candidacy of any aspirant for office, but we feel justified in so doing in this case by the eminent qualification of the candidate for this office, and the fact that he has been solicited most earnestly by leading citizens of each county in the district to again assume this responsible position. Tomorrow we will write more at length of the career of Judge Gardner and of the accomplishments of his first terms in this office.—Palestine Advocate.

Today Judge B. H. Gardner makes formal announcement for the office of district judge of this district, subject to the action of the democratic party.

There is no man in the city, or in the district as to that matter, who stands higher in the esteem of the people. Judge Gardner served two terms as district judge of this district, and his record was a splendid one. He was always found to be fair, just and able.

This district has had many men of ability and prominence, men of honor and integrity, to fill this highly important office. And Judge Gardner is just of that type. He is dignified in manner, is cultured, learned in the law; a man who has made a success in his chosen profession, and a man who has the respect of the entire membership of the bars of the counties comprising the district. Should he be again chosen for this office he will serve the district well.

Another thing can be said of Judge Gardner's administration of this office, and that is, that he was economical. He kept close scrutiny over everything pertaining to his office, and was commended for the strict economy of his administration.

The judge will have many strong supporters here and over the entire district, who desire to see him again our district judge.—Palestine Herald.

Dr. D. B. McGee and family of Cameron attended the Davis-Long nuptials here last week.

Misses Mary Belle and Johnnie Holcomb, who are teaching at Channing and Yarbrough, spent the holidays with their parents at Augusta.

## RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

Jan. 1.—The holidays have passed, but the memories of the nice presents and nice dinners eaten will remain through the coming years.

The Christmas tree was as pretty as could be and our teacher deserves much praise for the concert rendered. She remarked to ye scribe that she hoped the latter part of the term would wind up as well as the first. We see no reason why it shouldn't, for everyone has confidence and respect for her, and that is half the battle.

The usual dinners were served but only one real special dining, and that was given by Mrs. P. L. Fulham for the young folks and children, and the entertainment was nice, as well as the dinner, as they have a new graphophone.

The out of neighborhood visitors were in and out and we did not get to see much of them.

We are sorry to lose from our midst Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor and Bailey. They go southeast of Crockett about six miles. We commend them to the people of that community and wish them success.

We feel like we are "some punkin" down this way and made resolutions yesterday to be bigger and more daring this year.

We failed to state that Old Santa Claus came all the way from Eldorado to be at our tree. As ever, ZACK.

### FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The Messenger is authorized to announce the candidacy of Mr. W. M. (Willie) Robison for the office of county treasurer, subject to the action of the democratic primary.

Mr. Robison is a citizen of the Jones School House community, having lived there quite awhile. He has traveled over the county a great deal and is well and favorably known by many people. His qualifications for the office are unquestioned, and he asks that you give his candidacy serious consideration. He will appreciate your support.

### COMMITTED SUICIDE

F. M. M. Smith, about 70 years old, took his own Christmas day by taking strychnine. He was at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Y. Carnes, and when he told them what he had done medical aid was summoned at once, but too late to do any good. Mr. Smith assigned no cause for the rash act, and did not consent for the doctor to administer an antidote. His remains were buried in the Parker cemetery. He is survived by a wife and several children.

### LOCAL INSTITUTE AND SPELLING BEE

We earnestly insist that you co-operate with us in the Spelling Bee and Local Institute to be held at Percilla, Friday night, Saturday and Saturday night, Jan. 14th and 15th, of which the program in detail will be published in next week's paper. Lack of space, prevented the publishing of same this week.

## TOM CAMPBELL IS IN THE RACE

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 30.—Former Governor Thomas Mitchell Campbell set at rest all doubts as to his plans political, by announcing here to-day that he would be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of United States Senator, to be determined by the primaries of 1916.

### CHANGE IN BUSINESS

The Cash Grocery Store, which has been owned by Claude Sadler for the past three years, has been sold to W. H. Long & Co., of Augusta, the change taking place Jan. 1st. The business will now be under the management of H. G. Long, assisted by Marvin Gilbert.

The people of Grapeland regret to lose Mr. Sadler, but feel sure that this popular store, under the new management, will continue to enjoy a liberal patronage, as it will continue to keep only the freshest of groceries, and will at all times extend every courtesy to its patrons.

### JEFF KEEN DEAD

The Messenger regrets to chronicle the news of the death of Mr. Jeff Keen, a resident of the Guiceland community. Mr. Keen had been in a sanitarium in San Antonio for several months.

The body arrived from San Antonio on Sunday's morning train and was carried immediately to his home near Guiceland. On Monday evening at 3:00 o'clock, the Woodmen of the World, of which he was a member, took charge of the burial services and laid him to rest in the Guiceland cemetery, using their impressive burial ceremony. Some seventy-five Woodmen and several hundred friends and relatives gathered at the cemetery to pay their last respects to Mr. Keen, who numbered his friends among the hundreds.

He leaves to mourn his loss a host of friends and relatives, his immediate family being his wife and several children. To these the Messenger wishes to extend its sincere sympathy.

### Bad Habits.

Those who breakfast at eight o'clock or later, lunch at twelve and have dinner at six are almost certain to be troubled with indigestion. They do not allow time for one meal to digest before taking another. Not less than five hours should elapse between meals. If you are troubled with indigestion correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets, and you may reasonably hope for a quick recovery. These tablets strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Obtainable everywhere.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pelham, who for the past few months, have had charge of the Grapeland Hotel, moved to their farm south of Grapeland this week.

A system regulator is a medicine that strengthens and stimulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Prickly Ash Bitters is a superior system regulator. It drives out all unhealthy conditions, promotes activity of body and brain, restores good appetite, sound sleep and cheerful spirits. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

## IMPORTANT RESOLUTION

### Means Much If You Keep It

There is one resolution you should include in your New Year list, which if you keep you will be winner. If you do not keep it you will be loser, but our conscience will be clear, for we have given you the "tip." A number of people kept it last year, and have renewed it this year. Those few who made it, and did not keep it, see now where they lost, and are still "kickin'" themselves for being so careless in regard to a matter that meant so much to them. Much depends on the start you get in the New Year, and the RIGHT start depends largely on whether you keep this resolution. The others you make are not so important as this one. It is THE ONE. Here it is: "READ EVERY AD WE HAVE IN THE MESSENGER and TRADE with

# T. S. KENT