

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 19 No. 7

Grapeland, Houston County, Texas, April 13, 1916

\$1.00 Per Year

We Have
Everything you
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Bring us your Eggs.

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

W. R. WHERRY

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

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No purchase is too small for you to effect a saving at this store. It is generally a penny or two less even on the little ones.

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You don't have to spend much for your savings to reach a dime or two. Savings accumulate rapidly at this store on everything in the grocery line.

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Try Our "Sun Shine Special" Free Delivery Service

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FREE DELIVERY PHONE US

OUR HONOR ROLL

We thank the following for their subscription since last issue:

J. S. Brimberry, R. C. Thames, R. B. Edens, Grapeland.

R. F. Herod, Hiram Gaines, Route 1.

Elmo Keen, Route 2.

J. H. Dickey, T. J. Dotson, Percilla.

N. J. Tims, Buffalo Gap.

J. W. Ellisor, Elkhart, Route 2.

Bud Rice, J. N. Tyer, S. H. Graham, Crockett, Route 1.

Jno. H. Ellis, Crockett.

Geo. Calhoun shipped two cars of very fine hogs to the Ft. Worth market last Saturday, which brought a good price.

**YOUNG MAN
"SKIPS" OUT**

A young man, who came to the Grapeland community several months ago and who gave his name as Milo Dotson, surprised a number of people Saturday evening by driving a horse and buggy which did not belong to him to Palestine and selling same, after which he disappeared.

Young Dotson had rented land from Mrs. Stringer to work on the shares. He purchased a buggy from R. T. Bobbitt of this city several weeks ago on time and Saturday evening he drove Mrs. Stringer's horse and Mr. Bobbitt's buggy to Palestine and sold them to Mr. Everett for \$47.50 and applied the proceeds of the sale for transportation to parts unknown.

The horse and buggy were brought back to Grapeland Tuesday evening, but no trace of Dotson has been found. He gave his name as J. M. Johnston when he sold the horse. Officers are trying to locate him.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

In the announcement column of the Messenger this week will be found the name of Hon. W. F. Murchison, as a candidate for representative from Houston county, subject to the action of the democratic primary in July.

Mr. Murchison is well known throughout the county and is very prominent in business circles. He is a man who has been successful in everything he has engaged in, including farming and the mercantile business. He represented Houston county in the 21st, 22nd and 24th legislatures, and was at all times ready and did support every measure that was beneficial to the people of his county and state, and he fought every measure that was detrimental to the people as a whole.

There is not a man in Houston county who is better fitted for the place and the people should appreciate his willingness to sacrifice his personal interests to serve them, as everyone knows the office does not more than pay expenses while serving. He will appreciate your vote and influence and in return for same promises a conscientious and faithful discharge of his duties. We heartily commend his candidacy to your most careful consideration and his many friends in this section of the county will do all they can in an honorable way to insure his election.

CHRISTIAN MEETING

We are requested to announce that a revival meeting will be held at the Christian church, beginning the first Sunday in August. The church has secured the services of Dr. E. R. Cockrell, of Texas Christian University of Ft. Worth and Rev. J. W. Shockley, pastor of the church will assist him. Dr. Cockrell is a strong preacher and evangelist and a good meeting is assured.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Dr. J. B. Smith of Crockett authorizes his announcement this week as a candidate for representative from Houston County, subject to the action of the democratic primary.

Dr. Smith formerly held this important office and rendered good service to his constituents. Four years ago, when a candidate for re-election, he withdrew from the race, although confident of election, because of his failing health, which he felt would not be sufficiently restored to do the work. The doctor's health is now fully restored, although he has had the misfortune to lose his eye-sight. But he does not feel that this will in any way hamper him in the discharge of his duties, and if he thought so would not offer for the place. Dr. Smith is a man whom the people know and appreciate for his unswerving loyalty to his friends and sterling worth as a citizen. His candidacy will be gladly received by his scores of friends throughout the county.

SPECIAL SATURDAY NIGHT

At the Electric Theatre, Mr. Maroney, expert piano player will be here again Saturday and Monday nights. Don't miss the opportunity to hear this genius on the piano; also some good pictures, all for a dime.

TO CLOSE AT 4 O'CLOCK

Beginning Monday, April 17, we will close every day except Saturday at 4 o'clock, and ask our customers to transact their business before that hour.

F. & M. State Bank,
Guaranty State Bank.

TO SPEAK IN CROCKETT

T. M. Campbell, candidate for U. S. Senator, will speak at the court house in Crockett Saturday at one o'clock.

...A Debt You Owe...

Every man owes it to himself
TO EXAMINE

-Kirschbaum Clothes-

We are showing the widest range of styles and greatest variety of patterns to be found outside of a city. Natural and grey, Palm Beach, Genuine Mohairs--Blue, Grey and mixed colors--100 per cent pure wool. Everybody knows Kirschbaum is best. Let us dress you in one.

Our Shoes are the kind to please and prices are right
Straw Hats to suit Every Face. Lets all dress up

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE
FREE DELIVERY BOTH PHONES

EGGS ARE PLENTIFUL

The hens of the Grapeland country are working overtime and doing their full share to pay the expenses of running the farm. Many eggs were marketed in Grapeland last week, the heaviest run being last Saturday, when local buyers purchased 2,400 dozen for which 18c per dozen was paid, making a total of \$432.00 for the day. Grapeland is paying more for eggs than any of the neighboring towns, consequently Grapeland is getting the business.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are requested to announce that there will be preaching at Antrim next Sunday, April 16th at 11:00 o'clock. There will also be dinner on the ground and singing in the evening. Several prominent song leaders will be present and a good time is assured everyone who desires to come. A cordial invitation is extended to everyone.

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



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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 cracksmen.

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 conversation between Comte de Morbihan, M. Bannan and Mile. Bannan about the Lone Wolf, a celebrated cracksmen 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 Mile. 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 Popinot, apache, and Wertheimer, English mobman, 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 men 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 XXI—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 XXII—Lanyard turns taxi chauffeur.

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

CHAPTER XXIV—Lanyard carries a fare in his taxi.

CHAPTER XXV—The fare turns out to be Wertheimer, who advises him to 'ware Bannan, and proposes to join forces with him. Lanyard refuses.

CHAPTER XXVI—Lanyard is unsuccessfully attacked by The Pack.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the Back Trail.

Innocent of either satisfaction or any sort of exultation over his escape and the downfall of his enemies, Lanyard's mood was dark. The longer he pondered the affair, the more inexplicable it bulked to his understanding. He had never expected to defy the Pack and get off lightly; but he had anticipated no overt attempt to discipline him pending proof of insincerity in his purpose to reform. A retired competitor isn't to be feared.

Either Wertheimer hadn't believed him or Bannan had rejected the report presumably carried him by Lucy Shannon—at all events, they hadn't waited for Lanyard to demonstrate his will

They hadn't bothered to declare war; with less warning than a rattlesnake gives they had struck—out of the dark—at his back.

And so—Lanyard swore grimly—even so would he strike, now that it was his turn. In this temper he arrived, past one in the morning, under the walls of the Omber place.

Now if it were violation of the tenets of his craft to revisit premises once successfully entered, he showed them at least the prudent deference of selecting a fresh point of attack—one chosen earlier, in the course of his first circuit of the walls. It hadn't escaped him then that this brick-and-plaster construction was in bad repair; he had marked down several places where the weather had eaten the outer coat of plaster altogether away. At the first of these, midway between the avenue and the junction of the side streets, he hesitated.

As he had foreseen, the mortar that bound the wall together was crumbling. It was no great task to work loose one of the exposed bricks, establishing a foothold to a position whence his other hand, gloved, could seize the top of the wall, cast the ulster neatly over the glass-toothed upper curbing and, thus protected, swing himself bodily atop the thing.

But there, momentarily, he paused in doubt. In that singularly exposed and comfortless position, poised ten feet above the lifeless street on the one hand and with the black mystery of the neglected park on the other, he was seized and shaken by a sudden and unexpressed revulsion of feeling in no way colored by any sort of alarm.

He was afraid of himself—he, the grim and heady thing that walked by night, the Lone Wolf, the creature of pillage and rapine, the scourged slave of that self which knew no law. And for a little longer he lingered there in rembling, not knowing whether he was to go back or go forward.

Then slowly that terror passed like the lifting of a nightmare from the brain of a sleeper, and with a start, with a little shiver and a sigh, Lanyard went forward as one driven. Dropping to the ground with an impact muffled by the soft, damp turf, he made himself one with the shadows of the park, as silent, as intangible, as fugitive as they, until presently he came out beneath the stars, on the open lawn running up to the wing that housed the library.

From one of the library windows a shallow stone balcony jutted out eight feet above the lawn—a height so insignificant that, with one bound, grasping its stone balustrade, the adventurer was upon it in a brace of seconds.

Nor did the windows—long French windows, opening inward—offer any



He Lingered There in Trembling.

considerable obstacle; a penknife expeditiously removed the old, dry putty round one of the small, lozenge-shaped panes, then dislodged the pane itself; his hand through this opening readily found and turned the latch; a cautious pressure created an opening between the two wings wide enough to permit the passage of his body, and—he stood

inside the arch, refastening the latch.

He had made no sound and, thanks to thorough prior acquaintance with the combination of the safe, he needed no light. The screen of cinnabar afforded him all the protection he required; and because he meant to accomplish his purpose and be out of the house with almost inconceivable swiftness, he didn't even trouble to explore the household—beyond a swift and casual survey of the adjoining salons.

The clock in the reception hall chimed the three-quarters as he ensconced himself between screen and safe and grasped the combination-knob.

But he did not turn it. That mellow music died out slowly and left him unstirring in the silence and gloom, his eyes staring wide into blackness at nothing, his jaw set and rigid, his knitted forehead damp with sweat, his hands so tightly clenched that the nails bit painfully into the flesh of his palms, while he looked back over the abyss that yawned between the Lone Wolf of tonight and the man who had, within the week, knelt before that safe in company with the woman he loved, bent on making restitution of his theft that his soul might be saved through her faith in him.

He closed his eyes to shut out the accusing darkness, and knelt on un-stirring, save as he shuddered now and again with the sickness of a strong man rent in the conflict of man's dual nature.

Minutes passed without his knowledge in the crisis of that struggle.

But at length he grew more calm; his hands relaxed, the muscles of his brow smoothed out, he breathed more slowly and more deeply, his set lips parted and through them a profound sigh escaped, whispering through the stillness.

A great weariness was upon him as he rose slowly and heavily from the floor and stood erect, no longer the slave of self, but its master, free at last and for all time from that ancient evil which so long had held his soul in bondage.

And then, in that moment of victory, through the deep hush reigning in that house, he heard the sound of an incautious footfall on the parquetry of the hallway.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Meeting by the Safe.

It was a sound so slight, so very small and still, that only a supersubtle sense of hearing could have distinguished it from the confused multiplicity of almost inaudible, interwoven sounds, that go to make the slumberous quiet by night of that essentially animate organism, the human habitation.

Lanyard, whose training had taught him how to listen, had early learned that the nocturnal hush of one house is to be differentiated from that of another as readily as the respiration of two sleepers may be discriminated. He knew that every house had its singular cadence, its own gentle movement of muted but harmonious sounds wherein the introduction of alien sounds produced instant discord.

Now, in the muted voice of this vast mansion, he had detected a little flutter of discordance, sounding a note of stealth—such a note as no move of his own sense entering had evoked.

And while Lanyard stood at alert attention the sound was repeated from a point less distant. This new intruder was moving through the salons to the library.

In two swift strides Lanyard left the shelter of the screen and ensconced himself in the recess of one of the tall windows, behind its heavy velvet hangings.

That movement could have been timed no more precisely had it been rehearsed. He was barely in hiding when a shape of shadow slipped into the library, paused beside the massive desk and raked the room with a powerful flash-lamp.

Its initial glare struck full and dazzlingly into Lanyard's eyes as he peered through a narrow opening in the portiere.

When at length his vision cleared the other was kneeling in turn before the safe—or, rather, rising from a kneeling position there, for more light was needed, and this one, lacking the patience of his studious caution, turned back to the desk, seized the electric reading lamp and transferred it to the floor between the safe and the screen.

But even before she had put down the lamp Lanyard had recognized the woman; before the swift flood of light followed the dull click of the switch he knew that she was Lucy Shannon. He felt dazed, half-stunned, suffocated—much as he had felt with Greggs' fingers tightening on his windpipe that week-old night at Troyon's.

For an instant he experienced real difficulty about breathing and was conscious of a sickish throbbing in his temples, while the pounding in his bosom was as the tolling of a great bell. He stared, swaying like a man who has been struck a heavy blow.

In one breath he swore it could not, and knew it must, be she.

The light, gushing from the opaque hood, made the safe door a glare, and was thrown back into her intent young face. Even so, he would have recognized the sharp silhouette cut by her lithe, sweet body against the glow, the poise of her head, the carriage of her shoulders, the gracious bosom rounding her tailored coat.

She was all in black, even to her gloved hands—no trace of white or any color showing on her person but the fair curve of her cheek below the mask and the red of her lips. And if that were not enough, the intelligence with which she attacked the combination and the confident, businesslike precision that distinguished her every action proved her an apt pupil in that business.

His thoughts were all weltering in misery and confusion. He knew what this encounter meant, appreciated that it explained many things he would have thought questionable had not the strength of his infatuation forbade him to consider them at all; but in the pain and anguish of that moment he could entertain but one thought, which possessed him altogether—the thought that she must somehow be saved from the crime she contemplated.

But while he delayed, shrinking from the necessity of discovering himself to her, it was made clear that she had become sensitive to his presence.

He had made no sound since she entered, had not even stirred; but somehow she had divined that someone was there, in the recess of the window, watching her.

In the act of opening the safe—working the combination from that very sheet of paper on which he had made memoranda of its sequence—he saw her pause, freeze to a pose of attention, then turn to stare directly at the portiere behind which he was concealed. And through an eternal second he watched her kneeling there, so still that she seemed not even to breathe, her gaze fixed and level, wait-



"Lucy—You—"

ing for some sound, some tremor of the drapery folds to confirm her suspicion.

When at length she stirred it was to rise in one swift, alert movement. And now as she paused with her slight shoulders squared and her head thrown back defiantly, challengingly, he knew she knew he was there.

As if without will of his own, but drawn irresistibly by her gaze, he stepped out from hiding.

And since he was no more the Lone Wolf, but now a simple man in agony, with no consideration for their situation, with no thought for the fact that they were both housebreakers and that the slightest sound might raise a hue and cry upon them, he took a faltering step toward her, stopped, flung forth a hand with a gesture of appeal, and stammered:

"Lucy—you—"

His voice broke. He waited. She didn't answer other than to recoil as though he had offered to strike her, and she commenced to retreat, wearing a look of utter grief and wretchedness, until presently the table stopped her, and she leaned back against it, as if glad of the support.

"Oh!" she cried, trembling—"why—why did you do it?"

He might have answered her in kind, but self-justification passed his power. He couldn't say: "Because tonight you made me lose faith in life itself, and I thought to forget you by going to the devil the quickest way I knew—this way!"—though that was true. He couldn't say: "Because, a thief from boyhood, habit proved too strong for me, and I couldn't withstand temptation!"—for that was untrue.

He could only hang his head and wretchedly confess: "I don't know."

As if he hadn't spoken, as if she hadn't heard, she cried again. "Why—ch, why—did you do it? I was so proud of you, so sure of you—the man who had turned straight because of me!

It compensated. But now!"

Her voice broke in a short, dry sob.

"Compensated?" he repeated stupidly.

"Yes, compensated." She threw back her head with a gesture of impatience. "For this—don't you understand?—for this that I'm doing! You don't suppose I've come here of my own accord—that I went back to Bannan for any reason but to try to save you from him? I knew something of his power, and you didn't; I knew, if I went away with you he'd never rest until he had murdered, if he had to follow you round the world to do it! And I thought if I could mislead him by lies for a little time—long enough to give you opportunity to leave France—I thought—perhaps—if I could overcome my terror of him—I might be able to communicate with the police, denounce him."

She hesitated, breathless and appealing.

At her first words he had drawn close to her; and all their speech was couched in muted murmurings, barely more than whisperings. And this was quite instinctive, for in the passion of that meeting both had been carried beyond considerations of prudence, their most coherent thought being that now, once and for all time, all misunderstanding between them must be done away with.

And now, as naturally as though they had been lovers always, Lanyard possessed himself of her hand!

"You cared as much as that!" he said.

"I love you," she declared tensely—"I love you so much I am ready to sacrifice everything for you—life, liberty, honor—"

"Hush, dearest, hush!" he begged, half distracted between joy and pain.

"I mean it; if honor could hold me back, do you think I would have broken in here tonight to rob for Bannan?"

"He sent you, eh?" Lanyard commented in a dangerous voice.

"He was too cunning for me. I was afraid to tell you. I meant to tell—to warn you this evening in the cab. And then I thought perhaps if I were cold and distant and let you go on believing me the worst of women—perhaps you would go away, save yourself, forget me."

"Never!"

"I tried to carry out my program of lying to him, but he wouldn't have it. They forced the truth from me by threats."

"They wouldn't dare—"

"They care anything, I tell you. But it wasn't threats of personal injury to me, but to you, if I refused to tell them the truth, the whole truth. They knew enough of what had happened, through their spies, to go on, and they tormented and bullied me until I broke down and told them everything. And when they learned you had replaced the jewels here, Bannan told me I must return and bring them to him. He said if I refused he'd have you killed before morning. I held out until tonight; then, just as I was going to bed, he received a telephone message, and told me you were driving a taxi and were being followed by Apaches and wouldn't live till daylight if I refused."

"You came alone?"

"No. Three men brought me to the gate. They're waiting outside in the park."

"Apaches?"

"Two of them—I presume they're Apaches, at least. The third is Captain Ekstrom."

"Ekstrom!" Lanyard cried in despair. "Is he—"

The dull but heavy slam of the great front doors silenced him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Strange Interview.

Releasing the girl instantly, before the crash had ceased to reverberate within those walls, Lanyard slipped to one side of the doorway, whence he could command the perspective of salons together with a partial view of the front doors.

He was no more than established there, in the shadow and shelter of the portieres, when light from an electrolier flooded the reception hall.

It showed him first a single figure, that of a handsome woman well beyond middle age, but still well poised and vigorous of mien, a lady of commanding presence. She was in full evening dress of such magnificence as to suggest attendance at some function of state. Even had he not known well the features of Mme. Omber, he would have guessed her to be the mistress of the establishment.

Standing beneath the chandelier, she was restoring a key to a brocaded handbag. This done, she turned her head and spoke over her shoulder. Promptly there came into view a second woman of much the same age, but even more strong and able of appearance—a woman in plain, dark garments, undoubtedly madame's maid.

Handing over her handbag, Mme. Omber unlatched the throat of her ermine cloak and surrendered it to the servant's hands.

Her next words were audible to the eavesdropper, and reassuring in so far as they indicated ignorance of any-

Practical Economy

Baking powders made from alum or phosphate may be bought for a trifle less than Royal Baking Powder, which is made from cream of tartar, derived from grapes.

Alum powders are not only cheap, but they differ greatly in leavening power.

If a cheap baking powder is used for a fine cake and the cake turns out a failure there is a waste of costly materials worth more than a whole can of the cheap baking powder.

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thing amiss:

"Thank you, Sidonie. You may go to bed now."

"Madame will not require me to undress her?"

"I'm not ready yet. When I am, I can take care of myself. It's late—much later than I usually keep you up, Sidonie, and I prefer you to go to bed. It doesn't improve your temper to lose your beauty sleep."

"Many thanks, madame. Good-night, madame."

"Good-night."

The maid moved off toward the main staircase, while the mistress of the house turned deliberately through the salon toward the library.

At this, swinging back to the girl in a stride, and impulsively grasping her wrist to compel attention, Lanyard spoke in a rapid whisper, mouth close beside her cheek.

"This way," he said, imperatively drawing her toward the window by which he had entered. "There's a balcony outside—a short drop to the ground." And unlatching the window, he urged her through it. "Try to leave by the back gateway—the one I showed you—avoiding Ekstrom—"

"But you are coming!" she insisted, hanging back.

"Impossible. There isn't time for us both to escape undetected. I shall keep her interested only long enough to give you plenty of time to get away. But take this—and he pressed his automatic into her hand. "No—take it. I've another," he lied, "and you may need it. Don't fear for me, but go—oh, my heart—go!"

The footfalls of Mme. Omber were sounding ominously near by this time; and without giving the girl more time to protest, Lanyard thrust her forcibly through the windows, closed them, shot the latch and stole like a ghost round the farther side of the desk, pausing within a few feet of the screen and safe.

The footsteps were muffled by a rug in the drawing room—the woman was walking slowly, heavily, like one weary and thoughtful.

Where the girl had placed it, behind the cinnabar screen, the desk-lamp was still alight, and Lanyard knew that the diffusion of its reflected rays was enough to project his figure in silhouette against the glow distinctly visible to one on the threshold.

Now everything hung upon the temperament of the householder, how she would take that apparition—whether quietly, deceived by Lanyard's mumbling into believing she had only a poor thievish fool to deal with, or with bourgeois hysteria.

In the latter event, Lanyard's hand was ready planted, palm down, on the top of the desk; should the other attempt to raise an alarm, a single bound would carry the adventurer across it in full flight for the front doors.

In the doorway the mistress of the house appeared and halted, quick, glinting eyes shifting from the glow on the floor to the dark figure of the thief. Then, with a quick gesture, putting forth a hand, she found the chandelier switch and turned on a blaze of light.

As this happened Lanyard covered, lifting an elbow as if to guard his face—as if expecting to find himself under the muzzle of a revolver.

The gesture had the calculated effect of focusing the attention of the woman directly to him, after one swift glance round had taken in the curtains that were still swaying at the window, and shown her a room tenanted only by herself and a cringing thief. And immediately it was made manifest that, whether or not deceived, she meant to take the situation quietly, if with a strong hand.

Her eyes narrowed and the muscles of her square and almost masculine jaw stood out ominously as she looked

the intruder up and down in silence. Eventually a flicker of contempt moderated the grimness of her dark countenance. She took three steps forward, stopping on the other side of the desk, her back to the doorway.

Lanyard trembled visibly.

"Well!"—the word boomed like the opening gun of an engagement. "Well, my man!"—the shrewd eyes swerved to the closed door of the safe and quickly back—again—"you don't seem to have accomplished a great deal!"

Lanyard gripped the edge of the desk, quivering.

"For God's sake, madame," he blurted in a husky, shaken voice, nothing like his own—"don't have me arrested! Give me a chance! I haven't taken anything. Don't call the flies!"

He paused, lifting an uncertain hand toward his throat, as if his tongue had gone dry.

"Come, come!" the woman answered, with a look almost of pity. "I haven't called anyone—as yet."

The fingers of one strong white hand were drumming gently on the top of the desk; then, with a movement so quick and sure that Lanyard himself could hardly have bettered it, they slipped to a handle of a drawer, jerked it open, closed round the butt of a revolver and presented it at Lanyard's head.

Automatically he lifted his hands.

"Don't shoot!" he cried. "I'm not armed—"

"Is that the truth?"

"You've only to search me, madame!"

"Thanks!" Madame's accents now discovered a trace of somewhat dry humor. "I'll leave that to you. Turn out your pockets on the desk there—and remember, I'll stand no nonsense!"

The weapon covered Lanyard steadily, leaving him no alternative but to obey. As for that, he was glad of the excuse to listen for any sound to indicate how the girl was faring in her flight. And he made a pretense of trembling fingers to cover the slowness with which he complied.

But he heard nothing.

When at length he had visibly turned every pocket inside out, and their contents lay upon the desk, the woman looked them over incuriously.

"Put them back," she said curtly.

"And then fetch that chair over there



"Don't Shoot!" He Cried. "I'm Not Armed—"

—the one in the corner. I've a notion I'd like to talk to you. That's the usual thing, isn't it?"

"How?" Lanyard demanded with a vacant stare.

"In all the criminal novels I've ever read, the law-abiding householder always sits down and has a sociable chat with the housebreaker—before calling in the police. I'm afraid that's part of the price you've to pay for my hospitality."

She paused, eyeing Lanyard inquisitively while he replaced his belongings in his pockets. "Now get that chair," she ordered, and waited, standing until she had been obeyed. "That's it—there! Sit down."

Resting herself against the side of the desk, the revolver held negligently, the speaker favored Lanyard with a second inspection, at her leisure, the hardness of her eyes modified, and that anger which primarily had marked her countenance gone by the time she chose to pursue her catechism.

"What's your name? No—don't answer! I saw your eyes waver, and I'm not interested in a makeshift alias. But it's a stock question, you know. Do you care for a cigar?"

She opened a mahogany humidor on the desk and extracted a box.

"No, thanks."

"Right—according to Hoyle—the criminal always refuses to smoke in these scenes. But let's forget the book and write our own lines. I'll ask you an original question: Why were you acting just now?"

"Acting?" Lanyard repeated, intrigued by the acuteness of this masterful woman's mentality.

"Precisely—pretending you're an ordinary criminal. For a moment I actually believed you afraid of me. But you're neither that nor a common crook. How do I know? Because you're unarmed; your voice has changed in the last two minutes to that of a cultivated man; you've stopped cringing and started thinking; and the way you walked across the floor just now and handled that chair showed me how powerfully you're made. If I hadn't found this revolver you could overpower me in an instant—and I'm no weakling, as women go. Then why the acting?"

Studying his captor with narrow interest, Lanyard smiled faintly and shrugged, but made no response. He could do no more than this—no more than spar for time. The longer he indulged this woman in her whim for the bizarre, the more assured were Lucy's chances of escape. By this time, he reckoned, she must have found her way through the service gate to the street. But he was on edge with apprehension of mischance.

"Come, come!" Mme. Omber insist-

ed. "You're hardly civil, my good man. Answer my question."

"You don't expect me to—do you?"

"Why not? You owe me at least satisfaction of my curiosity in return for breaking into my house."

"But if, as you suggest, I am—or was—acting with a purpose, why do you expect me to give the show away?"

"That's logic. I knew you could think. More's the pity!"

"Pity I can think?"

"Pity you can get your own consent to waste yourself like this. I'm an old woman, and I know men better than most; I can see ability in you; so I say it's a pity you won't employ it to better advantage. Don't misunderstand me; this isn't the conventional act. I don't hold with encouraging a fool in his folly. You're a fool, for all your intelligence, and the only cure I can see for you is drastic punishment."

"Meaning the Sante, madame?"

"Quite so. I tell you frankly, when I'm finished lecturing you, off you go to prison."

"If that's the case, I don't see I stand to gain much by retelling the history of my life. This seems to be your cue to ring for servants to call the police."

A glint of anger shone in the woman's eyes.

"You're right," she said shortly; "I dare say Sidonie isn't asleep yet. I'll get her to telephone while I stand guard over you."

Bending over the desk, without removing her gaze from the adventurer, his captor groped for, found and pressed a call-button.

From some remote quarter of the house sounded the grumble of an electric bell.

"Pity you're so brazen," she commented. "Just a little less side, and you'd be a rather engaging person!"

Lanyard made no reply. In fact, he wasn't attending.

In this suspense the iron control which had always heretofore been his was breaking down—since now it was for another that he was concerned. And he wasted no strength trying to enforce it. The stress of his anxiety was both undisguised and indisguisable. Nor did Mme. Omber overlook it.

"What's the trouble, eh? Is it that already the cell door clangs loudly in your ears?"

As the woman spoke Lanyard left his chair with a spring as lithe and sure and swift as an animal's, that carried him like a shot across the two yards or so that separated them.

A hair's breath of error in his reckoning would have finished him, for the other had been alert for just such a move, and the revolver was nearly level with Lanyard's head when he seized it by the barrel, imprisoned the

woman's wrist with his other hand, and in two movements had possessed himself of the pistol without hurting its owner.

"Don't be alarmed," he said quietly. "I'm not going to do anything more violent than to put this out of commission."

Breaking it smartly, he shot a shower of cartridges to the floor. The empty weapon itself he tossed into a wastebasket beneath the desk.

"Hope I didn't hurt you," he added abstractedly—"but your pistol was in my way!"

He took a stride toward the door, then hung there in hesitation, frowning absently at the woman, who, without moving laughed quietly and eyed Lanyard with a twinkle of malicious diversion.

The adventurer returned her stare with one of thoughtful appraisal; from the first he had recognized in her a character of uncommon tolerance and amiability.

"Pardon, madame, but—" he began abruptly; then checked himself in constrained appreciation of his impudence.

"If that's permission to interrupt your reverie," Mme. Omber remarked, "I don't mind telling you you're the strangest burglar I ever heard of!"

Footfalls became audible on the stairway—the hasty, scuffling sounds of slipped feet.

"Is that you, Sidonie?" madame called.

The voice of the maid replied: "Yes, madame—coming!"

"Well—don't, just yet. Wait there till I call you."

"Very good, madame."

The woman returned complete attention to Lanyard.

"Now, monsieur of two minds, what is it you wish?"

"Why did you do that?" the adventurer asked, nodding toward the reception hall.

"Tell Sidonie to wait instead of calling for help? Because—well, because you interest me strangely. I've a curious notion you're in desperate quandary and about to throw yourself on my mercy."

"I am," Lanyard admitted tersely.

"Ah! Now this does begin to grow interesting! Would you mind telling me why?"

"Because, madame, I have done you a great service, and feel I can count upon your gratitude."

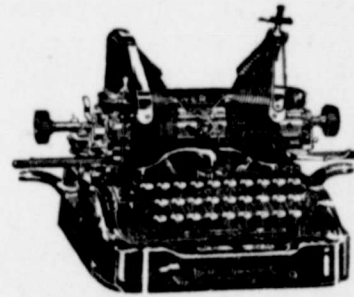
The Frenchwoman's eyebrows lifted at this. "Doubtless monsieur knows what he's talking about—"

"Listen, madame. I am in love with a young woman, an American, a stranger, and friendless in Paris. If anything happens to me tonight, if I am arrested or assassinated—"

(To Be Continued)

A New Model Typewriter!

The **OLIVER** ^{No. 9} Buy It Now



Yes, The Crowning Typewriter Triumph Is Here!

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

CAUTION!

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

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

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

WARNING!

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
OLIVER TYPEWRITER BUILDING, CHICAGO

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

H. 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 on application.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—Obituaries and Resolutions respect are printed for half price—2-1-2c per line. "Spec 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 social, 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. 13, 1916

Those people who thought that Villa would simply squat down and wait to be captured have another think coming.

If you want to locate among as good people as there are on earth—a kindly, hospitable and moral people—come to GrapeLand community, where health, happiness and prosperity reign supreme.

The Walker County Star published at Huntsville by J. E. Plate & Son, is a new paper coming to our exchange desk. The initial number shows up well and contains a very liberal amount of advertising from the business men of Huntsville. We wish the Star success.

No other thing is quite so essential to the success and development of a community as good roads. No other element of success is so easy to attain where all the people have the will and the determination to do. Good roads mean everything to us, individually and collectively, and we need good roads and better roads, and we should go after them and get them. Good roads are productive of good farms, and prosperous farms are the foundation and framework of every community. Without good roads the farmer is retarded and handicapped, his earning capacity is reduced, his opportunity for improvement and expansion is lessened, his working capital is impaired, his profits are curtailed and his future is cloudy and obscure. But good roads make good farms and we want every farm in this community to be even better than good. Let's build up our roads and our farms.

Good schools are of the greatest benefit in building up a town. You can't keep a good thing down. Good schools attract the attention of surrounding towns. They send it new pupils to the schools and there is nothing which awakens interest of the citizens of a town more than to notice that outsiders are noticing them. Let us encourage our schools and watch the results.

FARMERS AND DUDELETS

"Oh, he's just a farmer out here in the country." We stood on a street corner the other day and heard that remark passed by one of the "brilliant" young masculine striplings of our town as he "bummed" the makings from a friend.

The farmer, to be sure, was just a farmer "out here in the country." He wore overalls and

drove his wagon into town, but at home his automobile rested snugly in the garage. He owns one of the most valuable farms in this whole section of the state. His home life is ideal and his wife and children have everything they desire. His simple word is as good as his check, and his check would be honored for a sum that might stagger you. He is a man, a real man, a man whom other men acknowledge to be a man among men, even if he is "just a farmer out here in the country."

But what of the stripling, what of the dudelet?

He is just one of that numerous class who know everything and never do anything, who amount to nothing and are worth less. He is just a dudelet, and it is doubtful if he ever attains to the "dignity" of being a real dude.

Yes, he is "just a farmer out here in the country," but he is our friend, he is everybody's friend, and time may prove him to be the "friend in need" of the poor, vapid, brainless dudelet.

We need a thousand more just like him—this man who is "just a farmer out here in the country" and whom we are proud to know as our friend.

Poor, deluded dudelet! May he never be worse! Ex.

FOR COMMISSIONER

The Messenger is authorized to announce the candidacy of Stel Sharp for commissioner of precinct No. 2, subject to the action of the democratic primary in July.

Mr. Sharp is one of the progressive farmers of Houston county and lives near Latexo, where he owns a nice home and has been quite successful with his own business. His qualifications for the office are unquestioned and if elected will devote his time to the office and render the people the best service possible. He has always taken an active interest in the affairs of his county government and is always found ready to render any assistance he can for the betterment of conditions. He earnestly solicits your support and will appreciate what you can do for him in this race.

LETTER FROM OLD GRAY

April 10.—Last Saturday the drouth of two months duration was broken by a fine rain, which was surely appreciated, more especially by the farmers who have been handicapped by the continued dry weather.

The agriculturists of this portion of the vineyard are about through planting corn and the most of them have their cotton lands ready for planting. Since the rain everything seems to have taken on new life, the forest beautifully arrayed in its dress of green; the roses are in bloom, the birds are making the welkin ring with their heaven given songs; the boys are whistling as they pursue the plow and pull the hoe. At last we have the whip-o'-will with us with his nightly serenade and in the language of John Luce "all is well and the goose hangs high," or in other words we are looking on the sunny side of the picture. A ray of sunshine now and then is a fine remedy to cure the blues.

Owing to the late planting of corn some may be discouraged at the prospects for a corn crop and will plant more cotton. Bet-

"A Woman's Store" "Everybody's Store" "A Man's Store"

FOR EASTER CLOTHES

THE SERVICE FIRST STORE

HUNDREDS of men, women and children are daily complimenting the excellent values and newest styles that are being shown for Easter at our store. And justly so-- for we have spared no efforts to make our stock of wearing apparel for this season on a par with those found only in large cities. By a careful study of all market conditions and by placing our orders prior to many of the advances, we are showing as pretty a line of goods as heretofore without an increase in the price. A visit from you would be appreciated.

Coat Suits

Our line of coat suits and skirts is in keeping with the styles of the time.

We have a pretty line of new Silk Waists in the following colors: Peach, Mais, White and Flesh, at - - - \$2.50

Other waists are being shown at 50c, 65c, \$1.00 and \$1.25

Corsets

New corsets are received every two or three weeks, enabling us to keep up with the styles. We have all the most popular models in Parisiana and Flexibone Corsets--everyone guaranteed--at \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up.

Ferris Waists and Model Corsets at - - - 50c

Low Quarter Shoes

The season's very latest styles in patent leather, gun meats and vicis.

The G. Edwin Shith Shoe Co. of Columbus, O., are recognized as world leaders in ladies footwear styles. The fact that this line is shown by two of the largest stores in Houston is enough to satisfy the most critical. We are showing this line in all of the pump styles at \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50

Our line of Midland pumps, 9 styles in all, is one price--\$2.25.

"BILLIKENS" in all sizes and most popular shapes.

Ladies' Wearing Apparel

Almost every week we are receiving big express shipments of the newest styles in MILLINERY. We are amply prepared to take care of your orders and those desiring new hats for Easter will profit by inspecting our stock.

GEO. E. DARSEY SERVICE FIRST STORE

ter think well Mr. Farmer, before you leap. Get a big crop of cotton and you will get five cents a pound for it. Plenty of time for forage crops and that is something that farmers need in their business.

Local news is rather scarce. Cattle and hogs are scarce and are as high as a cat's back.

The schools of the country are doing fairly well. We have had occasion recently to frequently visit Denson Springs. We find there a fine school. Upon investigation we find they have competent teachers. Prof. Thompson, the principal has the school well in hand and is working hard to learn the young ideas how to shoot and to give satisfaction to all concerned. Miss Lura Foster, the assistant, is fast pushing herself to the front as

one of the leading lady teachers of Anderson county. She is doing fine work in her department. To put it in a nutshell, the principal and assistant are deserving and should have the support and praise of any good community. We wish to go further by saying that the trustees deserve great credit for placing the school on its present footing. There has been some opposition to the school but the mist is disappearing as the school grows longer and everything tends to a brighter future for the school.

We would like to hear from Antrimite. We will say to him that we cherish the memory of his articles of the past. I would be glad to write every week, but my eyes will not permit it. However, I will be with our appreciated paper now and then. As ever, Old Gray.

TO THE PEOPLE OF HOUSTON COUNTY

This will advise you that I will not be a candidate this year for re-election to the office of tax collector.

The duties of the office are very onerous and exacting, and they have been such as not only to require my close attention during the day, but often far into the night, and this has told on my health, to such an extent that I deem it advisable not to stand for re-election, but to try and reclaim my health.

I take this occasion to thank you for your loyal support in the past races that I have made, and assure you I shall not soon forget your kindness in this respect, and hope you will never have occasion to regret your action in support of my candidacy. Very sincerely yours, Geo. H. Denny.



Clipped From Our Exchanges

Other's Views on Current Items

Your Boy

This is a good time to think of your boy. If you do not look after him in the right way, some one will do it in the wrong way. Begin now!

Teach your boy to follow in the footsteps of his father, to respect the law, to obey his parents, to regard the rights of all men, to honor virtue, to respect womanhood, and to depend upon no one but himself for advancement.

Teach him that the Golden Rule of life will be found in the Ten Commandments. They are short. They have survived the ages. They stand today unchanged and unchallenged.

They comprise the first great written law given by God to man. Before these few commandments all man-made laws fade into insignificance. Teach them to your boy. There is danger ahead if you do not.

The universal drift of mankind is toward decadence. Heredity pays its premium and also extracts its discount. The son of a good father and an affectionate mother, brought up in an atmosphere of parental regard, will never disgrace the family.

The boys of today are the men of tomorrow. The destinies of the American people are to be in the hands of their sons. If the boys are taught respect for the law, both human and divine, obedience to authority, manly independence and fear of God, this great nation will be a noble monument to man's capacity self government and self control at a time when all the world is a seething cauldron of unrest, unreason and disbelief.

Teach your boy to rule, but first to rule himself.—John A. Sleicher in Leslie's.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

One by one the world's greatest benefactors are dragged to the surface. Here, for instance, is the old Sea Captain who admits that he invented the hole in the doughnut away back in forty-seven. And now an active search is being made for the altruist who punched the primitive perforations in the Swiss cheese.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

According to our own viewpoint (but, of course, everyone does not get the kind of doughnuts Molly builds) the real benefactor of the race was the duck who invented the rim that goes around the hole in the doughnut.—Judd Lewis in Houston Post.

"When in the course of human events" a Charlie Chaplin gets \$760,000 for a years work, a Tris Speaker gets \$16,000 for a season's ball playing, and a Jess Willard gets \$47,000 for having a fist fight that would cost most any body else \$11.70, while there are whole congregations of newspaper editors that have to use a carpet stretcher to make both ends meet, there must be something wrong somewhere.—Killeen Herald.

The United States troops were landed at Vera Cruz to make Huerta "salute the flag" he insulted. The troops came back and Huerta never saluted the flag. The United States troops have been sent into Mexico to "get" Villa. Will they come back without him?—Hamilton Herald.

Cyclone Davis, the collarless congressman, has made himself a target for the United Confederate Veterans because of his recent attack on Jefferson Davis. Everywhere he is being denounced unworthy and unfit for the position given him by the people. A man of his station in life hurts himself when he attacks the illustrious dead and is not entitled to support, neither the respect of Southern people. Cyclone Davis is dead politically and will not be re-elected.—Granger News.

LOCAL NEWS FROM EPHESUS

April 10.—The health of the community is very good at present and the farmers are all busy.

We notice the farmers are diversifying crops this year. The good price for cotton last year seems to be no inducement to the farmers to increase the production of this staple.

Messrs. D. and A. M. Anderson attended the commencement celebration at New San Pedro on the night of the 7th inst. They report a very pleasant time.

Our literary society met on the night of the 9th. A large and appreciative audience attended. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, that Capital Punishment should be abolished in Texas." The affirmative was represented by Messrs. D. and A. M. Anderson of this community; the negative by Rev. W. R. Durnell of Antrim and Mr. Jno. R. Owens of Grape Land. Both sides acquitted themselves creditably, the judges' decision being favorable to the negative. This was the second of a series of debates between this community and Antrim. The third will be held at Antrim on the night of May 6th. The good people of Antrim requested us to attend this meeting of their society through these columns, and we hereby do so.

Mr. J. M. Anderson was visiting in the San Pedro community Sunday.

Mrs. Myrtle Parker was visiting in this community Sunday.

Rev. W. R. Durnell preached us a good sermon Sunday, he and Mr. Owens having remained in this community Sunday. They also rendered some highly appreciated assistance to our singing class.

Mr. Charley Walker and wife were visiting at Mr. S. H. Graham's Sunday.

Misses Minnie and Bertha Anderson were visiting at the home of Mr. Joe Turner Sunday.

Miss Beulah Ferguson, who taught the primary grades in our school last winter attended the debate Saturday night.

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.

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

ABSTRACTS

You can not sell your land without an Abstract showing perfect title. Why not have your lands abstracted and your titles perfected? We have the

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF HOUSTON COUNTY

ADAMS & YOUNG

CROCKETT, TEXAS

John Spence

Lawyer

Crockett, : : : Texas

Office Upstairs over Monzingo Millinery Store

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 Grape Land:

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 Mar 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 Grape Land second Saturday in each month. At Bobbitt's Stable

NEWS FROM NEW PROSPECT

Health of our community is good at present.

The little freeze Saturday night made the corn and tender pants look rather bad.

Mr. Bob and Ed Parker finished their carpenter work on the school house last Friday, and it is now in nice shape for another term of school.

A very good program was carried out Wednesday night, March 29, it being the last of school.

There is some talk of getting up a little program for Easter.

Mr. Webb Finch and family visited Mr. and Mrs. John Bridges Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Herod went to Cherokee Friday to visit relatives. Mrs. Emma Music who has been visiting her father there, will return with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Leach visited Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown Sunday.

Misses Dorothy, Olive, Ellen and Jewel Bridges visited Olier Morris Sunday at the home of Mr. Peter Bridges.

Mr. Ed Parker made a business trip to crockett Saturday. A READER

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.

It Always Helps

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

I wish every suffering woman would give

GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

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

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

Get a Bottle Today!

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

To get rid of that Tired, Bilious, Half-Sick Feeling, take a dose of

HERBINE

It Cleanses the Stomach, Liver and Bowels

It's a man's remedy that goes to the right spot. Puts life and activity into the torpid liver, strengthens the stomach and digestion and purifies and regulates the bowels. A timely dose of this excellent system regulator and bowel tonic will oftentimes ward off a spell of sickness. Price 50 cents.

JAS. F. BALLARD, Proprietor

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

READ the ADS

"JENTLE JABS"

By Jno. R. Owens

We hope that no freezes will injure the watermelons in June.

Mr. G. L. Waddell of the Antrim community has our thanks for a mess of nice sweet potatoes, which he brought Monday.

All men who are inclined to be lazy will welcome warm weather, as they will not have to build so many fires every morning.

A smile is an asset everyone should possess. If you do not possess it, get busy and learn to smile.

If a person were to ask us "when is a man not a man", we would say when he becomes an advocate of woman suffrage.

Our idea of an 18 karat mansuffragist is a fellow who wears gloves all the week and powders his face on Sunday.

We love our neighbor to such an extent that we would like to see the merchant who does not advertise squeeze through a crack into heaven.

There was a pretty heavy frost Sunday morning and we fear the spring greens, radishes and "young onions" will be delayed in reaching our table.

Every enterprise that helps a town deserves the support of every citizen. What enterprise helps a town more or extends more favors than your home paper?

A heading in a daily paper says "Happiness does much to make one healthy." Yes and good health does more to make one happy.

After reading where Mrs. Mary Parsons of Portland, Ore., who is 87 years of age has established quite a record in tree grafting, we defy anyone to say there are no female "grafters."

An editor and his wife disagree with each other very materially. She sets things to rights, and he writes things to set. She reads what others write, and he writes what others read. She keeps the devil out of the house as much as possible, and he retains him and could not go to press without him. She knows more than he writes and he writes more than he knows.—X.

Say, Mr. Henpecked Husband! If your wife is in the habit of leading you around by the ear, stamping her foot at you, throwing the churn dasher or rolling pin at you, making you sweep the floors and make up the beds, just gently press a dollar to the palm of our hand and we'll send you a year's treatment which will reform her.—The Messenger.

The fact that Mrs. J. E. Jarboe is accompanying her husband on a walking trip around the world is further evidence that there are a few women who have not yet learned to have implicit confidence in their true-hearted (?) husbands.

It was our pleasure last Saturday night to accompany our friend, W. R. Durnell to Ephesus, to enter into a debate. His colleague had informed him on short notice that he could not go, and we went as substitute. Debating is out of our line and we

were slightly stage frightened, and do not remember what we said in our twenty minute speech but we remember sitting down when our time was up, which relieved a pair of knees from a great strain. After the smoke cleared the judges favored us with the decision, but if our colleague had not been "loaded" with a few rounds of Bible argument there would have been another story to tell. We had a nice time and were royally treated by the people of that community.

NOT FOR SCHOOL BOYS OR GIRLS TO READ?

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded." Young friend! With your future before you what will you make it—success or failure? With youth and health you have the power within you to possess the blessing of practical knowledge, the joy of achievement, the content of success, but only through intelligent effort. If you have within you the love of higher things and better days; if you have ambition, energy and determination; if you are free from bad habits that dwarf your intellect and unfit you for consideration by business men, we can train you in business methods—Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Stenotypewriting, Cotton Classing, Business Administration and Finance, Telegraphy etc., and secure for you a good position. You have no time to lose. The Spring and Summer months should be used in securing a practical knowledge that you may accept a good paying position when the busy fall season begins. In our years of experience as teachers we have watched our students unfold and blossom into superior manhood, and womanhood awaken to the responsibilities of business life, and crown their labor with success. What we have done for others we can do for you. The business is seeking everywhere for young men and women who are able to do the work the business office demands. Let us impress upon you in the language of Narado, a Hindoo sage. "Study to know; know to comprehend, and comprehend to judge." Young friends, use your youth in the pursuit of knowledge. We could give you no better advice than to join our industrious band of students; they are here from many different states, and are going out daily as their courses are finished into splendid positions secured through our employment department.

Our large catalogue containing the statements of young people who have traveled the road we are advising you to travel would be interesting reading to you. The letters from business firms with whom they are now engaged would be encouraging to you, and our low tuition rates and credit plans, together with the short time taken to complete the course would be a pleasant surprise to you. Fill in your name and address, clip and mail today for catalogue.

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

NAME

ADDRESS

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

ATORPID LIVER KILLS ENERGY

It makes you feel tired, dull and sleepy. The system is filled with bilious impurities which must be driven out before you can feel better. Try

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is the right remedy for liver troubles because it contains the necessary properties for putting that important organ in an active, healthy condition. It purifies the bowels, strengthens the stomach, stimulates the mental faculties and restores vigor and activity of body and brain.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

Sold by D. N. Leaverton

Safe Medicine for Children

"Is it safe?" is the first question to be considered when buying cough medicine for children. Chamberlains 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.



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

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
 - W. F. Murchison
 - Dr. J. B. Smith
- 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
 - Stell Sharp
- 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)

MISS RANDLE WELL RECEIVED

The last lyceum number which was booked to appear in Grapeland was a "big hit," and was pronounced by those who attended that it was one of the best, if not the best of the four numbers. Miss Randle showed excellent talent in her work, and entertained her audience with a variety of good features. A very good crowd was present and every word we have heard spoken was of the highest praise.

Mrs. J. O. Edington and children visited relatives in Tyler this week.

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.

NEWS ITEMS FROM ANTRIM

Well, we have been having some more rain lately, which was appreciated by everyone, but one thing wasn't appreciated, and that was the frost which came near killing everything, especially gardens and fruit.

The health of our community is not so good at present; lots of chills and fever among the little children.

Mrs. Dan Wright is very sick with lagrippe, but we hope she will soon be well again.

Misses Nora and Mary Williams visited Mr. H. B. Kyle and family Sunday.

Our Literary Society met Saturday night. A good program was rendered and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Our next meeting will be the 22nd. of April. We are going to have a good program, including a debate. The subject will be: Resolved, that education is more beneficial to man than money. Affirmative, Jim Ritchie, George Kyle. Negative, Virgil Durnell, May Martin. Everybody is invited to come and be with us.

Misses Mary Parker and May Martin visited Miss Julia Brinson Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Taylor and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Hudnell Monday.

Mr. Otis Gibson visited in the New Prospect community Sunday.

Mr. G. L. Waddell has been at home the last few days, but left Monday to go back to work at the oil wells near Kennard.

Don't forget the singing and dinner next Sunday and be sure to come and bring someone.

Rev. W. R. Durnell went to Ephesus Saturday to hold a debate Saturday night between that place and Antrim. We have not heard which side won.

Jim Ritchie visited Virgil Durnell Sunday.

Success to the Messenger and its many readers.

As ever,
HLAWATHA.

RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

April 10.—It is first one thing and then another and if it is not one thing it is a norther.

It has been six years the 25th since we had such cold this late in the year and am safe in saying that all kind of fruit will be scarce and all crops are about evened up, but we have seen such before and while we are complaining, we are not rebelling and will come again.

The river is rising right fast but owing to the condition of the land from here on down, we hardly think it will overflow the entire bottom.

There was a nice entertainment Friday night and old and young alike were invited to enjoy the same at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. West. The out of town guests were: Misses Esther and Winnie Davis of Grapeland and Fannie Stevens of Jacksonville, Miss Florence Pennington of Daly's, Calhoun Mitchel, Luther Warner, Balis and Smith Dailey and Dan Hill. Among the married folks present were: Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Eaves.

Our school is still running

smoothly and will not be out until the last of May. All are well pleased with the teacher but am unable to say whether she will be teacher next term or not. Someone else may do as well, but we hardly think better.

Mrs. Fulgham and Miss Ady were Grapeland shoppers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Beazley and family were out of town visitors Saturday night, spending the night with his brother, Oscar, on the bayou.

T. S. Kent is having his first lesson this week as arbitrator between right and wrong, or who's guilty or not.

Miss Stevens a while with her brothers.

Miss Florence Denton is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Tom Kent.

We read the article prepared by Dr. L. Meriwether on sanitation and think it deserves more than passing notice. While all of us old folks may know the most he said, it was in the main for the children. But it refreshes our lethargy and causes us to think.

A number of nice fat hogs left these parts for the market Saturday. As ever,
Zack.

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

Lenard Parker and Miss Lillie Brown, two young people of the Oak Grove community, were married in Grapeland Sunday evening, Esq. John A. Davis, officiating. The Messenger extends congratulations.

BAN PUT ON GRASS WIDOWS

Official Announcement Made That They May Not Work in Government Departments.

Any married woman who has sawed off diplomatic relations with friend husband and is making her own way in the world will have to get a divorce if she seeks a position in the post office department at Washington, D. C.

A divorced or widowed woman may work in the post office if she fills other necessary requirements. A married woman, even if she merely has a wild ambition to help her husband multiply the bank account, will have to use her talents elsewhere. Nothing doing for her, according to a decision of Uncle Samuel.

Announcement of a competitive examination for October 2 by the United States civil service officials disclosed the fact that a recent order of the post office department bars from those examinations women who may be separated from their husbands and who have to earn their own living.

Married women have been eliminated for a long time, but heretofore an exception has been made in the case of women who were married but not working at the matrimonial counter. The new order is strict. Any grass widow must first get a divorce if she wants to work in the post office.

Cost of State Roads.

More than \$200,000,000 has been spent by the various states on 31,000 miles of state highways. About 11,000 miles have been built within the last two years. Only seven states have no form of state highway department.

To Get Nearer.

Start a "good-roads-to-town" movement in your neighborhood, and it will not be long before the farm is set down from ten minutes to an hour nearer market.

Come to See Us

When You Are in Town We Will Appreciate It

Figure with us on anything you need in the Dry Goods or Grocery line. Will be glad to show you our line of Dress Goods, Millinery, etc.

YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT OURS IS

"The Store that Keeps the Price Down."

Traylor Brothers

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

Program for Fifth Sunday Meeting

of the

NECHES RIVER ASSOCIATION

to be held at Salmon, beginning Friday night before the fifth Sunday in April

- 7:30 Devotional and song service.
- 8:00 Preaching by W. E. Ray.
- SATURDAY
- 9:30 Devotional, J. L. Kee.
- 10:00 What is Holiness and Sanctification as taught by the Bible?—H. E. Crawford
- 11:00 What is the best plan to develop a country church?—H. E. Harris.
- 1:30 Womau's work—Mrs. Cochran.
- 2:30 Are the Baptists unscriptural in any of their Doctrine?—N. S. Herod.
- 7:30 Devotional, W. H. Kolb.
- 8:00 Exegesis of Hebrews, 8-5—G. W. North.
- Round table, speakers limited to 20 minutes.
- SUNDAY
- 9:30 Singing.
- 10:00 Church music—W. R. Campbell and M. L. Williams.
- 11:00 Sermon by S. W. Edge.
- 7:30 Devotional—Sneed Taylor.
- 8:00 Sermon by H. E. Harris.