

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 15 No. 17

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913

\$1.00 PER YEAR

There Must be Organized Strength Harmoniously Working Together to Build a Community

We Received



60 dozen pairs of the famous **OSBORN GLOVES**

which we believe is the largest shipment of gloves ever received by any firm in Grapeland. We are in a position to sell you a better glove for dress or work and at a price that will be interesting to anyone who wants the best for the least money.

All of our departments are as well kept up as our glove department. Drop in and ask about any item you may want.

Good Clothes



You can't afford to miss seeing our clothing for we are saving each purchaser of a suit now from \$2.50 to \$5.00 on them, so come early and get your choice.

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

TRINITY BOOSTERS COMING TODAY

The Trinity business men, about fifty in number, will arrive in Grapeland this morning (Thursday) at 9:30 o'clock and remain thirty minutes. They are making the trip in automobiles and will go as far as Palestine. This trip is being made for the purpose of meeting the people and to get better acquainted with conditions in this section of East Texas.

The Messenger, together with our entire citizenship, extends them a most cordial welcome to Grapeland—the Queen City of the Sandflat.

LETTER FROM ANTRIMITE

June 22.—We are experiencing some very warm dry weather down this way and we hear most farmers express the opinion that corn will be very short this year unless it rains within a few days. Cotton is looking fine and the prospects now are good, but no one can tell anything about cotton yet.

People are very well up with their work and we are beginning to think about the tall uncut and trying to figure out some plan whereby we might deceive a few of the finny tribe, better known as fish.

Messrs. W. M. Durnell, G. L. Waddell, J. L. Nichols and the writer, accompanied by Mrs. Lillie Waddell, attended church at Rock Hill Friday night.

Saturday night and Sunday being regular Baptist days here we heard two very interesting sermons. Rev. W. D. Andrews preached Saturday night and Rev. H. B. Gibson Sunday.

Quite a bit of religious interest is being shown in our part of the country and we are working forward to a grand revival among Christian workers before the summer is past.

Clyde Wynne and family of Myrtle Springs spent Saturday night and Sunday at the home of W. M. Durnell. Clyde says crops are good on the river but needing rain.

Artie Streetman and family were the guests of J. F. Durnell Sunday. ANTRIMITE.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is worth many times its cost when needed and is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. It has no superior for the purposes for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by all dealers. adv.

I have just unloaded a nice car of buggies. They are all first class stuff. Prices are right; also have a nice line of buggy harness. Come and see them at Guico's Blacksmith Shop. adv.

Ross Murchison left Sunday for Tyler, where he will enter a business college.

BIG EXPLOSION ONE MAN KILLED

Crockett, Texas, June 23.—A terrible explosion with loss of one life occurred today about 10 a. m. from dynamite. The explosion happened on the government tram road from Crockett to the lock and dam on the Trinity river.

A train was made up of four cars with a caboose, one of the cars containing a ton of dynamite in cases. There were ten or twelve persons on the cars, all headed for the government works at the lock and dam. One of the passengers in the caboose happened to open the door and saw a blaze on the flat car on which the dynamite was loaded. He yelled for all to jump as he leaped to the ground. All on board did the same, including engineer Murdock, who after going a short distance concluded he could return and save his engine. In the attempt to do so he was blown into fragments. Some of the members of his body have been found, but his head has not yet been located. Murdock had been married about six weeks.

There seems to be several theories as to the cause.

The explosion and shock were distinctly heard and felt in Crockett. — Dispatch to daily papers.

Parties in Grapeland also heard the report of the explosion, but thought it was thunder and paid no attention to it.

NEWS AROUND THE COURTHOUSE

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS:

Lang Smith to Bernice Speer, 116 acres on Walker & Welch league. Consideration \$1,100.00. Both parties live at Lovelady.

B. L. Dominy to O. B. Dominy, 50 acres out of the John Roan Section. Consideration \$400.00.

Lucy E. Speer, et. al., to Lang Smith, 116 acres on Walker & Welch surveys. Consideration \$1,100. Both parties live at Lovelady.

Joseph Miculka for self and Gurd, to T. S. Sepmoree, one-half interest in 100 acres on Harrison Young survey. Consideration \$225. Miculka lives in Wharton county.

Geo. E. Calhoun to R. L. Pridgen, 62 4-10 acres on Wm. Copeland survey. Consideration \$717.45. This transfer was made in 1912.

MARRIAGE LICENSE

Wm. Holloway to Mary Jane Allen (col)

Geo Gillispie to Tenney Hurguson (col)

Jim Durst to Erin Brownlee. Denson King to Mozelle Lemons (col)

Andrew Allen to Rozena Jackson.

Commissioners court will meet the second Monday in July. At this meeting of the court it is quite likely that some action will be taken in the new jail matter.

MORE NEW BRICK HOUSES

In addition to the brick houses now under construction, which numbers seven, two more will be built just as soon as the workmen can get to them. They will be located between the Guaranty State Bank and Leaverton's drug store. It is stated that arrangements are now being made to move the post-office into one of these buildings. Workmen begun Tuesday morning to clean away the rubbish from the lots, getting ready for the brick to be placed on the ground. These buildings will be erected by Geo. E. Darsey.

There is a great activity in the building line. Of course the big fire in March necessitated the rebuilding of the business houses, but aside from this many new residences have gone up in different parts of town, and it is safe to estimate that \$100,000 is being invested in new buildings. Grapeland is enjoying the greatest growth in its history and is destined to even greater growth in the future, for we have the country to back it up.

Take Herbine for all disturbances in the bowels. It purifies the bowel channels, promotes regular movements and makes you feel bright, vigorous and cheerful. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

THE IRISH ARE COMING

Emerald Isle is sending a steady stream of jovial, sturdy and honest citizens to Texas. According to Uncle Sam, who is acting as gate keeper on our immigration, the Irish are coming to Texas at the rate of five per day, and Pat is well pleased with our opportunities. There are no snakes in Texas, and the earth is covered with a carpet of green the whole year 'round and we all celebrate Saint Patrick's Day.

In Houston County there are 23 persons of Irish descent and of this number 10 were born in Ireland and later moved to Texas and 13 have parents that were both born in Ireland.

The Federal Census Reports, which have just issued, show that in 1910 there were 5,355 persons living in Texas that were born in Ireland and 7,752 residents of this state are of Irish parentage.

There is no horse liniment more effective for animal flesh than Ballard's Snow Liniment, nor is there any healing remedy for the human body only, that is milder or more efficacious in its action. It heals the sores or wounds of man and beast. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Advertisement

Friday, July 4th is Independence Day

and our store will be closed all that day so our clerks can have an outing. Our friends and customers are requested to make their purchases for this day earlier in the week, for by so doing you will greatly accommodate us and our sales people. See us when you need anything in

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, FURNITURE, PAINTS and SCREEN DOORS and WIRE

We have the best line of General Merchandise in Grapeland. We buy chickens and eggs. Respectfully,

Geo. E. Darsey

Dealer in Everything. Grapeland, Texas

Our Store Closes Every Day at 6:30 Except Saturdays

"THE DEVIL'S PARAGRAPHS"

BY JNO. R. OWENS

Some aviators ascend to such heights that they gain a footing.

There's no use telling a cross-eyed man to look straight ahead thru life.

A captain of finance is a man who manages to live inside of his income.

Probably every woman should not have a vote, but every woman should have a voter.

Commercial credits are based upon character more than anything else.

Some women are not satisfied with the last word of an argument unless they get all of 'em.

The man who tries to appear as a "big gun," when he's holding a minor position, generally gets "fired."

A man walked into a saloon and ordered a "stiff drink," and the bartender served it—starch-water.

About the best way to come out ahead with something you know nothing about is to let it alone.

And now two women bandits have robbed a post-office in Oklahoma. Now say women are not "becoming man's equal."

It would be better for lots of fathers-in-law if some men who marry and settle down would remain single and settle up.

Dr. Friedman has returned to his home in Berlin, but did not state whether he would return to America. He supposed that it was understood that he would not.

Physicians in Philadelphia will in a few days perform a surgical operation upon the brain of an 8-year old boy to make him good. That may be a good method, but when we were that age, we were operated upon in an altogether different way and place to be made good.

Miss Florence Keen left Monday for Houston to visit relatives. From there she will go to New York state to enter Columbia University.

THE NEWS FROM NEW PROSPECT

June 22.—The health of our community is very good at present, no sickness being reported.

Crops are fine but a good rain is needed very much.

Our Sunday school is progressing nicely under the management of Mr. Bridges, superintendent. We have a good attendance most all the time. There is nothing that helps a community more than a good Sunday school.

Miss Alice Withrow left today for Mineola where she will make her home in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Herod visited in the Oak Grove community today.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Brown visited their son, Oscar, last night and today.

The young folks were entertained Saturday night with an ice cream supper at Mr. Richard Finch's. They report a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. F. H. Parker has been on the puny list for some time. Hope she will soon be alright.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Parker of Grapeland were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bridges today. Mr. Bridges usually has a fine fruit crop, but his crop is reported to be short this year, and we are sorry to hear it for we sure do enjoy his nice Elbertas.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown spent the week in your city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Ritchie. They report many changes since their last visit to Grapeland. The town is sure coming to the front. It is the best town of its size anywhere in Texas. It has such enterprising people.

Mrs. Will Musick of Rice has been visiting in our community. She is now at her father's at Augusta.

The protracted meeting will commence Friday before the third Sunday in July, conducted by Revs. Wright and Fulgham. All are cordially invited to attend. CONRAD.

Mrs. Dave Warren and baby have returned home from Arp. Miss Emma Williams, sister of Mrs. Warren, accompanied them home.

PEBBLES FROM ROCK HILL

(Delayed)

June 15.—Well, here we are again asking for admittance in the Messenger's columns.

Health of our community is very good at present.

Miss Ethel Lively of Percilla was the guest of Miss Myrtle Gibson last week and attended the all day singing also.

Messrs. Enoch Whittaker, John and Perry Cook of the Lone Star community were visitors in our midst Saturday and Sunday.

Today we had our all day singing and it would be useless to say we enjoyed it because we believe every body did. There was a large crowd present from far and near and we had some real good singing, for which we give the praise mostly to our leaders, who were Messrs. Durnell, John and Willie Willis, Chas. Streetman and John Warren because we know without a good leader and attentive choir we can't accomplish much at a gathering like that. Our song service was opened with a prayer by Mr. C. M. Streetman, which afterward we had several songs, and then the good part came when dinner was announced, and one and all were given a welcome invitation to share it with these people. New Prospect, Antrim, Daly's, Reynard, Oak Grove, Cross Roads, Elkhart and Lone Star were well represented. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves to the greatest extent, and it will be a day long remembered by the Rock Hill choir and surrounding community.

Misses Willie Woodard and Ezelle White of Elkhart were the guests of Miss Ola Patterson Sunday. Sunday School was omitted on account of the singing Sunday. But lets meet again next Sunday at the appointed hour and keep our Sunday school on the upward move. Our singing choir met last Wednesday night and did some good work which was enjoyed by all who went. Well, as news is scarce had better bid you all adieu.

LITTLE ITEMS.

Blisters on the hands, burns, scalds, old sores, lame back and rheumatism are all subject to the great healing and penetrating power of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It is a marvelous pain relief. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

1913 Will Be Lucky For Home Builders

who sidetrack procrastination for action and get busy early on their building plans. The kind of lumber you would be satisfied with is as cheap now as you will ever see it and, at the prices we are quoting on the quality you would expect, we say with all emphasis—"Build Now." With our knowledge of the different woods and their application to home building we can doubtless show you how you can attain your ideal home at a much less cost than you think. Price per thousand for lumber is very misleading to the inexperienced, but when a plan is figured judiciously and the right lumber specified in the right place the total cost is often a pleasant revelation. Our business requires this exacting knowledge and we are sure we can satisfy you in price, quality and service. Let's talk it over. We have everything from joist to shingles.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY

ICE ALL the TIME!

Now handled in car lots and you can get it any time in any quantity.

NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS:

You can get ice on Sunday until 12 o'clock at the ICE HOUSE, near the water tank.

D. N. LEAVERTON

We Have Just Received a Car Load of Horses and Mules

Good work animals, well broke. In this lot we have some splendid mares for breeding purposes. Call to see them

You are always welcome at the barn whether you want to buy or trade or not. Make it your headquarters while here.

Calhoun & Leaverton

LIVERY, FEED and SALES STABLE
Grapeland, Texas

The CITY RESTAURANT

SECOND STREET UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

We take pleasure in announcing to our friends and the general public that we have purchased the restaurant on second street, and extend you a cordial invitation to visit us when in town.

Good Short Order Meals and Courteous Treatment
Caskey & Lively, Props.

Katherine L. Norton, New Bedford, Mass., says: "I had a terrible pain across my back, with a burning and scalding feeling. I took Foley Kidney Pills as advised, with results certain and sure. The pain and burning feeling left me, I felt toned up and invigorated. I recommend Foley Kidney Pills." Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

STYLEPLUS \$17
CLOTHES

SOLD BY DARSEY

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

When you feel "Blue," Half Sick, Out of Sorts, and everything seems to go wrong, you can blame it on the Liver, as that organ is usually at fault.

For a Torpid Liver You Need

HERBINE

The Remedy That Puts New Life in the Liver and Regulates the Bowels.

A liver that is torpid exercises a demoralizing influence all through the body. It hampers the highest in their work, clogs up the bowels, throws bilious impurities into the blood and interferes with digestion. A person in this condition is pale, anemic and discouraged; feels bad, looks bad and his general condition is bad. Food digests poorly, bowels mostly constipated, suffers from dizzy spells, occasional headaches and prefers to sit around and do nothing in place of his usual hustling energy and cheerfulness.

Herbine changes all this by starting the internal machinery into activity again. Its reviving effect on the Torpid Liver is prompt and thorough. The Stomach and Kidneys feel its stimulating influence. The Bowels are purged of positive conditions and regular daily operations re-established. As a result of this general scouring of the interior, functional activity is resumed everywhere and the purified blood goes coursing through veins, carrying new life and energy to every part.

Sold at Drug Stores, Price 50c per Bottle.

JAMES F. BALLARD

PROPRIETOR

ST. LOUIS, MO.

For sore eyes, irritated eyes, burning of the eyeballs, weak sight, stinging sensations in the eyes, use Sarsaparil Eye Salve. It is a remedy of proven merit.

A. S. PORTER, Prescription Druggist

Our New Serial

"SHE'S A PEACH"



Fran

BEGINS THIS WEEK

Backache ?

Kidneys Hurt?

Well, NYAL'S STONE ROOT COMPOUND

is a palatable and efficient remedy for disorders of the Kidneys, Bladder and Liver.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

Price 50c and One Dollar per Bottle

Porter's Drug Store

P. S.—We are located in the Shaver building, east side railroad

SEE
CLEWIS

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF
Cleaning and Pressing
OR
Tailor Made Clothing

MASURY

The name "Masury" means something. It designates quality. Just as the word Sterling stamped on silver indicates fineness and purity, the word Masury means the best—none other as good. It has taken 50 years experience to level up the standard of the Masury Paints to the high level where it stands today, absolutely pure pigments, pure linseed oil, "net weights and full measure," every can labeled, giving actual percentage, composition, etc. Sold by—

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY

ABSTRACTS

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

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

ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Dr. Sam Kennedy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office: Walling Building, over
Kennedy Bros.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

LOCAL DRUGGIST

MAKES STATEMENT

Says Dodson's Liver-Tone Is the Best Remedy For Constipation And Shirking Liver he has Ever Sold

Every person who has tried Dodson's Liver-Tone and knows how surely and gently it starts the liver to working and relieves biliousness will bear out Porter's drug store in the statement about Dodson's Liver-Tone.

"It is a purely vegetable liquid, that entirely-takes the place of calomel, harmless and pleasant to the taste, that has proven itself the most satisfactory remedy for a slow-working liver that most of our customers have ever tried. A large bottle sells for fifty cents and we do not hesitate to give the money back to any person who tries a bottle on the strength of this statement and is not satisfied with the result."

In these days of doubtful medicine and dangerous drugs, a statement like the above is a pleasant assurance that Dodson's Liver-Tone is a reliable remedy for both children and grown-ups. In buying a bottle for immediate or future use it is well to make sure you are getting the genuine Dodson's Liver-Tone and not some spurious imitation that has copied our claims, but do not stand back of their guarantee. You may be certain of getting the genuine if you go to Porter's for it. adv.

The farmers' problem is everyone's problem. What affects the farmer also affects the consuming public.

Gas in the stomach comes from food which has fermented. Get rid of this badly digested food as quickly as possible if you would avoid a bilious attack; Herbine is the remedy you need. It cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores energy and cheerfulness. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv



CITY MARKET

We are now located at our old stand on Second Street.

Fresh Beef
Pork

Sausage, Hams
and Packing House Products

PROMPT SERVICE
is Our Motto. Your
Business appreciated.

CASKEY & LIVELY
PROPRIETORS

Sluggish Liver

All your liver, stomach and bowel troubles will speedily vanish when you start to take Hot Springs Liver Buttons from the famous Hot Springs of Ark. They never fail to banish dizziness, headache and malaria.



Better than Calomel. 25 cts.

Free sample Liver Buttons and booklet about the famous Hot Springs Rheumatism remedy and Hot Springs Blood Kedy at

A. S. PORTER.

CHILDREN CRY

Frequently and for no apparent reason when they have worms.

WHITE'S
CREAM VERMIFUGE

Is the remedy needed.

It destroys and removes worms, strengthens the stomach and restores healthy conditions. A few doses brings back rosy cheeks, vigor and cheerfulness.

Price 25c per Bottle.

Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER



The Best
Beverage
under the
Sun—

Drink
Coca-Cola



A welcome addition to any party—
any time—any place.
Sparkling with life and wholesomeness.

Delicious
Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine—
Refuse Substitutes.

At
Soda
Fountains
or Carbonated
in Bottles.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A H LUKER EDITOR AND OWNER

Entered in the Postoffice at GrapeLand, Texas, every Thursday as second class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE:
 1 YEAR ----- \$1.00
 6 MONTHS --- .50
 3 MONTHS --- .25

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

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

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

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

Phones—Farmers Union System
 Office -----27
 Residence----67

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913

Woodrow Wilson put diploma in diplomacy and Billy Bryan put the juice in grapes.

Boost or "bust!" But the boosters of a community are not the ones who generally go "busted."

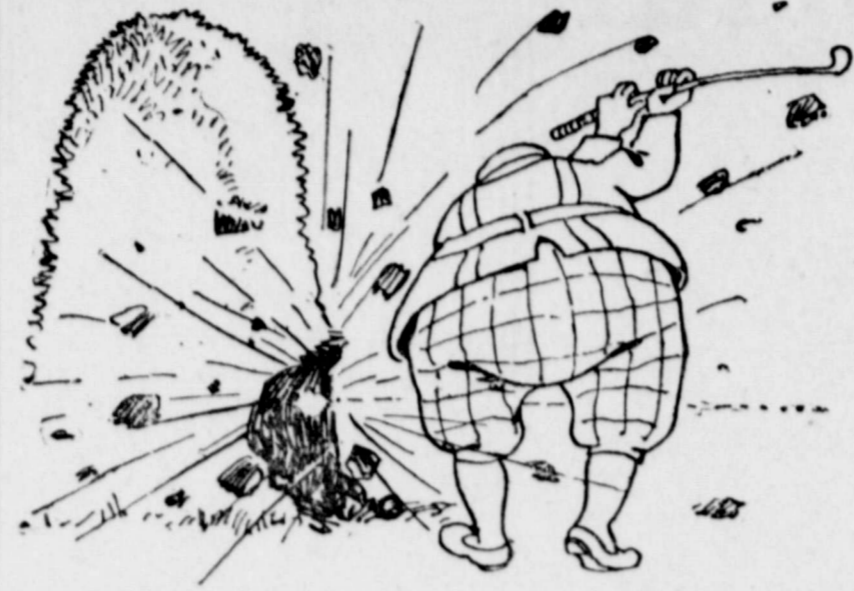
This hot, dry weather is calculated to knock the spizzierinkum out of anything and anybody. We wish it would rain!

Palestine will have another prohibition election on July 3, and it is our prediction that it will go as dry as a powder house.

Congressman Gregg has left it to a vote of the patrons to select a postmaster for Palestine, and already nine have announced for the place. Our friend, W. M. Hamilton of the Herald is in the race and we hope he will win it.

Other communities that have a soil not any more productive than ours, are now shipping tomatoes by the car load and the money being realized will help wonderfully to tide the shippers through the dull season. The Jacksonville country, which is

"Bunkered!"



When a golf player is "BUNKERED" he is "UP AGAINST IT" and "IN BAD," to use the slang of the day.

Local merchants are "BUNKERED" when you fail to patronize them and send your money out of town to mail order houses.

The town itself is "BUNKERED" when it does not hustle for new industries and support a live Board of Trade.

Don't Be Bunkered!

the most highly developed tomato growing section in the state, is now receiving \$30,000 per day for their tomato crop. Why don't our farmers put a few crates every year to tomatoes and other truck? This community will never be what it should be until we get out of the "cotton and corn" habit.

The Elkhart Record has completed its first year and bids fair to live a long and useful life. While the patronage extended the Record has not been what it should be, yet as time goes on the people will learn the value of a good local paper and rally to its support. We congratulate you, O'Bryan, and wish you every success.

Timpson, in Shelby county, is an East Texas town that does not let the grass grow under its feet. They have a young men's business league that is wide awake to the interests of their town and county. They are making big preparations now for a banquet for the traveling men to be given on June 26. That will be good advertising for their city, for if you can win the good will of a traveling man he will sing your praises all over the land.

In a lengthy editorial of last week, the Houston County Times let it slip that Houston County needed "one good paper" and it was going to fill that long felt want. That isn't saying much for the rest of us poor devils. But every fellow has the right to his opinion, and we "got ourn." We have an idea that Bill Aiken and Albert Luker also have a private opinion whether Houston County has any good papers or not. Anyhow, we think the Times is a good paper, but there are other peas in the pod.—Ratchiff Herald.

That's alright, Weimar. Let the Times have all the glory it wants. The Messenger has been Houston County's leading newspaper for so long, that we are perfectly willing for one of the county seat papers to get in 'hollering' distance of us.

If you need a buggy or set of buggy Harness better not buy until you see mine.
 A. B. Guice.

ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY

When the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was being framed, a Mr. North of the wool manufacturers trust came to Washington and wrote the wool schedule. That schedule stayed as it was written, and was passed by a republican president, and by the latter declared to be the "best tariff law ever enacted." The republican leaders in congress did not know what the wool schedule was, nor did they care, just so long as it was satisfactory to the trust. And the trust was so well pleased with North's work that they gave him a \$5,000 bonus, in addition to his salary. The republican administration was so well pleased that it made Mr. North director of the census.

Compare the treatment accorded Mr. North, the lobbyist, by a republican administration to the treatment accorded not only a particular lobbyist but all lobbyists by the Wilson administration now while the Underwood tariff bill is under consideration. Indeed, Washington has gotten to be a most undesirable place for a lobbyist, so undesirable that many of them have taken to tall timber. To the utter disgust of the bloated interests and their hirelings a tariff bill is being enacted right before the gaze of the people, and only the people are having anything to do with its framing.

In adopting this policy, President Wilson and the democratic party have departed from a precedent and have taken a step forward to the extent of a century in the matter of legislation. Nor is that the only precedent that has found its doom so far during the present administration, and I believe that precedent smashing has just begun. And therein lies one difficulty that the democratic party has to overcome, that is the disfavor of the precedent-worshiping class.

With many persons, if they are a little prosperous, they are very sensitive to any argument that concerns their prosperity, and it requires no great effort to stir them up over imaginary

dangers. That the enemies of the Wilson administration have been working, are now doing so, and will continue for some time to do so, in an effort to injure the cause of democracy is a fact not denied by themselves. As an example, or rather an illustration, it was brought to light the other day that many of the lobbyists had appropriated unto themselves the franking privileges of some of the senators and representatives, and that they had flooded the country with their literature in this way. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts had permitted his franking privilege to be used by the sugar trust lobbyists to the extent of sending out two tons of literature!

This literature is being read by thousands upon hundreds of thousands of people, and it is easy to guess just what kind of light the literature seeks to throw around the democratic leaders. Many persons will believe this nonsense, as will many persons be influenced by such democratic-republican papers as the Houston Post, the Farm & Fireside, the Fort Worth Record and many others.

The latter papers are skulking in their democratic tents because Joe Bailey was dropped by the democratic party, and further because Col. R. M., of anti-prohibition fame, could not stay in the United States Senate. The original Wilson men in Texas are blamed for these unpleasant happenings.

That all these influences will do some harm is self-evident. But when the deluded persons understand the motives back of these enemies of democracy, and when they see and comprehend the purposes of the Wilson administration, then they will come to their senses.

I will venture that before the close of his administration, some of President Wilson's most enthusiastic friends will be those who are now studiously reading the tons of literature being franked out of Washington with congressmen's and senators' signatures by the lobbyist.

MORRIS CLEWS BILFEL.

STORES WILL CLOSE JULY 4

We, the undersigned business men and merchants of GrapeLand, agree to close our places of business Friday, July 4, 1913, on account of same being a national holiday:

- T H Leaverton
- J N Parker
- J J Brooks
- S E Howard
- F & M State Bank
- W F Murchison
- The Messenger
- A B Guice
- Geo E Darsey
- B F Hill, Postmaster
- H C Bush
- M L Clewis
- E P Lynch
- Guaranty State Bank
- D N Leaverton
- J W Caskey
- Kennedy Bros.
- Calhoun & Leaverton
- CC Leaverton, ice
- Jno A Davis, J P
- T S Kent
- Keeland Bros.
- Traylor Bros.
- Frank Allen
- J M Selkirk
- A S Porter
- J W Howard
- W R Wherry

See Clewis, the tailor if your clothes are dirty. adv



Read This Ad

We are offering for the coming week the following exceedingly low prices:

- 20 lbs. sugar for----- 1.00
- 5 1-2 lbs. good green coffee for-- 1.00
- 4 1-2 lbs. good roasted coffee--- 1.00
- 1 \$1.00 bucket of coffee for----- 90c
- 7 bars Clairette soap----- 25c
- 3 1-2 cans Giant lye----- 25c
- 7 lbs. Battle Axe Soda----- 25c
- 1 doz. search light matches----- 35c
- 10c gingham for----- 8c
- 6 and 7 cent calicos for----- 5c
- 10c shirtings for----- 8c
- 10c lawns, white and figured----- 8c
- 1 big lot of embroidery, ranging in price to 10c a yard, only----- 5c
- 50c work shirts for----- 43c
- 1.00 overalls for----- 89c
- 50c checked jumpers for----- 41c
- 1.00 work pants for----- 80c
- 25c matting only----- 21c

Big reduction on all ladies' children's and men's low quarter shoes.

These are only a few of the many specials we will offer. We are putting a sale price on every article for one week. Try us on your purchases during this time.

Traylor Bros.

"KEEP THE PRICE DOWN."

WOMEN BEAT MEN AT FINDING BARGAINS

By HOLLAND.

WOMEN spend more money than men, and they spend it wiser. They not only buy most of the articles used in the home, but they also buy for their children and often for their men folks.

Women also read the advertisements more than men do. This makes them better and safer buyers than men. They have equipped themselves with the knowledge that makes them effective.

They know the best stores, the best merchandise, the best values. By reading the advertisements women are enabled to shop more economically, to make the money go farther.

KNOWLEDGE IS MONEY IN DOING SHOPPING.

LOCAL NEWS

Dr. G. H. Black, The Dentist. adv

Screen doors and screen wire at Kennedy Bros. adv.

J. T. Skidmore paid us a call Saturday.

Take your chickens and eggs to Darsey. adv

Furniture! A full line. Kennedy Bros.

Car of hay, the best, get my prices. T. S. Kent. adv.

S. E. Traylor is spending the week in New Waverly.

Flower pots, all sizes at Kennedy Bros. adv

Perfection 3-burner oil stoves at Darsey's. adv

Ladies' work a specialty. adv Clewis, the Tailor.

Fresh car of new crop alfalfa hay at Kennedy Bros. adv

Good roads are one good thing that cannot be overdone.

See Darsey when you need anything in building material. adv

Reduced to its lowest terms good farming is good reading, good thinking and good work.

See my car of new buggies and get my prices before you buy. A. B. Guice. adv

A new line of collars, ties, shirts and hose at Darsey's. adv

Dr. Sam Kennedy has recently added another room to his residence.

Car of chops, bran and oats. See me for your feed. adv. T. S. Kent.

A fresh car of Belle of Waco flour. KENNEDY BROS. adv.

To attempt to do business without advertising is like trying to fish without bait.

Voile, flouncings, embroideries, laces, etc., at Darsey's. adv

Telephone batteries 50c per set; fresh from factory. adv. Kennedy Bros.

Mrs. Leila Little of Elkhart sends us a dollar for the Messenger.

Special prices on men's straw hats at DARSEY'S. adv

Doors and windows, screen doors, screen wire and window glass. A full stock. T. H. Leaverton adv. Lumber Co.

Mrs. F. A. Faris returned to her home in Lake Charles, La., Monday morning after spending a week here with relatives and friends.

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. All troubles of any kind of wearing apparel carefully treated. Give him a trial. Advertisement

Car of New Hay

I have just received a car of new crop alfalfa hay. It is something fine. See me if you want any. adv. J. W. Howard.

If you are ragged Clewis the tailor will clothe you. adv

Frank and Ralston Hill are visiting relatives in Oakhurst.

We want your chickens and eggs. Kennedy Bros. adv

Maj. J. F. Martin left for Palestine Monday to visit his daughter.

I have 25 pairs of nice pants to sell at \$1.00 per pair. adv. T. S. Kent.

Mrs. Elmer Sullivan of Percilla left for Palestine Monday to visit relatives.

Iron beds, all sizes at the right price, at Kennedy Bros. adv.

If you desire satisfactory work, carry your old clothes to Clewis. adv

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Luker visited relatives in Crockett Saturday.

If its anything in hardware or harness line we have it. adv. Kennedy Bros.

MEN! Read Darsey's prices on suits on last page. adv

Master Dave Nunn and little Elizabeth Leaverton visited relatives in Crockett last week.

Mrs. J. H. Paxton of Elkhart visited relatives in Grapeland last Friday.

A big line of dress goods suitable for mid-summer at Darsey's. adv

Lee Eaves came in from Austin Sunday night and will spend some time here with his parents west of town.

I am now prepared to shoe your horses. See me when in town. Shop east side of railroad adv. A. C. Driskell.

Give the farmer a square deal and a chance to prosper and our rural problems will solve themselves.

Rubber soled, English walking shoes for men and women at DARSEY'S. adv

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spence announce the arrival of a young man at their home, having arrived June 19th.

Buy your wife an oil cook stove to cook with these hot days. Kennedy Bros. have them. adv.

Remember when you buy a pure paint you buy the best. Masury's is pure.

T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. adv.

Jas. Owens and family returned Monday morning from Georgia where they have been for several weeks visiting relatives. They report a most delightful time.

Chas. Faris of Palestine was here Saturday and Sunday to see friends and relatives. He left Monday morning with Mrs. F. A. Faris for Lake Charles, La., where he will spend a few days with relatives.

For Sale at a Bargain

1 mill complete, less boiler and engine, for sawing shingles; also my home in Kennard. For particulars, write W. F. Melton, adv. Kennard, Texas.

I will save you money on a buggy or set of harness. New car just in. A. B. Guice. adv

Miss Verna Johnson, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. L. Clewis, left for Elkhart Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown of the New Prospect community paid the Messenger office a pleasant call Saturday.

Mrs. E. C. Hill and daughter, Mrs. Rhea of Forney, went to Crockett Monday morning to visit relatives.

Mrs. S. P. Stowe returned Saturday from Waco, where she had been visiting for several days.

Miss Darsey Royall arrived Monday from Merryville, La., on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Royall.

If you need sand paper, paint brushes, stains, varnishes, linseed oil, etc. T. H. Leaverton adv. Lumber Co.

A. M. Wrencher returned to Crockett Monday morning. He was accompanied by his little grandson, Wrencher Bruton.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam R. Parker and Master Reagan of Manning, came in Monday night and will spend several days here visiting relatives and friends.

E. P. Lynch, who recently opened a grocery store in this city, moved his stock of goods to the Lively building on front street the first part of the week.

For Sale

If taken at once, my horse, wagon and buggy. Wagon and buggy practically new. adv. W. H. Lively.

FOUND—A gold ring with lodge emblem on it. Owner can get same by calling on Dr. W. D. McCarty, describing property and paying for this advertisement. adv

Mrs. Hamp Cline of the Hays Spring community, was carried to Palestine Monday and placed in a sanitarium. We failed to learn the nature of the illness.

Dental Notice

Dr. C. L. Cromwell has moved his office up stairs in the Walling building and is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. adv

Posted

This is to give notice that my lake on the one mile branch west from Grapeland is posted and all persons are warned against trespassing on same. adv. Geo. E. Darsey.

A. P. Tims of Denson Springs was in the city Tuesday. He was here for the purpose of renting a dwelling house to move to our city, but found none vacant. There is a great demand now for rent houses.

Dr. W. D. McCarty and family returned Friday night from Mississippi, where they have been for several weeks visiting relatives. Miss Cleo McCarty, neice of the doctor's, came home with them and will spend several weeks here.

The Grapeland Dramatic Club went to Lovelady last Thursday and that night presented their play—"Topsy Turvey" to a large audience. The young folks report a good time and stated that the people of Lovelady treated them with every courtesy.

MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

If you want to buy or sell a farm or borrow money on it, call on us. We buy Vendors Lien Notes.

WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS

PROVIDE YOUR DEPENDENTS WITH A BANK ACCOUNT



Not alone do we owe it to ourselves but owe it to our dependents to provide for them in every way, and to truly provide is to have a substantial bank account. This may be done by depositing a little now and then.

F. & M. STATE BANK

A hundred tons of cat tails were sold in one lot in London recently, to be used in ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel, says an exchange.

Five hundred gallons of cock-tails are sold every morning in Texas to be used in taking the crimps out of twenty thousand old roosters' stomachs. Clewis sells 250 suits to the boys because the girls say yes. Let him take your measure for a suit that will satisfy. adv

J. L. Tims and family, who formerly lived at Waneta, but have been living in West Texas for several years, arrived last week and will make Grapeland their home. We extend him and his family a hearty welcome.

Moved

To my friends and customers: I have moved my stock of groceries from the S. T. Anthony building on second street to the W. H. Lively building on front street. You will find me better prepared to serve your wants, as I now have more room and can carry a larger stock. Call and see me. E. P. Lynch. adv



FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder.

SOLD BY D. N. LEAVERTON

J. W. CASKEY
TONSORIAL ARTIST

Your Business will be Appreciated

Shop in Lively building just around the corner off Main st.

Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

COMMON SENSE

TELLS YOU TO START

A BANK ACCOUNT

Our invitation to you to OPEN AN ACCOUNT AT THIS BANK holds good at any time, but is there any good reason for delaying this step?

WE WANT YOUR ACCOUNT. Even though small, we appreciate it, and will give it the same careful attention given larger accounts.

Guaranty State Bank



FRAN

BY
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
O. IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER I.

A Knock at the Door.

Fran knocked at the front door. It was too dark for her to find the bell; however, had she found it, she would have knocked just the same.

At first, no one answered. That was not surprising, since everybody was supposed to be at the Union Camp-meeting that had been advertised for the last two months, and that any one in Littleburg should go visiting at half-past eight, and especially that any one should come knocking at the door of this particular house, was almost incredible.

No doubt that is why the young woman who finally opened the door—after Fran had subjected it to a second and more prolonged visitation of her small fist—looked at the stranger with surprise which was, in itself, proof. The lady in the doorway believed herself confronted by a "camper"—one of those fitting birds of outer darkness who have no religion of their own, but who are always putting that of others to the proof.

The voice from the doorway was cool, impersonal, as if, by its very aloofness, it would push the wanderer away: "What do you want?"

"I want Hamilton Gregory," Fran answered promptly, without the slightest trace of embarrassment. "I'm told he lives here."

"Mr. Gregory"—offering the name with its title as a palpable rebuke—"lives here, but is not at home. What do you want, little girl?"

"Where is he?" Fran asked, unflinching.

"He is at the camp-meeting," the young woman answered reluctantly, irritated at opposition, and displeased with herself for being irritated. "What do you want with him? I will attend to whatever it is. I am acquainted with all of his affairs—I am his secretary."

"Where's that camp-meeting? How can I find the place?" was Fran's quick rejoinder. She could not explain the dislike rising within her. She was too young, herself, to consider the other's youth an advantage, but the beauty of the imperious woman in the doorway—why did it not stir her imagination?

Mr. Gregory's secretary reflected that, despite its seeming improbability, it might be important for him to see this queer creature who came to strange doors at night-time.

"If you will go straight down that road"—she pointed—"and keep on for about a mile and a half, you will come to the big tent. Mr. Gregory will be in the tent, leading the choir."

"All right." And turning her back on the door, Fran swiftly gained the front steps. Half-way down, she paused, and glanced over her thin shoulder. Standing thus, nothing was to be seen of her but a blurred outline, and the shining of her eyes.

"I guess," said Fran inscrutably, "you're not Mrs. Gregory."

"No," came the answer, with an almost imperceptible change of manner—a change as of gradual petrification, "I am not Mrs. Gregory." And with that the lady, who was not Mrs. Gregory, quietly but forcibly closed the door.

It was as if, with the closing of that



"I Guess," said Fran Inscrutably, "You're Not Mrs. Gregory."

door, she would have shut Fran out of her life.

CHAPTER II.

A Disturbing Laugh.

The sermon was ended, the exhortation was at the point of loudest voice and most impassioned earnestness. A number of men, most of them young, thronged the footpath leading from the stiles to the tent. A few were smoking; all were waiting for the pretty girls to come forth from the Christian camp. Fran pushed her way among the idlers with admirable nonchalance, her sharp elbow ready for the first resistive pair of ribs.

The crowd outside did not argue a scarcity of seats under the canvas. Fran found a plank without a back, loosely disposed, and entirely unoccupied. She seated herself, straight as an Indian, and with the air of being very much at ease.

The scene was new to her. More than a thousand villagers, ranged along a natural declivity, looked down upon the platform of undressed pine. In front of the platform men and women were kneeling on the ground. Some were bathed in tears; some were praying aloud; some were talking to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were clasping convulsive hands; all were oblivious of surroundings.

From the hundred members of the choir, Fran singled out the man she had been seeking for so many years. It was easy enough to distinguish him from the singers who crowded the platform, not only by his baton which proclaimed the choir-leader, but by his resemblance to the picture she had discovered in a New York Sunday Supplement.

Hamilton Gregory was clean-shaved except for a silken reddish moustache; his complexion was fair, his hair a shade between red and brown, his eyes blue. His finely marked face and striking bearing were stamped with distinction and grace.

It was strange to Fran that he did not once glance in her direction. True, there was nothing in her appearance to excite especial attention, but she had looked forward to meeting him ever since she could remember. Now that her eyes were fastened on his face, now that they were so near, sheltered by a common roof, how could he help feeling her presence?

The choir-leader rose and lifted his baton. At his back the hundred men and women obeyed the signal, while hymn-books fluttered open throughout the congregation. Suddenly the leader of the choir started into galvanic life. He led the song with his sweet voice, his swaying body, his frantic baton, his wild arms, his imperious feet. With all that there was of him, he conducted the melodious charge upon the ramparts of sin and indifference. If in repose Fran had thought him singularly handsome and attractive, she now found him inspiring. His blue eyes burned with exaltation while his magic voice seemed to thrill with more than human ecstasy.

On the left, the heavy bass was singing.

"One think we know,
Wherever we go—
We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow."

While these words were being doled out at long and impressive intervals, like the tolling of a heavy bell, more than half a hundred soprano voices were hastily getting in their requisite number of half-notes, thus—

"So scatter little, scatter little, scatter little,
Scatter little seeds of kindness."

In spite of the vast volume of sound produced by these voices, as well as by the accompaniment of two pianos and a snare-drum, the voice of Hamilton Gregory, soaring flute-like toward heaven, seemed to dart through the interstices of "rests," to thread its slender way along infinitesimal curves of silence. As one listened, it was the inspired truth as uttered by Hamilton Gregory that brought the message home to conscience. As if one had never before been told that one reaps what one sows, uneasy memory started out of hidden places with its whisper of seed sown amiss. Tears rose to many eyes, and smothered sobs betrayed intense emotion.

Of those who were not in the least affected, Fran was one. She saw and heard Hamilton Gregory's impassioned

earnestness, and divined his yearning to touch many hearts; nor did she doubt that he would then and there have given his life to press home upon the erring that they must ultimately reap what they were sowing. Nevertheless she was altogether unmoved. It would have been easier for her to laugh than to cry.

Although the preacher had ceased his exhortations for the singing of the evangelistic hymn, he was by no means at the end of his resources. Standing at the margin of the platform, looking out on the congregation, he slowly moved back and forth his magnetic arms in parallel lines. Not one word did he speak. Even between the verses, when he might have striven against the pianos and the snare-drum, he maintained his terrible silence. But as he fixed his ardent eyes upon space, as he moved those impelling arms, a man would rise here, a woman start up there—reluctantly, or eagerly, the unsaved would press their way to the group kneeling at the front. Prayers and groans rose louder. Jubilant shouts of religious victory were more frequent. One could now hardly hear the choir as it insisted—

"We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow"

Suddenly the evangelist smote his hands together, a signal for song and prayer to cease.

Having obtained a silence that was breathless he leaned over the edge of the platform, and addressed a man who knelt upon the ground:

"Brother Clinton, can't you get it?"

The man shook his head.

"You've been kneeling there night after night," the evangelist continued; "don't you feel that the Lord loves you? Can't you feel it? Can't you feel it now? Can't you get it? Can't you get it now? Brother Clinton, I want you to get through before these revival services close. They close this night. I go away tomorrow. This may be your last opportunity. I want you to get it now. All these waiting friends want you to get it now. All these praying neighbors want to see you get it. Can't you get through tonight? Just quietly here, without any excitement, without any noise or tumult, just you and your soul alone together—Brother Clinton, can't you get through tonight?"

Brother Clinton shook his head.

Fran laughed aloud.

The evangelist had already turned to Hamilton Gregory as a signal for the hymn to be resumed, for sometimes singing helped them "through," but the sound of irreverent laughter chilled his blood. To his highly wrought emotional nature, that sound of mirth came as the laughter of fiends over the tragedy of an immortal soul.

"Several times," he cried, with whitened face, "these services have been disturbed by the ungodly." He pointed an inflexible finger at Fran: "Yonder sits a little girl who should not have been allowed in this tent unaccompanied by her parents. Brethren! Too much is at stake, at moments like these, to shrink from heroic measures. Souls are here, waiting to



"Won't You Go With Me, Little Girl?"

be saved. Let the little girl be removed. Where are the ushers? I hope she will go without disturbance, but go she shall! Now, Brother Gregory, sing."

As the song swept over the worshippers in a wave of pleading, such ushers as still remained held a brief consultation. The task assigned them did not seem included in their proper functions. Only one could be found to volunteer as policeman, and he only because the evangelist's determined eye and rigid arm had never ceased to indicate the disturber of the peace.

Fran was furious; her small white face seemed cut in stone as she stared at the evangelist. How could she have known she was going to laugh? Her tumultuous emotions, inspired by the sight of Hamilton Gregory, might well have found expression in some other way. That laugh had been as a darting of tongue-flame directed against the armored Christian soldier whose face was so spiritually beautiful, whose voice was so eloquent.

Fran was suddenly aware of a man pausing irresolutely at the end of the plank that held her erect. Without turning her head, she asked in a rather spiteful voice, "Are you the

sheriff?"

He spoke with conciliatory persuasiveness: "Won't you go with me, little girl?"

Fran turned impatiently to glare at the usher.

He was a fine young fellow of perhaps twenty-four, tall and straight, clean and wholesome. His eyes were sincere and earnest yet they promised much in the way of sunny smiles—at the proper time and place. His mouth was frank, his forehead open, his shoulders broad.

Fran rose as swiftly as if a giant had lifted her to her feet. "Come on, then," she said in a tone somewhat smothered. She climbed over the "stringer" at the end of her plank, and marched behind the young man as if oblivious of devouring eyes.

As they passed the last pole that supported a gasoline-burner, Fran glanced up shyly from under her broad hat. The light burned red upon the young usher's face, and there was something in the crimson glow, or in the face, that made her feel like crying, just because—or so she fancied—it revived the recollection of her loneliness. And as she usually did what she felt like doing, she cried, silently, as she followed the young man out beneath the stars.

CHAPTER III.

On the Foot-Bridge.

To the young usher, the change of scene was rather bewildering. His eyes were still full of the light from gasoline-burners, his ears still rang with the confusion of tent-noise into which entered the prolonged monotonies of inarticulate groanings, and the explosive suddenness of seemingly irrelevant Amens.

Nothing just then mattered except the saving of souls. Having faithfully attended the camp-meeting for three weeks he found other interests blotted out. The village as a whole had given itself over to religious ecstasy. Those who had professed their faith left no stone unturned in leading others to the altar, as if life could not resume its routine until the unconverted were brought to kneel at the evangelist's feet.

As Abbott Ashton reflected that, because of this young girl with the mocking laugh, he was losing the climactic expression of the three-weeks' campaign, his displeasure grew. Within him was an undefined thought vibration akin to surprise, caused by the serenity of the hushed sky. Was it not incongruous that the heavens should be so peaceful with their quiet star-beacons, while man was exerting himself to the utmost of gesture and noise to glorify the Maker of that calm canopy? From the weather-stained canvas rolled the warning, not unmusically:

"We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow."

Above the tide of melody, the voice of the evangelist rose in a scream, appalling in its agony—"Oh, men and women, why will you die, why will you die?"

But the stars, looking down at the silent earth, spoke not of death, spoke only as stars, seeming to say, "Here are April days, dear old earth, balmy springtime and summer harvest before us!—What merry nights we shall pass together!" The earth answered with a sudden white smile, for the moon had just risen above the distant woods.

At the stile where the footpath from the tent ended, Abbott paused. Why should he go further? This scoffer, the one false note in the meeting's harmony, had been silenced. "There," he said, showing the road. His tone was final. It meant, "Depart."

Fran spoke in a choking voice, "I'm afraid." It was not until then, that he knew she had been crying, for not once had he looked back. That she should cry, changed everything.

"I am so little," Fran said plaintively, "and the world is so large."

Abbott stood irresolute. To take Fran back to the tent would destroy the influence, but it seemed inhuman to send her away. He temporized rather weakly, "But you came here alone."

"But I'm not going away alone," said Fran. Her voice was still damp, but she had kept her resolution dry.

In the gloom, he vainly sought to discern her features. "Whose little girl are you?" he asked, not without an accent of gentle commiseration.

Fran, one foot on the first step of the stile, looked up at him; the sudden flare of a torch revealed the sorrow in her eyes. "I am nobody's little girl," she answered plaintively.

Her eyes were so large, and so soft and dark, that Abbott was glad she was only a child of fourteen—or fifteen, perhaps. Her face was so strangely eloquent in its yearning for something quite beyond his comprehension, that he decided, then and there, to be her friend. The unsteady light prevented definite perception of her face. There was, in truth, an element of charm in all he could discern of the girl. Possibly the big hat helped to conceal or accentuate—at any rate, the effect was somewhat elfish. As for those great and lumi-

nously black eyes, he could not for the life of him have said what he saw in them to set his blood tingling with a feeling of protecting tenderness. Possibly it was her trust in him, for as he gazed into the earnest eyes of Fran, it was like looking into a clear pool to see oneself.

"Nobody's little girl?" he repeated, inexpressibly touched that it should be so. What a treasure somebody was denied! "Are you a stranger in the town?"

"Never been here before," Fran answered mournfully.

"But why did you come?"

"I came to find Hamilton Gregory." The young man was astonished. "Didn't you see him in the tent, leading the choir?"

"He has a house in town," Fran said timidly. "I don't want to bother him while he is in his religion. I want to wait for him at his house. Oh," she added earnestly, "if you would only show me the way."

Just as if she did not know the way!

Abbott Ashton was now completely at her mercy. "So you know Brother Gregory, do you?" he asked, as he led her over the stiles and down the wagon-road.

"Never saw him in my life," Fran replied casually. She knew how to say it prohibitively, but she purposely left the bars down, to find out if the young man was what she hoped.

And he was. He did not ask a question. They sought the grass-grown path bordering the dusty road; as they ascended the hill that shut out a view of the village, to their ears came the sprightly Twentieth Century hymn. What change had come over Ashton that the song now seemed as strangely out of keeping as had the peacefulness of the April night, when he first left the tent? He felt the prick of remorse because in the midst of nature, he had so soon forgotten about souls.

Fran caught the air and softly sang—"We reap what we sow—"

"Don't!" he reproved her. "Child, that means nothing to you."

"Yes, it does, too," she returned, rather impudently. She continued to sing and hum until the last note was smothered in her little nose. Then she spoke: "However—it means a different thing to me from what it means to the choir."

He looked at her curiously, "How different?" he smiled.

"To me, it means that we really do reap what we sow, and that if you've done something very wrong in the past—ugh! Better look out—trouble's coming. That's what the song means to me."

"And will you kindly tell me what it means to the choir?"

"Yes, I tell you what it means to the choir. It means sitting on benches and singing, after a sermon; and it means a tent, and a great evangelist and a celebrated soloist—and then going home to act as if it wasn't so."

Abbott was not only astonished, but pained. Suddenly he had lost "Nobody's little girl," to be confronted by an elfish spirit of mischief. He asked with constraint, "Did this critical attitude make you laugh out, in the tent?"

"I wouldn't tell you why I laughed," Fran declared, "for a thousand dollars. And I've seen more than that in my day."

They walked on. He was silent, she impenetrable. At last she said, in a changed voice, "My name's Fran. What's yours?"

He laughed boyishly. "Mine's Abbott."

His manner made her laugh sympathetically. It was just the manner she liked best—gay, frank, and a little mischievous. "Abbott?" she repeated; "well—is that all?"

"Ashton is the balance; Abbott Ashton. And yours?"

"The rest of mine is Nonpareil—funny name, isn't it!—Fran Nonpareil. It means Fran, the small type; or Fran who's unlike everybody else; or—Oh, there are lots of meanings to me. Some find one, some another, some never understand."

It was because Abbott Ashton was touched that he spoke lightly:

"What a very young Nonpareil to be wandering about the world, all by yourself!"

She was grateful for his raillery. "How young do you think?"

"Let me see. Hum! You are only—about—" She laughed mirthfully at his air of preposterous wisdom. "About thirteen—fourteen, yes, you are more than fi-fifteen, more than . . . But take off that enormous hat, little Nonpareil. There's no use guessing in the dark when the moon's shining."

Fran was gleeful. "All right," she cried in one of her childish tones, shrill, fresh, vibratory with the music of innocence.

By this time they had reached the foot-bridge that spanned the deep ravine. Here the wagon-road made its crossing of a tiny stream, by slipping under the foot-bridge, some fifteen feet below. On the left lay straggling Littleburg with its four or five hundred houses, faintly twinkling, and beyond the meadows on the right, a

(Continued on next page)

fringe of woods started up as if it did not belong there, but had come to be seen, while above the woods swung the big moon with Fran on the foot-bridge to shine for.

Fran's hat dangled idly in her hand as she drew herself with backward movement upon the railing. The moonlight was full upon her face; so was the young man's gaze. One of her feet found, after leisurely exploration, a down-slanting board upon the edge of which she pressed her heel for support. The other foot swayed to and fro above the flooring, while a little hand on either side of her gripped the top rail.

"Here I am," she said, shaking back rebellious hair.

Abbott Ashton studied her with grave deliberation—it is doubtful if he had ever before so thoroughly enjoyed his duties as usher. He pronounced judiciously, "You are older than you look."

"Yes," Fran explained, "my experience accounts for that. I've had lots."

Abbott's lingering here beneath the



"Who's Little Girl Are You?"

moon when he should have been hurrying back to the tent, showed how unequally the good things of life—experience, for instance—are divided. "You are sixteen," he hazarded, conscious of a strange exhilaration.

Fran dodged the issue behind a smile—"And I don't think you are so awfully old."

Abbott was brought to himself with a jolt that threw him hard upon self-consciousness. "I am superintendent of the public school." The very sound of the words rang as a warning, and he became preternaturally solemn.

"Goodness!" cried Fran, considering his grave mouth and thoughtful eyes, "does it hurt that bad?"

Abbott smiled. All the same, the position of superintendent must not be bartered away for the transitory pleasures of a boot-bridge. "We had better hurry, if you please," he said gravely.

"I am so afraid of you," murmured Fran. "But I know the meeting will last a long time yet. I'd hate to have to wait long at Mr. Gregory's with that disagreeable lady who isn't Mrs. Gregory."

Abbott was startled. Why did she thus designate Mr. Gregory's secretary? He looked keenly at Fran, but she only said plaintively:

"Can't we stay here?"

He was disturbed and perplexed. It was as if a fitting shadow from some unformed cloud of thought-mist had fallen upon the every-day world out of his subconsciousness. Why did this stranger speak of Miss Grace Noir as the "lady who isn't Mrs. Gregory?" The young man at times had caught himself thinking of her in just that way.

School superintendents do not enjoy being mystified. "Really," Abbott de-



"Goodness!" cried Fran, "Does It Hurt That Bad?"

clared abruptly, "I must go back to the meeting."

Fran had heard enough about his leaving her. She decided to stop that once and for all. "If you go back, I go, too!" she said, conclusively. She gave him a look to show that she meant it, then became all humility.

"Please don't be cross with little Nonpareil," she coaxed. "Please don't want to go back to that meeting. Please don't want to leave me. You are so learned and old and so strong—you don't care why a little girl laughs."

Fran tilted her head sidewise, and the glance of her eyes proved irresistible. "But tell me about Mr. Gregory," she pleaded, "and don't mind my ways. Ever since mother died I've found nothing in this world but love that was for somebody else, and trouble that was for me."

The pathetic cadence of the slender-throated tones moved Abbott more than he cared to show.

"If you're in trouble," he exclaimed, "you've sought the right helper in Mr. Gregory. He's the richest man in the county, yet lives so simply, so frugally—they keep few servants—and all because he wants to do good with his money. I think Mr. Gregory is one of the best men that ever lived."

Fran asked with simplicity, "Great church worker?"

"He's as good as he is rich. He never misses a service. I can't give the time to it that he does—to the church, I mean; I have the ambition to hold, one day, a chair at Yale or Harvard—that means to teach in a university—" he broke off, in explanation.

"You see," with a deprecatory smile, "I want to make myself felt in the world."

Fran's eyes shone with an unspoken "Hurrah!" and as he met her gaze, he felt a thrill of pleasure from the impression that he was what she wanted him to be.

Fran allowed his soul to bathe a while in divine eye-beams of flattering approval, then gave him a little sting to bring him to life. "You are pretty old, not to be married," she remarked. "I hope you won't find some woman to put an end to your high intentions, but men generally do. Men fall in love, and when they finally pull themselves out, they've lost sight of the shore they were headed for."

A slight color stole to Abbott's face. In fact, he was rather hard hit. This wandering child was no doubt a witch. He looked in the direction of the tent, as if to escape the weaving of her magic. But he only said, "That sounds—er—practical."

"Yes," said Fran, wondering who "the woman" was, "if you can't be practical, there's no use to be. Well, I can see you now, at the head of some university—you'll make it, because you're so much like me. Why, when they first began teaching me to feed— Good gracious! What am I talking about?" She hurried on, as if to cover her confusion. "But I haven't got as far in books as you have, so I'm not religious."

"Books aren't religion," he remonstrated, then added with unnecessary gentleness, "Little Nonpareil! What an idea!"

"Yes, books are," retorted Fran, shaking back her hair, swinging her foot, and twisting her body impatiently. "That's the only kind of religion I know anything about—just books, just doctrines; what you ought to believe and how you ought to act—all nicely printed and bound between covers. Did you ever meet any religion outside of a book, moving up and down, going about in the open?"

He answered in perfect confidence, "Mr. Gregory lives his religion daily—the kind that helps people, that makes the unfortunate happy."

Fran was not hopeful. "Well, I've come all the way from New York to see him. I hope he can make me happy. I'm certainly unfortunate enough. I've got all the elements he needs to work on."

"From New York!" He considered the delicate form, the youthful face, and whistled. "Will you please tell me where your home is, Nonpareil?"

She waved her arm inclusively. "America. I wish it were concentrated in some spot, but it's just spread out thin under the Stars and Stripes. My country's about all I have." She broke off with a catch in her voice—she tried to laugh, but it was no use.

Suddenly it came to Abbott Ashton that he understood the language of moon, watching woods, meadow-lands, even the gathering rain-clouds; all spoke of the universal brotherhood of man with nature; a brotherhood including the most ambitious superintendent of schools and a homeless Nonpareil; a brotherhood to be confirmed by the clasping of sincere hands. There was danger in such a confirmation, for it carried Abbott beyond the limits that mark a superintendent's confines.

As he stood on the bridge, holding Fran's hand in a warm and sympathetic pressure, he was not unlike one on picket-service who slips over the trenches to hold friendly parley with the enemy. Abbott did not know there was any danger in this brotherly handclasp; but that was because he could not see a fleshy and elderly lady slowly coming down the hill. As superintendent, he should doubtless have considered his responsibilities to the public; he did consider them when the lady, breathless and severe, approached the bridge, while every pound of her ample form cast its weight upon the seal of her disapproval.

ing, low-voiced and significant, "Good evening, Professor Ashton."

Fran whistled.

The lady heard, but she swept on without once glancing back. There was in her none of that saline tendency that made of Lot a widower; the lady desired to see no more.

Fran opened her eyes at Abbott to their widest extent, as she demurely asked, "How cold is it? My thermometer is frozen."

The young man did not betray uneasiness, though he was really alarmed, for his knowledge of the fleshy lady enabled him to foresee gathering clouds more sinister than those overhead. The obvious thing to be done was to release the slender hand; he did so rather hastily.

"Have I got you into trouble?" Fran asked, with her elfish laugh. "If so, we'll be neighbors, for that's where I live. Who was she?"

"Miss Sapphira Clinton," he answered as, by a common impulse, they began walking toward Hamilton Gregory's house. "Bob Clinton's sister, and my landlady." The more Abbott thought of his adventure, the darker it grew; before they reached their destination it had become a deep gray.

"Do you mean the 'Brother Clinton' that couldn't get 'through'?"

"Yes . . . He's the chairman of the School Board."

"Ah!" murmured Fran comprehendingly. At Gregory's gate, she said, "Now you run back to the tent and I'll beard the lion by myself. I know it has sharp teeth, but I guess it won't bite me. Do you try to get back to the tent before the meeting's over. Show yourself there. Parade up and down the aisles."

He laughed heartily, all the sorrier for her because he found himself in trouble.

"It was fun while it lasted, wasn't it?" Fran exclaimed, with a sudden gurgle.

"Part of it was," he admitted. "Good-by, then, little Nonpareil."

He held out his hand.

"No, sir!" cried Fran, clasping her hands behind her. "That's what got you into trouble. Good-by. Run for it!"

(To be continued.)

WAYS OF FRENCH BEGGARS

Select Their Favorite Prison, Then Commit an Offense to Insure Winter Accommodations.

Beggars and professional vagabonds who have passed thirty years do not fall each year when the winds of October blow to select their winter quarters.

It is then that each of them commits some offense, well knowing that he will get a penalty of six months' imprisonment. The delinquent so times his offense that he will not be at liberty until the month of April, in the first warm breezes of spring. He chooses his winter quarters wisely, for he knows the good and bad prisons.

Fresnes, because of its valued and luxurious accommodations, occupies the first rank among prisons. This year the temperature was such as to bring about some true knavery on the part of these beggars and vagabonds. From the month of August they were forced to commit some offense in order to assure themselves a shelter.

So la Sante, the antechamber of Fresnes, was gorged with prisoners for whom the tardy rays of the September sun proved a cruel irony. If the magistrates show clemency and condemn these derelicts to only six months of prison the disaster of these poor devils will be complete, for they will, without pity, be thrown into the street in the open month of January.—le Ori de Paris.

Minced Eggs.

Chop coarsely five hard-boiled eggs. Season with one-quarter teaspoonful of salt. Put over the fire in a suitable dish a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and half a teaspoonful of savory chopped small. When this comes to a boil stir into it a tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a little cold milk. When of creamlike thickness add the minced eggs, stir it gently around and around for a few minutes. Serve garnished with little squares of toast. Any desired flavor may be added to the mince, such as mushrooms, shrimps, or shredded anchovy.

She Was Doing Press Work.

A young woman who was acting as newspaper correspondent at a fashionable hotel did not consider herself a reporter and never referred to herself as such. In talking with one of the women guests she spoke of doing "press work" for the hotel.

The woman hesitated a moment, then said: "Don't you find it hard?"

The girl, thinking how much help her little typewriter had been, replied: "Oh, no, I have a machine."

Another pause, then the bewildered guest put her question: "Do you do the work in your room or in the laundry?"

The young woman is trying now to make up her mind just what she had better call herself.

Candy on Ice

Our new refrigerator candy case keeps candy fresh and cool. We handle only the best brands. We are always glad to serve you at our new fountain. Everything is kept clean and sanitary.

D N Leaverton

The Marketing Problem

It does not do you any good to make a big crop if you don't get a fair price for it.

Read the articles on this subject which are now appearing in Farm & Ranch. By arrangement with the publishers we can now offer you

The Messenger, regular price	- - -	\$1.00
Farm & Ranch, regular price	- - -	\$1.00
Holland's Magazine, regular price	- - -	\$1.00
Bought separately would be	- - -	\$3.00

Our Price to you \$1.75

The Special on Sanitation

Which appear in Holland's every month are attracting widespread attention and they comprise only a small part of this big Southern monthly, which appeals to every member of the family. Order today from

The Messenger
Grapeland, Texas

If you do not read The Messenger every week you don't know what you're missing. Full of items that are of interest to the people of this community.

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.

K. of Ps. Elect Officers

Grapeland Lodge No. 410, Knights of Pythias, met in regular session Tuesday night and elected the following officers for the term beginning in July:

- N. J. Davis, Chancellor Commander.
- Sid Boykin, Vice Chancellor.
- W. F. Murchison, Prelate.
- C. R. Taylor, Master of Works
- Garrett Richards, Master at Arms.
- Bob Spence, Inner Guard.
- T. H. Leaverton, Outer Guard.
- J. R. Richards, Master of Finance, C. L. Haltom, Master of Exchequer, and M. E. Darsey, Keeper of Records and Seal, will retain their offices until December 31st. W. G. Darsey is the retiring Chancellor Commander.

Take Plenty of Time to Eat

There is a saying that "rapid eating is slow suicide." If you have formed the habit of eating too rapidly you are most likely suffering from indigestion or constipation, which will result eventually in serious illness unless corrected. Digestion begins in the mouth. Food should be thoroughly masticated and insalivated. Then when you have a fullness of the stomach or feel dull and stupid after eating, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets. Many severe cases of stomach trouble and constipation have been cured by the use of these tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Sold by all dealers.

Advertisement

Messrs. Dan and Frank Murchison, Mrs. Billy Reed and Miss S. John Murchison of Athens visited relatives a few days last week. They and strike the trip through the country with a car.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your **Rheumatism** Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects Etc. **Antiseptic Anodyne**, used internally and externally. Price 25c.

League Programs

Song Service.
Subject—The Price of Power: Matt. XX, 20-22; Luke IX, 24; Luke VII.
Leader—Mr. Marvin Gilbert.
Scripture Reading.
Prayer.
Song by league.
Reading—Geo. E. Darsey Jr.
Quartette—Misses White, Davis, Kent and Driskell.
Talk on lesson by leader.
Roll Called by secretary.
Closing Song.
Benediction.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Opening Song by league.
Subject.
Leader—Adabel Leaverton.
Reading—Adelaide Selkirk.
Recitation—Melba Brock.
Song—Rena Ross Richards, Balis Edens, Carrie Spence and Arnold Clewis.
Reading—Mary White.
Recitation—Thelma Lee Clewis.
Song.
Roll called.
Business session.
Closing Song.
Benediction.

Can't Keep It Secret

The splendid work of Chamberlain's Tablets is daily becoming more widely known. No such grand remedy for stomach and liver troubles has ever been known. For sale by all dealers.

Advertisement

Dr. Davidson and W. Z. Burke, prominent men of Reagan, Texas, were here last week looking over the country with a view of investing in real estate. They were shown around by J. E. Howard.

A. S. Porter informed us that he recently purchased his drug store fixtures and soda fountain. He bought the very best stuff in quarter sawed oak, plate glass show cases and glass wall cases. Mr. Porter will occupy his old stand, and hopes to get moved and straightened out by September 1st.

Special Prices

on MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING

Beginning last week and for the next few weeks, we will sell any suit herein listed from our stock of Men's and Boys' clothing at greatly reduced prices, which will enable you to get an all wool piece of goods at much less than their real value. These clothes are stylishly and well made, fit perfect, and have a wearing quality that is not found in any other make of clothing.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY GARMENT


to be all wool and to have perfect workmanship and material. Please note the following prices:

All \$17.00 men's suits at	15.00	All 7.50 boys' suits at	6.50
All 15.00 men's suits at	13.25	All 5.00 boys' suits at	4.00
All 12.50 men's suits at	10.75	All 4.50 boys' suits at	3.75
All 10.00 men's suits at	8.50	All 3.50 boys' suits at	3.00
All 8.50 men's suits at	7.00	All 2.50 boys' suits at	2.00
All 10.00 Boys' suits at	8.50		

Men's Palm Beach Suits, no special price, \$7.50 & \$8.50

When you need anything in the latest shirts, collars, ties, hosiery, shoes, hats, etc., call and see our line.

Darsey's Dry Goods Dep't.



Your confidence is what Studebaker seeks to keep

Possessing this confidence, we have never tried to produce a cheap wagon. We could, but we don't dare try the experiment. Our constant aim has been to produce the best wagon.

And in living up to this highest standard, we have won and hold—the confidence and good-will of hundreds of thousands of farmers all over the world.

Studebaker wagons are built to last, to do a day's work every day, to stand up under stress and strain and to make the name Studebaker stand for all that is best in vehicles.

Don't accept any other wagon represented to be just as good as a Studebaker. The substitute may be cheaper, but it isn't up to Studebaker standards, and you can't afford to buy it.

For business or pleasure, there is a Studebaker vehicle suited to your requirements. Farm wagons, trucks, business wagons, surreys, buggies, runabouts, pony carriages—each the best of its kind. Harness also—of the same high Studebaker standard.

See our Dealer or write us.

STUDEBAKER South Bend, Ind.
NEW YORK CHICAGO DALLAS KANSAS CITY DENVER
MINNEAPOLIS SALT LAKE CITY SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND, ORE.

VOTERS MORE INTELLIGENT

During the past decade we have shown a decrease of 4 1-2 per cent in illiteracy among the voters of this state. We have had much agitation and considerable legislation seeking to withdraw the ballot from the illiterate, and the younger generation is apparently better educated, and both causes may have contributed towards our registering a better average.

We have 875 illiterate voters in Houston county, according to a recent census bulletin and 12.9 per cent of our males of voting age are unable to write. The percentage in 1900 was 23.3. The percentage of illiterate among the native white voters of this county is 4.5, foreign born white 11.0 and negro 25.8 per cent.

Out of 1,003,357 males of voting age in Texas, 109,328, or 11 per cent, are illiterate. In 1900 we had in the entire state 737,733 voters, and 15 1-2 per cent were illiterate.

The Messenger has reliable information that a new business will open in Grapeland by September 1st. It will be an up-

to-date variety store, and will carry a large stock of this kind of merchandise. We are not at liberty just at present to divulge the name of the promoter or the location he has secured, but we can say that the manager is an experienced business man, a hustler and will be quite a valuable addition to our town. A store of this character should pay well in Grapeland and we have every reason to believe it will be a success. Just keep your eye on Grapeland and the Messenger.

Shake Off Your Rheumatism

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. Try a twenty-five cent bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and see how quickly your rheumatic pains disappear. Sold by all dealers.

Advertisement

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Tyer of the Belott community left on the noon train Monday for Marlin where they will spend several weeks at the wells in hopes of ridding themselves of rheumatism from which they both have been suffering. Mr. Tyer called at the Messenger office a few minutes and chatted with us. He reports crop conditions in his community very good, al-

though needing rain. They have had a few local showers, but not enough to make good corn.

A Worker Appreciates This

Wm. Morris, a resident of Florence, Oregon, says: "For the last fourteen years my kidneys and bladder incapacitated me for all work. About eight months ago I began using Foley Kidney Pills, and they have done what other medicines failed to do, and now I am feeling fine. I recommend Foley Kidney Pills." Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

The members of the M. E. Sunday school enjoyed an outing last Thursday afternoon from 5 to 8 o'clock on the large grass lawn near Mr. Darsey's residence. Ice cream and a large quantity of peaches were enjoyed as refreshments.

Malaria or Chills & Fever

Prescription No. 666 is prepared especially for **MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER**. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER