

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 16 No. 12

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

You Will Find the Season's Latest Goods

in each department at our place and priced to suit you on every item you need.

We Received this Week

A few pieces of Ruching, white and euche.

Big shipment of silk parasols at.....\$1.75 Also a few in the \$1.00 grade. Children's at.....50c

Some new designs in Corset Covers at prices to please.

Plenty of piece goods to make your selection for that new spring dress.

Some pretty colors in drop skirts of messaline. They are very pretty. See them.

We are very anxious to show you the new purses in colors also in plaids at 75c and \$1.00

We received a nice assortment of 4-in-hand ties in the newest fashions and at the small price of.....50c

Men's silk hose that will give you service and look nice, too.

Men's Suits

Palm Beach and Mohair suits that you will need now for the hot days that are due to arrive soon. In these suits the hot days will be a pleasure to you, for they are nice and cool. Priced at \$8.00 to \$10.00

Pay us a visit. We will be glad to see you any time you call

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE IN THE GRAPELAND SCHOOL DISTRICT:

The report has gained circulation that the present school board intends to make at least two months of the Grapeland school a pay term, and we understand this report has caused many to signify their intention of transferring their children to other districts. THIS IS A FALSE REPORT! On the other hand, we have under consideration the proposition of making the school a nine months' term instead of eight, and it will be a FREE SCHOOL from start to finish. We have decided to add the eleventh grade to our course of study, which will greatly increase the efficiency of the school and enable the pupils to get as good a high school education in Grapeland as can be obtained anywhere.

We hope the friends of education and all who have the Grapeland school at heart will BRAND THE ABOVE REPORT AS FALSE, and co-operate with us in building up one of the best schools to be found anywhere. We can do it! Will YOU help us? Respectfully,

J. J. BROOKS,
adv President Grapeland School Board.

NEW PROSPECT HAPPENINGS

May 18.—Health of our community is very good at present. But very little sickness and none seriously sick.

Everybody is busy fighting. General Green, and if it doesn't quit raining soon they will be beaten in the battle, as hired hands are a thing of the past. Severe winds and rains have almost ruined the young cotton. Several will have to plant over. Some have not planted all their ground, and some of it will have to lay out if they can't get seed. Corn is very sorry for the time of the year, but will come out and grow fine if we can get some sunshine to warm the ground.

Our Sunday School is progressing nicely under the management of Supt. R. A. Parker. Quite a crowd was out yesterday.

The singing school at New Prospect will begin on July 6, and continue ten days. Prof. Charlie Streetman will teach it for us.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Finch visited Jim Musick and family Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bridges visited W. W. Finch and family Sunday.

Miss Ollie Morris visited Miss Mary Parker Sunday.

Mr. David Caskey and Mrs. Lizzie McKnight and daughters attended church at New Hope Sunday and report a nice time and plenty of good things to eat.

Well, Old Timer, you don't know us, but we sure do know you, and we also know when you cross the bridge, where you are going.
ALMA MATER.

Stiff neck is not only painful but annoying. To get rid of it quickly rub the affected part with Ballard's Snow Liniment. It penetrates the flesh and relaxes the muscles so that the pain ceases immediately. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

The Tyler boosters will pass through Grapeland next Tuesday on their trade excursion in a special train. They will go as far south as Crockett.

LETTER FROM ANTRIMITE

(Delayed)

May 10th.—We certainly appreciate the tribute paid us by the writer of the article signed "Subscriber," and we sincerely believe that should the men be as sober as the women and the women drink as much as the men we would not need woman suffrage to help rid our country of the whiskey evil. And if its good for the gander, why not for the goose also. It's a poor rule that only works one way. Come again "Subscriber" and don't be afraid to voice your sentiments. The Bible tells us that "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," and the gospel of soberness, manliness and a desire for better government will be the power by which our younger generations must be schooled if we expect the future to be better than the past.

Crops are practically washed away through this part of the county. Corn is looking very bad and most cotton will have to be planted over, and while we were never accused of being a calamity howler, we are bound to say that we have the poorest prospects now of a crop we ever saw at this time of the year. Another rain right now before people can work out their corn and there will be very little made. Now we know that's not boasting much, but I can only describe a thing from the side I see it from, and if this picture has a different view I have not seen it yet.

We understand that people are experiencing a great deal of trouble getting extra planting seed, and that some people that have them to sell are offering them at the modest sum of one to two dollars per bushel—I want to go on record as saying that a man or company that will take that advantage of a man because of the fact that he has been the victim of a calamity, or for any other reason that might place him in a helpless condition, is no more than a thief and a robber, besides a scoundrel of the lowest

About Your Groceries AND FEED

Quality and Price is

OUR TALKING POINT.

We are in a position to SAVE YOU MONEY. Let us convince you by selling you your next bill.

Unloaded this week car of

Mountain Peak and Happy Day Flour

Plenty of Chops. Oats, Bran, Wheat, Shorts and Meal. Choice New Mexico Alfalfa Hay.

Top prices for Butter, Chickens and Eggs. Bring Us your Butter---We can use it all.

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Why Not?

When we have continuously placed before you through this paper some idea of the character of merchandise we carry; when we have offered to you the VERY BEST that money can buy and, that too, at a REASONABLE PRICE; when we have consistently refused to buy goods that are not up to the standard that our watchword requires—"DEPENDABLE;" when WE STAND BEHIND EVERY ARTICLE that goes out from our store, and when we carry a complete line of Dry Goodf, Shoes, Farming tools, Groceries and Feed, WHY NOT GIVE US A TRIAL and know thereby that YOU CAN REALLY DEPEND ON WHAT YOU BUY? It will mean dollars and cents to you.

McLean & Riall
THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

degree. There is a lesson in every calamity that overtakes us and we should not forget the ones we are learning right now. Save more good planting seed this fall, drain and ditch your land, and build good terraces and when the next deluge comes you can say you was here first.

ANTRIMITE.

An Appeal for Music

To the people of Grapeland and vicinity:— Realizing that some God loving people are making efforts to create a better musical interest in Grapeland, I want to ask a few heart to heart questions: Are you interested in music? If so, use your influence. If not, why not? Does it not appeal to you? How closely are you in touch with God, anyway? Are you doing what you can in His name? Speaking kind words to the weak and wayward ones? Singing soul thrilling songs to the heavy hearted? In other words, are you using your every effort as an honor to God's name? Or, on the other hand, are you becoming engaged in things of less importance, in-

cluding many evils that are only a loss of time that should be used otherwise, but are wrecking your lives and the lives of those who are following after you?

Music is one of the most consecrative elements with which God has blessed us. Perhaps some of you already know something about music. If so, you have in this time learned that there is still more that you should learn. Do you doubt Prof. Campbell's qualifications? If so, I as one who claims to know him, wish to state that he is thoroughly qualified and should you attend the school and find him inefficient, then charge me of misrepresenting him. In behalf of Prof. Campbell and the people of Grapeland, in the name of God with all earnestness and sincerity of heart, I ask you to consider this matter very carefully.

CHAS. R. STREETMAN,
Route 3.

Hulls and meal are POSITIVELY CASH—NO CREDIT. Don't ask it. J. W. Howard. adv

The MAID of the FOREST

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmar with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort and protects him from a number of scouts who tried to kill him.

CHAPTER II—At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvray who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before.

CHAPTER III—Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to Sandusky where Hamilton is stationed. The northwestern Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Harmar impresses on Hayward the necessity of reaching Hamilton before Girty.

CHAPTER IV—Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. He insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier.

CHAPTER V—They come on the trail of a war party and, to escape from the Indians, take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut.

CHAPTER VI—It proves to be Raoul D'Auvray, a former French officer, who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before.

CHAPTER VII—Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah.

CHAPTER VIII—She tells Hayward her father was killed from the French court and had spent his life among the Indians converting them to Christianity.

CHAPTER IX—Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward who resembles the American.

CHAPTER X—Finding escape from the island out of Hayward and his companions prepare to resist an attack from the Indians.

CHAPTER XI—Reconnoitering around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and leaves him for dead after a desperate fight.

CHAPTER XII—The Indians capture the cabin after a hard struggle in which Hayward is wounded.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Help of Mademoiselle.

The sound of a voice speaking, apparently far off, was the first thing of which I was dimly conscious. The language was French, and, for what seemed a long time, no word sounded familiar. My mind was blank of any distinct impression, although there appeared to float before me, in recollection of some former existence, the face of mademoiselle. Her wonderful eyes were gravely smiling through a strange mist that appeared to hide all else in its circling folds. I could not get away from their silent pleading, their invitation. Then somehow that speaking voice became hers, and I picked out a word here and there, detached, meaningless, and yet recognizable. I struggled to arouse myself to her actual presence.

The struggle must have been physical as well as mental, for I became conscious of pain, a sharp pang shooting through my body, as if a knife had been twisted in a deep wound. The agony brought me wide awake, my eyes open, staring about, yet scarcely realizing where dream and reality met. At first I could not distinguish objects, or separate sounds; everything was blurred, formless. There was a red vapor before my eyes, a strange ringing in my ears. Then I knew it was indeed mademoiselle who spoke, somewhere off to my right, and once I heard another voice—a falsetto, yet plainly that of a man, interrupting her. Between my poor understanding of French, and the bewilderment of my brain, I could make nothing out of what was said; the very few words I caught seemed meaningless, with no connection between them. I struggled hard to comprehend, but my brain made utter failure of the attempt, a dull horrible aching across my temples being the only reward.

"Monsieur," the voice was a whisper at my ear; I could even feel her soft breath on my cheek. My eyes instantly opened, and looked into her face as she bent above me. "Do not

move, do not speak aloud—but listen. I knew you were not dead; I found you first and kept them away, but there is no time now for me to explain. Are you badly hurt?"

"I cannot tell, mademoiselle—those heavy bodies will not let me move."

She glanced about swiftly, as if in fear of being seen; then released my limbs, dragging the two dead Indians aside. I felt cramped, lifeless below the waist, yet as the blood began to circulate I knew there was no serious injury. She stared into my face as I worked the numbed muscles, and her eyes told me that she was frightened.

"We are alone here!"
"Yes, for the moment," breathlessly. "It is your only chance; I have prayed and schemed to get to you. We must not lose an instant. Can you move, monsieur? Can you even crawl a dozen feet?"

I set my teeth, struggling to turn over and attain my knees. In spite of every effort I sank on my face with a smothered groan of pain. She lifted my head upon her arm.

"Oh, you must, monsieur, you must! I cannot lift you, you are too big, but—but I will help. See, I will hold you like this! Please, please try again—we must be quick."

"Where—where do you want me to go?" I asked faintly, inspired to effort by the firm, eager grip of her hand. "Tell me; I'll try."

"There—just to the left of the fireplace. It is the one chance, monsieur. They will be back, those fiends, they will burn the cabin. Mon Dieu! Try! Try!"

I got to my knees once more, the plea of her voice yielding strength and determination. At whatever cost I would attempt to please her. I experienced no sense of fear; my brain seemed dazed, incapable of apprehending clearly. It held but the one purpose—to accomplish this to please her. She wished me to try, and I would. With teeth clinched tight, I fixed my eyes on the spot indicated and started. Terrible was the effort!

But I made it inch by inch. I shall never know how the deed was accomplished—only that she helped, and I fought on. I had to; she asked me; there were tears in her eyes. No matter if it did hurt, if I was blind, if I reeled on hands and knees like a man drunk—I must go there. I had not the faintest thought of why she urged me on, of what hope animated her. And when I finally gave out, helpless to advance another inch, my face came down hard on a slab of stone beside the chimney. She uttered a low sob of despair, and left me an instant. I knew she had gone, yet could not lift my head. Then water, cool, reviving, dripped on my exposed flesh, and I struggled desperately to sit up. She helped me, dropping the pannikin of water to the floor. For a second she looked straight into my eyes.

"I—I am so sorry, monsieur," she faltered. "But you must hold out—you must!"

"Is it any farther? What do you want me to do?"

"No, no—only you will need strength; it will only take a minute now. See, monsieur."

She gripped the flat stone against which I had fallen, prying it with the broken blade of an Indian knife that lay on the floor, until her fingers found hold, and ended it up against the chimney. A narrow black opening was exposed. I stared down with lackluster eyes, startled, but unable to realize the purpose. Driven by fear she wasted no time in either explanation or urging. Doubtless my face told its own story, and made her desperate. With a strength I had not supposed her slender body possessed, she dragged me about, until my feet dangled helplessly in the opening.

"Now push yourself down, monsieur! I say you must! It is not far, not more than four feet—it is not to hurt, no, no. You will come easy to the bottom. Good! That is the way. See, I will hold tight to you like this."

Helped by her, yet exercising all my remaining strength, and now comprehending her plan, I sank slowly into the hole, but so numb were my limbs, that the instant the girl released her grasp, I sank limply to the bottom, resting there, leaning against the side wall, looking eagerly up at her face framed above me in the narrow opening.

"You are safe, monsieur? You are

not hurt?" she asked in trembling anxiety.

I murmured a word or two, for I had exhausted all my strength. She must have accepted this as reassurance, for she lifted her head, and glanced swiftly about. Then she reached down to me the pannikin of water.

"I cannot wait longer," she whispered. "Some one will come. Here; take this, monsieur; put it down carefully—ah! that was fine. Wash out your wounds, and the blood from your



"Good Boy! Good Boy! Ay! That Was a Blow."

face. It will be dark, but fear nothing. I will come again to you soon."

"Where does this tunnel lead?" I asked, as her hand grasped the stone slab.

"To the cave cellar at the rear; where we first met—but you must wait for me to come, monsieur."

I saw the shadow of the stone descending, shutting out the light.

"Just one question more, mademoiselle," I managed to articulate. "Is Brady dead?"

I could dimly perceive the outline of her face.

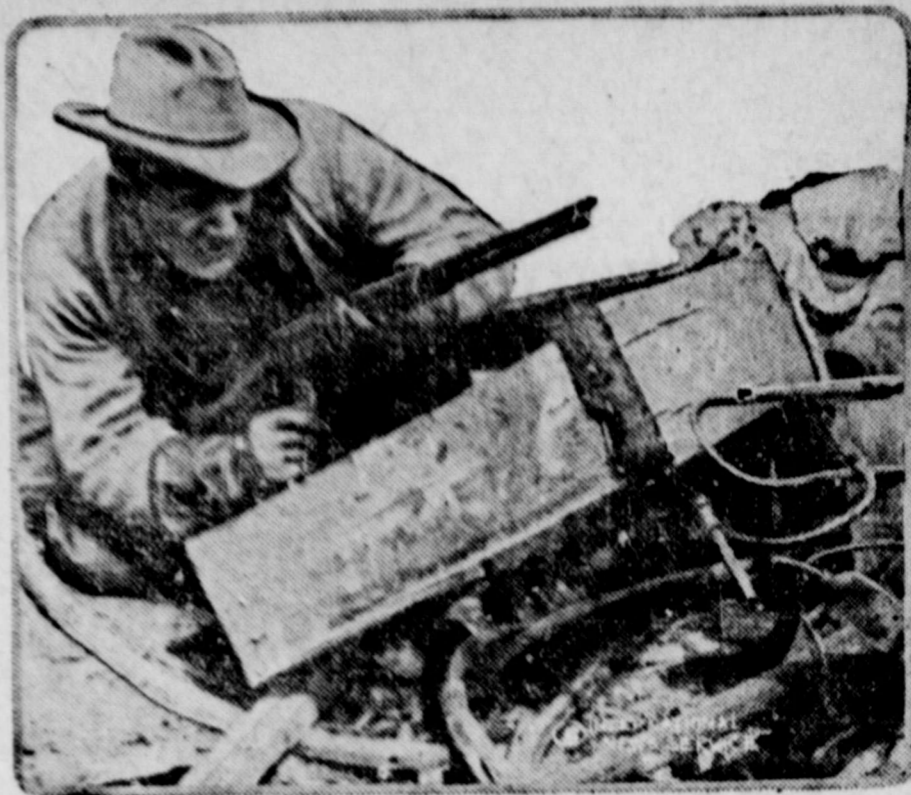
"No, monsieur, he is a prisoner."

Slowly I made effort to explore my wound. This was most painful, as my rough shirt was held to my flesh by congealed blood, and had to be torn away. I possessed no knife, but stuck to the work manfully, my teeth clinched, my face beaded with perspiration, until I separated the last shred, and could explore the wound with my fingers. It proved deep and ragged enough, but had penetrated nothing vital. If I could staunch the flow of blood, and bind it up so as to prevent its being reopened, there should be no serious result. I went at this as best I could in the dark, and, by sense of touch, groaning at the pain, I swabbed out the wound until it practically ceased to bleed, and then bound it up with a silk neckerchief and a strip torn from my shirt. It was rude surgery, but effective. Shut out thus from the air the wound merely dully ached, and I found myself able to move with much greater freedom. Otherwise I was surprised to discover I had sustained no particular injury.

I got to my hands and knees, determined to discover for myself the nature of the passage. Any form of action was better than merely to lie there inert. I had to creep forward, and found barely room for the passage of my body. My wound still hurt sufficiently to make me cautious of every movement, and consequently my advance was slow. There never was blacker darkness; it was like a weight pressing me back, and the silence was like that of the grave. I could hear my own breathing, but my hands and knees made no sound on the earth floor. Whatever of savage fury was occurring above, no echo found way to where I burrowed below. To all appearance the tunnel ran in a direct line; at least I could discover no evidence of deviation. If D'Auvray had constructed it, then he must have known something of engineering, and been in possession of instruments. The work could not have been done by blind digging. Still, it might have been originally an open ditch, banked and lined with timber, and then covered, and the earth tamped down.

I stopped to rest a moment, sitting cross-legged, my head barely escaping the roof. Suddenly from out that intense darkness before me, came a peculiar sound. Intensified by the long silence, and the contracted walls, I could not tell whether it was cough or groan, gruff exclamation or growl. Perspiration beaded my forehead, my hands like ice, as I stared ahead listening. There was no repetition, no movement. Could I have dreamed the thing? Could it be delirium from the fever of my wound? No! Surely not; I was sane enough; my ears were not deceived. Something—man or animal—was certainly there in the tunnel hiding, crouched in the darkness, unaware as yet of my presence. Then it would not be an animal; it must be a man.

COLORADO MINE GUARD AT BAY



This photograph shows one of the mine guards in the Colorado strike zone firing at the strikers from behind the debris of a burned mine camp. Many of these guards were killed in the battles.

I got upon hands and knees again, slowly and with utmost caution, aware that if I was to escape notice I must advance as stealthily as a wild cat, the slightest sound would carry far in that gallery. I moved forward a yard, two, three yards, extending one hand out into the dark and feeling about carefully, before venturing another inch. Mine were the movements of a snail.

I had almost convinced myself there was nothing there, either brute or human; yet some instinct continually told me there was. I felt an uncanny presence, and an ill-defined sense of danger I could not cast off. I came to a pause, actually afraid to go on, my flesh creeping with strange horror. I rested on one knee, my face thrust forward as I stared blindly into the awful blackness. I even held my breath in suspense, listening for the slightest movement. Merciful God! Some one—something—was actually there! I could hear now the faint pulsing of a breath, as though through clogged nostrils; yes, and a meaningless muttering of the lips.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Struggle Underground.

I remained poised, breathless, huddled in the dark, hesitating. A dozen considerations flashed through my mind, as I swiftly decided what to do. I could scarcely hope to move backward without noise; nor, if I succeeded, would I be any better off with him still blocking the passage? There was nothing for it then but to come to hand grips. But the fellow, whoever he might be—whether white or Indian—was doubtless armed, while I was weaponless. To get him right was a desperate chance, yet a chance which must be taken. Fortunately I had him located, his heavy breathing being unmistakable, and evidence also that the man remained unaware of my presence. I shifted one foot forward to get firmer purchase, and then grasped for him through the darkness. My hand came in contact with a shoulder; then gripped a mass of long hair. He gave vent to a sudden cry, startled, almost inhuman in its wildness, struggling backward so quickly my other hand closed on air. But I held hard to what I had, dragged off my balance, feeling his fingers after my throat. There was no room for us to do otherwise than claw at each other. After that first cry neither of us uttered a sound, but I closed in on him, getting a stronger grip. He was a man, a white man, for he wore a rough coat, and his face was covered with a growth of straggly, coarse whiskers. Enemy or friend I could not be sure, nor did I find opportunity to discover. We both fought like beasts, resorting to teeth and nails. He was seemingly not a large man, but wiry and muscular. His very lack of size was an advantage in that narrow space; besides I was weakened by loss of blood, and with every movement my wound hurt.

His one object was to wrench himself loose, but my fortunate grip on his hair foiled this effort. Yet both his hands were free, the one clutching my throat; but, in those first breathless seconds, I could not locate the other. He was lying on his side, with right arm underneath. Fearful of a weapon, I let the fellow gouge at my throat with long ape-like fingers, while I struggled fiercely to expose the hidden hand. If it proved empty I knew I could handle the man; that I possessed the strength to draw him to me, to crush him into subjection within the vise of my arms. Straining every muscle I could bring into play, I succeeded in forcing him over onto his face. But he was a cat, wiry, full of tricks. In some manner he twirled his arm out of my grip. There was a flash of reddish yellow flame searing across my eyes, an awful report, like an explosion in my stunned ears. Where the bullet went I will never

know, but I saw the man's face leap out at me from the darkness—just an instant of reflection, as though thrown against a screen by some flash of light—the unmistakable face of a negro. And his was a hideous visage; the memory of it lingers with me yet. Swift as it appeared and vanished in that burst of flame, I shall never forget the glare of the man's eyes, the malignant snarl of the open lips, the teeth cruel and snag-like, and the yellowish-black of his face. It was as if I held some foul fiend of hell in my grip.

Yet startled as I was by this apparition, his view of me had no less an effect. Even in that single instant of revelation, the hate in his eyes changed to fear, to uncontrollable panic; his lips gave vent to a wild cry, an exclamation in mongrel French, and, before I could stiffen in resistance, or recover from my own shock, the fellow flung his pistol at me, and jerked free. The flying weapon tore a gash in my scalp, but his haste and fear proved his own undoing. Half stunned as I was by the blow, I heard him spring to his feet, the dull crash of his head as he struck the hardwood slab of the low roof, and then the thud of a body on the tunnel floor. In his haste, his desperation, his strange right, he had forgotten where he was, and attempted to spring erect. My head reeled, the blood from this new cut trickling down my cheek. The negro lay motionless in the darkness; I could not even distinguish his breathing, although I hesitated, listening intently, half fearing some trick.

What had frightened the fellow so? What had brought that look of insane terror into his eyes? It was as if he stared at a ghost, the very sight of which had crazed him. I mastered my own nerves, and crept forward along the passage, feeling blindly in advance with one outstretched hand, until it came in contact with the man's figure. He lay full length on the tunnel floor, and I had to find my way over him to reach his head. It was difficult to touch him, to place my fingers against his flesh. The memory of those snarling, wolfish lips, and that yellow skin, caused me to shrink from direct contact. Yet I must assure myself. I could not leave the man lying there, possibly to recover consciousness and do injury. Of one thing I was assured—this French negro could be no friend.

With clinched teeth, I touched the coarse hair with my fingers; then the forehead. The flesh retained some warmth; yet the feeling was not natural—it seemed lifeless. For the instant this appeared impossible. Why, he did it himself; he crashed his own skull against the slab. Yet I could not make the affair seem real, or probable. And a negro! I had seen few of the race, but had always been told they were of thick skull; but if this man was actually dead, his head must have been smashed like an egg-shell. And it was—I found the gash a moment later, the jagged edge of bone. The fellow was dead, stone dead; there was no heat to his heart, no throbbing pulse. Still dazed by the discovery, I ran my fingers along the roof overhead, hoping to find something there which would account for the mystery. No flat surface could ever have jabbed that wound. Ah! I felt it—the sharp point of a stake protruding between the logs. The poor fellow had struck that with sufficient force to penetrate the brain.

I conquered my abhorrence, and searched him, finding tobacco, a knife—an ugly weapon—flint and steel, a few coins, and some powder and rifle balls. There were no pistol bullets, and the thought occurred to me that the smaller weapon probably did not belong to him; he had appropriated it elsewhere. I crept about, and across the body, searching for it in vain, but

(Continued on next page)

I found the rifle, and took time to test its flint, and load it.

I was still engaged at this task, blindly feeling about in the dark for everything needed, and always conscious of that dead body beside me, when I suddenly detected smoke—not the puff of powder which still clung to the passage, but the acrid, pungent odor of burning wood. Even as I began to breathe the fumes they increased in intensity; the narrow tunnel filling rapidly with the smoke waves, and setting me to coughing. I realized at once what had happened. Mademoiselle's word of warning coming back to mind—they were burning the cabin, and through some orifice the smoke was being swept down into this underground passage. If there were no outlet, no way by which it could escape again to the open air, I must die there in that black hole, choked and suffocated. I might lie there forever beside this hideous negro; lie there until our bones rotted, and we also became earth. The horror of the thought brought me to my



"Now Push Yourself Down, Monsieur! I Say You Must!"

knees. Already the air was stifling, my lungs laboring heavily for breath as the smoke clouds filled the passage. Only as I bent my nostrils close against the earthen floor could I find life-giving air.

Even in my terror I clung to the negro's rifle desperately. The entrance leading forth into the cave-cellar must be closed, or the smoke cloud would never be so dense and suffocating. To open it might require strength, the blows of the gun stock. If I retained power to burst my way through I must hurry. Already I felt my head reel dizzily, my open lips gulping for air. I crept forward recklessly in the dark, bruising my body against the sides of the tunnel, actually feeling the thickening smoke swirl about me in dense clouds. I gasped for breath, and drew a bit of cloth about nose and mouth in slight protection. I was panic-stricken, overcome by sudden horror, yet some nature within compelled me to struggle on. Suddenly I came to a body lying lengthwise of the passage, the head to the south. This new discovery was a shock, yet seemed to affect me little. I was too intent on my own escape to be halted by a dead man; to even think what it meant, or how the fellow came to be there. To me, at that instant, he was but an obstacle, blocking my progress.

I crawled over him, as though he was no more than a stone in the path, yet as one hand came down in the dark on the upturned face, I experienced a sudden thrill—the flesh was warm, the man lived. Barely had my numbed mind grasped this helplessly, when my rifle barrel, thrust before me, struck the end of the passage, the faint sound of contact signifying wood. Not three feet extended between the man's head and this barrier which blocked as from the outside air. Desperate, half crazed indeed, not only by my own situation, but also by the memory of those bodies behind in the dark tunnel, I found scant knee-room in the small space, and fumbled madly about for some latch. The surface was of wood, roughly faced, but smooth, save for what might be a handle in the middle, a mere strip, bevelled to give finger-hold. I pulled at this in vain; then pushed with my shoulder against the oak, but the wood held firm. Weak as I was, and in so crumpled a position, I could bring to bear but small strength. To batter the door down was the only hope left; no matter what noise resulted, or the possibility of capture by the savages, I could not lie there and choke to death in that place of horror. Better any danger than such a fate. I drew back and struck, the power of fear giving strength to my arms. Again and again I drove the iron-bound rifle stock against the hard oak. I left the center and attacked the sides, feeling the wood give slightly. Encouraged by this I redoubled my efforts, centralizing my blows on one spot, until certain the tightly jammed door was be-

ing driven from the groove. It was hot and stifling; the perspiration streamed from me; the smoke was suffocating, deadly. I gasped and choked, my head swam with dizziness. I felt my strength ebbing away; despair clutched me. Yet I struck—no longer with clear intent, but automatically, driving the heavy gun butt against the slowly yielding wood, with every pound of strength I had left. It seemed as if I had struck my last blow—I believe now I had; I believe my body fell with it—I cannot remember clearly—only I know the wood gave way, and I fell forward into light and air, my face without, my body still in the tunnel.

Merciful mother! How I gulped in those first refreshing breaths; how the clogged lungs rejoiced. It seemed as if I could never get enough. I could hardly detect objects, although I lifted my head, and sought to gaze about, for my eyes were blinded by so suddenly emerging into the bright light after those hours of darkness. Clouds of smoke swept over me, and poured out through the open door of the cellar. As strength and purpose came back I sat up, and began to perceive my surroundings. A glimpse of blue sky, and, sounding far away, a medley of discordant cries came thread-like to my ears. These served to restore my wandering senses. The Indians were still on the island; some might be close enough at hand to observe that column of smoke pouring forth from the cellar door, and wonder how it came there. Yet there was nothing I could do but remain hidden; to venture into the open would only expose me to greater danger. I glanced back into the tunnel, suddenly remembering the man who still lived. If he were out, the door might be forced back into place again, that volume of smoke suppressed.

I refastened the cloth across my face, and crept back into the tunnel until I was able to grip the fellow's arms. He was a large man, clothed as a white; I even thought I felt braid on his sleeves; and, as I drew him toward me by a mighty effort, the light streaming in revealed a red jacket.

(To be Continued)

COGITATIONS

The United States senate has difficulty finding somebody to pray for it. Too bad!

Lots of young fellows find it hard to earn as much as \$10 per week in spite of the fact that they can roll a cigarette with one hand.

In this life each man gets only as much happiness as he makes himself. And to make happiness for yourself you must make others happy.

A man never believes that he has misjudged his enemy until he wakes up in the hospital and wonders why they have tied all the sheets around his head.

Medical science has made great strides. But there wasn't so much pneumonia in the old days when a fellow had to wear a flannel rag until he lost it in bed.

A whole lot of old sons-of-guns who are professing religion in order to get harps when they die are going to be surprised when they find that they have drawn red-hot lyres.

Any old grandmother believes that if you will give her a tin pie plate filled with hot grease and a flannel rag she can make all the trained nurses in the country look like 30 cents.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LEGAL DEFINITIONS

Retainer—A graveyard of justice.

Attorney—What you think your lawyer is.

Lawyer—What you think your attorney is.

Court—A place where the rich go for protection.

Judge—The official representative of the laws' delays.

Appeal—What you usually do if you have any money left.

Referee—Any man with the highest reputation as a good guesser.

Probate—A place where lawyers rest while they are waiting to get the money.

Jury—Twelve men who don't know their own minds, interfered with by a judge whose duty it is to let them decide for themselves.

Case—Something you pay your lawyer to have the courts postpone from time to time until nobody cares whether it is decided or not.—From Life.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

JACKIES PATROLING MAIN STREET OF VERA CRUZ



A corporal's guard of American bluejackets patrolling the Avenue de Independencia, the main street of Vera Cruz. They are taking a Mexican prisoner to the guardhouse established near the railway yards.

THE KITCHEN CABINET



LEARN to be something for others. Even though you are a bed-ridden invalid, there is always something you can do to make others happier, and this is the surest way to attain content for yourself.

MEALS FOR OCCASIONS.

A very pretty salad is made by stuffing boiled beets. Boil the beets and scoop out the centers and put into spiced vinegar to stand over night. Drain and fill with seasoned peas, garnish with a dab of boiled or mayonnaise dressing. To economize in butter serve the bread in the form of sandwiches. It is said that the average American wastes more butter on his plate than the French woman uses in the preparation of three meals. By the way, for those who are anxious to lose in weight, cut down on the butter and notice a most gratifying reduction in the course of a week.



Apple Pancakes.—Take a cupful of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a half teaspoonful of salt, add three teaspoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of milk and two eggs. Mix all together and add one cupful of apples, ground through a meat chopper. Fry like pancakes. Serve with butter and sugar.

Beets Italian Style.—Bake a half dozen beets until tender, peel and chop fine. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add one small onion finely sliced. Cook until yellow, then add four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a few dashes of paprika, two cupfuls of rich milk, and when smooth add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and pour over the beets. Serve hot.

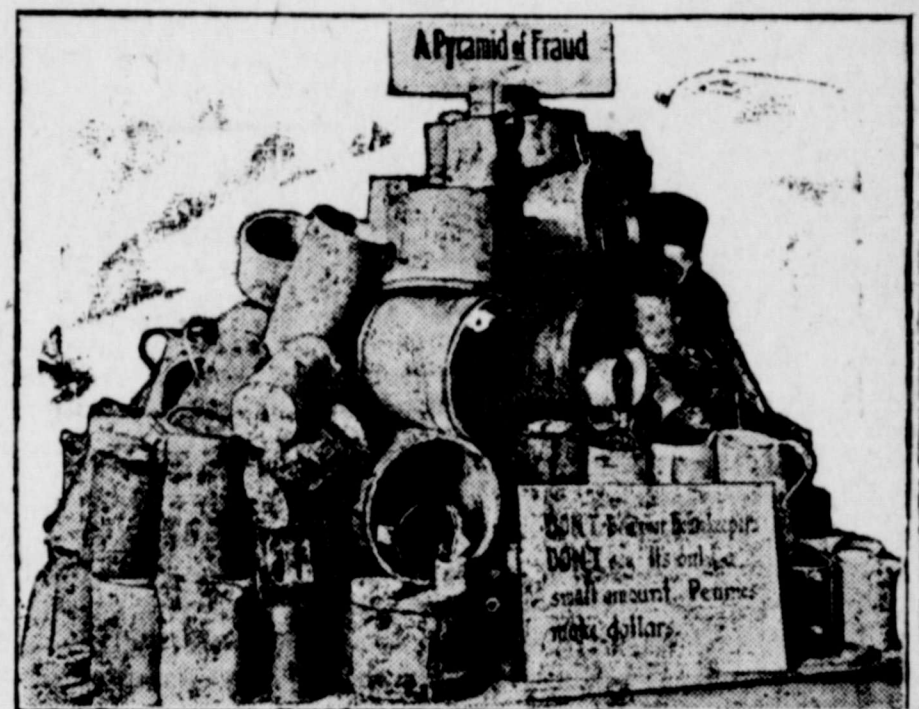
Prune Puff.—Put two cupfuls of cooked prunes in a buttered baking dish and pour over a batter made from three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter and two beaten eggs. Bake until the crust is a golden brown. Serve with softened butter to which sugar and the beaten white of an egg has been added.

Rhubarb Raisin Pie.—One pound of diced rhubarb, one-third of a cupful of raisins, a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of butter and a fourth of a teaspoonful each of salt and nutmeg. Put a layer of flour and sugar in the bottom of the paste-lined pan, fill in with a layer of rhubarb, sprinkle with raisins, then season with salt and nutmeg, bits of butter until all are used. Cover with a crust and bake.

Nellie Maxwell.
NOT SURE OF HIS SCIENCE.

"What do you understand by 'edible fungi'?"

"It has something to do with mushrooms an' toadstools," replied Farmer Cornfussel. "But whether it's what you swallow or what happens to you afterward I wouldn't like to say without writin' to the department."



The above pyramid is made up entirely of quart cups, pint cups, gallon cans, peck measures, leaden or iron weights, scales, and every known variety of appliance for determining quantity. Every measure in this pile was condemned as incorrect by the Austin Inspector of Weights and Measures, and was taken away from the dealer who was using it. The heap as it here appears formed a part of the exhibit set up for Home Economics Week at the University of Texas, and below appeared the placard: "Why be a poor housekeeper? Why say it is only a little? One cent a day on ten purchases lost by short weight means \$30.00 a year. Thirty dollars a year will clothe the baby."

A MODEL SCHOOL CAMPUS

An East Texas County's Contribution to Educational Progress.

Away down in the piny woods of East Texas, there is perhaps the most picturesque school campus in all the big State of Texas. This campus located in the heart of the old and progressive little city of Nacogdoches, is both beautiful and interesting.

In 1845, the last year of the Republic of Texas, this property, now a model public school ground, was ceded by the City of Nacogdoches to the University of Nacogdoches, an institution chartered by an act of the Ninth Texas Congress. Although it was not to be a State school, Congress gave encouragement to this pioneer educational enterprise by donating four leagues of land, which gift was supplemented by land donations from such men as Thomas J. Rusk, Sam Houston and Hayden Edwards. But the patriotic dream of establishing a permanent university was not realized; and the brick building

erected for the university was used from the close of the Civil War as the temporary home of the public school. This house, still in a perfect state of preservation, now stands just behind the new and magnificent public school building.

Another historic landmark is the old Stone Fort, built according to the best information in 1770, which was moved several years ago from the business section of Nacogdoches and rebuilt on the northwest corner of the campus, where it is used as a public library.

About nine years ago this fifteen-acre campus was deeded to the public schools, and in the center of the block a forty thousand dollar high school building was erected near a magnificent cluster of pine and sweetgum trees. The yards were leveled, cement walks were built, and provision was made for tennis, basket ball, baseball, and similar games. And now as an ideal playground, and an example of civic pride, the large and beautiful school campus of the Nacogdoches Public School is the most unique model to be found anywhere in Texas.

A Suspicion.

"You know," said the weary-looking man, "that our next-door neighbors have a parrot, a self-playing piano and several children who sing and recite!"

"What of it?"

"I was wondering whether it wasn't possible for this pitiless publicity idea to be overdone."

Take Heed of the Present.

Thoreau was a philosopher whose one aim was high truth, and who was impatient of littleness. He said once: "You can't kill time without injuring eternity," and the truth of the epigram is as great as its wit. The living present demands everyone's best, and to fritter it away is fatal.

All the News of the Grapeland Country will be Found in these Columns Every Week.

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. B. LUKER, Editor and Owner

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

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

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

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

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

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

1 YEAR.....	\$1.00
6 MONTHS....	.50
3 MONTHS....	.25

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1914

The Texas Press Association will convene in Wichita Falls June 18-20. We hope the newspaper men of East Texas will take notice of this and make arrangements to attend. As a general proposition, the press of East Texas is not as well represented as other sections of the state, and this should not be. The press of East Texas is just as progressive as papers in other sections, and the publishers should set aside at least one week in the year to mix and mingle and get acquainted with his brother publisher. The social feature alone is worth the price it costs, and besides this, many ideas can be obtained that will put the newspaper business on a higher plane. A communication from the secretary states that the people of Wichita are

making big preparations to entertain the press boys. This live north Texas city will not leave a stone unturned to see that the best is tendered those who attend. Get ready for the meet!

Lots of men who walk straight are crooked.

If a business man does not invite you to his store, why do you go there?

If you can't go fishing, just remember that they probably wouldn't bite, anyway.

If those congressmen who are kicking because of the long session want to quit, there are lots of men who will take their jobs.

Baseball may be the national game, but the game of hearts continues to be the international one.

Notwithstanding the many setbacks, indications are pretty fair for a good crop this year. Congress should now get busy discussing which party shall claim credit for it.

Houston is the home of Tom Ball, candidate for governor. The other day papers at that place published a list of those who endorse the candidacy of Jim Ferguson of Temple for the same position. This list contained about 5,000 names. That is quite a bunch of voters to declare themselves against a home man. —Lufkin News.

Of course there is some opposition to Col. Ball in Houston, but not near as much as the News would have you believe. It is a fact that one night last week, these "5,000 supporters"

failed in an effort to hold a Ferguson rally and the meeting was abandoned. There's some opposition to Ferguson in his home town and county. In fact, those close to the situation affirm that Ball will carry Bell county by a thousand majority. Only two of the papers in the county, and there are several, are supporters of Ferguson.

Editor Luker of the Grapeland Messenger confesses that he is afraid to go to Houston since the "jay walking" ordinance was put into effect. Why, Luker, you needn't let that bluff you. Just go down and take a taxi and let the chauffeur take the chances. —Palestine Herald.

We had rather risk "jay walking," for it only costs one dollar and costs, while a taxi costs about a dollar a minute.

No investment pays better than a purchase of space in a live newspaper. This is another fact which has not been disputed up to date. These hard facts ought to count with sensible people. Choose a real newspaper that is wide awake, progressive, up-to-date, has a healthy circulation and enjoys the confidence of the people. Prudent buyers are constantly on the lookout for enterprising merchants. Enterprising merchants are the ones who advertise. The ones who advertise are the ones who sell the goods. No one now on earth will dispute this fact. It is hard to get around cold facts.

Rev. H. A. Matney has purchased an interest in the Lovelady Light from Perry McComb, and will be its business manager. Y. V. Harper is the new editor. We extend them best wishes for success and prosperity.

Program of The Fifth Sunday Meeting

Of the Neches River Association to be held at Lovelady, Texas.

THURSDAY, MAY 28.

8 p. m.—Introductory Sermon, J. L. Fields. Alternate, C. A. Campbell.

FRIDAY, MAY 29.

9 a. m.—Devotional, J. D. Kee. 9:30 a. m.—Evangelism. 1st. Preparation for by the church, W. A. Reagan, M. L. Williams.

2nd. Preparation for by the preacher, R. E. Watson, Loyd Atkinson. 3rd. The preaching needed to produce the best results, M. L. Shepperd, J. L. Fields.

2 p. m.—Devotional, J. Y. Renfro, Jno. B. Peyton.

2:30 p. m.—Personal work in soul winning, W. H. Satterwhite, C. A. Campbell.

Enlistment—Its need in the Neches River Association, R. E. Watson, L. F. Jeffus and others.

8 p. m.—Preaching, W. A. Reagan.

SATURDAY, MAY 30.

9 a. m.—Devotional, F. J. Berry, B. H. Rosamond.

9:30 a. m.—The best method of financing the kingdom, J. L. Fields, L. F. Jeffus and J. L. Kee.

How may the church derive the greatest benefit from the Sunday School, W. A. Reagan, M. L. Shepperd, W. H. Caldwell.

2 p. m.—Devotional, J. A. Bricker and Homer Rainey.

2:30 p. m.—The place of prayer in the work of the kingdom, J. D. Kee and F. J. Berry.

4 p. m.—Meeting of the Executive Board.

8 p. m.—Preaching.

SUNDAY, MAY 31.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School con-

ducted by the Superintendent.

11 a. m.—Preaching by M. L. Shepperd.

2:30 a. m.—B. Y. P. U. Work, T. B. Satterwhite, Gleason Perdue.

8 p. m.—Preaching.

N. B. The B. W. M. W. of Neches River Association will have a specially attractive program during the Fifth Sunday Meeting. We hope to make these meetings as interesting and attractive as possible and the churches are urged to send messengers.

T. N. MAINER,
J. J. KENNEDY,
R. F. ATKINSON.

Health a Factor in Success.

The largest factor contributing to a man's success is undoubtedly health. It has been observed that a man is seldom sick when his bowels are regular—he is never well when they are constipated. For constipation you will find nothing so good as Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. They are sold by all dealers. Adv.

Legal Blanks

The Messenger carries a supply of legal blanks and can furnish you with

- Notes
- Mortgages
- Vendor's Lien Notes
- Release Deeds
- Warranty Deeds
- Bill of Sales
- Transfer of Vendor's Lien Notes
- Extension of Vendor's Lien Notes

Men, Are You Ready for Summer?

In a few weeks we will have hot, summer days, and comfortable clothing will be the principal thought of every one. We invite you to come to our store and get your supply of summer wearing apparel, for we are offering new and up-to-date merchandise at attractive prices. We have a complete line of gents' furnishings, and our variety of styles and assortment of sizes makes it easy for you to find just what you want.

Straw Hats

That appeal to the tastes of everyone, are the kinds that we now have on display. We have all of the leading hard shapes with low and high crowns, wide and narrow brims, as well as the flexible shapes, soft shapes and staple shapes. "A hat for every face" at.....\$1.50 to \$3.00
Some very stylish felt hats and derbys in all shapes at.....\$1.50 to \$5.00
Our line of silk hats cannot be beaten at.....50c

PALM BEACH SUITS

Make the summer days pleasant. Get a Palm Beach suit and you will enjoy the hottest days. Come in today and see our line of patterns and we are sure to please you.

Men's Palm Beach suits in natural linen color, linen stripe, blue and gray with stripe, at.....\$6.50 \$7.50 and \$8.00

See our line of linen and cotton wash pants at....\$1.00 and \$1.50

We have a pretty line of serges, light weight woolen suits, Mohair coats and extra trousers.

We can fit you in all kinds of athletic underwear.



Summer Specials

- White canvas lace oxfords with heavy rubber soles.....\$2.00
- Tan lace oxfords, English walking last with rubber sole.....\$4.00
- Tan lace oxfords, English walking last with leather sole.....\$5.00
- A complete line of patent leather, glazed kangaroo, gun metal and tan lace and button oxfords from.....\$2.50 to \$5.00

Shirts That Wear

Are the kind we are selling every day. We have as complete a line of medium priced shirts as was ever shown in Grapeland, made from the newest patterns and in the newest styles. The fullness of these shirts makes them fit and insures comfort.
IDE guaranteed shirts.....\$1.50

New Era, guaranteed shirts.....\$1.00
A big line of fancy pattern shirts.....50c

We have a full line of Silver Collars in one-quarter and one-half sizes.

Our line of ties, socks, sock supporters, belts, suspenders, etc., is complete and attractive.

Come to our store and see what we have. We can show you better than we can tell you.

STYLEPLUS
are the Clothes that made
\$17 Famous

GEO. E. DARSEY

Our Store Closes Every Day at Six O'clock Except on Saturdays

LOCAL NEWS

Keep cool. Wear a Palm Beach. Get it at Wherry's. Adv.

Willie Mac Rae Totty of Palestine was in Grapeland this week.

Mrs. Bob Wherry and little daughter of Oakwood are visiting relatives in Grapeland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade L. Smith and baby are visiting relatives in Prosper.

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

A. H. Luker is making some needed improvements around his residence, including a new barn.

Notice.

I have a registered Jersey bull, 4 miles north of Grapeland. Service fee \$2.50. J. W. Ellis. (Advertisement.)

R. L. Eaves has returned home from Ratcliff, where he was principal of the school the past term. Mr. Eaves reports a very successful term.

Men's Palm Beach suits in several different patterns. They are cool and comfortable. Just the thing for hot weather. Wherry has them. Adv.

Mixed Feed

Contains chops, alfalfa hay, oats, sorghum syrup, hulls and meal. Finest feed on earth for horses and milch cows. Sold by J. W. Howard. Adv.

Dr. Sam Kennedy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Leaverton's Drug Store
Main Street

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

T. S. Kent was a business visitor to Houston this week.

MEN! See the line of Palm Beach suits at Wherry's. adv.

The best flour that is sold in Grapeland is our motto—Blue Ribbon. Free delivery. Adv. McLean & Riell.

Miss Maude Eaves left Monday for Reagan, where she will spend some time visiting her sister, Mrs. Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ritchie have our thanks for a large cabbage head of the winter variety sent to this office Tuesday.

For Sale or Trade

I have some good bank stock that I will sell or trade for cattle. Address, Box 86, Grapeland, Texas. Adv.

Notice

All accounts due J. W. Howard must be paid at once, and hereafter hulls and meal will be cash on delivery. No exception to this rule. Adv.

N. J. Tims of Buffalo Gap sends us a dollar to renew his subscription, and in his letter states that they are getting more rain than they have had in six years, and prospects are good for bumper crops. The wheat and oats are fine and are practically made.

Whose business is it to remove the tree from the public road in front of the Goodson Hotel? This tree fell across the road during the storm, two weeks ago. Of course if left alone it will eventually rot away, and it's no trouble at all for drivers to go around it, and then, too, it makes beautiful scenery for that part of town.

The Good Citizen's Decalogue

First—Remember thy garbage can to keep it covered lest thy garbage become a stench in the nostrils of the people and breed flies.

Second—Thou shalt cut the weeds in thy vacant lot lest it become a hiding place for old tin cans, papers and divers sort of trash, which catch water and breed mosquitos.

Third—Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbors' rubbish heap, likewise his dirty back yard.

Fourth—Thou shalt clean out the habitation of thy horses and thy cow, frequently lest the stable fly flourisheth and spread infantile paralysis and the housefly breed by the thousands and millions and annoy thee and thy beast and produce much sickness in thy family.

Fifth—Thou shalt prevent the breeding of the fly in the spring-time that thy children unto the third and fourth generation need not swat him later.

Sixth—Remember thy back yard and alley to keep them clean. Six days shalt thou labor to keep thy premises clean, and if yet the task is not accomplished thou couldst do worse than continue on the seventh.

Seventh—Thou shalt covet all the air and sunshine thou canst obtain.

Eighth—Look not upon the milk when it cometh from the unclean dairy, for the doctor will not hold thee guiltless if thy infant sickeneth therefrom and die.

Ninth—Remember thy cleaning up day and keep it wholly.

Tenth—If thou dost hearken unto these sayings to do them thou shalt live long in the land.

Mrs. Mattie Coleman of Groveton, special deputy of the O. E. S., was in Grapeland Wednesday and officially visited the Grapeland Chapter Wednesday night. While here Mrs. Coleman was the guest of the Worthy Matron, Mrs. A. H. Luker.

D. N. Leaverton has purchased the Cozy Theater and will have a show every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday nights, and a matinee Saturday afternoon. Mr. Leaverton promises to improve the service and get the very best pictures obtainable.

J. D. Baker called Saturday and renewed the subscription of his daughter, Miss Ola Baker, at Corpus Christi. Mr. Baker reported that the storm and rain did considerable damage in his community, but the people were cheerful and would put forth a big effort to make a bumper crop.

The management of the Cozy Theater have announced that they will give a big per cent of the proceeds from the show next Thursday night, to the Methodist Sunday School. A special four reel program suitable for the occasion has been arranged for that night, and all are urged to attend. Remember the date, Thursday May 28th. Admission 10c. adv

The school board met Monday night and the new members qualified. Officers elected were J. J. Brooks, President; W. D. Granberry, Vice-President, and Jas. Owens, re-elected Secretary. Misses Addie Hill and Blanche Kennedy were re-elected as teachers, and other teachers will be elected at an early date. The board voted to add the eleventh grade to the course of study.

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



CIVILIZATION PROVIDES man with the means to take care care of the days to come, to be better than his savage ancestry who lived from day to day, or at best season to season, but civilized man by means of a bank account provides for the years to come.



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, . . . TEXAS

The COZY THEATRE

(Under New Management)

Tuesday, Friday and Saturday
Nights, Matinee Saturday
Afternoons.

THE BEST PICTURES OBTAINABLE

Admission to all 10c

SPECIAL 4 reel feature Thursday night, May 28th, benefit of the Methodist Sunday school.

WE WANT YOUR DEPOSITS

be they small or large. Start with One Dollar and add a little each month and you will be surprised to see how easily it is to accumulate a good balance.

START TODAY.

The GUARANTY STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

"My sister's husband had an attack of rheumatism in his arm," writes a well known resident of Newton, Iowa. "I gave him a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment which he applied to his arm and on the next morning the rheumatism was gone." For chronic muscular rheumatism you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by all dealers. Adv.

We are always wide awake to the new styles in men's clothes. Service is our watchword. adv
Clewis, the tailor.

Vendor's Lien Renewal

The last legislature passed a law making it necessary for the execution of a written instrument in cases where vendor's lien notes are not paid at maturity, but are extended. If you are holding notes which you expect to extend, better look into the matter, and see that the necessary papers are signed. We carry in stock extension and renewal blanks.

THE MESSENGER.

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

Silverline Stallion

Will Make the Season at our Livery
Barn in Grapeland

Service Fee \$12.50 Guaranteed

This is a Fine Horse, Color Bright Bay, Black Mane and Tail,
Weights 1,100 Pounds and is 5 Years Old

SULLIVAN & BOBBITT

BANKRUPT STOCK!

HAVING BOUGHT THE BANKRUPT STOCK OF THE LOGAN
HARDWARE CO., WE ARE IN A POSITION TO MAKE
YOU SOME VERY CHEAP PRICES ON

VEHICLES, FURNITURE and

IMPLEMENTS

WE WILL SELL

\$65 00 Buggy for.....	\$47.50
75 00 Buggy for.....	55.00
90 00 Buggy for.....	60.00
110.00 Hack for.....	77.00
75 00 wide tire wagon, complete with gear brake and seat for.....	65.00
80 00 mower and rake for.....	65.00
John Deere Walking Cultivator, complete with plows and heel bolts for.....	21.00
Racine Riding Cultivators with shovels or discs for.....	25.00
Screen doors from 80c up. All furniture at greatly reduced prices.	

See us before buying.

HERMAN SCHMIDT & COMPANY

Successors to Logan Hardware Co.

ELKHART, TEXAS.

WHEN YOU ARE CONSTIPATED

Don't paralyze the bowels with a harsh, drastic cathartic that gripes and binds you up tighter after its effect is gone. Take

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It does the work just as thoroughly as the strong cathartics. Yet it acts mildly and naturally, and what is still better, it leaves the bowels in a healthy state promoting regularity in the bowel movements.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

A. S. Porter, Special Agent.

I. N. Whitaker

WATCHMAKER and PHOTOGRAPHER

You will find me at my office in Grapeland every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

I repair watches, clocks, guns and sewing machines.

FARMERS!

Send 25c for a copy of The Farmer's Rapid Figurer and Calculator; the handiest book you ever saw; money back if wanted.—E. C. Foster, Assumption, Ill. Adv.

PORTER'S Drug Store

AGENT

Galveston Daily and Semi-Weekly Farm News. Houston Daily Post and Semi-Weekly Farm and Fireside. RENEW WITH US

THE ENEMY OF CHILDHOOD.

The greatest enemy of childhood is the tape worm and similar parasites. They are the direct cause of the loss of thousands of children who were so weakened by the pernicious action of these pests that they became easy victims of disease. The best protection against worms is to give the children an occasional dose of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only removes worms, but acts as a general tonic in the stomach and bowels. Price 25c per Bottle. Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

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

Caskey and Denson Barbers

Your Business will be Appreciated

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

Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

SLUGGISH LIVERS STARTED PLEASANTLY

No Need to Risk Disagreeable, Dangerous Calomel Now That Dodson's Liver Tone Takes Its Place

Plenty of people—thousands of them—have found that it is no longer necessary to risk being "all knocked out" by taking calomel when constipated or suffering from a sluggish liver.

Nowadays Dodson's Liver Tone takes the place of calomel.

What calomel does unpleasantly and often with danger, Dodson's Liver Tone does for you safely and pleasantly, with no pain and no gripe. It does not interfere in any way with your regular business, habits or diet.

Calomel is a poison, a form of mercury, a mineral. Dodson's Liver Tone is an all-vegetable liquid.

Of course this reliable remedy has its imitators. But Dodson's Liver Tone has been made to take the place of calomel right from the start. The label on the bottle always has said so, beginning with the first bottle sold. And it is widely known today how good Dodson's Liver Tone is as a remedy and that Dodson never makes extravagant statements. He says that it "liven's the liver," overcomes constipation agreeably and makes you feel good, and if you are not satisfied completely with it, A. S. Porter will hand back the purchase price (50c.) to you with a smile.

Such statements could not be made without true merit to back them up and it is easy for you to prove them for yourself at no cost if not satisfied and convinced. Adv.

League Program

Leader—Miss Josie White. Song. Subject—Scripture Reading, John 17, 1-12. Lord's Prayer in Concert. Song. Paper on Subject—Miss Darsey Royall. Duet—Misses Lura Mae Owens and Arline Howard. Piano Solo—Carrie Spence. Benediction.

"What's in a name?" The word "bitters" does not always indicate something harsh and disagreeable. Prickly Ash Bitters is proof of this. It cleanses, strengthens and regulates the system thoroughly, yet it is so pleasant the most delicate stomach will not object to it. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

Notice

May 28th, has been set for the Memorial Service at the Davis Cemetery. All parties interested will please remember the date and try to be present promptly at 10:30.

J. S. Yarbrough, J. B. Lively, J. J. Brooks, Committee.

Impurities in the blood produced by digestive disorders must be driven out before hot weather sets in, otherwise sickness will appear at a time when a strong vigorous body is most needed. Prickly Ash Bitters will expell all impurities and put the system in perfect order. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

To The Patrons of Rural Routes

In order to assist the Postmaster and carriers in delivering your mail promptly, you will please fill out the slip left in your box by the carrier, giving the names of all persons receiving mail in your box, especially children. Frank Leaverton, Postmaster.

When you need a Liniment, use a good one. To insure beneficial results, get

Ballard's Snow Liniment

It is a Pain Relief and Healing Remedy That Answers Every Requirement.

It is of exceptional power in rheumatic diseases; relieves the aching joints, relaxes the drawn muscles, restores the strength, ease and suppleness of youth. It is also effective in healing all wounds, sores or abrasions of the flesh. It is a splendid household remedy for man or beast.

Try it for cuts, burns, bruises, old sores, lame back, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, frost bites, chilblains, contracted muscles, stiff neck. It stops pain and heals quickly.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per Bottle.

JAMES F. BALLARD PROPRIETOR ST. LOUIS, MO.

To cure Smarting Eyeballs, Sore Eyes or Weak Sight, use Stephens Eye Salve.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

Lost Anything?

An Ad. May Fetch It Back

THE MESSENGER.

LIABLE TO CAUSE DIVORCE!

The wives of Grapeland are liable to cause their husbands to divorce them if they buy their meat from the wagons that come here. If they want to keep their husbands in a good humor they should get their meats from the City Meat Market, where they keep only the best in a sanitary way. Don't risk the wagons.

THE CITY MEAT MARKET

J. B. LIVELY, Proprietor.

FARMERS UNION PHONE

It Always Helps

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

I wish every suffering woman would give

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

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

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

Get a Bottle Today!

Subscribe for The Messenger and keep up with what's going on. One year one dollar.



Everybody

Drinks

Coca-Cola

—it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness.

It will satisfy you.

Demand the genuine by full name—Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

A DRINK MUST BE MIXED RIGHT TO TASTE GOOD

and if you want a drink that is correctly mixed and quality to it, get it at our fountain.

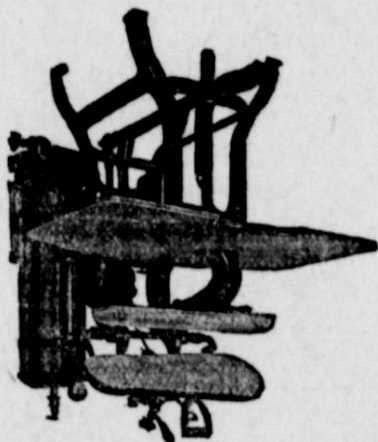
WE SERVE the BEST

Bring us your drug list and prescriptions to us and get them filled. We guarantee satisfaction.

Porter's Drug Store

Bring Me Your Work

Satisfaction Guaranteed



Steam Cleaning and Pressing
M. L. CLEWIS.

Printing

of the
Quality
Kind

LET US KNOW YOUR
PRINTING WANTS

WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A
SATISFACTORY MANNER
AND QUICKLY

The Messenger

For cholera morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhoea from cold, and wind colic, McGee's Baby Elixir is a remedy of extraordinary power, it relieves colic pains instantly, checks diarrhoea and settles the disordered stomach. Price 25c. and 50c. per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

When your food does not digest well and you feel "blue," tired and discouraged, you should use a little Herbine at bedtime. It opens the bowels, purifies the system and restores a fine feeling of health and energy. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.



J. E. ROSE

Rose Is Endorsed

To the voters of the Third Judicial District of Texas:

The members of the Anderson County Bar Association are glad of the opportunity to give Hon. J. E. Rose their endorsement in his race for the office of District Attorney.

Mr. Rose has been successfully engaged in the practice of law in Palestine for a number of years. He is able, will be fair and conscientious in the discharge of the duties of the office, and is a man of exemplary habits, sober and industrious.

We therefore tender him to the voters of this District as Anderson County's candidate for the office of District Attorney and feel sure that he will fill the office with credit to himself and satisfaction to the people.

R. E. Seagler,
Mills Q. Reeves,
W. C. Campbell,
B. H. Gardner,
R. C. Sewell,
O. C. Funderburk,
M. J. Jackson,
R. M. Johnson,
C. M. Kay,
W. R. Petty,
P. N. Springer,
W. I. Sims,
N. B. Morris,
J. J. Strickland,
H. I. Myers.

Most Prompt and Effectual Cure for Bad Colds.

When you have a bad cold you want a remedy that will not only give relief, but effect a prompt and permanent cure, a remedy that is pleasant to take, a remedy that contains nothing injurious. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all these requirements. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the secretions and restores the system to a healthy condition. This remedy has a world wide sale and use, and can always be depended upon. Sold by all dealers. Adv.

The Week In History

Monday 18—Hague peace conference meets first time, 1898.
Tuesday 19—Dark Day, 1780.
Wednesday 20—Death of Columbus, 1506.
Thursday 21—St. Gothard railway opened, 1882.
Friday 22—Last bloodshed of the Civil War, 1865.
Saturday 23—London's population announced as 7,252,963 in 1911.
Sunday 24—St. Girard, early philanthropist, born, 1750.

Warm spring days produce a feeling of drowsiness if the body is loaded with the impurities of winter diet. Cleanse the blood, liver and bowels with Prickly Ash Bitters. It creates energy and cheerfulness. A. S. Porter, Special Agent. Adv.

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

In many of the larger cities throughout the country there are organizations composed of representative business men formed for the specific purpose of creating sentiment in favor of goods manufactured or produced locally.

The southwest is not yet a manufacturing section compared to some other parts of the country, and but very few of the smaller towns have factories producing articles in common use. Therefore it is impossible for the people living in these small towns and villages to derive these benefits. However, they can and should give their community the benefit of their local purchases.

The growth of our small towns necessarily depends largely on retail trade activities and unless

the people in the community extend liberal patronage to their local retail stores, the town fails to go ahead and every individual in the community bears his or her part of the loss.

The next time you contemplate making purchases away from home, investigate and compare carefully prices quoted elsewhere, with those asked by your local merchants. The chances are in favor of your finding that you can do practically as well at home as by sending or going away and the money spent in your local store will in a large measure be kept in circulation in your community.

It is safe to say that your local merchant will welcome comparison of his prices and values with those offered elsewhere and it is your duty to give him an opportunity to serve you.

Sunday School Institute

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hutton, Sunday School workers, will be in Grapeland next week, and will conduct a Sunday School Institute at the Christian church, beginning Thursday, continuing until Saturday. The Sunday following, fifth Sunday, there will be a big Sunday School rally at Latexo.

Mr. Hutton is State Superintendent of the Christian Sunday Schools and will have something of interest to tell the people of our community that will greatly add to Sunday school interest and cause more enthusiasm in the work. A general invitation is extended to all Sunday School workers in Grapeland and the surrounding country to attend this institute and the rally at Latexo.

Cure for Stomach Disorders.

Disorders of the stomach may be avoided by the use of Chamberlain's Tablets. Many very remarkable cures have been effected by these tablets. Sold by all dealers. Adv.

Mrs. Bettie Maurney of Anson is visiting at the home of Maj. J. F. Martin.

If you belch up a bitter tasting liquid it is a sign of bad digestion. A dose or two of Herbine will correct the disorder. It stimulates digestion and purifies the bowels. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Don't Wait Until The Fall

We are of the opinion that if you are expecting to attend our school you cannot give a reasonable excuse for postponing entering until Fall. We can present sufficient proof to convince you that the earlier you start in to obtain a practical education, the better it will be for you. We have now almost as large an attendance in the summer as in the winter. Our past records show that students attending school in June, July and August make as good progress as those attending any other three months in the year. This is due to the fact that our school rooms are cool and pleasant, and that our teachers put forth the same energy in the summer months as in the winter. He who enters now will finish in time for a good position during the busy fall season. We will get the position for you. We will start you into 1915 with more money, and a practical education besides. It has been our life work solving just such problems as yours, and qualifying young men and women to earn three dollars where they could not have earned one.

Write us by return mail; tell us confidentially what is hindering you from entering before fall. We have now over 650 in daily attendance. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas. (Advertisement.)

After You Send for the Doctor SEND YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS TO US

You need a knowing druggist to fill your prescriptions just as much as you need a knowing physician to find out what's the matter with you and tell you what to take. When your physician writes your prescriptions, bring them to us and know that you will get them filled right with first-class, pure, fresh drugs. We never substitute.

D. N. LEAVERTON
LEADING DRUGGIST

TAPPING THE SOURCE OF CHEAP MONEY

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the third of a series of articles on AGRICULTURAL PROBLEMS prepared by Judge S. A. Lindsey, chairman of the Texas Farm Life Commission.

There are land loan and trust companies throughout this nation. They operate in this way: they will take up land notes drawing 8, 9 and 10 per cent and sell them in the East at a rate which will net the investors 5 and 6 per cent. In this way they make from 2 to 5 per cent per annum on each note. This is legitimate. I only mention it to prove that our land securities can and do find cheaper money than the local market's offer.

The bill now before Congress proposes to authorize the organization of Land Mortgage Banks, with Federal supervision same as National Banks. These Land Mortgage Banks will make loans on land notes where the title is good, to the extent of half the appraised value of the land. The mortgage bank will see that the title is good and the value is there, just as banks usually do. They will file these notes with Uncle Sam who will authorize the bank to issue its own bonds or promises to pay in such denominations as are easiest sold, not to exceed in the aggregate the sum of the mortgages and notes held. On these Uncle Sam, who is known as a square man all over this and European countries, will affix some kind of stamp or sign which will mean that the bank issuing it is under his supervision, and that no fake methods have been used. The capital of the bank will be involved and will insure great care on the part of the bank taking the land note and mortgages, and Uncle Sam's supervision will give the investors confidence.

Uncle Sam requires that these banks must lend money on land notes and mortgages at not exceeding 1 per cent above what they can sell their bonds for. So if the bank pays 5 per cent on its bonds the borrower will pay the bank 6 per cent which is from 1 to 3 per cent less than other loan companies now make. You say no one would organize one of Uncle Sam's banks when he is allowed to make but 1 per cent on loans. But Uncle Sam is going to encourage his land banks. He now lends his Postal Savings funds to banks at 2 per cent, and that money is used in commerce. Henceforth he is going to lend it to the mortgage banks, who are to let the farmers have it. He is going to let his land banks take mortgages and land notes and sell their bonds up to fifteen times their capital and surplus. You see these mortgage banks are nothing but a kind of note-broker concern for the farmers, and their compensation for finding the source of cheap money and keeping that class of securities in good standing is 1 per cent per annum to be paid by the farmers whom they serve. They can make over 15 per cent on their capital and surplus. That is pretty good.

But before one of these banks can be organized in Texas we will have to adopt the Torrens system of land title registration. We should have done this long ago. The money people pay to record titles would build up a fund ample to insure all land titles and leave an immense surplus besides. But the land mortgage banks will not entirely enable the landless man to buy a home. In my next article I will suggest an easy and feasible method by which this can be done.

TEXAS FACTS

POPULATION.

There are 365,000 persons who were born in Texas and who reside in other States, while 830,000 persons born in other States live in Texas.

The center of Texas population is 5 miles Northwest of Waco, in McLennan county.

If all the people in the United States moved to Texas, our population per square mile would not exceed that of Massachusetts.

If Texas were as densely settled as the average State in the Union, we would have 8,000,000 instead of 4,500,000 people.

The population of Texas increases at the rate of 235 persons per day.

The population of Texas is 14.8 persons per square mile. In the rural districts the average is 11.3 persons per square mile.

Massachusetts has 419 persons to each square mile of area.

During the past decade the population of Texas has increased 27.8 percent and the United States 21 percent.

There is a child born every four minutes in Texas.

We build seven homes in Texas every working hour in the day.

Our foreign born population is constituted chiefly of Mexicans, Germans and natives of England.

We have 23,000 persons who were born in Ireland. Ten years ago we had only 6,169.

We have 1,003,357 males over twenty-one years of age. Eighty-three percent of them are white.

Texas could muster an army larger than the standing army of the German Empire and would not have to get outside the State for material.

Fourteen percent of our population is in the cradle.

HUMBLE BRITISH POETS.

Workingmen poets, like Matthew Tate, the pitman, to whom Lord Ridley has offered a free house for life, are by no means rare. One of the most gifted is Mr. Alfred Williams of Swindon, who works at the forge by day and studies the classics and writes poetry in the evenings. Mr. McGill, too, a young navy on the Caledonian railway, recently published a volume of verses, including some very creditable translations from the French and German. Constable Mitchell, author of "Ballads in Blue," is only one of several policeman poets, and Miss Ethel Carrme, whose "Songs of a Factory Girl" have reached a second edition, was until recently a Lancashire mill hand.

ECONOMY.

She—What did you think of Mrs. B's new gown at the ball?

He—She must be a great economist.—Vermont Crabbe.

HEARTY KIND.

"Do you give your earnest assent to this movement to suppress slang in daily talk?"

"Well, I should cackle!"

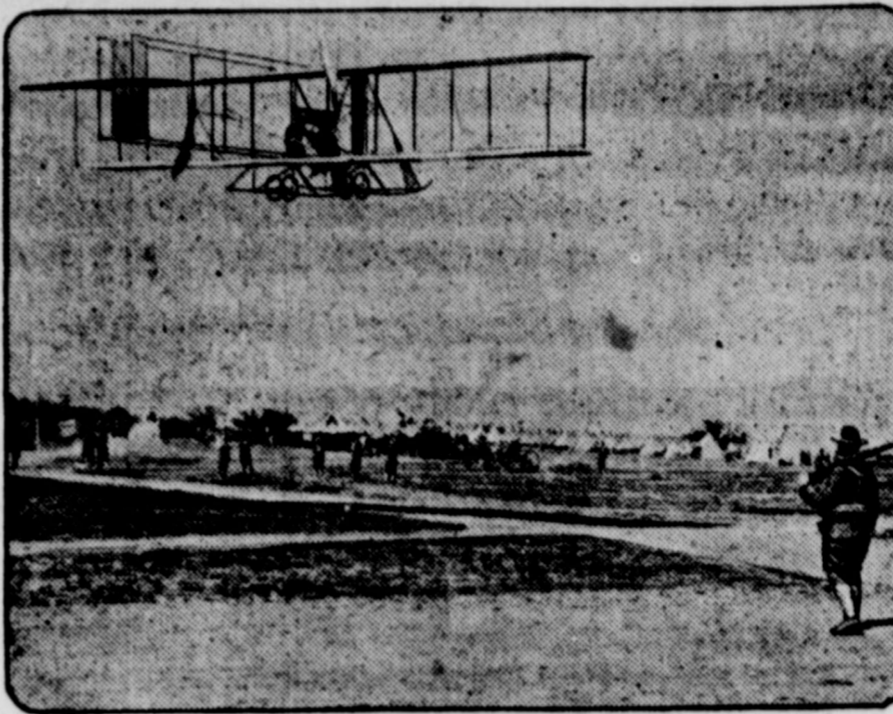
MADE HIM SUFFER.

"Influenza is a terrible illness."
"Are you subject to it?"
"I should say so. My wife's always having it."

LUCKY MISSES.

"Have any luck on your hunting trip?"
"Yes, I missed three guides I shot at for deer."

NAVAL AVIATORS SCOUT AROUND VERA CRUZ



Down at Vera Cruz the aviators of the navy have been giving the first demonstration of their value in connection with military operations. Lieut. P. N. L. Bellinger and his aids have made flights over the city and the surrounding country, with the especial object of ascertaining whether the bridges of the railway to Mexico City are left intact.

Most Children's Diseases Start With A Cold

Restlessness- feverishness- an inflamed throat and spasmodic cough, maybe whooping cough is starting in. Give Foley's Honey and Tar promptly. It helps the children so very much, and Mrs. Shipp, Raymondsville, Mo., says: "I got fine results from it and it is a great medicine for whooping cough." Sold by D. N. Leaverton. Adv.

W. G. Darsey received his car Monday morning, and is now learning to run it. It is a five passenger Krit and is registered as No. 68 at Crockett.

Helps Kidney and Bladder Trouble-- Everybody Satisfied

Everywhere people are taking Foley Kidney Pills, and are so satisfied they urge others to take them also. A. T. Kelly, McIntosh, Ala., says: "I recommend them to all who suffer from kidney troubles and backache, for they are fine." Best thing you can take for backache, weak back and rheumatism. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. Adv.

Hugh English, for tax assessor, John Snell, for county superintendent, and A. S. Moore, for county clerk, were here Saturday mingling with the voters.



"LITERARY CONVULSIONS"

Being a Series of Dementia Hallucinations Reported Semi-Occasionally for The Messenger by ERNEST C. FOSTER

Copyrighted 1914 by the Foster Service

:- TATTING :-

Did you ever tat? Do you know what tating is? Tating is the art of tangling up thread in a long, continuous strip and in such a manner that it will not unravel. This is accomplished with some thread, a sort of shuttle-bobbin affair, and a lot of time. A nickel's worth of thread is sufficient to kill several hours time—even days, if you are just learning, and passing time is, of course, the object of tating. Embroidering and crocheting are still used as excuses for afternoon teas by old fashion ladies, but the younger set this year will demand that tating be the diversion at such functions.

Many a family tie has been strained almost to the breaking point because friend husband could not, at first, see the beauty in a yard of this new art. Of course it looks different after the Mrs., explains that it has taken two hours of hard work to produce three inches of it, but he secretly feels that he could have wasted just as much thread in much less time. There's consolation in a man having a right to his own opinion in such matters, even though he has to keep them to himself.

As a preventative of housework, tating has everything else skinned that has been invented to give this protection to our daughters. The piano or a novel isn't in it with tating. What has a girl to show after an hour at the piano? What remains of a story after it is read? With tating, she gets tangible, and tangled, results. And then the art is so fascinating! A girl absorbed in her tating does not worry and become nervous about her mother, less absorbed and less fascinated in the kitchen. It is said that a good-looking young man is the only thing that can induce a good-looking young girl to forget her tating—that is, while the housework is going on. Of course, after the mother has finished this, the daughter's mad desire to complete her piece is considerably abated.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Messenger is authorized to announce the following candidates, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 25th, 1914:

For District Attorney, Third Judicial District:

J J Bishop
of Henderson County
J E Rose
of Anderson County

For County Clerk:
O C Goodwin (Re-election)
A S Moore

For Sheriff:
R J (Bob) Spence
A W Phillips (Re-election)
Arthur Holcomb

For Tax Collector:
Geo H Denny (Re-election)

For District Clerk:
Jno D Morgan (Re-election)

For County Attorney:
B F Dent (Re-election)

For County Treasurer:
Ney Sheridan

For County Judge:
C M Ellis (Re-election)
E Winfree
G B Wilson

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
J H Rosser
John Snell

For Tax Assessor:
J R Beeson
John H Ellis (Re-election)
H P English

For Representative:
J R Hairston
Nat Patton (Re-election)

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 1—
Oscar Dennis
W L Vaught
Eugene Holcomb

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—
G R Murchison
Chas Long (Re-election)
J C Estes

For Justice of Peace, Prec't. 5:
C L Haltom
Jno A Davis (Re-election)

For Constable Prec't. 5:
C R (Bully) Taylor
C E Lively

For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2:
D M Jones
T C Lively
Clyde Story

For Constable Precinct No. 2:
J L Scarbrough
Joe L Wall

A Dollar Spent With the Home Merchant Circulates at Home and Helps Home Trade

My Mamma Says - It's Safe for Children

CONTAINS NO OPIATES

FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

For Coughs and Colds

Sold by D N Leaverton

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER