

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 19 No. 6

Grapeland, Houston County, Texas, April 6, 1916

\$1.00 Per Year

## Bargain Store Specials:

Ginghams, per yard.....	5c
Heavy ribbed underwear, per piece.....	37c
Best quality overalls (Cone's Boss) per pair.....	90c
Garrett Snuff, 1 bottle for.....	20c
Brown Mule tobacco 1 lb.....	30c
5 gallons best oil (Eupion).....	75c
Good laundry soap, 11 bars for.....	25c
8 lbs good roasted coffee.....	\$1.00
Special High Patent Flour, per sack.....	\$1.50
Pure corn chops, per sack.....	\$1.55
Maize chops, per sack.....	\$1.20
Mill run wheat bran, per sack.....	\$1.25
Pea green alfalfa hay, per bale.....	70c
North Texas hay bale.....	40c

Just received a shipment of Low Quarter Shoes and Slippers. The price at which they will be sold makes them absolutely the best values on earth!

**25 Per Cent Saved on Shoes and Dry Goods**  
Just received big shipment of ladies ready to wear clothes.

Bring us your Eggs.

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

**W. R. WHERRY**

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

## REDUCE YOUR TABLE EXPENSE



All you have to do is to buy your groceries and cured meats at this store.

Quality, price and cash will do the rest for you, as it is doing for hundreds of others.

We buy Chickens, Eggs and Butter, paying highest market prices. See us and get our prices before you sell or buy.

## CASH GROCERY CO.

FREE DELIVERY PHONE US

### NEWS ITEMS FROM GLOVER

We had a nice rain Saturday, which everyone highly appreciated. Some few are through planting corn, while others haven't started yet.

Our literary school came to a close last Wednesday. Our teacher was Miss Willie Arledge, from Crockett. We are glad to report that Miss Willie taught a fine school. Our program for the last day of school was carried out nicely, with recitations, songs, and speaking by our superintendent, Mr. J. N. Snell, Mr. Morris, and several of the patrons of our school. Dinner was served and we all had to separate and return to our homes. Now the school children have a vacation, and as Mr. Snell stated, they should all study during vacation so as to be prepared to enter next school and learn more than ever, for an education. They may not see the need now, but they will later. The health of our community is very good at present, except some few have colds.

Spurgeon Payne of Belott visited Mr. John Craig Sunday.

Mr. W. T. Craig and son made a business trip to Grapeland Friday.

Mr. J. F. Weaver spent Saturday and Sunday with R. R. Thames and family.

Fate Tims visited his sister and brother near Jones' School House Saturday and Sunday.

CRAB APPLE.

The successful community is the one where everybody patronizes the home merchants and encourages home enterprises of every kind.

Rev. S. W. Edge filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church Sunday morning and night

### ALL THE NEWS FROM BELOTT

April 3.—It seems as though the man in charge of the water works must have gotten a copy of the Grapeland Messenger and glanced over the "want ad" column and responded to the request of the editor and sent rain. We sure had a good one Saturday, which was very much needed and greatly appreciated by all.

Now, Mr. Editor, we suggest that you advertise for more sunshine and less north wind after the rains.

Health of this community is good.

Our school closed the 21st day of March. It was a very successful term throughout under the proficient management of Prof. Pate as principal.

The trustee election was well attended. T. J. Sartor was re-elected and J. S. Cook was elected to succeed R. F. Hall. The good attendance at the election is good evidence that the patrons are interested in educational affairs as well as diversified farming, politics, etc.

The writer, with his family, attended the picnic at Glover the 29th. ult., and can truthfully say we were glad to be there, as it was the last day of school at that place. The teacher, Miss Willie Arledge had arranged a very nice program which was well rendered by the school. Then we listened to some very good discourses on education by Sup't. Snell and Mr. Morris and others. Then came the time most pleasing to us when our friend, Mr. R. R. Thames said: "Boys, come up, dinner is ready" and anyone that would not say there was plenty of good dinner would be hard to please. Our friend, Bro. Morris said all that bothered him was that he could not eat enough to last him a week, but I think Prof. Snell overcame that botheration.

I can't keep up with all the neighborhood visiting and really I don't call that much news.

The Rambler.

### NEWS ITEMS FROM CROCKETT

April 3.—Very little was done in District Court the past week, other than trying some cases to clear the title to land, and the granting of some divorces. The Grand Jury was kept busy until Friday evening, at which time they adjourned over until Monday. A large number of witnesses were examined by this body, they being kept at work until late each day.

The following divorces were granted: Anne Doddles vs Jim Doddles; Frank Spriggs vs Emily Spriggs; W. C. Bearden vs Amanda Bearden; Charlie Futch vs Maggie Futch; Chas. Adams vs Moselle Adams; S. E. Tatum vs Myrtle Tatum; Hallie Elliot vs Fred Elliot; Sallie Reece vs William Reece; John Davis vs Hattie Davis.

In the election held here last Saturday for the purpose of selecting Trustees for the City Schools, a heavy vote was polled, and the following were named: J. C. Millar, J. H. Smith, Earl Adams Jr. and Hal Lacy.

The returns for the election are not all in and it is impossible to tell who were elected in the different precincts. A light vote was polled in this election.

Two tenant houses, the property of the J. A. McKinney estate, were burned here the first of last week, the contents of both buildings being destroyed. The loss was about \$1250., with no insurance. A negro woman by the name of Russell was arrested and placed in jail, charged by affidavit with setting fire to the buildings, but was later released on bond.

W. L. Smith, aged about 36 years, son of Dr. J. B. Smith of this city, died suddenly Saturday night of heart failure, having been ill only a few hours. He was down town in the evening, conversing with his friends

## The Rain Has Been

And we are prepared to serve you to the very best possible advantage.

Just received a complete stock of weeding hoes, work collars in all sizes, collar pads, plow shapes, etc. In fact we can furnish you with all kinds of trim goods with prices that are sure to please.

**Money Saved on Enamelware, Crockery and Glassware**

**McLean & Riall**

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE  
FREE DELIVERY BOTH PHONES

and apparently in good health. He was a young man that was talented, capable, and every inch of him a gentleman. He had many friends, to whom he was at all times true. He leaves a father, two brothers, J. L. Smith of Longview, Dock Smith of Nacogdoches, two sisters, Mrs. D. C. Kennedy of this city, and Mrs. W. J. Wood of Groveton. Interment was in Greenwood cemetery.

George Shaver and Hugh Richards have installed water works at their homes.

While the time for feasting on sweet potatoes, country sausage and spare ribs seems to be at an end, we are not sorry, as our system is "calling" for spring greens, radishes and "breath-staining" onions.

Miss Grace Campbell left Monday for her home at Groveton. Miss Grace has taught two successful terms of music and expression in our city and has by her pleasant manner and deportment won many friends who regret to see her leave.—Elkhart Record.



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**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I**—At Troyon's, a Paris inn, the youth Marcel Troyon, afterwards to be known as Michael Lanyard, is caught stealing by Burke, an expert thief, who takes the boy with him to America and makes of him a finished crackman.

**CHAPTER II**—After stealing the Omber jewels and the Huysman war plans in London Lanyard returns to Troyon's for the first time in many years because he thinks Roddy, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. On arrival he finds Roddy already installed as a guest.

**CHAPTER III**—At a dinner a conversation between Comte de Morbihan, M. Bannan and Mlle. Bannan about the Lone Wolf, a celebrated crackman who works alone, puzzles and alarms him as to whether his identity is only guessed or known.

**CHAPTER IV**—To satisfy himself that Roddy is not watching him, Lanyard dresses and goes out, leaving Roddy apparently asleep and snoring in the next room, then comes back stealthily, to find a girl in his room.

**CHAPTER V**—The girl turns out to be Mlle. Bannan, who explains her presence by saying that she was sleep-walking.

**CHAPTER VI**—In his apartment near the Trocadero he finds written on the back of a twenty-pound note, part of his concealed emergency board, an invitation from The Pack to the Lone Wolf to join them.

**CHAPTER VII**—Lanyard attempts to dispose of the Omber jewels, but finds that The Pack has forbidden the buyers to deal with him. He decides to meet The Pack.

**CHAPTER VIII**—De Morbihan meets him and takes him before three masked members of The Pack.

**CHAPTER IX**—He recognizes Popnot, apache, and Wertheimer, English mobster, but the third, an American, is unknown to him. He refuses alliance with them.

**CHAPTER X**—On his return to his room he is attacked in the dark, but knocks out his assailant.

**CHAPTER XI**—He gives the unconscious man, who proves to be the mysterious American, a hypodermic to keep him quiet, discovers that Roddy has been murdered in his bed with the evident intention of fastening the crime on him, and changing the appearance of the unconscious American to resemble his own, starts to leave the house.

**CHAPTER XII**—In the corridor he encounters Lucia Bannan, who insists on leaving with him.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Having no money Lucia is obliged to take refuge with Lanyard in the studio of an absent artist friend of his. He locks her in a room alone and retires to get some rest himself.

**CHAPTER XIV**—After sleep Lanyard finds his viewpoint changed. He tells Lucia who he is.

**CHAPTER XV**—Mutual confessions follow. She is Lucy Shannon, not Bannan, and has been used as a tool by Bannan, the crook. The American murderer of Roddy was Bannan's secretary. Both are members of The Pack and out to get Lanyard.

**CHAPTER XVI**—Lanyard tells Lucy that he means to reform and she agrees to go with him to return the London loot. A newspaper wrapped in a brick is thrown through the skylight.

**CHAPTER XVII**—A bullet follows the brick. The paper has an account of the total destruction by fire of Troyon's.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—They go to Mme. Omber's Paris residence.

**CHAPTER XIX**—Lanyard burglariously returns the Omber jewels.

**CHAPTER XX**—They go to the home of M. Ducroy, minister of war, to return the Huysman papers in return for safe conduct out of France. On coming out Lanyard finds Lucy gone.

**CHAPTER XXI**—Lanyard turns taxi chauffeur.

**CHAPTER XXII**—He finds Lucy, who dismisses him, leaving him to think that she is in league with The Pack.

**CHAPTER XXIII**—Lanyard carries a fare in his taxi.

**CHAPTER XXV.**

**A Surprise.**

He had gone but a block when the window at his back was lowered and his fare observed pleasantly:

"That you, Lanyard?"

The adventurer hesitated an instant; then, without looking round, responded:

"Wertheimer, eh?"

"Right-o! The old man had me puzzled for a minute with his silly chaffing. Stupid of me, too, because we'd just been talking about you."

"Had you, though?"

"Rather. Hadn't you better take me where we can have a quiet little talk?"

"I'm not conscious of the necessity—"

"Oh, I say!" Wertheimer protested amiably. "Don't be so rotten shirty, old top. Give a chap a chance. Besides, I received today a bit of news from Antwerp I guarantee will interest you."

"Antwerp?" Lanyard repeated, mystified.

"Antwerp—where the ships sail from," Wertheimer laughed—"not Amsterdam, where the diamonds forage-father, as you may know."

"I don't follow you, I'm afraid."

"I shan't elucidate until we're under cover."

With brief hesitation Lanyard said more placably: "All right. But where shall I take you?"

"Any quiet cafe will do. You can readily find one—"

"Thanks—no," Lanyard objected dryly. "If I must confabulate with gentlemen of your kidney, I prefer to do it under cover. Even dressed as I am, I might be recognized, you know."

But it was evident that Wertheimer didn't mean to permit himself to be ruffled.

"Then will my modest diggings suit you?" he suggested pleasantly. "I've taken a suite in the Rue Vernet, just back of the Hotel Astoria, where we can be as private as you please. That is, if you've no objection."

"None whatever."

Wertheimer gave him the number and replaced the window.

His rooms in the Rue Vernet proved to be a small ground-floor apartment with private entrance to the street.

"Took the tip from you," he told Lanyard, as he unlocked the door. "I dare say you'd be glad to get back to that little rez-de-chaussee of yours in the Rue Rogot. Ripping place, that. By the way—judging from your apparently robust state of health, you haven't been trying to live at home of late."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed yes, monsieur! If I may presume to interfere—I'd pull wide of the Rue Rogot for a while—for as long, at least, as you remain in your present intractable temper."

"I fancy you're right," Lanyard said carelessly, following, as Wertheimer turned up the lights, into a modest salon, cozily furnished. "You live here alone, I understand?"

"Quite—make yourself perfectly at ease; nobody can hear us. And," the Englishman added with a laugh, "do sit down—take that chair there, which commands both doors, if you don't trust me."

"Do you think I ought to?"

"Hardly. Otherwise I'd ask you to take my word that you're safe for the time being. As it is, I shan't be offended if you keep your gun handy and your sense of self-preservation running under forced draft. But you won't refuse to join me in a whisky-and-soda?"

"No," said Lanyard slowly—"not if we drink from the same bottle."

Again the Englishman laughed unaffectedly as, turning to a side-table, he fetched a decanter, glasses, bottled soda, a box of cigarettes, and placed them on a stand within Lanyard's reach.

With all the ease and courtesy of a practiced host he measured whisky into Lanyard's glass till checked by a quiet "Thank you," and helping himself generously, opened the soda.

"I'll not ask you to drink with me," he said with a twinkle, "but—chinchin!" and tilting his glass, half emptied it at a draft.

Muttering formally, at a disadvantage and resenting it, Lanyard drank with less enthusiasm, if without misgivings.

Wertheimer selected a cigarette and lighted it at leisure.

"Well," he said, smiling through a cloud of smoke, "I think we're fairly on our way to an understanding, considering that you told me to go to hell when last we met!"

His spirit was irresistible. In spite of himself Lanyard returned the smile. "I never knew a man to take it with better grace," he said, lighting his own cigarette.

"Resent it! I liked it—you gave us precisely what we asked for."

"Then," demanded Lanyard gravely, "if that's your viewpoint, if you're decent enough to see it that way—what the devil are you doing in that gallery?"

"Mischief makes strange bedfellows, you'll admit. And if you think that a fair question, what are you doing here, with me?"

"Same excuse as in the other instance—trying to find out what your game is."

Wertheimer chuckled and eyed the ceiling with an intimate grin. "My dear fellow," he protested—"all you

want to know is everything!" "More or less," Lanyard admitted gracefully. "One infers you contemplate stopping this side of the channel for some time."

"Meaning your impression is I made it too hot for me?" Wertheimer interpreted with a quizzical glance. "I shan't tell about that. But I'm hoping to be able to run home for an occasional week-end without stirring up trouble. Why not go along with me some time?"

Lanyard shook his head. "Come!" the Englishman rallied him. "Don't put on so much side. I'm not bad company. Why not be sociable, since we're bound to be thrown together more or less in the way of business?"

"Oh, I think not."

"But, my dear chap, you can't go on this way. Playing Parisian taxi-bandit is hardly your shop. And, of course, you understand you won't be permitted to engage in any more remunerative pursuit until you make terms with the powers that be—or leave Paris."

"Mr. Wertheimer," Lanyard informed him quietly, "none of you will stop me, if ever I make up my mind to take the field again."

"You haven't been thinking of quitting it—what?" Wertheimer demanded innocently, opening his eyes wide.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think," the Englishman laughed—"I think this conference doesn't get anywhere in particular. Our simple, trusting natures don't seem to fraternize as spontaneously as they might. We may as well cut the sparring and get down to business—don't you think? But before we do, I'd like permission to offer one word of friendly advice."

"And that is—"

"Ware Bannan!" Lanyard nodded. "Thanks," he said.

"I say that in all earnestness," Wertheimer declared. "God knows you're nothing to me, but at least you've played the game like a man; and I won't see you butchered to make an Apache holiday for want of warning."

"Please stop there!" Lanyard interrupted hotly. "I was beginning to like you, too. But you persist in reminding me you're hand and glove with the brute who had Roddy slaughtered in his sleep."

"Poor devil!" Wertheimer said gently. "That was a sickening business, I admit. But who told you—"

"Never mind. It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes," the Englishman admitted gravely—"it's true. It was at Bannan's door, when all's said. Perhaps you won't believe me, but it's a fact I didn't know positively who was responsible till tonight."

"You don't really expect me to believe that? You were pretty thick with that gang?"

"Ah, but on probation only! When they voted Roddy out I wasn't consulted. They kept me in the dark mostly—I flatter myself—because they knew I drew the line at murder. If I had known—this you won't believe, of course—Roddy'd be alive today."

"I'd like to believe you," Lanyard admitted. "But when you ask me to sign articles with that vicious assassin—"

"You can't play our game with clean hands," Wertheimer retorted.

Lanyard found no answer to that. "If you've said all you wished to," he suggested, rising, "I can assure you my answer is final—and go about my business."

"What's your hurry? Sit down. There's more to say—much more."

"As for instance—"

"I had a fancy you might like to put a question or two."

Lanyard shook his head; it was plain to him that Wertheimer designed to draw him out through his interest in Lucy Shannon.

"I haven't the slightest curiosity concerning any of your affairs," he observed.

"But you should have; I could tell you a great many interesting things that intimately affect your affairs, if I liked. You must understand that I shall hold the balance of power here from now on."

"Congratulations!" Lanyard laughed derisively.

"No joke, my dear chap. I've been promoted over the heads of your friends, De Morbihan and Popnot, and shall henceforth be—as they say in America—the whole works."

"By what warrant?"

"The illustrious Bannan's. I've been appointed his lieutenant—vice Greggs, deposed for bungling."

"Do you mean to tell me Bannan controls De Morbihan and Popnot?"

The Englishman smiled indulgently. "If you didn't know it, he's commander in chief of our allied forces, the presiding genius of the International Underworld, Unlimited."

"Bosh!" cried Lanyard contemptuously. "Why talk to me as if I were a child, to be frightened by any such boggy tale as that?"

"Take it or leave it, my friend. The fact remains. I know, if you don't. I confess I didn't till tonight; but I've learned some things that have opened my eyes. You see, we had a table in a quiet corner at the Cafe de la Paix,

and since the old man's sailing for home before long, it was naturally time for him to unbosom himself rather thoroughly to the one he leaves to act for him in London and Paris. I never suspected our power before he began to talk."

Lanyard, watching the man closely, would have sworn he had never seen one more sober. He was indescribably perplexed by this ostensible candor—mystified and mistrustful.

"And then there's this to be considered, from your side," Wertheimer resumed with the most businesslike manner. "You can work with us without being obliged to deal in any way with the old man or De Morbihan or Popnot; you need never speak to either of them. Bannan will never cross the Atlantic again, and you can do pretty



"I'd Better Get Out of This Before I Do You an Injury."

much as you like, within reason—subject to my approval, that is."

"One of us is mad," Lanyard commented profoundly.

"One of us is blind to his best interests," Wertheimer amended with entire good humor.

"Perhaps. Let it go at that. I'm not interested—never did care for fairy tales."

"Don't go yet. There is still much to be said on both sides of our argument."

"Has there been one?"

"Besides, I promised you news from Antwerp."

"To be sure," Lanyard said, and paused, his curiosity at length engaged.

Wertheimer dressed into the breast-pocket of his dress coat and produced a blue telegraph-form, handing it to the adventurer.

Of even date, from Antwerp, it read: "Underworld, Paris: Greggs arrested today, boarding steamer for America, after desperate struggle. Killed himself immediately afterward. Poison. No confession.—Q. 2."

"Underworld?" Lanyard queried blankly.

"Our telegraphic address, of course. 'Q. 2' is our chief factor in Antwerp."

"So they got Greggs?"

"Stupid oaf!" Wertheimer observed; "I've no sympathy to waste on him. The whole affair was a blunder."

"But you got Greggs out and burned Troyon's—"

"Still our friends at the prefecture weren't satisfied. Something must have roused their suspicions."

"You don't know what?"

"There must have been a leak somewhere—"

"If so, it would certainly have led the police to me, after all the pains you were at to saddle me with the crime. There's something odder than mere treachery in this, Mr. Wertheimer."

"Perhaps you're right," said the other thoughtfully.

"And it doesn't speak well for the discipline of your precious organization—granting for the sake of argument, the possibility of such nonsense."

"Well, well, have your own way about that. I don't insist, so long as you're agreeable to join forces with me."

"Oh, it's with you alone now—is it? Not with that insane boggy, the International Underworld, Unlimited?"

Cheerfully the Englishman assented, nodding: "With me alone. I offer you a clear field. Go where you like, do what you will—I wouldn't have the effrontery to attempt to guide or influence you."

Lanyard kept himself in hand with considerable difficulty.

"But you?" he asked. "Where do you come in?"

Wertheimer lounged back in his

chair and laughed quietly. "Need you ask? Must I recall to you the foundations of my prosperity? You had the name of it glib enough on your tongue that night in the Rue Chaptal. When you've done your work you'll come to me and split the proceeds fairly—and as long as you do that, never a syllable will pass my lips!"

"Blackmail!"

"Oh, if you insist! Odd, how displeasing I find that word!"

Abruptly the adventurer got to his feet. "By God!" he cried, "I'd better get out of this before I do you an injury."

The door slammed behind him on a room ringing with Wertheimer's unaffected laughter.

**CHAPTER XXVI.**

**War.**

Lanyard, weary with futile cruising, and being in the neighborhood of the Madeleine, sought the cab-rank there and moodily took his place at its end, silencing the motor and re-lapsing into morose reflection so profound that nothing about him claimed place in his consciousness.

Thus it was that a brace of furtive thugs were able to slouch down the rank, scrutinizing it covertly, but in detail, pause opposite Lanyard's car under pretext of lighting cigarettes, identify him to their satisfaction, and take themselves hastily off—all without his knowledge.

And not until they had quite disappeared did the driver of the cab ahead dare warn him.

Lounging back carelessly, the latter looked the adventurer over inquisitively.

"It is, then," he inquired civilly, when Lanyard at length glanced around, annoyed by subconsciousness of the other's stare, "that you are in the bad books of that good General Popnot, my friend?"

"Eh—what's that you say?" Lanyard exclaimed, showing a countenance of blank misapprehension.

The man nodded wisely.

"He who is at odds with Popnot," he observed, "does well not to sleep in public. You did not see those two who passed just now and took your number—rats of Montmartre, if I know my Paris! You were dreaming, my friend, and it is my impression that only the presence of those two flies over the way prevented your immediate assassination. If I were you, I should go away very quickly, and never stop till I had put stout walls between myself and Popnot."

A chill of apprehension sent a shiver stealing down Lanyard's spine.

"You're sure?"

"But of a certainty, my old one!"

"A thousand thanks."

Jumping down, the adventurer cranked the motor, sprang back to his seat, and was off like a hunted hare.

And when, more than an hour later, he brought his panting car to a pause

in a quiet and empty back street of the Auteuil quarter, after a course that had involved the better part of Paris, it was with the conviction that he had beyond question shaken off pursuit—had there, in fact, been any attempt made to follow him.

He took advantage of that secluded spot to substitute false numbers for those he was licensed to display; then, at more sedate pace, followed the line of the fortifications northward as far as La Muette, where, branching off, he sought and made a circuit of two sides of the private park enclosing the home of Mme. Omber.

But the mansion showed no lights, and there was nothing in the aspect of the lodge and carriage entrance to



A Flash of Fire Spat Out at Him.

lead him to believe that the chateau had as yet returned to Paris.

Now the night was still young, but Lanyard had his cab to dispose of and not a few other essential details to

arrange before he could take definite steps toward the reincarnation of the Lone Wolf.

Picking a most circumspect route across the river—via the Pont Mirabeau—to the all-night telegraphic bureau in the Rue de Grenelle, he dispatched a cryptic message to the minister of war, then with the same pains to avoid notice made back toward the Rue des Acacias. But it wasn't possible to recross the Seine covertly—in effect, at least—without returning the way he had come—a long detour that irked his impatient spirit to contemplate.

Unwisely he elected to cross by way of the Pont des Invalides—how unwisely was borne in upon him almost as soon as he turned from the brilliant Quai de la Conference into the darkling Rue Francois Premier; he had won scarcely twenty yards from the corner when, with a rush, its motor purring like some great tiger-cat, a powerful touring car swept up from behind, drew abreast, but instead of passing, checked speed until its pace was even with his own.

Struck by the strangeness of this maneuver, he looked quickly round, to recognize the moonlike mask of De Morbihan grinning sardonically at him over the steering wheel of the black car.

A second hasty glance discovered four men in the back. With no time to identify them, Lanyard questioned their origin as little as their malign intent—Belleville bullies, beyond doubt, drafted from Popinot's battalions, with orders to bring in the Lone Wolf, dead or alive.

He had instant proof that his apprehensions were unexaggerated. Of a sudden De Morbihan cut out his engine's muffler and turned loose his electric horn. Between the deep-chested detonations of the exhaust and the mad, blatant howling of the warning a hideous clamor echoed and re-echoed in that quiet street—a racket in which the report of a revolver-shot was drowned out and went unnoticed. Lanyard himself might have been unaware of it had he not caught, out of the corner of his eye, a flash of fire that spat out at him like a flaming serpent's tongue, and heard the crash of the window behind him falling inward, shattered.

That the shot had no immediate successor was due almost wholly to Lanyard's instant and instinctive action.

Even before the clash of broken glass registered on his consciousness, he threw in the high speed and shot away like a frightened greyhound.

So sudden was this move that it caught De Morbihan himself unprepared. In an instant Lanyard had ten yards' lead. In another he was spinning on two wheels round an acute corner into the Rue Jean Goujon; and in a third, as he shot through that short block to the Avenue d'Antin, had increased his lead to fifteen yards. But he could never hope to better that—rather the contrary. The pursuer was the more powerful car, and captained, to boot, by one reputed to be the most daring and skilful motorist in France.

As he swung from the Avenue d'Antin into the Rond Point des Champs-Elysees, the nose of the pursuing car inched up, snoring, on his right, effectually preventing any attempt to strike off toward the east, to the boulevards and the center of the city's night life. He had no choice but to fly westward.

He cut an arc round the sextapartite park of the Rond Point that lost no inch of advantage, and straightened out up the Avenues des Champs-Elysees for the Place de l'Etoile, shooting madly in and out through the tide of more leisurely traffic. And ever the motor of the touring car purred contentedly just at his elbow.

If there were police about, Lanyard saw nothing of them—not that he would have dreamed of stopping or even of checking speed for anything less than an immovable barrier.

But as the minutes sped it became apparent that there was to be no renewed attempt upon his life for the time being. The pursuers could afford to wait. And it came then to Lanyard that he drove no more alone. Death rode with him, his passenger.

Only when in full course for the Porte Dauphine did he appreciate De Morbihan's design. He was to be rushed out into the midnight solitudes of the Bois de Boulogne and there run down and slain out of hand.

Now and again glances over his shoulder showed him no change in the gap between his own and the car of the assassins. But his motor ran sweet and true—humoring it, coaxing it, he contrived a little longer to hold his own.

Approaching the Porte Dauphine, he became aware of two sergents de ville standing in the middle of the way and wildly waving their arms. He held on toward them relentlessly—it was their lives or his—and they leaped aside barely in time to save themselves.

And as he slipped into the park like a hunted shadow he fancied that he heard the sound of a pistol shot—whether directed at himself by the Apaches, or fired by the police to lend emphasis to their indignation, he couldn't say.

# ROYAL



# BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure**  
**Made from Cream of Tartar**  
**NO ALUM—NO PHOSPHATE**

Bending low over the wheel, searching with anxious eyes the shadowed reaches of that winding drive, he steered for a time with one hand, while with the other he tore open his ulster and brought his pistol into readiness.

Topping the brow of the incline, he heard above the whine of his motor the sharp clatter of a horse's hoofs and surmised that at last the police had given chase.

And then, on a slight down grade, though he took it at perilous speed and seemed veritably to ride the wind, the pursuing machine, aided by its greater weight, began to close in still more rapidly. Momentarily the hoarse roaring of its motor sounded more loud and menacing. It became a mere question of seconds.

Then inspiration of despair came to him, as wild as any that was ever conceived by brain of man.

They approached a point where a dense plantation walled the road on the left. To the right, a wide footwalk of asphalt separated the drive from a gentle declivity, sown with saplings, running down to the lake.

Rising in his place, Lanyard slipped from under him the heavy water-proof cushion that fitted the seat.

Then, edging ever to the left of the middle of the road, abruptly he shut off power and applied the brakes with all his might.

From its terrific speed the taxicab came to a stop almost within its length.

Lanyard was thrown forward against the wheel, but having braced in anticipation, escaped injury and effected instant recovery.

The car of the Apaches was upon him in a pulse beat. With no least warning of his intention, De Morbihan had no time to employ brakes. Lanyard saw its dark shape flash past the windows of his cab and heard a shout of triumph. Then, with all his might, he flung the heavy cushion across that scant space, directly into the face of De Morbihan.

It flew straight and true. In alarm, unable to comprehend the nature of that great, dark, whirling mass, De Morbihan attempted to lift a warding elbow. He was too slow—the cushion caught him full force on the side of the head, and before he could recover or guess what he was doing, he had twisted the wheel sharply to the right.

The car, running at little less than locomotive speed, shot like a projectile from a cannon's mouth across that strip of sidewalk, caught its right fore wheel against a sapling, swung heavily broadside to the drive, and turned completely over as it shot down the gentle slope to the lake.

The terrific crash of this catastrophe was followed by a hideous chorus of oaths, shrieks, cries and groans.

Promptly Lanyard started his motor anew and, trembling in every limb, ran on for several hundred yards. But time pressed, and the usefulness of his car was at an end as far as he was concerned; there was no saying how many times its identity might not have been established in the course of that wild chase through Paris, or how soon the police might contrive to overhaul and apprehend him; and as soon as a bend in the road shut off the scene of the wreck, he stopped finally, jumped down, and plunged headlong into the dark midnight heart of the Bois, seeking its silences where trees stood thickest and lights were few.

Later, like some furtive, worried creature of the night—panting, disheveled, his rough clothing stained and muddled—he slunk across an open space a mile from his point of disappearance, dropped cautiously down to the dry bed of the moat, climbed as stealthily the slippery side of the fortifications, darted across the inner boulevard, and began to describe a wide arc to his destination, the Omber house.

(To Be Continued)

## FAMOUS OLD CABIN

Early Home of President of the United States.

North Bend, Ohio, Is Known in History as Having Contained the Residence of Gen. William Henry Harrison.

The home of Gen. William Henry Harrison, at North Bend, which he maintained all through the years of his public services, and to which he retired when in private life, was really in part a log cabin. One who was a guest there in 1846 describes it as a long, rambling structure, part two stories in height, but mostly with one story, with the wide front facing the Ohio river, from which it stood back about three hundred yards.

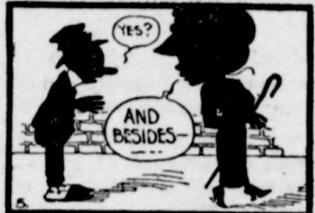
There were nine rooms in all on the ground floor, says the Columbus Dispatch, and one of these—a large one—was the log portion; it evidently having been originally a log cabin standing by itself, but the owner had built additions to it as need was felt and means permitted, until he had quite a pretentious country residence. The whole of the exterior had been covered with clapboards—sawed boards being too expensive in those days—and the clapboards were painted white. Seen from the river at the bend, it is said to have presented a very beautiful aspect, the white building in its setting of green in summer being particularly striking.

In this log cabin portion of his residence General Harrison often entertained companies of friends, and cider was the beverage used at these dinners. This hospitality was famous just prior to the presidential campaign in which he led the Whigs, and the contest became known in political circles as the log cabin and hard cider campaign.

After the death of President Harrison, Mrs. Harrison returned to the old home at North Bend, and there spent the rest of her life. General Harrison owned a large farm, and it was managed by his son-in-law, W. H. H. Taylor.

Mrs. Harrison, who was a daughter of Judge J. C. Symmes and was born in New Jersey, lived to be eighty-nine years old, her death occurring in 1864, near the close of the Civil war. Her body lies buried beside that of her distinguished husband in the soil of the old farm, where in all probability a suitable monument will soon be erected by the joint efforts of the nation and the state of Ohio.

## NOTHING DOING



Creating "Atmosphere."  
 "I judge this is going to be a problem play."

"What makes you think so?"  
 "During every pause in the dialogue the hero drinks a highball and lights a fresh cigarette."

Well Paired.  
 "You and Grump seem to get along pretty well."

"Yes. You see, he never borrows anything but trouble, and that's all I ever have to lend."

Moral: Don't Get Found Out.  
 Dix—I never knew a rogue yet who wasn't unhappy.

Dix—Of course not. It's the rogues who are not known who are the happy ones.

And Cajole the Cream.  
 She—I believe in always using gentle methods.

He—Always? Then I suppose instead of beating eggs you coax 'em into a froth—what?

Explained.  
 "Women step off a street car and apparently pay no attention to where they are going," growled the cynical observer.

"You are wrong, my friend," answered his fellow strap-hanger. "As a matter of fact, they are thinking so hard about the places they are going to that they forget where they are."

"Doubling Up."  
 "The Twobblers say they are living very simply now."

"Oh, they have merely reduced the number of their servants."

"But it must be so. Why, I've actually seen their chauffeur raking leaves on the lawn."

Word of Encouragement.  
 "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I'm so glad that you have gone in for marksmanship instead of horse races. It's much more patriotic."

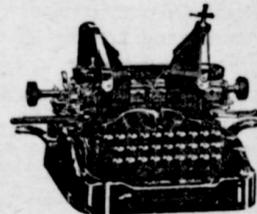
"What're you talking about now?"  
 "Your recreations. You don't know how pleased I was to hear you say that hereafter you weren't going to bet on anything but long shots."

Essential Endeavor.  
 "Do you think there is any way of bringing your constituents around to your way of thinking?"

"My way of thinking hasn't anything to do with it," replied Senator Sorghum. "My job is to keep up with their way of thinking and see if I can change my mind every time the majority change theirs."

## A New Model Typewriter!

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



### Yes, The Crowning Typewriter Triumph Is Here!

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

### CAUTION!

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

It puts the whole control of 84 letters and characters in the little fingers of the right and left hands. And it lets you write them all with only 25 keys, the least to operate of any standard typewriter made.

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

### WARNING!

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
 OLIVER TYPEWRITER BUILDING, CHICAGO

**THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER**

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

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

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

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

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

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, APR. 6, 1916

The chase after Villa seems to be "here he is, yonder he goes."

That bountiful rain last Saturday was duly appreciated and will be worth much to this country.

Some men are like dogs. You've seen a stingy dog get hold of a bone and growl at every dog in sight. Some men are like that.

The unconsoling part of being a dead hero is the lamentable fact that you never know that you are either dead or a hero. You know the old saying: "I'd rather be a living coward than a dead hero."

The Cherokee County Banner in a lengthy article strongly endorses Jeff Strickland for Senator from this district, and moves that nominations be closed and Jeff elected by acclamation. We second the motion.

The farmer who brings his produce to Grapeland and does his trading here makes no mistake, even if he does have to drive a little further than he would to reach some of the other nearby towns, for Grapeland is some market and trading place!

The time of the year is rapidly approaching when those black-eye peas should go into the ground. Remember that the price will be around \$1.50 per bushel, the money comes in at a time of year when there is no other source of income, and there will be a market in Grapeland for them.

There are two classes of people in every community. The first never lose an opportunity to better their own condition in all legitimate ways and at the same time advance the interests of the community as a whole. The other class—well, they are just the other class, and that's all.

Spring weather is a hard proposition for some people. It makes some active and others disinclined to exert themselves physically. It lays away overcoats for the moths and brings out straw hats for the wind. It starts the spring poet and the frog to sing their songs in unison. Jay birds chatter in the apple trees and autos honk-honk on the country roads. Goods boxes on the corner take on human aspects, and the angler casts longing glances at the fishing pole under the eaves of the house.

South America is now importing large quantities of peanut oil to take the place of olive oil, the supply of which has been cut off from Italy on account of the war. The oil mills of Texas are preparing to handle peanuts the same as cotton seed, so you can be sure of a market and a fair price for all the peanuts you raise.

No town in this state or in any other place for that matter, can expect to thrive and prosper without the concentrated effort of its citizens and the judicious expenditure of money. The towns in our state today that are prosperous are the ones that have donated liberally to enterprises which employ labor. Thus it is and always will be that the liberal and broad gauged town will thrive while the tight fist ones are struggling for the necessities of life. It is within the power of every town to increase her population. With which class do you desire to be rated? Do you wish it to go out to the world that you lack the energy necessary to protect your own interests? If not get to work and do something that will increase your own wealth and make your neighbor more contented.

**SCHEDULE OF EXAMINATIONS**

Following is the schedule of the teachers' examinations to be held in the months of April, June, September, October and December of this year:

Thursday, a. m.—History of Education. Thursday, p. m.—Psychology, Chemistry, Book-keeping, Plane Trigonometry.

Friday, a. m.—Physical Geography, Physiology, Composition, Arithmetic. Friday, p. m.—Texas History, Grammar, Descriptive Geography, Plane Geometry.

Saturday, a. m.—Spelling, Writing, Methods and Management, Civics, Reading. Saturday, p. m.—United States History, General History, Agriculture, Algebra.

The examination in reading will be based on the Huey's History and Pedagogy of Reading. The basis for examinations in Methods and Management will be Sutton and Horn's School Room Essentials in April and June, after that for both County and Summer Normal examinations Bruce's Principles and Processes, which can be secured from C. A. Bryant, Dallas. Examinations in English Literature will be based on Halleck's History of English Literature and the following classics for special study: Milton's L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Coleridge's the Ancient Mariner, Shakespeare's Macbeth, Burk's Speech on Conciliation.

All other subjects are based on the same texts as those that have been used as the basis for the past year. J. N. Snell, County Superintendent.

**OLD TRUSTEES RE-ELECTED**

In the trustee election held last Saturday all the old members were re-elected: W. D. Granberry, D. N. Leaverton, U. M. Brock and M. D. Murchison. Very little opposition to the old board was manifested and the vote they received was an expression of confidence from the patrons for the able way in which the school affairs have been handled. J. J. Willis received the majority of the votes cast for county trustee.



**Styleplus \$17 Clothes** TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the world over."

In this popular priced, nationally famous line of MEN'S GUARANTEED CLOTHES, we give you—



The same Styles  
The same Fabrics  
The same fast colors  
The same perfect fit  
The same "snap" and  
The same satisfaction  
that you will find in other lines whose suits range in price from \$20 to \$25. and we do it for only \$17 thereby making you a saving of from \$3 to \$8 on every suit!

EVERY SUIT sold has a WRITTEN GUARANTEE in the pockets and MUST give you entire SATISFACTION

We have a medium priced line of suits that we are showing in blue serge and fancy patterns that we guarantee to be the best values offered in Grapeland for the money. We guarantee them to be fast colors and to give satisfactory wear. Come and see them. Priced at only \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00

GET YOUR HEAD READY FOR A NEW STRAW HAT. They're here now at our store--all of the NEW ONES! We are showing a NEW LINE of Felt Hats, Ties, Shirts, Underwear, etc.

**GEO. E. DARSEY**

**STATEMENT**

of the ownership and management, required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the Grapeland Messenger published weekly at Grapeland, Texas, for April, 1916.

State of Texas }  
County of Houston } ss

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. H. Luker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Grapeland Messenger and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regula-

tions, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, A.H. Luker, Grapeland, Texas.

Editor, A. H. Luker, Grapeland, Texas.

Managing Editor, A. H. Luker, Grapeland, Texas.

Business Manager, A. H. Luker, Grapeland, Texas.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)  
Not a corporation. A.H.Luker, Grapeland, Texas, sole owner.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding

1 per cent or more of total amount bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

(Signed) A. H. Luker, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1916.

U. M. Brock,  
(SEAL) Notary Public, Houston County, Texas.

**NOTICE HOG RAISERS**

As the market has advanced since I advertised that I would pay 6c. per pound for hogs, I will be able to pay more, but can't say just how much, but will pay as much as the market will allow. Will ship April 8th.  
George Calhoun.

Don't forget what your wife told you to get down town, or you may get it when you get home.

# Paints and Varnishes

When you need Paints and Varnishes please remember that we carry the best lines that the market affords, and that our prices are reasonable. In addition to the famous--

## Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes

we can save you money on a medium quality of White House Paint bought before the advance.

Buy from us the famous SUPREME AUTO OIL in cans or bulk.

# The Peoples Drug Store

"Honesty and Quality"

WADE L. SMITH

## LOCAL NEWS

Go to Howard's for groceries.

Mrs. Dora Adams of Palestine visited relatives here Sunday.

Buy your coffee at the Bargain Store. We grind it for you FREE.

M. E. Darsey spent Monday in Houston on business.

WANTED—Clean white rags. Will pay 5c per pound. Messenger Office.

Plenty cane seed and sudan grass at Howard's.

A. S. Porter went to Crockett Sunday to attend the funeral of Wootters Smith.

Hon. B. H. Gardner, candidate for district judge, was here Saturday.

The cheapest hats in town. At Howard's.

District Judge Prince was here Saturday mingling with the people.

Lee Stockbridge visited home-folks here Sunday, returning to Palestine Monday.

Mrs. J. E. Spence and children are visiting relatives in Houston.

Mrs. P. H. Blalock and children of Livingston spent a few days here with relatives, returning home Wednesday.

Habitual constipation is the door through which many of the serious ills of the body are admitted. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS will remove and cure this distressing condition. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

See our work shirts, overalls, pants and spring suits. S. E. Howard.

Mrs. W. L. Price of Carthage visited her sister, Mrs. C. W. Kennedy, Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. B. H. Logan, who has been teaching school near Kennard has returned home.

Mrs. J. M. Perry of Midland is visiting her sisters, Mmes. M. L. Clewis and Sam Howard Jr.

Mack Martin of Big Sandy spent Sunday with homefolks and friends.

Mrs. W. J. Miller of Pine Bluff, Ark., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Riall this week.

Dr. B. S. Elliott came up from Crockett Monday and went out to Percilla to see a patient.

Tommie Brooks left Tuesday night for Houston, where he has accepted a position with the Willys-Overland Automobile Co.

Rev. J. W. Shockley filled his regular appointment at the Christian church Sunday morning and night, returning to Ft. Worth Monday.

Chas. Kennedy of this city has been elected one of the directors of the Houston County Oil and Gas Company.

A kidney remedy that can be depended on will be found in PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. It heals and strengthens. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

It takes a rich man to draw a check, a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw the skin, a toper to draw a cork, a free lunch to draw a crowd, and a well displayed advertisement to draw trade.

We want to buy 1000 hens at 10c. per pound this week. McLean & Riall.

Ben Keen has returned home from Richards, where he taught school the past term. He reports a very successful term, and in all probability will teach there again next fall.

WANTED—To figure with you before placing your order for monumental work. Write or phone me at my expense. L. Q. Browning.

Miss Mary Jo Kyle departed Monday for her home near Grapeland. She will be missed by our community, having taught in our public school during this session.—Elkhart Record.

### FOR SALE

Pure Rhode Island red eggs for hatching; also 150 bushels of peanuts for planting. Call me on Union phone. R. B. Edens.

### TAKEN UP

1 red barrow pig; no marks; will weigh about 100 pounds. Owner can have same by seeing me and paying for this advertisement. J. W. Howard.

Mrs. P. H. Stafford visited in Houston, Beaumont and other places this and last week in the interest of the order of the Eastern Star, being a member of the committee on work.

### PICTURE SHOW TONIGHT

On account of the lyceum attraction Saturday night, we will show tonight (Thursday). A good program: "The Bond of Love," 2-reel feature, and "When Charley was a Kid," a rip-roaring comedy. Come. Its only a dime. Electric Theatre.

**Catarrh Cannot Be Cured** with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Cure is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. All Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### CARD OF THANKS

We take this method of thanking those who were so thoughtful and kind in words and deeds, during the recent illness and death of our wife and mother. Truly, D. M. Herod and children.

### NOTICE PEANUT GROWERS

I will thresh seed peanuts at my place on Daly's road Tuesday, April 11. Everyone having peanuts for seed can have them threshed at small cost. M. D. Murchison.

New spring samples are now on display. Many styles, reasonable prices, fit guaranteed. Be sure to see them. Clewis.



# Ten Good Reasons Why You Should Buy Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes:



1. Most popular styles in America
2. Strictly all-wool fabrics
3. Nobody's hard to fit
4. All seams sewed with silk
5. Finest tailor workmen in the country
6. High quality of "inside" material
7. Unequaled variety of weaves and patterns
8. Largest importers of foreign weaves
9. Everything is carefully shrunk in cold water
10. Guaranteed--return the goods if you are not satisfied

## KENNEDY BROTHERS

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

**Clipped From  
Our Exchanges**

Other's Views on Current Items

Mexico has jumped on the front page of American newspapers. Kaiser Carranza has side-tracked Kaiser Wilhelm. Telegraph tolls are cheaper and hell is nearer home.—Ft. Worth Record.

The French Minister of Finance sees the end of the war. It is certainly to be hoped that his vision is perfect. He says: "We have reached the decisive hour; we can say without exaggeration, without illusion and without vain optimism that we now see the end of this horrible war."—Lufkin News.

Recent discoveries by astronomers have proven that the canals on Mars are artificial, and that the planet is undoubtedly inhabited by intelligent beings. The next plan is to try and establish some sort of communication with the Martians. This may be difficult for us, on account of the inferiority of our telescopes, but perhaps the inhabitants of our neighboring planet are better equipped. It seems to me they ought to be able at least to see Billy Bryan, Henry Ford or Theodore Roosevelt, at least with the naked eye.—K. Lamity's Harpoon.

Texas is the richest undeveloped field in the United States for the worker. For the man who wants to work this state offers the finest opportunities of any state in the Union—none excepted. A man can get started here in almost any kind of business with fewer dollars than any other place in this country. There is no doubt about it. It's the only poor man's country left. But a man must work to succeed.—Texas Realty Journal.

**A New Way to Say An Old Thing**

In order to induce the Southern farmers to diversify their crops, someone has put forth the following: "The South had best think of its own stomach before thinking of clothing the world's back." That is an elegant way of saying "raise something to eat instead of raising cotton." It is true, too, and should be taken at its face value all over the South.—State Topics.

**What the Future Holds**

Some day we will pay doctors to give us a semi-annual overhauling to see that all our machinery is in good working order, just as we do our automobiles. We'll pay the doctor as a physical guide, not as a camp follower, to patch up the cripples that drop from life's swift race. We'll pay him to clear the highway of the influences that cripple. When that day arrives he will include in his services sanitary surveys of our homes, preside over our individual food and water supply, our heating and ventilating systems. He will direct the practice of personal hygiene for us—keep our carburetors properly adjusted that we may not miss fire, run hot, and finally wind up a premature wreck in life's junk shop. We'll pay him to keep us well, not to treat us to some long, lingering, self-limited disease which we cannot cure, though he could have prevented.—Beaumont Enterprise.

**ACORNS FROM  
OAK GROVE**

April 3.—The fine rain yesterday was badly needed and greatly appreciated. It will insure a stand of corn and put the ground in a condition to bring up cotton seed and crab grass.

The trustee election here Saturday resulted in the election of Herod Parker as district trustee and J. J. Willis got a fine vote for county trustee. The election on local school tax was defeated by four votes. I don't think those who opposed the school tax looked at the matter in the right light, but I am perfectly willing for everyone to act according to their convictions. Now, for the sake of argument, will say, suppose we abandon this school and let the district fall back into the district from which it was taken. We will have to pay a larger tax than if we had voted a tax on our district, and even if we had not been turned back to the other districts and sent our children to school, when our apportionment was exhausted our children would have to stop or pay their tuition and furthermore, it is less trouble and expense to send a small child a mile or two than to send it three or four, and if we ever get compulsory school law our children will have to go regardless of distance or convenience. Now, I am not writing this because I have any ill feeling toward those who voted against the tax, but to show them wherein we have cut our own throats with the other fellow's knife. Some of them say that it would be cheaper to board their children and pay their tuition than to pay the tax, but I beg to differ with them. I have three on the scholastic roll, and if I were to board them the cost would not be less than thirty dollars a month, which would cost me \$180 for six months, and I rather pay five dollars a year tax and have my children at home where I can watch over them than have them away. We just wanted enough to fill out the apportionment to run a six months school. Let it be five, ten, fifteen or twenty-five cents on the hundred and even if it should go to the limit it is better to have a school at home than in some man's town and not be able to send to it.

Hoping that we may all see our way clear and have a good school, I am as ever, for good health and happiness,  
S. T. Parker.

A force of railroad workmen are recovering the depot with cypress shingles. The roofing that was first put on proved unsatisfactory. They are also applying a coat of red paint to the water tank and repaired the cotton platform.

**Why Constipation Injures**

The bowels are the natural sewerage system of the body. When they become obstructed by constipation a part of the poisonous matter which they should carry off is absorbed into the system, making you feel dull and stupid, and interfering with the digestion and assimilation of food. This condition is quickly relieved by Chamberlain's Tablets. Obtainable everywhere.

Mrs. Geo. Kibby, who lives near Daly's, was carried to a sanitarium in Houston last week for an operation for appendicitis.

**YOUNG MAN, YOUNG WOMAN,  
BE A CHIN UPPER**

You do just four things and no more. You think, you remember; you imagine; you act. When you learn to think better, remember better, imagine better or act better, you are increasing your efficiency, and therefore your income. You may feel you are very successful now. Suppose you are; it isn't a question of what you know, but of how beneficial a practical business education will be to you in addition to what you already know. Did you ever stop to think that eighty-five per cent of the men of this country are only earning \$15 per week or less? That 92 per cent fail in business between the ages of 40 and 50? That 95 per cent have no money at the age of 60? You will agree with us that to violate a part of the laws of business means partial failure and to violate all the laws means complete failure. You are also aware that to observe part of the laws of business means partial success, and to observe all the laws means complete success. Our aim is to help you observe a higher per cent of the laws of success, and therefore, enable you to be nearer the maximum success. The late Prof. James, of Harvard declares that the average man only uses ten per cent of his brain power. Suppose you are twice as capable as the average man? Even that would mean you are only using twenty per cent of your maximum possibilities. The purpose of our course is to produce a maximum of proficiency with a minimum effort. The business world wants thinkers and doers. There's a famine of high priced men today; there are thousands of men worth a thousand dollars a year, but only a few worth ten thousand a year. Be the latter kind of a man; you can if you will. We know that a man is worth only about \$2 a day from the chin down, selling muscle, but as high as a hundred thousand dollars a year from the chin up, selling brains. Be a chin upper and sell the higher type of brains; you can't afford to be a chin downer; there's no room for such a man in the high salaried class.

We have been very successful in getting men out of the eighty-five, the ninety-two and the ninety-five per cent class. Why not let us help you? We have been marvelously successful in raising salaries, as is conclusively proven by the letters in our catalogue from former students. Take our thorough practical course of Bookkeeping, Business Administration and Finance, Shorthand, Stenotypewriting, Cotton Classing and Telegraphy. Learn how to think, to remember, to imagine and act. Our large catalogue is free for the asking, if you will only fill in and mail the following blank, giving your name and address. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

You can spot a tailor made suit every time you see it. And if you can spot it on others, others can spot it on you. Let us take your measurement today for your spring suit. Our new samples are on display. Look them over. M. L. Clewis.

**NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BEGIN**



We welcome the small children to our Bank. Our early habits are the ones we follow thro' life. They should therefore be good ones.

**Start an Account for Your Child**

And teach it to save and add to its savings. You will be surprised how fast the Account will grow. It will be a pleasure for both yourself and your child.

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

**NEATNESS  
IS OUR  
SPECIALTY**

**NO BOTCH WORK  
HERE!**

**WE STRIVE FOR PRINTING  
NEATNESS**



**Our Type is the Best  
and Latest and  
Prints Clean**

**A. E. Owens**  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Legal Documents  
Correctly Drawn  
Grapeland, Texas

**ADAMS & YOUNG**  
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  
CROCKETT, TEXAS

**John Spence**  
Lawyer  
Crockett, : : : : Texas  
Office Upstairs over Monzingo Millinery Store

**Spring**  
Spring is looked upon by many as the most delightful season of the year, but this cannot be said of the rheumatic. The cold and damp weather brings on rheumatic pains which are anything but pleasant. They can be relieved, however, by applying Chamberlain's Liniment, Obtainable everywhere.

**Church Directory**

The following is the directory of the churches and Sunday Schools of Grapeland:

**METHODIST:**

Services every Second and Fourth Sunday. Prayer Meeting Wednesday night.  
Rev. B. C. Ansley, Pastor.  
Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
M. E. Darsey, Superintendent.

**CHRISTIAN:**

Services every First Sunday.  
Rev. J. W. Shockley, Pastor.  
Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
T. H. Leaverton, Superintendent.

**BAPTIST:**

Services every First and Third Sunday. Prayer Meeting Thursday night.  
Rev. S. W. Edge, Pastor.  
Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
W. D. Granberry, Superintendent.

**WATCH THE DATE!**

Our subscribers are requested to watch the date printed on the paper opposite the name and renew their subscriptions promptly. For an example, your name appears like this—

John Doe      1 16

Means that the subscription expired Mar. 1st, 1916.

**RENEW PROMPTLY!**

**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

**VETINARY  
L. S. HARRIS**

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

## Saved Girl's Life

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

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

# THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

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

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

## "JENTLE JABS"

By Jno. R. Owens

After the people of Texas have enjoyed attending Villa's funeral, they will divert their attention to the European war.

The fireless cooker was, without a doubt invented by a woman, whose husband was too lazy to get up and build fires.

The opening of spring causes a number of papers to receive paint ads which are headed in large type: "Paint Up" and the advice will be gladly heeded—by the ladies.

Now, if the Texas legislature had granted suffrage to the ladies they would have "voted Villa captured" ere this, and the government would have been saved a great expense.

The daily papers report "Villa Hemmed In" one day and the next day the heading reads "Villa Escapes." They have to increase the sales of their paper some way to offset the rise in paper prices.

The young lady who asked in the columns of a paper the other day "if there was a method that would reduce her height" no doubt had a desire to make some one laugh.

If the report is true that those greasers will fight for the men who make them the most promises, we know several glib-tongued candidates in Houston county who could secure the following of the whole blamed country.

Two suffragists will leave New York in a few days in an automobile for a 15000 mile suffrage tour. It is to be hoped their supply of "hot air" will be entirely exhausted when they reach Texas.

We had hoped that Roosevelt might favor the government with his aid in capturing Villa, but our hopes have been in vain. We suppose the reason that his services were not solicited was because no republicans were eligible.

Recently a man was indicted for slandering the name of Geo. Washington, father of our country. Undoubtedly he was an advocate of woman suffrage, as no other "specie" of man could have such little sense of honor and patriotism.

Cyclone Davis excels Billy Sundy in the art of calling people bad names when he is displeased with their actions, as was recently shown in his speech to congress, wherein he exhausted the supply of vile names contained in the dictionary in his attack on Mr. Vincent, a Washington newspaper writer. The language he used would make the devil blush and the hall in which "Cy" spoke has been abandoned until it is thoroughly renovated.

The papers may criticize Jeff McLemore for gaining notoriety in the big papers through his recent stand in congress, but he has never gotten to the point where his conscience will allow him to seek publicity by the matrimonial method, which is more than some of his critics can say.

## FOR WOMEN ALSO

Women who complain of sick headaches, nervousness, constipation or the irregularities peculiar to the sex, revive wonderfully under the cleansing and stimulating properties of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A POWERFUL SYSTEM REGULATOR

It extends its purifying and restorative influence to every part of the system. Women who are pale, sallow, weak and nervous soon pick up and become bright and cheerful under its excellent correcting properties. It clears the complexion, restores color to pale cheeks, sweetens the breath, brightens the eye and promotes regularity in the bowel movements.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

D N LEAVERTON

## LOCAL NEWS FROM WANETA

April 3.—We had a very nice rain here Saturday morning, also a hail storm in some parts of the community. Then we had another heavy rain Saturday night, which was appreciated by all. Everything was looking gloomy for awhile, owing to the dry weather. The gardens and oats were looking bad, but we think things will flourish now. Most of the farmers are through planting corn.

Several from here have been to the river fishing the past few days, but we guess they will be busy working in the field for awhile.

Miss Eunice Edmondson was the guest of Miss Mary Lively Sunday.

Mr. Melvin Johnston of the Slocum community was in our midst Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Edwards, who has been sick for some time, died last Friday at 6:00 a. m. Her remains were interred in the Muse cemetery Saturday afternoon. Her daughter, Mrs. Fannie Whitley of Beaumont and two sons of near Westville came, but did not arrive before she died. They returned to their homes Sunday. We extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

The school of this place will close next Tuesday. We regret very much to see Mr. McRee leave the community. He has taught school here two years. He is an excellent teacher and has gained many friends while in our midst.

Miss Ruby Harrington spent the day at Cloil Scarbrough's Sunday.

The trustee election held Saturday we only had to elect one trustee. Mr. Charlie B. Lively was re-elected.

Mr. Joe E. Edmondson was with homefolk Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. John Scarbrough of this place had business in Crockett most of last week.

Mr. Jack Sammons and children of this place went to Palestine Friday to see his wife, who is at the sanitarium for treatment and reports her no better.

Success to the Messenger and its many readers.

BONNIE.

### Insomnia

Indigestion nearly always disturbs the sleep more or less and is often the cause of insomnia. Eat a light supper with little if any meat, and no milk; also take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper, and see if you do not rest much better. Obtainable everywhere.

Mrs. A. A. Allen has gone to Neches to visit her brother.

**Safe Medicine for Children**  
"Is it safe?" is the first question to be considered when buying cough medicine for children. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has long been a favorite with mothers of young children as it contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. It is pleasant to take, too, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children. This remedy is most effectual in relieving coughs, cold and croup. Obtainable everywhere.

An occasional dose of PRICKLY ASH BITTERS keeps the system healthy, wards off disease and maintains strength and energy. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

### FILES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Hemorrhoids and Piles cured in a few days. No knife, no pain, no chloroforming. Write for blank references and testimonials from cured patients. Blood and Skin Diseases cured to stay cured. Kidney and Bladder troubles quickly relieved and permanently cured. Arrange terms and payments to suit your convenience. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free book on Chronic Diseases.

PELVO-RECTAL SPECIALISTS  
210 1/2 Main Street Houston, Texas



**This MACHINE  
DOES THE WORK!**

**CLEANING AND PRESSING  
BEST WORK  
MODERATE PRICES**

**CLEWIS -- Tailor**

## BUY YOUR MEAT FROM US

It is good meat. It has the right flavor. It is tender. It is easy to digest.

We keep a fresh supply at all times and will endeavor to please you.

FREE DELIVERY.

Phone us.

**Caskey & Denson**

The market is under the personal supervision of J. W. Caskey

# Prosperity

Is Fast Returning

Better get your system in shape to stand the strain of

A Big Business Year

# Mineral Wells

Will fix you up just right



- Offers -

Low Round Trip Rates Daily

For Free Literature or other Information, write

A. D. BELL, GEO.D.HUNTER  
Asst. G. P. Agt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

DALLAS

**Sores and Wounds** on the limbs or body should not be neglected. They quickly become ulcers and are hard to cure.

# BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

Heals Quickly

It is an excellent remedy to keep in the house for prompt use when accidents occur. Try it for Cuts, Wounds, Sores, Galls, Swellings, Chafed Skin, Sore Feet, Oak or Ivy Poisoning. It is good for human or animal flesh. Price 25c, 50c and \$1 per bottle.

JAS. F. BALLARD, Proprietor, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

# READ the ADS

## The Sweet Girl Graduate

will find a very attractive line of Spring Millinery and very dainty patterns in Dress Goods. We have a very attractive line of pumps for dress and outing wear and we are just in receipt of a big line of

### New Sport Hats

### Come to Our Store

and let us help you plan your dress for here you will find a big assortment of STANDARD PATTERNS and all of the latest ideas in women's wearing apparel.

## GEO. E. DARSEY

### SERVICE FIRST STORE



**Arteries of Community.**  
Improved public roads are directly related to better country homes and schools, to the reach and influence of country churches, to the timely market centers. They are the arteries of organized community life.—Home and Fireside.

**Road Drags for Upkeep.**  
The road drag is not an equipment for constructing roads, but it is intended for upkeep. It should not move any large quantity of earth, but takes a small amount of wet earth to or away from the center of the road. It is important to remember that the road drag does not build roads, but helps to keep them in repair.

**Using Taxpayers' Money.**  
There is no better way to use the taxpayers' money than by draining our roads.

#### CONTRARY SENTIMENTS.

"Here's a man just paid \$600 for a cat."  
"Now, don't that make you dog-tired?"

#### VAGUE DIAGNOSIS.

"Jones is in the hospital very much run down."  
"Nervous prostration or automobile?"

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

For District Judge, 3rd Judicial District:  
B H Gardner  
Anderson County  
J S Prince (Re-election)  
of Henderson county

For State Senator:  
J J Strickland  
of Anderson County

For County Treasurer:  
W M (Willie) Robison  
Ney Sheridan (Re-election)  
G R-Murchison

For County Attorney:  
J L Lipscomb  
Sonley LeMay

For County Clerk:  
O C Goodwin  
A S Moore (Re-election)  
Arthur Owens  
D R Baker  
Ed Cassidy  
Jeff Kennedy

For Tax Collector:  
C W Butler Jr  
W N (Will) Standley  
T. R. Deupree

For District Clerk:  
John F Gilbert  
Jno D. Morgan, re-election  
Barker Tunstall

For Representative:  
J D (Joe) Sallas

For County Judge:  
B F Dent  
E Winfree (Re-election)

For Sheriff:  
R J (Bob) Spence  
(Re-election)

For Tax Assessor:  
Ed Holcomb  
John H Ellis (Re election)

For Constable Prec't. No. 2:  
John Scarbrough  
(Re-election)

For Commissioner Prec't. No. 1:  
E E Holcomb (Re-election)  
Oscar Dennis  
Alvey D Grounds  
C E Jones

For Commissioner Prec't. No. 2:  
J C Estes  
J E Bean  
S A (Silas) Cook  
R T (Riley) Murchison

For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 5:  
Jno A Davis (Re-election)

For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2:  
Clyde Story, (re-election)  
R R (Riley) Sullivan

For Constable Prec't. No. 5:  
C. R. Taylor (re-election)

### Proclamation in Regard to Stock Afflicted With or Dead From Infectious or Contagious Diseases.

Art. 4553j—Texas Civil Statute provides: That carcasses of stock which have died of carbon or anthrax (blackleg) shall be destroyed by burning by the owner or persons having in charge, within 24 hours after death and any owner or person having in charge of said animals who should fail to destroy said carcasses as herein provided shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined in any sum not less than \$25 nor more than \$100 and each 24 hours after the first 24 hours that said carcasses are permitted to remain undestroyed shall be considered a separate offense.

Now, I, L. Meriwether, County health officer of Houston County, issue this proclamation as required by law: That all stock of any kind in the county afflicted with carbon or anthrax (blackleg) hog cholera or glanders, shall be kept in a separate enclosure by the owners or keepers thereof and that carcasses of all kind that have died of any of said diseases, shall be burned as the law directs, within 24 hours after the death of said animal. All persons having stock afflicted with any of the above named diseases are required by law to report the same to the county health officer or subject themselves to a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$25 and each case of failure to report constitutes a separate offense.

L. MERIWETHER,  
County Health Officer,  
Houston County.

Mrs. W. H. Holcomb of Augusta is visiting in Crockett.

Rev. Treadwell, representing the A. C. I. College of Jacksonville, was a visitor to Grapeland this week, and preached at the Methodist church Tuesday night.

Mrs. Z. C. Sheridan was a passenger south Wednesday morning, going to Grapeland for a few days' visit.—Elkhart Record.

### LYCEUM ATTRACTION

Remember that the last number of the lyceum course will be at the auditorium Saturday night, April 8, when Miss Emma Dee Randle, monodramatic entertainer, will appear. The course this year has been exceptionally good and has been pretty well patronized. The managers hope to have a good crowd at this the last attraction and those who attend can expect something good.

W. D. Granberry is having an actylene light system installed in his residence.

Miss Adele Mansell has returned from Trinity and resumed her school work, having been absent several days on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Gilbert and baby left Saturday night for Dallas. Mr. Gilbert returned Monday, but Mrs. Gilbert and the baby will remain for several weeks.

#### American and English Girls.

Two groups of people sat in chairs on the liner's deck. In the first, composed of two American girls and a man, the girls did all the talking and the man listened meekly. In the second group, composed of two English girls and a man, the man did all the talking and the girls contributed nothing to the conversation but respectful attention and delighted giggles. Herein we may perceive the difference between English girls and American girls.

If the American woman could see her European sisters in captivity she would have a better appreciation of the freedom which she enjoys and perhaps she wouldn't be quite so bossy with her good-natured, easy-going men folk.

Similarly, if the American man could see his European brothers in the thrall of their masters, he would think more of his rights and privileges as a citizen of this republic. He would thank his Maker every night on his knees for his blessings of liberty, which now he regards as a matter of course—if he regards them at all.

#### Not Interested.

"Who was it," inquired the student, "that said 'after me, the deluge?'"  
"Don't ask me," rejoined the superficial person. "I never did pay much attention to weather prophets."

#### Fitting Food.

"Great Scott, Maria, I told you to give me some suitable food, and I'll swear every dish on this table is something pickled."  
"Well, so are you."

## NOW IS THE TIME

FOR YOU TO DO YOUR

### SPRING SHOPPING

WHILE THE STOCKS ARE MORE COMPLETE THAN YOU WILL FIND THEM LATER IN THE SEASON

We would be glad to show you our line of Millinery, Shoes, Dress Goods, and anything else you need in the dry goods line.

Don't forget us when you need Groceries

Bring us Your Chickens, Eggs and Butter

YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT OURS IS

"The Store that Keeps the Price Down."

## Traylor Brothers

### FOR TAX ASSESSOR

In the announcement column of this week's issue of the Messenger will be found the name of John H. Ellis, candidate for re-election to the office of tax assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic primary, July 22nd.

Mr. Ellis is widely known throughout the county, having been tax assessor several terms, which is evidence of the high esteem in which he is held and the confidence reposed in him by the voters of the county. His qualifications are unquestioned, as his long tenure of office makes him familiar with every detail connected with the work and enables him to transact the business with accuracy and dispatch.

Should the people again honor him with the office, he promises

the same faithful service in the future that he has given in the past, and earnestly solicits your support and influence in the coming election. He will see the voters personally during the campaign and we commend his candidacy to your careful consideration.

### OUR HONOR ROLL

Our honor roll this week is as follows:

R. T. Bobbitt, Mrs. R. C. Colkin, W. H. Lively, Grapeland.

J. F. Fulton, Route 1.

R. F. Lively, Percilla.

C. A. Baber, Elkhart. By R. L. Pridgen.

D. H. Dickey, Mereta. By J. R. Pennington.

W. A. Laseter, Eldorado. By Hugh Richards.

## BEST DRUGS

AT

## Popular Prices!

Rubber Goods, Toilet Articles and Sundries

A line of Nice Stationery, Writing Material

Only the purest and freshest of drugs used in our prescription work

## LEAVERTON'S

THE LEADING DRUG STORE