

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 15 No. 21

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913

\$1.00 PER YEAR

On A Vacation

Yes, on a vacation were the words heard down the street some few days ago when Mr. Doolley said to his friend: "You know I feel fine this week." How is it that you feel so fine and it being so hot? "Well I have been buying my shoes at most any store in town, but this pair I bought at Kennedy Bros. and my feet feel like they are on a vacation now, for these shoes are so easy and comfortable, and last but not least, they were fitted properly, and my advice to everyone is: That they let their feet take a vacation by treating them to a pair of Kennedy Bros. high grade shoes."

Call at our store any time, we will be glad to see you. Suit your pleasure. Our time is your time, use it.

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

NEWS FROM NEW PROSPECT

July 21.—It is very dry at present, and no prospects of rain yet. Cotton will be cut very short if it doesn't rain this week. We were sure we would get a rain yesterday, but it proved to be one of the worst wind storms we have seen for a good while, and everything was sure dusty for awhile.

Mrs. Z. A. Parker visited her daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, of Grapeland last week. She reports a very nice time.

Mrs. M. L. Blackwell is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Z. A. Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Parker of Oak Grove community have returned from a visit to relatives at Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Newman returning home with them.

Mrs. M. F. Hudson and family have returned from a visit to her son, Fred, in Nacogdoches county. They report a most enjoyable time, but say it is as dry there as it here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown of New Prospect community visited friends at New Hope last Monday, and report crops pretty badly burnt.

Mesdames Hudson and Brown were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Brown Sunday.

We are sorry to report the removal of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Inman to Grapeland, also their daughter, Mrs. Leo Withrow, who goes to join her husband at Mineola.

Our protracted meeting began Saturday night and will continue through this week. We hope we will have a grand revival, and if we all work together for the glory of God, we are sure to have one.

As news is as scarce as rain, we will close.

CONRAD.

EASTERN STAR ELECT OFFICES

At a regular meeting of Grapeland Chapter No. 120, O. E. S., held last Friday night, the following officers were elected and installed: Mrs. A. H. Luker, Worthy Matron; A. H. Luker, Worthy Patron; Mrs. W. D. Granberry, Associate Matron; Mrs. P. H. Stafford, Secretary; Mrs. B. H. Logan, Treasurer; Miss Ima Davis, Conductress; Mrs. M. L. Clewis, Associate Conductress; Miss Blanche Kennedy, Warder; W. D. Granberry, Sentinel; Mrs. J. B. Lively, Chaplain; Mrs. M. D. Murchison, Organist; Mrs. C. W. Kennedy, Marshall; Misses Willie Logan, Bula Sheridan, Maude McCarty, Jewel Taylor and Mrs. W. P. Traylor, Star Points. Mrs. P. H. Stafford retiring Worthy Matron, was presented with a beautiful past matron pin by the members in appreciation of her services during her tenure of office.

The Grapeland country was visited by a severe wind storm Sunday afternoon, which lasted several hours. On account of everything being so dry, the flying sand was very bad and it was almost impossible to get out in it.

W. T. WARNER IS WITH THE DEAD

W. T. Warner of the Hays Spring community, who was carried to Palestine last Wednesday and placed in a sanitarium, died Thursday. The remains were shipped here, and Friday interred in the city cemetery. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church by Rev. W. A. Craven, and a large crowd gathered to pay the last tribute to their friend and neighbor.

While in the sanitarium an operation was performed in hopes of saving his life, but the disease of which he was a victim had so sapped his life and energy, that it was impossible for him to rally.

Mr. Warner's death is a great loss to this community. He was a moving spirit for good in his immediate community and his influence was felt far and near. He always took a great interest in religious work, educational affairs and everything that had for its object the betterment of humanity. He loved his community with a patriotic devotion and contributed by every means within his power to its upbuilding. He enjoyed an extensive acquaintance throughout the county and the news of his death will bring sorrow to a host of friends who esteemed him for his many sterling virtues. Peace to his ashes!

To his heart broken wife, children, brothers, sisters and other relatives the Messenger joins a throng of friends in extending deep sympathy in this hour of trouble.

OPENING OF THE AIRDOME

The Airdome Theater opened Saturday night and played to a large audience. Three reels of good pictures were shown, and with the outfit the management have put in, pictures are produced in life-like size and are as good as any you see in cities. The airdome is destined to become a popular place with our people when some sort of diversion is welcomed on these hot nights. Three shows a week will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights.

OLD SCHEDULE IS IN FORCE

The old schedule governing the rural route carriers has been restored by the postal authorities, the same going into effect yesterday. The carriers now leave at 7:30 every morning and are due back at the post-office at 3:30, with the exception of route No. 4, which is due at 4:30 on account of this route being longer than the rest. The carriers are happy over the change.

The Messenger is requested to announce that there will be a working at the Refuge graveyard Friday, Aug. 1. All those interested will please take notice and be on hand. Bring your dinner and working tools.

JOHN BROWN Sr.

R. R. MAKES IMPROVEMENTS

Material is being placed on the right of way by the railroad company for the erection of new seed houses. They will be located south of the stock pen, and a new side track 800 feet long will be put in. The old seed houses opposite the depot will be torn away, thus doing away with these eye-sores and fire traps which have adorned our town for many years. We are also informed that the company will complete what is known as the "house track," which runs on the west side of the depot to a point near the water tank. When it became known last fall that the company was going to build this track, the citizens raised an objection because it cut off a part of front street, and sent in a petition to the officials to this effect. Just what will be done now we are unable to say. We would be glad to see the company move the cotton platform to some point south of the depot and relieve us of another eye-sore.

Woodmen! Attention!

Every Woodman is requested to attend the next session of the camp, Saturday night, July 26th, as there will be four or five candidates to be taken in, and important business will come before the edge.

C. L. Haltom, C. C.

CROSS IS SEEN IN THE MOON

In the past few nights the outline of a cross has been seen in the moon by residents of Grapeland. A dispatch to the Sunday Chronicle from Oklahoma stated that several people there had seen it and were much worried over the phenomenon. One lady reported to the Messenger that she saw it Saturday night about 9:30. It is an apparition we cannot explain. It may mean that the world is nearing its end, or it may mean that a bloody war is coming on. It may mean that Uncle Sam is going to recognize the Mexican government, and it may mean just the opposite. Who can tell? We suspect some people's mind would be greatly relieved if they knew what it did mean, and if any of our readers can explain it, our columns are open for such an explanation.

M. E. Sunday School Report

Sunday, July 20th.
Teachers and officers present 11.
Pupils present, 59.
Visitors, 6.
Total present, 76.
Collection, \$2.01.
Banner Class, class No. 6.
Miss McCarty, teacher.
Those on honor roll were Misses Bess Howard, Georgia Belle Richards, Arline Howard, Maude McCarty and Mrs. S. E. Traylor.

Let us Convince
..... You
that we can save you money
on your bill of
Hardware
Groceries, Furniture
Building Material, Paints
and Varnishes, Harness, Sewing
Machines, Cutlery and Tableware and
anything used on the farm or
in the home

We are headquarters for first-class general merchandise and your business is always appreciated.

We buy chickens and eggs and always pay top market prices for what we buy.

Geo. E. Darsey

Dealer in Everything. Grapeland, Texas

Our Store Closes Every Day at 6:30 Except Saturdays

THE SUGAR TARIFF

Under the Payne-Aldrich tariff a two-cent a pound tax was placed on sugar imported into this country, and pretty much the same rate obtained under the Dingley law. The proposed Underwood tariff would take away entirely this duty after two years. A great row is being kicked up by those interested in sugar production, and the democratic party is being called all kinds of bad names.

The total investment in sugar in the United States is about \$100,000,000. Last year the people of the United States paid \$140,000,000 more for sugar than they would have had to pay if there had been no tariff on it. This was \$400,000,000 more than the amount invested in sugar production.

Since 1897 the tariff on sugar has cost the American people \$2,000,000,000.

"Well," a man says, "that's all nice and good; that money was collected and went into the treasury of the United States, and finally found its way back to the people in the way of harbor, river, and national road improvement." No, no, son; you are wrong. The actual tariff collected out of this \$2,000,000,000, which the people paid in the increased cost of sugar, was only \$800,000,000. By collecting that much revenue, the government protected the sugar interest so that they were free from competition and enabled them to raise the price of their commodity and wring \$1,200,000,000 from the hands of the people. This was a bonus given them to produce sugar.

Mr. Farmer, how much bonus did you ever get for producing cotton? or corn? or for following Old Pete from sun to sun throughout the intricacy of a 40 acre field?

The people of the United States are taxed annually nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars in order that a few persons may raise sugar beets and sugar cane and manufacture sugar therefrom and be protected from outside competition. This tax to the individual is about \$1.50. Each family pays about \$7.50.

What good does this tariff do to the people of the United States? To the few who are interested in sugar production, it gives them a splendid market. To those who have nothing to do with the production, it causes them to have to contribute about \$1.50 a head, or \$7.50 a family, to make prosperity for the sugar people. There are perhaps a few thousand persons in the United States interested in sugar production. There are approximately 90,000,000 who have nothing to do with it, only to contribute their \$1.50 a head that the few thousand may prosper.

It is a question whether sugar cane for sugar production can be grown profitably in the United States. That is, without the tariff, the one hundred and fifty million dollar bonus. It seems to be a natural law that one nation has to depend upon some other nation for some of its life-necessities. For that reason the world's trade ought never to be hampered by a protective tariff. Take bananas, for instance. I don't suppose there are enough bananas raised in the United States each year to fill up one end of a box car. Our climate doesn't suit them. They have to be imported, and they are cheap.

Now, suppose some enterprising gentlemen were to manage to get a banana tariff passed, "to build up a banana industry within the United States." The importation of bananas would be stopped. Perhaps a few farms for banana growing could be set up. But bananas would be very scarce, and they would at once become a great fruit for the rich, for no one else could buy them. They would sell, say for two dollars and fifty cents apiece. Then suppose some misguided reformer like Woodrow Wilson, seeing the injustice of the banana tax, should try to get it removed. Up would go the howl that he was trying to destroy a home industry, throw laborers out of employment, and bring on a panic!

Sugar cane has to be planted every year in Louisiana, and we are informed by chemists that it possesses only 6 per cent sucrose, or sugar. In Cuba and, in Hawaii it is a natural growth and is only planted once every 12 years. And besides, it possesses 15 per cent sugar. It costs about 4 cents the pound to produce raw sugar in Louisiana, while it only costs 2 cents a pound to produce it in Cuba. It looks a little like our banana proposition, doesn't it?

As for the beet sugar industry in the United States, it has the same chance as it has in England and France. If its promoters can not make it succeed here with that chance, should we give them a bonus of one hundred million dollars a year in order to have it to say that there is a sugar beet industry in the United States?

It has come to light that the beet sugar producers have watered their stocks to an unprecedented extent. Watered stock, you know, is worthless stock, or rather stock that doesn't exist nor never has existed except on paper. Now, the total capitalization of all the beet sugar companies is \$141,000,000. Their actual value is \$60,712,000, according to the Hardwick committee in Congress. Thus about \$80,000,000 of their stock is worthless paper. Now, with the sugar tariff in force, not only the actual stock of these companies was made to pay and pay enormously, but all their stock, water and all, paid enormously.

The Great West Sugar Company, capitalized at \$30,000,000, and worth only \$10,600,000, made an actual profit of 384 per cent of its capitalization in five years!

A minute ago I implied that sugar from cane might not be manufactured profitably here because of climatic conditions. I was only influenced by the scientific facts. Now, I have just been perusing through my file of congressional records, and I find data that comes near over-balancing the scientific lore. I find that the sugar industry in the United States has been killed several times, particularly once, and strange to say, it still lives!

In the fifty-eighth congress the Cuban reciprocity bill came up. Came to Washington a powerful lobby, crying that to admit Cuban sugar would kill the American sugar industry. The same cry went up from other threats, stand-pat republicans and protectionist democrats. The requiem was sung with

greatest pathos by Wm. Alden Smith, the reactionary leader from Michigan. But Teddy was at the helm of Ship of State, and he crowded the bill through.

And was the sugar industry of this country killed? Nay, nay, my son. That little hole in the tariff wall availed little. But with the whole wall swept away, those fat little fellows who have so long wrung millions from the hands of the poor, will be left out in the cold.

That is what the whole row is about. That is why the President and the democratic leaders in congress are being slandered from every corner. That is why the devil is to pay. The fat monster hates to release his hold on the country upon whose life blood he has been thriving for all these years.

MORRIS CLEWS BILFEL.

Surprising Cure of Stomach Trouble

When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine that your case is beyond help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Mrs. G. Stergle, Plainfield, N. J., writes, "For over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's advertising booklets came to me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For sale by all dealers. adv

League Program

Leader—Herman Howard.
Subject—Forty Years in Japan. Acts, XI, 12-18.
Song by the League.

Reading—Miss Willie Browning.
Duet—Misses Davis and Driskell.

The Present Opportunity in China—Miss Luna Frank Hollingsworth.

Song by the League.
Roll Call.
League Benediction.

JUNIOR LEAGUE PROGRAM

Leader—Haden Gilbert.
Subject—The Woman's Council; the place we have in its work.

Opening song.
Reading—Melba Brock.
Recitation—Balis Edens.
Song—Mary White, Adelaide Selkirk.

Reading—Mable Boykin.
Business session.
Roll call.
Closing song.
Benediction.

Rheumatism and the Heart

Don't overlook the grave fact that rheumatism easily "settles in the heart," and disturbs the valvular action. The cure consists in removing the cause. Foley Kidney Pills so tone up and strengthen the kidneys that they keep the blood free of poisons and uric acid crystals, that cause rheumatism, swollen joints, backache, urinary irregularities, and disturbed heart action. Try them. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

No farmer can afford to buy a thing he can raise, no matter how cheap it is offered.

If you feel "blue," "no account," "lazy," you need a good cleaning out. Herbine is the right thing for that purpose. It stimulates the liver, tones up the stomach and purifies the bowels. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

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

PRICE-PER-THOUSAND ON BUILDING LUMBER

is not infrequently used by manufacturers of substitutes to confuse prospective home builders, but to the man who knows quality, the characteristics of the different favored building woods and their proper application, this bug-bear causes little apprehension. We've helped many builders right here at home beat the building game to a frazzle and can help you too if you'll bring your plans in or tell us just what you contemplate doing. Selling lumber is only a part of our business—the personal service we render our customers being of equal importance—but we're willing to donate this service for the sake of the community and the indorsement of our customers. Before making your final decision on your new house come and get at first hand the real facts about this lumber business and just what "price-per-thousand" means to you. Don't let someone else tell you what we will do. We want to do that.

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

S E R V I C E

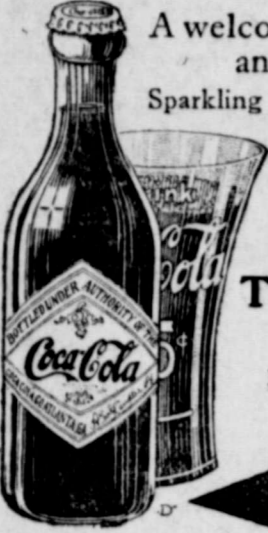
Service is a short little word of only seven letters but it means lots in the drug business. We give you both GOOD SERVICE and quality in drugs and sundries.

D N Leaverton



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.

SEE **CLEWIS**

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

A Torpid Liver is a fine field for the Malarial Germ and it thrives wonderfully. The certain result in such cases is a spell of Chills.

HERBINE is a Powerful Chills Tonic and Liver Regulator.

It puts the liver in healthy, vigorous condition and cures the chills by destroying the disease germs which infect the system. Herbine is a fine antiperiodic medicine, more effective than the syrupy mixtures that tickle the stomach; because it not only kills the disease germs, but acts effectively in the liver, stomach and bowels, thus putting the system in condition to successfully resist the usual third or seventh day return of the chill. Herbine is a cleansing and invigorating medicine for the whole body.

Price 50c per Bottle. James F. Ballard, Prop. St. Louis, Mo. Stephens Eye Salve is a healing ointment for Sore Eyes.

A. S. PORTER

Dr. Sam Kennedy PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office in Leaverton's Drug Store Main Street

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE FOR CHILDREN.

It destroys worms and parasites, strengthens the stomach and bowels, and quickly restores health, vigor and cheerful spirits.

Price 25c per Bottle. Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo. SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY A. S. PORTER

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

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

The Proof of The Pudding Is in The Eating

There is no question but that the Byrne Simplified Shorthand is the greatest system in use today. It has over 30,000 enthusiastic writers; it holds the world's record for speed in a given length of time, is the most simple, legible and rapid system in use, as is shown by the following remarks by our students who first studied other systems: "I take pleasure in telling the public that the Byrne Simplified Shorthand is the only system. I previously studied Pittman 8 months, used it in actual practice for four months; at the end of 6 weeks study of the Byrne I was a better writer than I had ever been with the Pitman."

"I have been a Sloan-Duployan stenographer for 15 years; I found the system inadequate. I then took the Gregg under Mr. Gregg of Chicago, but found it illegible. I then took up the Byrne which I consider the stenographic marvel of the age."

"I first studied Pitman shorthand, then took up the Byrne, and found the Byrne to be 35 per cent shorter and that it could be written at a much higher rate of speed, and read like print."

"I studied Pitman 4 months, gave it up in disgust; I then took up Pernin and studied it almost night and day for 6 months, but was not competent to hold a position. I then took up the Byrne for three months and find I can hold any kind of a position."

"I graduated in Graham shorthand, writing 100 words a minute after 9 months study. After studying the Byrne Simplified, together with Byrne Practical Bookkeeping, for 4 months, I could write Byrne much faster and regard it superior to any other system."

"I thoroughly mastered 14 systems, seven of the most prominent Pitman systems, Gregg, Chartier, Byrne and four minor systems, and find the Byrne much easier to read, that it can be written with one and one-half times the speed that can be made with any of the other 13 systems."

"I spent 27 months trying to learn Pitman shorthand, but owing to the hundreds of rules, hundreds of exceptions and thousands of word signs, I failed to become a good stenographer. After studying Byrne in your school two weeks, I had a more practical working knowledge of shorthand than I did after 27 months study of the Pitman."

"After studying six different Pitmanic systems I was unable to hold an ordinary office job, but with five weeks study of the Byrne I went into the District Court and did reporting successfully, and was appointed regular Court Stenographer."

Why study any system of shorthand other than the Byrne, when the Byrne can be learned in half the time or less, read with greater ease and written at a higher rate of speed which means better salary and promotion? It does not cost half as much to complete a course in our school as it does one of the other systems in other schools. We hold the exclusive right to teach the Byrne in this section.

Write for catalogue containing full indorsements and names and addresses of the above and of others who have tried the other systems and abandoned them for the Byrne. Our Bookkeeping and Telegraphy are as far superior to the other systems as is the

Byrne shorthand. Don't fail to write or phone collect for our large free catalogue.

Tyler Commercial College, Adv. Tyler, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County: Greeting:—

G. W. Mobley, Administrator of the Estate of David Gordon, deceased, having filed in the County Court of said County, on the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1913, his final account of the condition of the Estate of said David Gordon, deceased, together with his application to be discharged from said administration:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED, that by publication of this Writ for twenty (20) days in a newspaper regularly published in the said County of Houston, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for the final settlement of said Estate to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the August Term, A. D. 1913, of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said County in the city of Crockett, on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1913, the same being the 4th day of August, A. D. 1913, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.

Witness, O. C. Goodwin, Clerk of the County Court of Houston County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at my office, in the city of Crockett, Texas, this the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1913.

O. C. GOODWIN, Clerk County Court, adv Houston County, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County, Greeting:—

G. W. Mobley, Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. Martha Gordon, deceased, having filed in the County Court of said County, on the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1913, his final account of the condition of the Estate of said Mrs. Martha Gordon, deceased, together with his application to be discharged from said administration:

You are hereby commanded, that by publication of this Writ for twenty (20) days in a newspaper regularly published in the said county of Houston, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for the final settlement of said Estate to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the August term, A. D. 1913, of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said County in the City of Crockett, on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1913, the same being the 4th day of August, A. D. 1913, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.

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Given under my hand and seal of said court, at my office, in the city of Crockett, Texas, this the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1913.

O. C. GOODWIN, Clerk County Court, adv Houston County, Texas.

When the bowels feel uncomfortable and you miss the exhilarating feeling that always follows a copious morning operation, a dose of Herbine will set you right in a couple of hours. If taken at bed time you will get its beneficial effect after breakfast next day. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

If you are ragged Clewis the tailor will clothe you. 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



FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS for Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder.

SOLD BY D. N. LEAVERTON

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

STYLEPLUS \$17 CLOTHES

SOLD BY DARSEY

LIVER BUTTONS FROM HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Balky Liver and Upset Stomachs Quickly Put in Prime Condition.

When the best physicians in the world's greatest health resort don't bother to write prescriptions, but just say "Get a box of Hot Springs Liver Buttons for your bowels and liver," then all who suffer ought to know enough to cut out Calomel, and get a box to-day. They surely put your liver and bowels in regular working order—25 cents.

HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS

A. S. PORTER.

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.

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Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$1 a year, four months, 50c. Sold by all newsdealers. **MUNN & Co.** 36 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

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—2-2c 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, JULY 24, 1913

The Grapeland country needs more good farmers.

One reason we cannot tolerate the militants of England is because they have put "rage" in suffrage.

One argument in favor of lady police is that it would be a pleasure to be "pinched" by one of them.

Before the week is out no doubt the thermometer around the capitol building at Austin will reach 125 in the shade.

Good roads help bring prosperity and reduce a man's chance of going to a hotter climate—they lessen profanity.

Of course the drop in price of gasoline will help some, but we'd like to see about a forty-foot drop on bacon, flour, lard and molasses.

It is estimated that the 9:30 saloon closing law has put 2,000 bar tenders and porters out of employment. Here's hoping they will find more profitable and pleasant jobs.

We would suggest to the Galveston News to get a late picture of Will H. Mayes. The picture shows him up as a handsome fellow, when in fact, he would have a hard time trying to draw a prize at a beauty show.

The agreement reached by the anti and pros of Anderson county, by which a decree was issued from the district court declaring the county dry after July 11, 1915, may be alright, but it is our candid opinion that it won't hold water.

The Granger News last week issued a very creditable "Paved Street and Good Roads" edition consisting of twenty pages. We congratulate editor Alford upon his effort and heartily commend the progressive spirit manifested by the Granger business men.

The large advertisement printed in the Messenger last week from the general managers of Texas railroads was secured for us by the advertising committee of the Texas Press Association. This committee was created at the last meeting of the association and will handle all large contracts for the members of the association. It is a long step in the right direction to develop the foreign advertising field for the country publishers.

To Those Who Enjoy a Clean Up-to-date Entertainment

We have fitted up an up-to-date AIRDOME MOTION PICTURE SHOW east side of the railroad near W. H. Lively's residence, and will endeavor to give the people of Grapeland and vicinity a place to go and enjoy themselves three nights a week—TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Our opening Saturday night was a grand success, and a pleasant surprise to many, and everyone who attended spoke words of praise. We have installed a gasoline engine and furnish our own electric lights, which enables us to produce life-size pictures the same as you see in large cities.

We Will Show Every Night Next Week

Owing to the fact that the meeting at the Christian church will start the following week, and we do not desire to interfere with it, and will give no show that week except Saturday night.

We would be highly pleased to have you come out, and we feel that you will be pleased with the show.

Admission to all - 10c

The Airdome Theater

A proposition is now up before congress to tax cotton futures. We hope it will pass. Cotton future gambling should be taxed out of existence, which would put a stop to the most nefarious occupation in the world, and one which is inimical to the interests of all the people. The cotton market will never become stable as long as gambling is permitted in futures.

Every farmer who is up-to-date and progressive should select a name for his farm, not only for style, but for business. It adds a degree of dignity to the farm to have it named, and when a farmer uses stationery with the name of his farm printed thereon, it gives him the distinction of being an up-to-date man. We would be glad to see every farm in the Grapeland community given an appropriate name.

We do not believe there has ever been offered a better solution of the problem of the proper employment of State convicts than that of their being put to work constructing public highways. The building of good public roads by convicts would come as near giving the man who had wronged society an opportunity to make restitution as any plan that could be suggested, inasmuch as good roads are a blessing and benefit to every member of society. In addition, such employment would, because of it being outdoor work, keep the convicts strong, healthy and vigorous, and would obviate the necessity of building, equipping and maintaining expensive penal plants, which as is proven by past and present experience, the costs of operations are in excess of the earnings.—Centerville Record.

YOU CAN HELP PURE FOOD CRUSADE

By HOLLAND.

EVERY ONE appreciates the importance of pure food. All appreciate the danger in adulteration, the risk in substitution.

You can aid the pure food movement and at the same time aid yourself. How? Merely by buying articles that are of known purity and merit.

How can you know these articles? By watching the advertising columns in this paper and in other papers. Manufacturers who advertise have confidence in their goods and are willing to have themselves and their products known. Makers of substitutes and "just-as-goods" usually hide behind anonymity or use a meaningless firm name or brand.

PROTECT YOURSELF BY PROTECTING THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the purity and merit of an article than the fact that it is widely advertised.

George Louis Payne, special representative of the Grapeland Messenger, was a pleasant caller at the Times office Wednesday. Mr. Payne is looking out for a good correspondent to represent Crockett in the Grapeland Messenger and the management of the Times would like for some good local writer to take up the proposition and let the people of Grapeland know all of the news of Houston County, the best county in the state.—Houston County Times.

LETTER FROM ANTRIMITE

July 20.—Still we continue dry down our way, but we are living in hopes of something better pretty soon.

We notice that the statement of crop conditions for Texas by counties puts Houston county away up in the top row, and we think this is a great injustice to farmers, as we all know that the cotton crop in Houston county at present is away below the average for the time of year and this present report is not all. Suppose we were to receive a good rain in a few days. You would be reading accounts of the very favorable conditions for cotton on account of the recent beneficial rains, and crop reports would again soar upward, and crops almost beyond redemption. Sleep on ye "hay-seeds" and revel in blissful ignorance of your own welfare.

We hear much talk now days about trying to fix a staple price for cotton. I want to say that the Farmers Union, Southern States Cotton Corporation nor any other plan that may be put on foot will never succeed in surmounting all the obstacles that stand in the way of establishing a set price for cotton until the incentive to gamble or speculate upon it has been removed. You cannot kill grass by cutting off the top, but you must uproot it entirely, then you stop the cause of its growth. Now my dear fellow farmer, do you know that if it is a fact that cotton mills are willing to pay 15c per lb. for our cotton that our government could very easily arrange a board of trade that could help the farmer establish himself firmly with the spinners of the east and thereby help him to secure what rightfully belongs to him, in place of allowing a set of money manipulators to control our cotton market. Now, you may say if that could be done, then why haven't they done so already? Let me answer it for you. Our law makers and supposed representatives of the people in Washington, D. C. are most all without an exception men that are wealthy and who have made their millions by speculation, and it would not be to their interest to take such a step and set a precedent of fixing the price of staple articles that are subjected to speculation. Can you see the point? It would be killing the goose that laid the golden egg. What we need is a few farmers in congress to push our interests for us.

Several families went to the river from here and spent a couple of days fishing this week. Quite a few fish were caught, but not anything to brag on.

Several of our men folks were in Grapeland Saturday voting against the amendment, and we certainly hope they knocked it higher than Haman.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the home of Mr. J. F. Martin Saturday night by a few of his friends eating ice cream and cake. Everything was first class and all had a nice time.

Mr. H. Shooter and wife are spending a few days here visiting friends and relatives, and we wish a pleasant time for the old couple.

Virgil and Eula Durnell have been sick the past week, but are better.

J. F. Durnell and wife are the proud possessors of a fine girl baby. All are doing well, including John.

Rev. H. B. Gibson is spending a few days in a meeting at Sand Springs. ANTRIMITE.



Clearing Out

In order to clear out our summer stock of merchandise we are making special prices on all summer goods.

Don't fail to get our prices on low quarter shoes. We are offering these at exceptionally low prices.

You Will Save Money By Visiting Our Grocery Department We Have Prices Here that Will Open Your Eyes

Traylor Bros.

"KEEP THE PRICE DOWN."

LOCAL NEWS

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

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

Miss Vilna Haltom visited friends in Buffalo last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Guice spent Sunday in Palestine.

B. R. Eaves visited relatives in Trinity county a few days this and last week.

Mrs. Tom Kent jr. and the babies are visiting relatives near Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Allen of Houston spent several days here last week visiting relatives.

Messrs. Williams and McDonald, two young men of Oklahoma, are here visiting their friend, Marvin Gilbert.

Mrs. B. S. Elliott and daughter, Miss Clarette, of Crockett, were the guests of relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paek Traylor and baby of New Waverly spent a few days here visiting relatives, leaving for Palestine to visit awhile.

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.

Mrs. Geo. Denny and son of Crockett, and Rev. and Mrs. Henry Baker of Quanah were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Darsey a few days last week.

J. E. Stowe of Colorado City, and Mack Stowe of Waco, returned to their homes last Friday, after spending several days with their father and mother in the San Pedro community.

John L. Guice, a Grapeland boy who has recently finished a course in pharmacy in Mobile, Ala., has returned to Texas and has a position in a drug store at Longbranch, Panola county.

H. C. Warner returned to his home in Runge last Friday night. Mr. Warner was called here to attend the burial services of his brother, W. T. Warner.

Ed Weisinger of the Antrim community was in to see us Saturday and left a dollar bill. Mr. Weisinger reported very good crops in his section of the country, although they have now begun to wither under the sweltering sun, and rain is needed.

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

Home—in one form or another—is the great object of life.

Maj. J. F. Martin went to Crockett Tuesday morning.

County Attorney, B. F. Dent of Crockett was here Friday.

Harry Calhoun visited his brothers here this week.

Mrs. Joplin of Trinity is the guest of Mrs. E. P. Lynch.

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

George Stovall of Willis is spending the week in Grapeland with his sister, Mrs. Dora White

The sands of time will reflect the foot prints of the progressive.

Misses Bula Sheridan and Donnie Powers were the guests of Mrs. Chas. Lively Monday.

Claude Keeland of New Waverly is spending the week in Grapeland.

Mrs. George Scarbrough of Palestine spent a few days here last week visiting her son, Bob.

W. E. Miller, a young man of Elkhart, called Saturday and had us place his name on our list.

Stanley Weisinger, section foreman at Phelps, came up Monday to spend a few days with relatives.

Whatever stimulates agricultural development at once reacts upon general business to the advantage of bankers, merchants and manufacturers alike.

T. S. Kent is placing material on the ground for a modern two story residence. It will be built near the site of his present residence.

N. H. Montgomery has gone to Grapeland to look after some farm property he recently purchased in Houston county.—Lorena Register.

Miss Cleo McCarty left Monday night for her home in Mississippi, after several weeks visit to her uncle, Dr. McCarty and family.

J. J. Thompson left first of the week for Houston county, where he has purchased a farm. He will soon move his family to that county, where they will reside in the future.—Lorena Register.

Miss Maude McCarty left Monday for Mineola, to visit her brother, Walter and family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Leaverton announce the arrival of a young lady at their home.

Mrs. Bob Scarbrough and baby visited relatives in Crockett a few days last week.

F. P. Kennedy and M. A. Brimberry are among those remembering the Messenger recently.

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

W. R. Brown, accompanied by his sister, Miss Bell, left Sunday morning for Houston where he will spend several days with his children, who live in that city.

Notice

I have a fine Jersey bull now ready for service at my lot. Service fee \$2.50 cash with a guarantee. J. W. HOWARD. (Advertisement)

Mrs. Ford Newman, and Mrs. Ira Newman of Rice, Texas, who is visiting relatives in the New Prospect community, were very pleasant callers at the Messenger office Wednesday morning.

Constable Joe Rawls returned Wednesday morning from Marlin, where he had been after Wm. Herod, a negro, wanted here for jumping an unpaid fine for gambling.

Galveston Cotton Carnival & Exposition--Auto Races--July 24--August 3.

I. & G. N. Popular Low Rate Excursions for special days; Season excursion tickets on sale during entire period. For rates and particulars, see Ticket Agent, I. & G. N. Adv.

Fretful babies need the comforting effect of McGee's Baby Elixer. It quiets feverishness, corrects sour stomach, cures colic pains and checks diarrhoea. It is a perfectly safe and wholesome remedy containing no opium, morphine or injurious drug of any kind. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

F. S. Burtis, a real estate and insurance man of Frankston, has been in Grapeland for several days in the interest of his insurance business. Mr. Burtis is the Secretary of the Commercial Club of his home town, and speaks in glowing terms of the enterprise and progress of the citizenship.

For Sale

My place of 70 acres, 1 mile north of Grapeland, 55 acres in cultivation, all under good hog-wire fence and cross fenced in 7 different fields; 2 sets of houses, good barns, 2 good wells of water, fronts railroad with good clay road into town; would make an ideal truck farm. For price and terms apply to adv H. C. JONES.

Don't use a cough medicine containing opium or morphine. They constipate the bowels and do not cure, only stifle the cough. Examine the label and if the medicine contains these harmful opiates refuse it. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound contains no opiates, is healing and soothing. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv.

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



The height of folly is reached by the man who so utterly disregards a care for the future by not providing himself with a bank account. The arguments as to why a man should have money in the bank are without number, and it is but folly that leads a man from a bank account.

F. & M. STATE BANK

W. O. W. Benefit

On Saturday night, August 2nd, the Airdome Theater will give a show for the benefit of the W. O. W. Degree Team. Besides the regular moving pictures, there will be a vaudeville team off one of the big circuits, and Messrs. "Tooce," "Ozzie," Luther and Rev. Jim Lively will furnish music for the occasion. The price of admission will be 25 cents to all, and every Woodman should bring his family and show his appreciation to the management of the Airdome for their kindness to the team. adv. A. E. Owens, Captain.

Lost--Reward

A pair of rimless glasses in a light gray case; were lost on the road between here and Reynard. \$1.00 reward if returned to me at T. S. Kent's store. adv A. S. Boykin.

We have one of the most complete lines of sick room supplies to be found, consisting of ice bags, hot water bottles, syringes, bed pans, rubber sheeting, thermos bottles, in fact anything for the sick room. adv. D. N. Leaverton.

ECONOMIZE!

Don't throw your old shoes away! You will be surprised to see what a difference we can make in their looks and service for 50c, 75c or \$1.00. Our prices are as follows: Whole sole sewed, and heel \$1.50; one-half sole sewed, and heel \$1.00; one-half sole sewed 75c; new heel 50c; heels built up 25c; rubber heels 50c. Reasonable price on repairing and patching and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give your shoes to your mail carrier. He will, return them to you the second day. Pay him for the work and we will pay postage both ways. We mail them to you C. O. D. less the amount paid for postage. All work sent out same day received. Liberal commission to agents in every locality. Address—

PALESTINE ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Palestine, Texas
adv A. N. HENRY, Prop.

Mrs. M. C. Hollingsworth and daughter, Miss Eula Riall, of Arlington, are visiting relatives in Grapeland.

Shoes Shoes Shoes Shoes

ALL KINDS OF SHOES

Men's, Ladies' and Children's--all sizes--right prices.

Be sure to see them before you buy.

J. L. TIMS

IF YOU HAVE MONEY



teous treatment.

in excess of your present wants, the most sensible thing to do with it is to START A BANK ACCOUNT where it will be perfectly safe and subject to check. We offer a further suggestion—you cannot do better than open the account with us, as you are sure here of safety and court-

The GUARANTY STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK



FRAN

BY
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
O. IRWIN MYERS

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BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting.

CHAPTER II—She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave.

CHAPTER III—Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and is a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and, while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board.

CHAPTER IV—Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory, in agitation, asks Grace to leave the room.

CHAPTER V—Fran relates a story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother.

CHAPTER VI—Fran finds Mrs. Gregory a sweet, sincere woman and takes a liking to her.

CHAPTER VII—Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend now dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. The breach between Fran and Grace widens.

CHAPTER VIII—It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an impostor. She threatens to marry Bob Clinton and leave Gregory's service, much to the latter's dismay. Fran declares that the secretary must go.

CHAPTER IX.

Skirmishing.

Fran made no delay in planning her campaign against Grace Noir. Now that her position in Hamilton Gregory's household was assured, she resolved to seek support from Abbott Ashton. That is why, one afternoon, Abbott met her in the lower hall of the public school, after the other pupils had gone, and supposed he was meeting her by accident.

"Good evening, Nonpareil," he said, pleased that her name should have come to him at once. His attentive look found her different from the night of their meeting; she had lost her elfish smile and with it the romance of the unknown and unexpected. Was it because, at half-past four, one's charm is at lowest ebb? The janitor was sweeping down the hall stairs. The very air was filled with dusty realism—Fran was no longer pretty; he had thought—

"Then you haven't forgotten me," murmured Fran.

"No," he answered, proud of the fact. "You have made your home with Mr. Gregory. You are in Miss Bull's classroom. I knew Mr. Gregory would befriend you—he's one of the best men living. You should be very happy there."

"No," said Fran, shaking her head decidedly, "not happy."

He was rather glad the janitor was sweeping them out of the house. "You must find it pretty hard," he remarked, with covert reproach, "to keep from being happy."

"It isn't at all hard for me," Fran assured him, as she paused on the front steps. "Really, it's easy to be unhappy where Miss Grace Noir is."

It happened that just then the name Grace Noir was a sort of talisman opening to the young man's vision the interior of wonderful treasure-caves; it was like crying "Sesame!" to the very rocks, for though he was not in love with Gregory's secretary, he fancied the day of fate was not far ahead.

He had no time to seek fair and romantic ladies. Five years ago, Grace Noir had come from Chicago as if to spare him the trouble of a search. Fate seemed to thrust her between his eyes and the pages of his textbooks. Abbott never felt so unworthy as when in her presence; an unworthy instinct seemed to have provided her with an absolute standard of right and wrong, and she was so invariably right that no human affection was worthy of her unless refined seven times. Within himself, Abbott discovered dross.

"Try to be a good girl, Fran," he counseled. "Be good, and your association with Miss Noir will prove the happiest experience of your life."

"Be good," she returned mockingly, "and you will be Miss Noir." Then she twisted her mouth. "She makes me feel like tearing up things. I don't like her. I hoped you'd be on my

side."

He came down the steps gravely. "She is my friend."

"I'm a good deal like you," Fran declared, following. "I can like most anything and anybody; but I can't go that far. Well, I don't like Miss Noir and she doesn't like me—isn't that fair?"

"Examine yourself," he advised, "and find out what it is in you that she doesn't like; then get rid of what you find."

"Huh!" Fran exclaimed, "I'm going to get rid of her, all right."

He saw the old eldsh smile now when he least wanted to see it, for it threatened the secretary, mocked the grave superintendent, and asserted the girl's right to like whom she pleased. Self-respect and loyalty to Grace hastened Abbott's departure, leaving the spirit of mockery to escape the janitor's broom as best it might.

Fran escaped, recognizing defeat; but on her homeward way, she was already preparing herself for the next move. So intent was she in estimating the forces of both sides, that she gave no heed to the watchful faces at cottage windows, she did not recognize the infrequent passers-by, nor observe the occasional buggies that creaked along the rutted road. With Grace stood, of course, Hamilton Gregory; and, judging from Bob Clinton's regular visits, and his particular attentions to Grace, Fran classed him also as a victim of the enemy. It now seemed that Abbott Ashton followed the flag Noir; and behind these three leaders, massed the congregation of Walnut Street church, and presumably the town of Littleburg.

Fran could count for her support an old bachelor with a weak heart, and an old lady with an ear-trumpet. The odds were terribly against her.

The first light skirmish between Fran and Grace took place on Sunday. All the Gregory household were at late breakfast. Sunday-school bells were ringing their first call and there was not a cloud in the heavens as big as a man's hand, to furnish excuse for non-attendance.

The secretary fired the first shot. Apropos of nothing that had gone before, but as if it were an integral part of the conversation, she offered—"And, Mrs. Gregory, it is so nice that you can go to church now, since, if Fran doesn't want to go, herself—"

"Which she doesn't, herself," Fran interjected.

"So I presumed," Grace remarked significantly. "Mrs. Gregory, Fran can stay with your mother—since she doesn't care for church—and you can attend services as you did when I first came to Littleburg."

"I am sure," Mrs. Gregory said quietly, "that it would be much better for Fran to go to church. She ought to go—I don't like to think of her staying away from the services—and my duty is with mother."

Grace said nothing, but the expression of her mouth seemed to cry aloud. Duty, indeed! What did Mrs. Gregory know about duty, neglecting the God who had made her, to stay with an old lady who ought to be wheeled to church! Mrs. Gregory was willing for her husband to fight his Christian warfare alone. But alone? No! not while Grace could go with him.

Gregory coldly addressed Fran: "Then, will you go to church?" It was as if he complained, "Since my wife won't—"

"I might laugh," said Fran. "I don't understand religion."

Grace felt her purest ideals insulted. She rose, a little pale, but without rudeness. "Will you please excuse me?" she asked with admirable restraint.

"Miss Grace!" Hamilton Gregory exclaimed, disturbed. That she should be driven from his table by an insult to their religion was intolerable. "Miss Grace—forgive her."

Mrs. Gregory was pale, for she, too, had felt the blow. "Fran!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

Old Mrs. Jefferson stared from the girl seated at the table to the erect secretary, and her eyes kindled with admiration. Had Fran commanded the "dragon" to "stand"?

Simon Jefferson held his head close to his plate, as if hoping the storm might pass over his head.

"Don't go away!" Fran cried, overcome at sight of Mrs. Gregory's distress. "Sit down, Miss Noir. Let me be the one to leave the room, since it isn't big enough for both of us." She

darted up, and ran to the head of the table.

Mrs. Gregory buried her face in her hands.

"Don't you bother about me," Fran coaxed; "to think of giving you pain, dear lady! I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world, and the person who would isn't worthy of being touched by my foot," and Fran stamped her foot. "If it'll make you a mite happier, I'll go to church, and Sunday-school, and prayer meeting,



"Will You Please Excuse Me?" She Asked With Admirable Restraint.

and the young people's society, and the Ladies' Aid, and the missionary society, and the choir practice, and the night service and—and—" She darted from the room.

Grace looked at Gregory, seeming to ask him if, after this outrageous behavior, he would suffer Fran to dwell under his roof. Of course, Mrs. Gregory did not count; Grace made no attempt to understand this woman who, while seemingly of a yielding nature, could show such hardness, such a fixed purpose in separating herself from her husband's spiritual adventures. It made Grace feel so sorry for the husband that she quietly resumed her place at the table.

Grace was now more than ever resolved that she would drive Fran away—it had become a religious duty. How could it be accomplished? The way was already prepared; the secretary was convinced that Fran was an impostor. It was merely needful to prove that the girl was not the daughter of Gregory's dead friend. Grace would have to delve into the past, possibly visit the scenes of Gregory's youth—but it would pay. She looked at her employer with an air suggesting protection.

Gregory's face relaxed on finding himself once more near her. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he could not read the purpose hidden behind those beautiful eyes.

"I wonder," Simon Jefferson growled, "why somebody doesn't badger me to go to church!" Indignant because Fran had fled the pleasing fields of his interested vision, he paused, as if to invite antagonism; but all avoided the anticlimax.

He announced, "This talk has excited me. If we can't live and let live, I'll go and take my meals at Miss Sapphira Clinton's."

No one dared to answer him, not even Grace. He marched into the garden where Fran sat huddled upon a rustic bench. "I was just saying," Simon told her ingratiatingly, "that if all this to-do over religion isn't put a stop to, I'll take my meals at the Clintons'!"

Fran looked up at him without moving her chin from her palms, and asked as she tried, apparently, to tie her feet into a knot, "Isn't that where Abbott Ashton boards?"

"Do you mean Professor Ashton?" he returned, with subtle reproof.

Fran, still dejected, nodded carelessly. "We're both after the same man."

Simon lit the pipe which his physician had warned him was bad for his heart. "Yes, Professor Ashton boards at the Clintons'."

"Must be awfully jolly at the Clintons'," Fran said wistfully.

CHAPTER X.

An Ambuscade.

Fran's conception of the Clinton Boarding-House, the home of jollity, was not warranted by its real atmosphere. Since there were not many inhabitants of Littleburg detached from housekeeping, Miss Sapphira Clinton depended for the most part on "transients;" and, to hold such in subjection, preventing them from indulging in that noisy gaiety to which "transients" are naturally inclined—just because they are transitory—the elderly spinster had developed an abnormal solemnity.

This solemnity was not only beneficial to "drummers" and "court men" acutely conscious of being away from home, but it helped her brother Bob. Before the charms of Grace Noir had penetrated his thick skin, the popular Littleburg merchant was as unmaneuverable as the worst. Before he grew accustomed to fall into a semi-coma

lose condition at the approach of Grace Noir, and, therefore, before his famous attempt to "get religion," the bachelor merchant often swore—not from aroused wrath, but from his peculiar sense of humor. In those Anti-Grace and heathen days, Bob, sitting on the long veranda of the green frame building, one leg swinging over the other knee, would say, "Yes, — it," or, "No, — it," as the case might be. It was then that the reproving protest of his sister's face would jelly in the fat folds of her double chin, helping, somewhat, to cover profanity with a prudent veil.

Miss Sapphira liked a joke—or at least she thought so—as well as anybody; but like a too-humorous author, she found that to be as funny as possible was bad for business. The "traveling men" were bad enough, needing to be reminded of their wives, whom they'd left at home, and, she'd be bound, had forgotten. But when one man, whether a traveler or not—even a staid young teacher like Abbott Ashton, for instance—a young man who was almost like a son to her—when he secluded himself in the night-time—by himself? with another male? oh, dear, no!—with a Fran, for example—what was the world coming to?

"There they stood," she told Bob, "the two of them, all alone on the foot-bridge, and it was after nine o'clock. If I hadn't been in a hurry to get home to see that roomers didn't set the house afire, not a soul would have seen the two colloquing."

"And it don't seem to have done you any good," remarked her brother, who, having heard the tale twenty times, began to look upon the event almost as a matter of course. "You'd better not have saw them"—at an early age Bob had cut off his education, and it had stopped growing at that very place. Perhaps he had been elected president of the school-board on the principle that we best appreciate what does not belong to us.

"My home has been Abbott's home," said Miss Sapphira, "since the death of his last living relation, and her a step, and it a mercy, for nobody could get along with her, and she wouldn't let people leave her alone. You know how fond I am of Abbott, but your position is very responsible. You could get rid of him by lifting your finger, and people are making lots of talk; it's going to injure you. People don't want to send their tender young innocent girls—they're a mighty hardened and knowing set, nowadays, though, I must say—to a superintendent that stands on bridges of nights, holding hands, and her a young slip of a thing. His a-standing on that bridge."

"He ain't stood there as often as I've been worried to death a-hearing of it," growled the ungrateful Bob, who was immensely fond of Abbott.

Miss Sapphira spoke with amazingly significant double nods between each word—"And . . . I . . . saw . . . only . . . four . . . days . . . ago—"

She pointed at the school-house, which was almost directly across the street, its stone steps facing the long veranda. "They were the last to come out of that door. You may say she's a mere child. Mere children are not in Miss Bull's classes."

"But Abbott says the girl is far advanced."

"Far advanced! You may well say! I'll be bound she is—and carrying on with Abbott on the very school-house steps. Yes, I venture she is advanced. You make me ashamed to hear you."

Bob tugged at his straw-colored mustache; he would not swear, for whatever happened, he was resolved to lead the spiritual life. "See here, Sapphira, I'm going to tell you something. I had quite a talk with Abbott about that bridge-business—after you'd spread it all over town, sis—and if you'll believe me, she waylaid him on those school-steps. He didn't want to talk to her. Why, he left her standing there. She made him mad, finding fault with the very folks that have taken her up. He's disgusted. That night at the camp-meeting, he had to take her out of the tent—he was asked to do it—"

"He didn't have to stand, a-holding her hand."

"—And as soon as he'd shown her the way to Brother Gregory's, he came on back to the tent. I saw him in the aisle."

"And she whistled at me," cried Miss Sapphira—"the limb!"

"Now, listen, Sapphira, and quit goading. Abbott says that Miss Bull is having lots of trouble with Fran—"

"See that, now!"

"—Because Fran won't get her lessons, being contrary—"

"I wish you could have seen her whistling at me, that night."

"Hold on. So this very evening Miss Bull is going to send her down to Abbott's office to be punished, or dismissed. This very evening he wants me to be over there while he takes her in hand."

"Abbott is going to punish that girl!" cried Miss Sapphira; "going to take her in hand? What do you mean by 'taking her in hand'? She is too old! Robert, you make me blush."

"You ain't a-blushing, Sapphira," her brother assured her, good-natured-

ly, "you're suffering from the hot weather. Yes, he's to punish her at four o'clock, and I'm to be present, to stop all this confoun—I mean this ungodly gossip."

"You'd better wear your spectacles, Bob, so you'll look old and settled. I'm not always sure of you, either."

"Sapphira, if I hadn't joined the church, I'd say—" He threw up his hand and clenched his fist as if he had caught an oath and meant to hold it tight. Then his honest face beamed. "See here, I've got an idea. Suppose you make it a point to be sitting out here on the veranda at about half-past four, or five. You'll see Fran come sneaking out of that door like a whipped kitten. She'll look everlastingly wilted. I don't know whether Abbott will stuff her full of fractions and geography, or make her stand in a corner—but you'll see her wilted."

Miss Sapphira was highly gratified. "I wish you'd talked this reasonable at first. It's always what people don't see that the most harm comes of. I'll give a little tea out here on the veranda, and the worst talkers in town will be in these chairs when you bring Fran away from Abbott's office. And I'll explain it all to 'em, and they'll know Abbott is all right, just as I've always known."

"Get Miss Grace to come," Bob said sheepishly. "She doesn't like Fran, and she'll be glad to know Abbott is doing his duty by her. Later, I'll drop in and have a bite with you."

This, then, was Bob's "idea," that no stone might be left unturned to hide the perfect innocence of the superintendent. He had known Abbott Ashton as a bare-legged urchin running on errands for his widowed mother. He had watched him through studious years, had believed in his future career—and no, no bold adventures, though adopted into Hamilton Gregory's home, should be allowed to spoil Abbott's chances of success.

In his official character as chairman of the board, Robert Clinton marched with dignity into the superintendent's office, meaning to bear away the wilted Fran before the eyes of woman. Abbott Ashton saw him enter with a sense of relief. The young man could not understand why he had held Fran's hand, that night on the foot-bridge. Not only had the sentiment of that hour passed away, but the interview Fran had forced upon him at the close of a recent school-day, had inspired him with actual hostility. It seemed the irony of fate that a mere child, a stranger, should, because of senseless gossip, endanger his chances of reappointment—a reappointment which he felt certain was the best possible means of advancement. Why had he held Fran's little hand? He



"He Didn't Have to Stand a-Holding Her Hand."

had never dreamed of holding Grace's—ah, there was a hand, indeed!

"Has she been sent down?" Bob asked, in the hoarse undertone of a fellow-conspirator.

"No," Abbott was eager to prove his innocence. "I haven't seen a sign of her, but I'm looking every minute—glad you're here."

Confidences were impracticable, because of a tousled-headed, ink-stained pupil who gloomed in a corner.

"Why, hello, there, Jakey!" cried Clinton, disconcerted; he had hoped that Fran's subjugation might take place without witnesses. "What are you doing here, hey?"

"Waitin' to be whipped," was the defiant rejoinder.

"Tell the professor you're sorry for what you've done, so you can run along," said the chairman of the board persuasively.

"Naw, I ain't sorry," returned Jakey hands in pockets. Then bethinking himself—"But I ain't done nothin'."

Abbott said regretfully, "He'll have to be whipped."

Clinton nodded, and sat down solemnly, breathing hard. Abbott was restlessly pacing the floor, and Bob was staring at him unwinkingly, when the door opened and in came Fran.

Fran walked up to Abbott hesitatingly, and spoke with the indistinctness of awed humility. "You are to punish me," she explained, "by making me work out this original propo-

(Continued on next page)

sition—showing the book—and you are to keep me here till I get it." Abbott asked sternly, "Did Miss Bull send me this message?" "She is named that," Fran murmured, her eyes fastened on the open page.

From the yard came the shouts of children, breaking the bonds of learning for a wider freedom. Abbott, gazing severely on this slip of a girl, found her decidedly commonplace in appearance. How the moonlight must have bewitched him! He rejoiced that Robert Clinton was there to witness his indifference.

"This is the problem," Fran said, with exceeding primness, pronouncing the word as if it were too large for her, and holding up the book with a slender finger placed upon certain italicized words.

"Let me see it," said Abbott, with professional dryness. He grasped the book to read the proposition. His hand was against hers, but she did not draw away, for had she done so, how could he have found the place?

Fran, with uplifted eyes, spoke in the plaintive accents of a five-year-old child: "Right there, sir . . . it's awful hard."

Robert Clinton cleared his throat and produced a sound bursting with accumulated h's and r's—his warning passed unheeded.

Never before had Abbott had so much of Fran. The capillaries of his skin, as her hand quivered warmly against his, seemed drawing her in; and as she escaped from her splendid black orbs, she entered his brain by the avenue of his own thirsty eyes. What was the use to tell himself that she was commonplace, that his position was in danger because of her? Suddenly her hair fell slantwise past the corners of her eyes, making a triangle of smooth white skin to the roots of the hair, and it seemed good, just because it was Fran's way and not after a machine-turned fashion; Fran was done by hand, there was no doubt of that.

"Sit there," Abbott said, gravely pointing. She obeyed without a word, leaving the geometry as hostage in the teacher's hand. When seated at a discreet distance, she looked over at Bob Clinton. He hastily drew on his spectacles, that he might look old.

Abbott volunteered, "This is Mr. Clinton, President of the Board."

"I know," said Fran, staring at her pencil and paper, "he's at the head of the show, and watches when the wild animals are tamed."

Clinton drew forth a newspaper, and opened it deliberately.

Fran scribbled for some time, then looked over at him again. "Did you get it?" she asked, with mild interest.

"Did I get—what?" he returned, with puzzled frown.

"Oh, I don't know what it is," said Fran with humility; "the name of it's 'Religion.'"

"If I were you," Clinton returned, flushing, "I'd be ashamed to refer to the night you disgraced yourself by laughing in the tent."

"Fran," Abbott interposed severely, "attend to your work."

Fran bent her head over the desk, but was not long silent. "I don't like a-b-c and d-e-f," she observed with more energy than she had hitherto displayed. "They're equal to each other, but I don't know why, and I don't care, because it doesn't seem to matter. Nothing interests me unless it has something to do with living. These angles and lines are nothing to me; what I care for is this time I'm wasting, sitting in a stuffy old room, while the good big world is enjoying itself just outside the window." She started up impetuously.

"Sit down!" Abbott commanded.

"Fran!" exclaimed Robert Clinton, stamping his foot, "sit down!"

Fran sank back upon the bench.

"I suspect," said Abbott mildly, "that they have put you in classes too far advanced. We must try you in another room—"

"But I don't want to be tried in rooms," Fran explained, "I want to be tried in acts—deeds. Until I came here, I'd never been to school a day in my life," she went on in a confidential tone. "I agreed to attend because I imagined school ought to have some connection with life—something in it mixed up with love and friendship and justice and mercy. Wasn't I silly! I even believed—just fancy!—that you might really teach me something about religion. But, no! it's all books, nothing but books."

"Fran," Abbott reasoned, "if we put you in a room where you can understand the things we try to teach, if we make you thorough—"

"I don't want to be thorough," she explained, "I want to be happy. I guess all that schools were meant to do is to teach folks what's in books, and how to stand in a straight line. The children in Class A, or Class B have their minds sheared and pruned to look alike; but I don't want my brain after anybody's pattern."

"You'll regret this, Miss," declared Clinton, in a threatening tone. "You sit down. Do you want the name of being expelled?"

"I don't care very much about the names of things," said Fran coolly; "there are lots of respectable names

that hide wickedness." Her tone changed: "But yonder's another wild animal for you to train; did you come to see him beaten?" She darted to the corner, and seated herself beside Jakey.

"Say, now," Bob remonstrated, pulling his mustache deprecatingly, "everybody knows I wouldn't see a dog hurt if it could be helped. I'm Jakey's friend, and I'd be yours, Fran—honestly—if I could. But how's a school to be run without authority? You ain't reasonable. All we want of you is to be biddable."

"And you!" cried Fran to Abbott, beginning to give way to high pressure. "I thought you were a school-teacher, not just, but also—a something very nice, also a teacher. But not you. Teacher's all you are, just



"Did I Get—What?" He Returned With a Puzzled Frown.

rules and regulations and authority and chalk and a-b-c and d-e-f."

Abbott crimsoned. Was she right? Was he not something very nice plus his vocation? He found himself desperately wishing that she might think so.

Fran, after one long glowing look at him, turned to the lad in disgrace, and placed her hand upon his stubborn arm. "Have you a mother?" she asked wistfully.

"Yeh," mumbled the lad, astonished at finding himself addressed, not as an ink-stained hulk of humanity, but as an understanding soul.

"I haven't," said Fran softly, talking to him as if unconscious of the presence of two listening men, "but I had one, a few years ago—and, oh, it seems so long since she died, Jakey—three years is a pretty long time to be without a mother. And you can't think what a fault-blindest, spoilingest, canniest mother she was. I'm glad yours is living, for you still have the chance to make her proud and happy. . . . No matter how fine I may turn out—do you reckon I'll ever be admired by anybody, Jakey? Huh! I guess not. But if I were, mother wouldn't be here to enjoy it. Won't you tell Professor Ashton that you are sorry?"

"Fran—" Abbott began.

Fran made a mouth at him. "I don't belong to your school any more," she informed him. "Mr. School Director can tell you the name of what he can do to me; he'll find it classified under the E's."

After this explosion, she turned again to the lad: "I saw you punch that boy, Jakey, and I heard you say you didn't, and yet it was a good punch. What made you deny it? Punches aren't bad ideas. If I could strike out like you did, I'd wait till I saw a man bullying a weaker one, and I'd stand up to him—" Fran leaped impulsively to her feet, and doubled her arm—"and I'd let her land! Punching's a good thing, and, oh, how it's needed. . . . Except at school—you mustn't do anything human here, you must be an oyster at school."

"Aw-right," said Jakey, with a glimmering of comprehension. He seemed coming to life, as if sap were trickling from winter-congealment.

Bob Clinton, too, felt the fresh breeze or early spring in his face. He removed his spectacles.

"The first thing I knew," Fran said, resuming her private conversation with Jakey, "I had a mother, but no father—not that he was dead, oh, bless you, he was alive enough—but before my birth he deserted mother. Uncle turned us out of the house. Did we starve, that deserted mother and her little baby? I don't look starved, do I? Pshaw! If a woman without a cent to her name, and ten pounds in her arms can make good, what about a big strong boy like you with a mother to smile every time he hits the mark? Tell these gentlemen you're sorry for punching that boy."

"Sorr," muttered Jakey shamefacedly.

"I am glad to hear it," Abbott exclaimed heartily. "You can take your cap to go, Jakey."

"Lemme stay," Jakey pleaded, not budging an inch.

Fran lifted her face above the tousled head to look at Abbott; she sucked in her cheeks and made a triumphant oval of her mouth. Then she seemed to forget the young man's presence.

"But when mother died, real trouble began. It was always hard work, while she lived, but hard work isn't trouble, la, no, trouble's just an empty heart! Well, sir, when I read about how good Mr. Hamilton Gregory is, and how much he gives away—to folks he never sees—here I came. But I don't seem to belong to anybody, Jakey, I'm outside of everything. But you have a home and a mother, Jakey, and a place in the world, so I say 'Hurrah!' because you belong to somebody, and best of all, you're not a girl, but a boy to strike out straight from the shoulder."

Jakey was dissolved; tears burst their confines.

One may shout oneself hoarse at the delivery of a speech which, if served upon printed page, would never prompt the reader to cast his hat to the ceiling. No mere print under bold headlines did Abbott read, but rather the changing lights and shadows in great black eyes. It was marvelous how Fran could project past experiences upon the screen of the listener's perception. At her, "When mother died," Abbott saw the girl weeping beside the death-bed. When she sighed, "I don't belong to anybody," the school director felt like crying: "Then belong to me!"

Fran now completed her work. She rose from the immovable Jakey and came over to Abbott Ashton, with meekly folded hands.

He found the magic of the moonlight-hour returning. She had mellowed—glowed—softened—womanized—Abbott could not find the word for it. She quivered with an exquisiteness not to be defined—a something in hair, or flesh, or glory of eye, or softness of lips, altogether lacking in his physical being, but eagerly desired.

"Professor Ashton," she spoke seriously, "I have been horrid. I might have known that school is merely a place where young people crawl into books to worm themselves from lid to lid, swallowing all that comes in the way. But I'd never been to school, and I imagined it a place where a child was helped to develop itself. I thought teachers were trying to show the pupils the best way to be what they were going to be. I've been disappointed, but that's not your fault; you are just a system. If a boy is to be a blacksmith after he's grown, and if a girl in the same class is to be a music teacher, or a milliner, both must learn about a-b-c and d-e-f. So I'm going away for good, because, of course, I couldn't afford to waste my time in this house."

"But, Fran," Abbott exclaimed impulsively, "don't you see that you are holding up ignorance as a virtue? Can you afford to despise knowledge in this civilized age? You should want to know facts just because—well, just because they are facts."

"But I don't seem to, at all," Fran responded mildly. "No, I'm not making fun of education when I find fault with your school, any more than I show irreverence to my mother's God when I question what some people call 'religion.' It's the connection to life that makes facts of any value to me; and it's only in its connection to life that I'd give a pin for all the religion on earth."

"I don't understand," Abbott faltered. She unfolded her hands and held them up in a quaint little gesture of aspiration. "No, because it isn't in a book. I feel lost—so out in space. I only ask for a place in the universe—to belong to somebody . . ."

"But," said Abbott, "you already belong to somebody, since Mr. Gregory has taken you into his home and he is one of the best men that ever—"

"Oh, let's go home," cried Fran impatiently. "Let's all of us skip out of this chalky old basement-smelly place, and breathe the pure air of life."

She darted toward the door, then looked back. Sadness had vanished from her face, to give place to a sudden glow. The late afternoon sun shone full upon her, and she held her lashes apart, quite unblinded by its intensity. She seemed suddenly illumined, not only from without, but from within.

Abbott seized his hat. Robert Clinton had already snatched up his. Jakey squeezed his cap in an agitated hand. All four hurried out into the hall as if moved by the same spring.

Unluckily, as they passed the hall window, Fran looked out. Her eyes were caught by a group seated on the veranda of the Clinton boarding house. There were Miss Sapphira Clinton, Miss Grace Noir, and several mothers, sipping afternoon tea. In an instant, Fran had grasped the plot. That cloud of witnesses was banked against the green weather-boarding, to behold her ignominy.

"Mr. Clinton," said Fran, all sweetness, all allurements. "I am going to ask of you a first favor. I left my hat up in Miss Bull's room and—"

"I will get it," said Abbott promptly.

"Lemme!" Jakey pleaded, with fine admiration.

"Well, I rather guess not!" cried Bob. "Think I'll refuse Fran's first request?" He sped upstairs, uncommonly light of foot.

"Now," whispered Fran wickedly, "let's run off and leave him."

"I'm with you!" Abbott whispered

boyishly. They burst from the building like a storm, Fran laughing musically, Abbott laughing joyously, Jakey laughing loudest of all. They sallied down the front walk under the artillery fire



"Don't You See That You Are Holding Up Ignorance as a Virtue?"

of hostile eyes from the green veranda. They continued merry. Jakey even swaggered, fancying himself a part of it; he regretted his short trousers.

When Robert Clinton overtook them, he was red and breathless, but Fran's beribboned hat was clutched triumphantly in his hand. It was he who first discovered the ambuscade. He sud-

denly remembered, looked across the street, then fell, desperately wounded. The shots would have passed unheeded over Abbott's head, had not Fran called his attention to the ambuscade. "It's a good thing," she said innocently, "that you're not holding my hand—and she nodded toward the boarding house. Abbott looked, and turned for one despairing glance at Bob; the latter was without sign of life.

"What shall we do?" inquired Fran, as they halted ridiculously. "If we run for it, it'll make things worse."

"Oh, Lord, yes!" groaned Bob; "don't make a bolt!"

Abbott pretended not to understand. "Come on, Fran, I shall go home with you." His fighting blood was up. In his face was no surrender, no, not even to Grace Noir. "Come," he persisted, with dignity.

"How jolly!" Fran exclaimed. "Shall we go through the grove?—that's the longest way."

"Then let us go that way," responded Abbott stubbornly.

"Abbott," the school director warned, "you'd better come on over to my place—I'm going there this instant to get a cup of tea. It'll be best for you, old fellow, you listen to me, now—you need a little er—a—some—a little stimulant."

"No," Abbott returned definitely. He had done nothing wrong, and he resented the accusing glances from across the way. "No, I'm going with Fran."

"And don't you bother about him," Fran called after the retreating chairman of the board, "he'll have stimulant enough."

(To be continued.)

The Marketing Problem

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There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you.

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Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

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Building New School House

The people of the Oak Grove community begun the erection of a new school building Monday morning. It will be a commodious building, 24x48, large enough to take care of the school for quite awhile. There was enough money in the treasury to pay for the material, and the work is being done gratis by the people of the community. We congratulate them upon their enterprise and the interest manifested in educational affairs.

LONE STAR NEWS ITEMS

July 21st.—Well it is said that Lone Star is dead but maybe not. We find in God's eternal Word where the friends and the sisters of Lazarus said and believed he was dead, but when they began to weep and to call on the Lord, we find that he came and told that he slept, and to remove the stone, and he came forth.

Now, to those who are left in the church of Lone Star. When we go to our Savior in the right way, I think we will find that Lone Star only sleepeth.

J. W. Caldwell filled his regular appointment Saturday night and Sunday, and we granted a letter to Bro. W. P. Davidson and wife and to Bro. G. W. Shaver and Rev. Albert Allen. So now Bro. Albert take this one and go straight to some church and put it in.

Well it is mighty dry down here. We had a sand storm yesterday, but no rain.

There is some sickness in our midst at present. Mrs. Lo Clark is sick so we hear.

Mr. George McCorkle has got a sick baby. We hope they will soon recover again.

Mr. Lee Graham and Miss Nora Gentry were married last Thursday.

Lee Brown and Charlie Ingram are still going south, so just wait, there is something going to happen yet.

Mrs. Willie Frazier has been on a visit in our midst from near Groveton. She visited her brother, Jake Cutler. She was accompanied home by Buck Cutler.

There is going to be a meeting in the near future at Shaver's Mill which caused our meeting at Lone Star to be called in.

W. E.*

Causes of Stomach Troubles

Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your occupation. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers. adv



No. 666

This is a prescription 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 SACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

The Need of Cheap Money

Farmer Radford has directed attention in a very vivid manner to the need of cheap money on the farm. The statistics which he presents show the farms having a net earning power of four per cent and the farmer paying an average interest rate of 9.97.

The farmer is not the only one who needs cheap money. It is as badly needed in all other lines of industry, although many of the trades can come more nearly shifting the burden than can the farmer. The high interest rate is undoubtedly contributing toward farm peasantry, which is a most alarming specter wherever it occurs. No civilization can better serve its citizens than by placing a home within the reach of all.

EASY RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

The Remedy That Replaces Calomel-- Causes No Restriction of Habit or Diet

It is a mistake to take calomel when your liver is lazy and needs toning up. Hundreds of people in this section have discovered that Dodson's Liver Tone is a thousand times better and safer and its action is just as sure. There are none of the bad after-effects of calomel to Dodson's Liver-Tone and no danger of salivation.

For attacks of constipation or biliousness one or two spoonfuls of this mild, pleasant tasting vegetable liquid are enough and A. S. Porter gives a personal guarantee that every bottle will do all that is claimed for it. Money back in any case where it fails.

Dodson's Liver Tone costs only 50 cents for a large bottle. Remember the name because there are any number of remedies sold in imitation of Dodson claims. Some of them have names very similar to Dodson's Liver Tone—and are in same color package. These imitations are not guaranteed and may be very harmful. Go to Porter's drug store and you will surely get the genuine. (Advertisement.)

Writing an Ad

A bargain well told in the columns of the press is the most important information that can be imparted to the public and every merchant has articles for sale on his shelf and goods hidden behind his counter that the people need and are anxious to buy.

To publicly present the merits of an article in a comprehensive and convincing manner is a most valuable talent in business and a most useful service to the community.

Many merchants make the mistake of expecting the ad to sell the goods. The local paper can attract the customers to the store but the merchant must sell them, and if he has misrepresented the goods or is inefficient in the art of salesmanship he must suffer the consequences. A dead store is one that has no bargains and the merchant who expects his goods to sell themselves has missed his calling.—W. Holt Harris.

The Best Medicine in the World

"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers. adv

A GREAT SAVING

on all Men's and Boys Spring and SUMMER SUITS

In order to reduce our stock of Boys' and Men's clothing before moving into our new building, we are offering all suits at greatly reduced prices, giving good values, stylish clothes, and perfect fits at a great saving to the purchaser. Come in and get prices on

Boys' Suits, Men's Light Woolen Suits, Men's Serge Suits, Men's Palm Beach Suits, Men's Straw Hats

We lay special emphasis on the fact that these are all high-grade, well made suits of the finest materials. Many of them are heavy enough for fall wear, and you will do well to get yours now:

Darsey's Dry Goods Dep't.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County, Greeting:—

E. G. Walling, Administrator of the Estate of David Walling, deceased, having filed in the County Court of said County on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1913, his final account of the condition of the Estate of said David Walling, deceased, together with his application to be discharged from said administration:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED, that by publication of this writ for twenty (20) days in a newspaper regularly published in the said County of Houston, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for the final settlement of said Estate to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the August term, A.D. 1913, of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said County in the City of Crockett on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1913, the same being the 4th day of August, A. D. 1913, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.

Witness, O. C. Goodwin, Clerk of the County Court of Houston County, Texas.

Given under my hand and

seal of said Court at my office in the City of Crockett, Texas, this the 8th day of July, A. D. 1913.

O. C. GOODWIN,
Clerk, County Court
Houston County, Texas.
By J. M. ELLIS,
Deputy.

adv.

A lame back or shoulder puts a man on the retired list temporarily. The time will be short if Ballard's Snow Liniment is rubbed in. It relaxes the muscles, relieves pain and restores strength and elasticity in the joints. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

Resolutions of Respect

Grapeland, Texas, July, 22.—Grapeland Farmers Union No. 1436, do hereby draft the following resolutions in behalf of our beloved secretary, W. T. Warner, who departed this life July 16, 1913.

Bro. Warner was one of Houston County's best citizens, also a true friend to every progressive movement, and especially of the cause of the Farmers Union; therefore, be it,

Resolved, That Grapeland Union has lost one of its best members, and his community

one of its best citizens; be it further,

Resolved, That we, the Grapeland Union, in executive session, do hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family and also to his many friends, in this possibly the darkest hour of their lives. We hereby commend them to the Great Jehovah of the Universe who doeth all things well. We sincerely believe that our loss is Heaven's gain.

We recommend that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family, a copy spread on the minutes of our local union and a copy be furnished the Grapeland Messenger.

G. W. WEISINGER,
G. H. BLACK,
JNO. A. DAVIS,
Committee.

Adv.

A Good Investment

W. D. Magli, a well known merchant of Whittemound, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine so as to be able to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the cost of his entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers. adv